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Collier's

JULY 3, 1948 TEN CENTS

VETERANS' HOUSING SCANDALS

By Albert Q. Maisel

F.D.R. to Churchill on Pearl Harbor Day:
"We're in the same boat now"

The Secret Papers of Harry L. Hopkins

223300

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1948 G. D. CO.

Mary Louise Shine's smile wins recruits for a proud profession!

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Mary Louise Shine, R. N., didn't know she was qualifying as a photographer's model when she graduated from the Georgetown University School of Nursing in 1945. But, remembering her cheering smile, former patients won't be surprised at her selection as a Model Nurse. Her picture is appearing now in newspaper and magazine ads, and on billboards all over the country... inspiring young Americans to join the proud nursing profession. A Scarsdale, N. Y., girl, Mary Louise is the recent bride of a Chicago doctor. And she says the tooth paste she buys for her honeymoon apartment is the same brand she always used at home—Pepsodent. Yes, Mary Louise Shine's winning smile is a Pepsodent Smile!



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y Louise Shine knows it—and people all over America e—the smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile! New Pepnt with Irium is their 3-to-1 favorite for brighter smiles.

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COLLIER'S

July 3, 1948

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Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

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"EASTER PARADE"

Starring

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PETER LAWFORD · ANN MILLER

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Screen Play by SIDNEY SHELDON, FRANCES GOODRICH and ALBERT HACKETT

Original Story by FRANCES GOODRICH and ALBERT HACKETT

Lyrics and Music by...IRVING BERLIN

Musical Numbers Directed by ROBERT ALTON

Directed by.....CHARLES WALTERS

Produced by.....ARTHUR FREED



We know you'll consider the following statement pretty tall but we'll stick to every inch of its height. "Easter Parade", the new M-G-M musical, is better than anything of the kind that has come along on screen—or stage—since forever.

Irving Berlin, whose name is synonymous with good shows, has used seventeen of his songs, some old, some new, to make the best score your ear has ever received. And the occasion is truly superlative.

Judy Garland and Fred Astaire are at their happiest and most rhythmic. And they are ably abetted by Peter Lawford and Ann Miller. The story by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett has been arranged into a fine screen play by Sidney Sheldon in collaboration with the authors, and Charles Walters has directed the dramatic and comedic action superbly, as has Robert Alton the dancing. To complete the credit we doff a bowler to producer Arthur Freed.

Someone said that this picture makes it Easter in July. Regardless of what it does to the calendar it is a holiday all in itself. The lush, colorful—Technicolorful—production is in the best M-G-M manner. Indeed only one previous picture—"Anchors Aweigh"—can be mentioned in the same breath as this one. There's a light and breezy story that allows the songs to come to life, among them "A Fella With An Umbrella", "It Only Happens When I Dance With You", "Better Luck Next Time"—the inimitable "A Couple Of Swells", and many more, topped off by the classic titular number.

If you had to pay Broadway show prices for this one you'd not be cheated.

P.S.—If you want to hear some of the hit tunes from the picture, they're available on M-G-M Records.

THIS WEEK

FICTION

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In Hollywood, love is always a big production.

GIRLS LIKE ME — By HILDA COLE ESPY — 16
. . . are not hard to find when you know where to look.

SQUAW MEDICINE — By BENNETT FOSTER — 22
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THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS
VI. ROOSEVELT'S GREATEST DILEMMA — By ROBERT E. SHERWOOD — 18
And why the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor solved it for him.

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Edith Franklin's posing is a steppingstone to her stage career.

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The story of the most raucous and colorful block in New York.

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His recent record does not improve his chances of election.

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What price international amity at this year's Games in London?

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Meet Mr. Lamb, whose job is to bring 'em back when they stray.

●

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

DOODLE DOO

DEAR SIRS: In Doodles International (May 22d) Senator Vandenberg's analysis is rather askew. His doodle subconsciously exhibits a fear complex, represents the U.S.S.R.—the traditional Russian anarchist brought up to date. Note that the hair has the shape of a sickle, with the handle on the left side. The ears may well represent the radio: propaganda outlets. The glasses with their thick lenses can either magnify very small things to a degree outside their merit, or else distort them beyond their proportion. The set lips indicate a determination to achieve an end whilst the beard bristles denote expansion in all directions. The many squares are the subconscious expression on the part of Vandenberg of the subtle undercover work being carried on by the U.S.S.R. in many lands. The pointed fingers indicate the readiness just to press the button (note how close they are to a button) which will result in world revolution. Note that the whole figure is definitely a robot, which fairly and accurately pictures a dictatorship. ERIC O. ROBATHAN, Pendleton, Ore.



U.S.N. REPLY

DEAR ED: I note with interest an excerpt from a letter signed Super Grade Lieutenant (The Week's Mail, May 22d), in which he states: "The planes assigned to my Naval Reserve squadron were turned over to us after having been worn out by the regulars. They are just plain not safe."

As maintenance officer for Carrier Air Group No. 79, a reserve air group currently attached to the Naval Air Station, Willow Grove, Pa., I extend a hearty invitation to "Super Grade Lieutenant" to fly any airplane attached to our strictly reserve station, which he is qualified to fly. Further, if his pilot technique is at the same level as our aircraft's airworthiness, I will be glad to ride without a parachute.

L. A. PATTERSON, Buffalo, N. Y.

LETTER FROM THE LETTER CARRIER

DEAR SIR: Just finished reading the editorial, Air Mail Can Take Two Bows, May 22d. However, regarding salaries of postal employees, the men and women who

(Continued on page 47)

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"They're coming! The telephone men are coming!"

"They're coming!" shouted a West Virginia mountain boy. "They say we'll have our telephone before the end of the week, and so will Grandma!"

That's happening all over the country. During the past two and a half years, Bell Telephone companies have added about 775,000 telephones in rural areas—built enough new rural pole lines to stretch nearly two and one half times around the world—strung more than 375,000 miles of wire.

In this vast program of rural telephone expansion, Western Electric is playing a vital part: manufacturing telephones, switchboards, wire and cable — supplying poles, crossarms, insulators, power-driven pole hole augers and many other tools the construction crews need to do their jobs quickly and well.

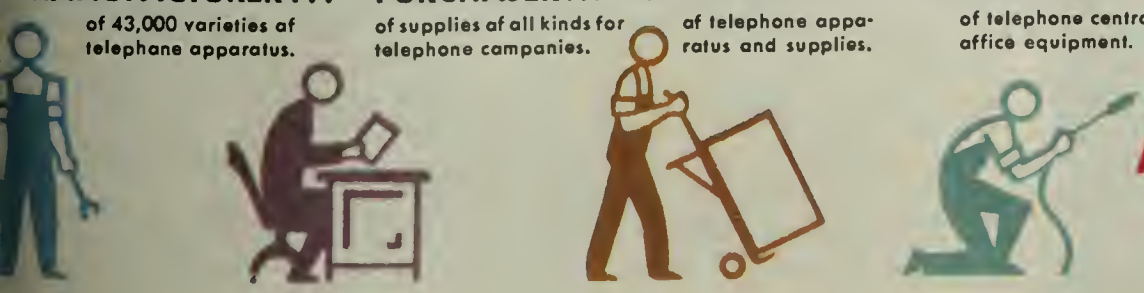
In cities, towns and suburban areas, too, *more* and *better* telephone service is coming fast. To help the Bell Telephone companies meet *your* needs, Western Electric is today doing the biggest manufacturing and supply job in all its 66 years as a unit of the Bell System.

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DISTRIBUTOR... of telephone apparatus and supplies.

INSTALLER... of telephone central office equipment.



Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882



THE BIG PUSH

BY BILL FAY



IN CONVERSATIONS with prospective pledges, the sisters of Sigma Delta Tau, University of Michigan chapter, always mention that Charley Fonville waits on table and eats at their house. Quite properly the sisters regard Fonville as a testimonial to Sigma Delta Tau cuisine.

Fonville, a Negro medical student, specializes in shoving 16 pounds of lead through the air—a calorie-consuming exercise called shot-putting. A couple months ago, when Charley cranked up and let go at the Kansas Relays for 58 feet and ⅛ of an inch, the judges could scarcely believe their steel measures. The prodigious put exceeded the world record by almost a foot. It also started an argument between Fonville and his coach, Ken Doherty.

"All winter," Fonville explains, "Ken kept betting milk shakes that I couldn't hit 57 feet. Every time I missed we added a shake to the bet. We were up to 93 shakes when I hit 58 at Kansas, so that made us even."

"But you didn't hit 57," Doherty argues. "You hit 58. You never hit 57 in your life. You owe me 94 shakes—double chocolate malteds."

In many other sports, particularly horse racing, Fonville's unprecedented performance would have called for an investigation, perhaps a saliva test. Happily, shot-putters are notoriously inconsistent. Jack Torrance, the previous record holder, never hit 56 feet. He was a 55-plus putter before and after his historic heave of 57 feet, 1 inch.

"Fonville's 58-footer was a case of mind over muscle," Doherty contends. "Charley weighs 194 pounds and he's a bit over six feet—not the weight-lifter physique you usually associate with shot-putters. You might say that Charley is the first streamlined shot-putter."

Probably Torrance is to blame for that. Jack was a beefy 290-pounder with muscles in his eyelids. When he grunted for the record in 1934, track fans just naturally assumed the mark would stand until somebody with more grunt came along.

"They were looking for Superman," Doherty says, "and they got Charley instead. Charley doesn't even grunt. He uses speed and co-ordination instead of weight. Torrance hopped on his right foot—paused to gather his weight—and then pushed. Fonville makes it all one motion—no pause, no grunt."

How does Fonville explain the 58-footer? He can't. "Might make a good story if I said it felt just right," Charley says, "but honestly I didn't notice any difference. Could have been 55. Could have been 56. Guess everything just co-ordinated right."

Charley doesn't fuss with the body-building exercises and tennis-ball-squeezing routines so dear to the training schedule of most shot-putters. All Charley does in practice is put the shot so far that it takes three medium-sized student managers to relay it back.

Charley Fonville, the University of Michigan's streamlined shot-putter, amazed the sports world by smashing the all-time record with a heave of 58′ ⅜″

ACME



FUSSY BUZFUZ

Trainer Joe Rosen of Sunshine Stables was peeling a tangerine outside Buzfuz's stall at Hialeah when the horse nosed his hand. Rosen split the tangerine and Buzfuz swallowed half. Joe offered Buzfuz an unpeeled one. Buzfuz wouldn't take it.

"That horse likes tangerines, all right," Rosen told owner Dan Chappell, "but they've got to be peeled."

"Really," Chappell murmured, "what does he do with the seeds?"

THE VARSITY SWING

Intercollegiate golf time again . . . future Walker Cup stars scrambling over the Stanford course. Charley Coe of Oklahoma, Lou Stafford of Oregon, Joe Moore of Louisiana State, defending champion Dave Barclay of Michigan. Everybody watching Harvie Ward, the red-hot putter from North Carolina, remembering he won the North-South at Pinehurst. . . . Coaches talking things over in the shade of the big scoreboard, recalling thrilling matches of 50 past intercollegiates. Like that crazy first-rounder between Charley Yates of Georgia Tech and Walt Emery of Oklahoma in Washington, 1935.

"Yates is the defending champion and the British amateur champ as well and Emery won the college title in '33. Yates goes to bed early, but Emery goes to a dance.

"Well, Yates checks in on time next morning—they were supposed to be first off at eight o'clock—but Emery doesn't show up. Finally, Yates walks up to the tee and there's Emery sound asleep. Hasn't even had a shower. Seems he wandered away from the dance to cool off and fell asleep.

"Emery wakes up and looks at Yates. They were great friends. 'Where you been?' Emery asks. 'You're five minutes late.' Finally, he tees up and starts to swing—stiff as a board—but can't make it. 'Guess I better try a few,' he says, stepping back. He swings again and the club flies loose and darn' near hits Yates.

" 'That won't do,' Emery says, grinning a little. Ever see that first hole at Congressional? It's a par five, rising for about 260 before it drops off. Well, Emery grunts and stretches some more and then slugs his drive over that hump about 280 yards. He eats his breakfast—coffee and doughnuts—going down the third fairway and for a fellow who slept out all night he does mighty well after that. They're all even on the 18th and Emery says, "Well, Charley, looks like we gotta shoot some more golf.'

"Yates birdies the 19th and Emery needs an 18-footer for a half. He's lining it up when a spectator shrieks and falls over in an epileptic fit. There's a 20-minute wait for the ambulance. Emery dozes in the shade, then goes back and knocks in that 18-footer!

"On the 20th, Emery drives into a bunker. He has to stand in a trap and swing a choked-up brassie because the ball's sitting there knee-high. Darned if he doesn't hit a 200-yard home run onto the green for another half.

"Yates putts three feet shy on the 21st and stymies Emery who's 40 feet away on the edge. Looks like the end for Emery because they're both lying two. 'That's kinda dirty,' Emery says. 'Looks like it's dead, Charley. Come on over here and take a look.'

"Yates looks and says, 'You're pretty well wired, Walt.'

" 'Guess I'll have to play a follow,' Emery decides. That meant putting into Yates's ball absolutely dead center so his own ball would follow along behind like a billiard shot. It's a million to one, but Emery smacks Yates's ball and both of them roll toward the hole. Yates's ball hops over, but Emery's hits the far edge of the cup, bounces back against the near edge, then bounces out and dies on the lip. So Yates taps his in and wins, but you never saw another match like it."

LAZY MAN'S SPORT

Baseball managers have to walk up and down in the coaching box at first or third base when their teams are at bat. During rallies, managers also have to clap their hands and whistle. Boxing managers have to fan their boys between rounds. Horse trainers have to get up early to watch their animals run. It seems that managers and trainers must expend some physical energy in every sport—except pigeon racing.

You can race pigeons from a rocking chair. The Railway Express Company calls for your birds, delivers them to the starting point (100 to 500 miles away) and releases them at the designated minute.

Meanwhile, you rock and read while your birds fly 300 miles a day.

(Continued on page 39)



"I was curious...



I tasted it...



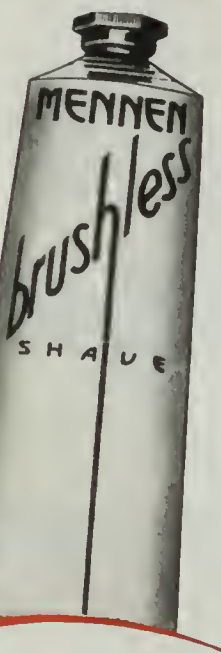
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skin bracer

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"WOWS" the Ladies!



HELPS HEAL
TINY RAZOR NICKS, TOO!

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER



Railroad fans who collect photographs of old engines can supplement their hobby today with recordings of the real sounds—bells, whistles and roaring exhausts—produced by various steam locomotives of several roads.

Knowledge of the human skeleton has advanced so far that an anthropologist can determine many physical characteristics of a dead person by a study of the skull, pelvis and one or two arm or leg bones. For example, one expert, given several bones that had been found in a ditch, reported they had belonged to a female mulatto, thirty-three years old, 66.5 inches tall and weighing 120 pounds. An actual description of the woman, discovered later, showed that she had been a mulatto and the expert's estimate had come within six months of her age, a half inch of her height and five pounds of her weight.

Because the slow loris, a small, monkeylike animal of the East Indies, is nocturnal and cannot stand bright light, it frequently shields its enormous hypersensitive eyes with its forepaws when awake during the day. Thus, as the loris appears to gaze at something in space, the natives believe the animal sees ghosts.

Germany has just introduced a new type of shoe for women which has a metal compartment in the sole to hold thermite. When a small piece of this substance is inserted and moistened, its chemical reaction produces sufficient heat to keep the feet warm on a cold day.

In 17th century England, every town kept several branks (bridles that gagged the wearer) which were used to silence women whose constant chattering or scolding annoyed their families and neighbors. The device was placed over the head of the offender, locked and not removed until she had promised to curb her tongue.

For publicity, a number of men have crossed the English Channel in freak ways of their own devising. One man, for instance, rowed across in a casket, another walked across wearing large wooden boots shaped like a flatboat, and another traveled across on his back, encased in an inflated rubber suit equipped with a sail about the size of a bath towel.

That nearly three quarters of all fires break out in the last half of the day is shown by a study of the 85,468 fires that occurred in New York City during 1946 and 1947. Twelve per cent started between midnight and 6 A.M., 16 per cent between 6 A.M. and noon, 41 per cent between noon and 6 P.M. and 31 per cent between 6 P.M. and midnight.

When the station wagon of a wealthy resident of Long Island was wrecked in 1939, the occupants who were injured filed claims that totaled $225,000. As the insurance company found the claims were justified, they were promptly paid and constituted the largest settlement ever made on an automobile liability policy for a single accident.

Throughout most of Ireland, wakes held for deceased relatives surpass anniversaries, christenings and weddings in interest, preparation and attendance. Moreover, many of them are still accompanied by keening, the night-long wailing in unison, by those present, of a weird lamentation or dirge.

A low-calorie diet usually is more effective than exercise for reducing human weight. To work off but one pound for example, it is necessary, in most cases, to walk at least 35 miles.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission.

SAFETY IS YOUR BEST INVESTMENT



DANGEROUS: Riding bikes double file in the street is riding into double trouble, says the National Safety Council. It confuses motorists coming from *both* directions. *Teach children to ride single file, at the extreme right, and to save stunt riding for the playground.* Teach them to play safe!



SAFE: *Only* the Seiberling SAFE-AIRE gives you the *extra safety* of *extra quality*, plus:

AMAZING CLAW-GRIP TREAD—23% more "stopability" than conventional rib treads!

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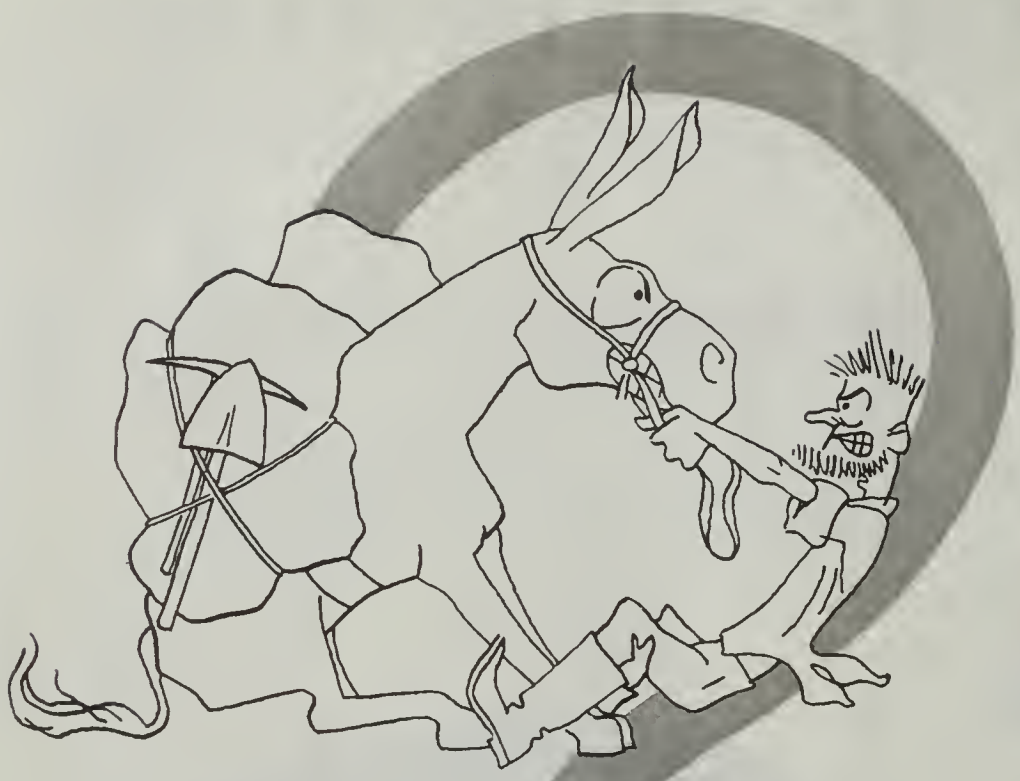
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THE WEEK'S WORK



The Berenstains—four hands are better than two

WE DON'T know whether the cartoons on pp. 38 and 65 were drawn by Stanley Berenstain or his wife, Janice. It seems that the Berenstains met in art school in Philadelphia and had been brought up within a few blocks of each other in West Philadelphia. "We kicked the same stones on the same sidewalks, attended the same Saturday movies, and so forth," says Mr. Berenstain, "and though we went to different grade schools, we might have met in high school if the Grants hadn't moved Janice to the suburbs."

In any event, after a sketchy romance, they merged lines and began what may be the first husband-wife cartoon team in history. It's difficult for the Berenstains themselves to say who does what in their work: "I do what I think is an excellent cartoon," says Mr. B., "and show it to Janice, who says it's a good picture but a lousy caption. She substitutes what she thinks is an excellent one and I say, 'That's a swell caption but it doesn't go with the picture.'"

So Mr. Berenstain changes the picture and it is placed with a pile of others arrived at in similar manner. Later they root through this stack of very rough sketches, select what still appeals to both, split the results in two, and begin drawing. "What results," says Mr. B., "is a week's batch of roughs for submission, a roomful of discarded sketches, orange seeds and apple cores. Then I go to the post office with them, and Janice cleans up. Recently a monkey wrench was thrown into our well-oiled machine: name, Leo, weight at birth, 7 pounds, 7 ounces."

ALFRED (ALF) LOOMIS gets that salty authenticity for his breezy Bermuda yacht-race yarn, Errors of Judgment (p. 50) from the fact he himself has been navigator on boats in eight of these blue-ribbon events.

Between chores as free-lance writer and editor, Mr. Loomis, a Brooklyn lad of fifty-eight, has also raced in four Fastnet races—*the* English long-distance yachting event; was aboard the schooner Pinta in '28 in the New York-to-Spain race; and has been navigator on three winning boats in the St. Pete-to-Havana yachting classic. Besides, Mr. Loomis has looked at a lot of fast-streaking blue water beneath his own yawls and cutters; and right now is looking forward to his first San Pedro-to-Honolulu dash.

Although Mrs. Loomis has often cruised and raced with her accomplished tar of a husband, she has never made the Bermuda run. "So my story is not entirely autobiographical," admits Mr. Loomis. "However wives have raced with their husbands and my maritime marital situation i highly plausible."

We asked Mr. Loomis what yacht race widows do while their husband are away on a thrash to windward.

"I don't know," he replied. "I've never been there to find out. I d know that many of them like to fly t Bermuda to join their husbands at th finish line."

ALBERT MAISEL, who, since V-Day has been enlisted in the wa in behalf of our G.I.s, now reports o the housing battle in a slashing two part article: Scandals in Veteran Housing (p. 14). Oddly, of all th jerry-building he inspected on his n tional cross check, walls made th deepest impression on the crusadi Mr. Maisel. In one house he four the walls so thin he couldn't do h interviewing because the family the next house were locked in dome tic combat.

"When the husband began smac ing his wife against the wall, and t wall shook, I carefully moved to t opposite wall to avoid the body I e pected to come hurtling through m mentarily," Maisel says.

So he made a note that partiti walls should specify standard strength sufficient to take the weig of a veteran and his wife; that buil ers should supply doors for all ope ings made by undue strain, and mov on.

In fact, Mr. Maisel got so used inspecting walls that when he board a plane from L.A. to Oklahoma Ci he found himself absent-mindedly fi gering the plane cabin walls f proper code thickness. This caused hostess to eye him suspiciously a finally ask if there were anythi wrong. "I murmured something abo not satisfying the Los Angeles bui ing code," he says, "before I came t

Mr. Maisel still wakes up dreami of a fire breaking out in one of t long rows of houses he saw.

"Where the fire walls have not be built up to the attic," he believes, " outbreak in a single house might e danger many families."

This week's cover: Baby Sitter, Forced Feeding. Photographer Shir Wright of Los Angeles was visit the Diamonds, some friends from D troit, when he heard Mrs. Diamo ask Bobby Diamond, age 4, to feed brother Gary, age 3 months. Cr Bobby, "Aw gee, Mom—do I h to?" Shiney had an idea. . . .

TED SHANE

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These luscious links with the "new look" are *all* "Dinner-Quality" meat—tasty and nourishing. Every frank is packed with the energizing proteins that keep your family on its toes. The snugly-sealed cellophane package bearing the words SWIFT'S PREMIUM FRANKS assures you of this high quality *every time*. At a price that helps you in your battle with the budget. And you're sure they're fresh-tasting. For, packed 8 to 10 to the pound, they're **MADE FRESH DAILY FROM COAST TO COAST!**









FOR BETTER BARBECUES—Grill Swift's Premium Franks for 5 to 10 minutes until thoroughly heated and crispy brown, turning occasionally. Serve hot on split buns, spread with butter or Allsweet. Add lettuce, prepared mustard and catchup. Serve with beverage.

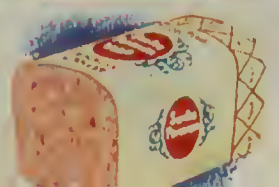
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How a Free Market Works

The New York Stock Exchange serves millions of investors all over the country. Here's how:



Let's spend a few minutes with Mr. Clark of San Francisco. Mr. Clark has accumulated some surplus funds he wishes to invest in securities, and he is gathering information from many sources before making a decision.



Mr. Clark visits the offices of a Member Firm of t New York Stock Exchange. With one of the firm's re resentatives, he discusses a number of companies, a decides on the security that best meets his own nee

Before placing an order, Mr. Clark asks for a "quote" on the security. Over the Member Firm's direct wire to its New York office, a clerk teletypes a request for the current best bid to buy and the lowest offer to sell.

By a second direct wire, the information is obtained from the quotation room at the Stock Exchange. Quotation clerks on the trading floor keep this room constantly abreast of the current bid and offer quotations.

Back to San Francisco goes Mr. Clark's quotation. order is placed, and is wired to the New York of for immediate relay to the Member Firm's teleph clerk (see above) on the floor of the Stock Excha



The Member Firm's floor partner gets the order from the clerk and, acting for Mr. Clark, goes to the trading post where the security is bought and sold. It was at this post the bid and offer quotations originated.



To this post comes a second member, representing a Mrs. Horn of Atlanta, who wishes to *sell* the same security. As the first broker bids, the second offers to sell, both seeking the best possible price.



A few days later, Mr. Clark receives his stock cer cate and Mrs. Horn gets her check. The transaction been completed promptly, conveniently, through nationwide facilities of Stock Exchange Member Fi

THE NATION'S MARKET PLACE

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

CUPID WITH CELLULOID WINGS

BY WILLIAM CHAPMAN WHITE

In Hollywood an arrow in the heart is often as fatal as a knife in the back

THE boy and the girl sat in a car by the beach below Malibu, with a special California moon overhead. The boy was Eddie urran who had been on the National lot just six eeks. Right now he was hunting words. Around ollywood, real-life conversations get as routine as icture dialogue. Stumbling and fumbling along, ddie found the same words a lot of other young tors had used in a "The-Other-Girl-Didn't-Mean-Thing-to-Me" scene. "Don't be jealous," Eddie id. "When you're new in Hollywood it's hard to ep your balance sometimes. Anyway she was an ful creature and I'm sorry I hurt you and I don't er want to be apart from you again, baby."

The pretty brunette beside him moved in closer nd just said, "Oh, Eddie!" She was Milia Fortune, ne of the most promising kids on the National lot. Sure, I know how it is. Every woman goes crazy hen she sees you, same as I do, only I love you so uch. Let's get married right away so we won't ver have any more troubles."

"Any time you say." Eddie pulled her closer. Boy, I'm happy!" . . .

A half mile down the beach was the home of Al orse, the fifty-year-old head of National Films, ith thirty years in Hollywood. He was sitting by e huge fireplace in his living room, listening to o of his producers arguing. He got tired of lisning and complained, "Troubles, troubles! That's ll the picture business ever brings you. I bet there n't a happy person anywhere in Hollywood."

"But, wait a minute, Al!" one producer interupted.

"Listen to me, Al," the other producer cut in.

Al shut them up with a frown. "Each of you ants Eddie Curran in your next picture, so what m I to do, split him in half? Sure, Eddie's the ost talented juvenile we've had out here in years nd he'll drive a lot of women crazy some day with at trick he's got of looking helpless and like a e-man, at the same time. Here in this business ou always got people and they always got probems. I'd be happier in the pig-iron business. You now what I go through to make pictures?" Al hook his head like a weary man. "To stay in this usiness you gotta be a combination of Solomon nd George Washington and Daniel Boone and the King of England—"

The telephone interrupted him. When he came ack ten minutes later he was shaking his head. He asked, "Who was that guy Cupid?"

"An old-time Greek who flew around on wings."

Al settled back into his chair. "You can add him o that list of guys I gotta be. How did this cupid perate?"

"He went around shooting arrows."

Al grunted. "He should have used a baseball bat. That was Dorothy Bond on the phone. Kin Bond's got that new girl from New York in his picture and as usual he falls for any *(Continued on page 32)*



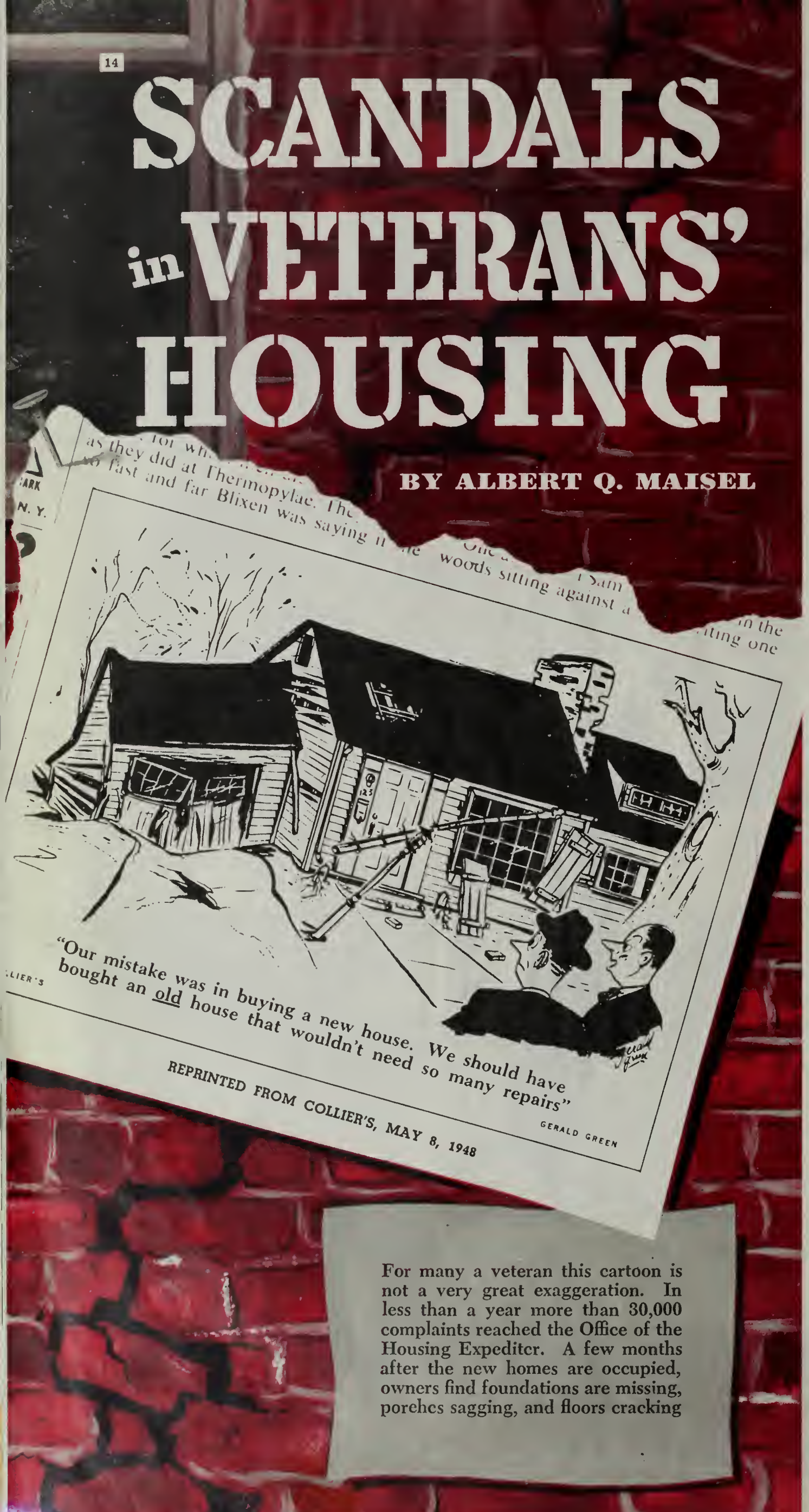
Ellen called across the restaurant with the quiet intimacy of a loud-speaker, "Eddie, my love, my darling pet," and she started toward him, dragging Joe along like an old handbag

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

14

SCANDALS in VETERANS' HOUSING

BY ALBERT Q. MAISEL



For many a veteran this cartoon is not a very great exaggeration. In less than a year more than 30,000 complaints reached the Office of the Housing Expediter. A few months after the new homes are occupied, owners find foundations are missing, porches sagging, and floors cracking

There have been some abuses in the building of houses for veterans, and it is concerning these only that Collier's is publishing this article and the one next week. These articles must not be regarded as a criticism of the home-building industry

IT WAS early in the morning when I got to 3875 Woodward Avenue, on the outskirts o Fresno, California. A bright, warm sun gleamed over the snow-topped mountains. The flowers on the front lawn looked as beautiful a they do in the seed-house ads. Even the cracker box houses seemed not too pinched in the clea California air.

Then I went into the back yard, and the beautifu picture vanished. John Seib, a young veteran wh spent thirty-seven months in the South Pacific handed me a copy of his house plans, with th builders' signatures neatly inscribed at the prope place in the lower left-hand corner. Seib griml pointed out the detailed drawing of the house' foundation. It called for a concrete floor with sub stantial footings supporting it all around.

Then he picked up a shovel and, with the deftnes of an infantryman digging a foxhole, began to wor at the point where the side and rear walls meet. H had barely gone below the surface when I saw wha had made him so angry.

The footings the plans called for—the founda tions that were supposed to hold the house up- were almost totally lacking. The seemingly sturd concrete ended abruptly just an inch or two belo the level of the ground.

Still skeptical, I suggested moving over a fe feet. Again Seib dug. Again we looked in vain f anything approaching the sort of underground co struction called for in the plan.

Later that morning I saw similar conditions at dozen other houses on the Southeran Homesit Tract along Woodward and Braly avenues. In th house of Arthur Hein at 3826 Braly Avenue, th rugs were pulled back so that I could trace a gia cobweb of wide cracks in the concrete floor—crac that extended from wall to wall.

"They called these 'surface cracks' when I cor plained," Hein told me. "But look at this," he we on, taking a glass of water and pouring it on one the cracks. As we watched, the fluid disappear through the fissure.

Hein and Seib and more than 40 other vetera who bought houses a year and a half ago on t Southeran Tract are luckier than thousands others throughout the nation. They have begun get results after months of campaigning in whi they carried their protests from the mayor's housi committee right on up to the White House.

Most of the more than 2,000,000 veterans w have acquired newly built homes since the end the war have been well satisfied, or at least mod ately so. Despite material and labor shortages m builders have complied with building codes a measure up to plans and specifications.

But to all too many veterans the promise of postwar dream house has turned into a nightma Young, guileless and inexperienced in both bui ing construction and the laws governing it, th veterans placed their faith not only in builders b in government agencies that were supposed to regulating construction, checking thoroughly bef making loans, supervising compliance with buildi codes and generally keeping an eye on the vetera interests.

After a year and a half, the fight of the Southe Tract homeowners in Fresno resulted in action b federal grand jury. A 53-count indictment w brought against the builder, William C. Albany, a his exclusive agents, Richard M. Vail and Wad Howells, all three veterans of World War II.

The building firm of William C. Albany & C through Vail and Howells, obtained priorities n 1946 to construct more than 50 houses. Under e law that then existed the federal governm t granted priority for the obtaining of building m terials and demanded, in return, that the houses e sold at fixed ceiling prices.

The veterans who bought these houses had o idea they were paying more than the ceiling pr e.

Their original complaint centered, rather, about claims of defective construction and the omission of many promised pieces of equipment. But after many turns of the carrousel—they went fruitlessly round and round, from the Veterans Administration to the Federal Housing Administration to the builder and to the bank—they managed to get the Office of the Housing Expediter to detail a man to Fresno. A prolonged investigation disclosed that the veterans had been charged, on the average, about $1,600 more for their homes than the government-set ceiling.

Albany, Vail and Howells were to stand trial on charges of conspiring to obtain priorities to build houses for war veterans and then departing from the plans and specifications under which the priorities were obtained, and with conspiring to sell the houses at prices greater than the sales price fixed as the precondition for granting priorities. Arraigned in May, the three pleaded not guilty to all counts.

This case has aroused particular interest because one of the three defendants, Richard Vail, was an active member of the six-man American Legion national housing committee. This committee has opposed many features of the federal veterans' housing program and has been particularly active in seeking the abolition of the National Housing agency and the Office of the Housing Expediter.

The Fresno case in court stemmed out of the help given the veterans by the Los Angeles Daily News and its reporter, Sara Boynoff, a five-foot-two-inch dynamo.

When the Victims Phoned In

When her first few stories about jerry-built Los Angeles houses had appeared, liberally illustrated with photographs of cracked walls, missing foundations, warped doors, leaky roofs, and bathtubs that had fallen through the floor, the switchboard at the News was swamped with calls from veterans and their wives until Sara took to answering her phone with the shout, "The first thing you do is hire a lawyer!"

Other calls were made at the News, by polished gentlemen who sought out publisher Manchester Boddy and bluntly implied it wasn't smart for a newspaper that carried a lot of real-estate advertising to indulge in muckraking. Boddy threw the gentleman out and stepped up the campaign.

Reporter Boynoff made a point of visiting some of the housing projects built by the very people who had complained that the News was giving good builders a bad name by photographing the work of a few fly-by-night developers. Within a few days the News had sets of photographs showing even more glaring frauds at some of these projects.

Aided by this newspaper, the United States attorney in Los Angeles and his staff went to work with a vengeance. U.S. Attorney James M. Carter has led long lines of former G.I.s before a grand jury. His inquiry has left those responsible for scandalous building jobs quaking with fear of the consequences.

What has happened in Fresno has happened in various places over the country. In Baltimore I have seen fire walls that were not completed to the roof and thus endangered every occupant in long rows of houses.

In Sacramento a veteran failed to catch a baseball pitched by his nine-year-old son. When he turned around to look for the ball he found a gaping hole in his house where the ball had disappeared through the wall. In a neighboring house, less than a year old, an investigator for the Office of the Housing Expediter counted 87 separate holes in the exterior walls.

A complaint from Madison, Wisconsin, lists 84 defects in a single house, including failure to supply screens, insulation, downspouts, coal-bin, plumbing and electrical fixtures. In one Baltimore case an entire room was omitted. In Wisconsin the builder of a home casually forgot to put in the attic floor the plans called for. In Oklahoma I have seen buildings less than four months old already warped far out of plumb. This in tornado country where even a well-built house requires extra bracing.

Marked Money Under the Table

A builder in Wisconsin obtained priority materials on the promise he would sell his houses at $7,800. Later he appealed to the FHA and the ceiling was raised to $8,600. Still later he asked for another increase and the liberal FHA authorities told him he could go up to $9,500. Then he demanded $500 "under the table" when he sold. Fortunately for the buyer, in this instance, marked money was used and the builder was caught and fined $5,000.

In New York recently another builder drew a one-year jail term for overcharging ten veterans an average of $2,100 on their homes.

In a community in Pennsylvania there stand 42 houses that were sold to veterans in the fall of 1946 for $7,500 each. Two other slightly smaller homes brought $6,500.

Almost as soon as the veterans moved in they began to discover an endless series of flaws. Ceilings cracked. Walls twisted out of plumb. Doorframes pulled away from the walls, leaving gaping openings. Concrete blocks were found to be missing in cellars. Roofs sagged. In one instance a stoop outside a cellar door sank eight inches below its original position in a few months.

Their veteran owners turned first to the federal agencies that had guaranteed their loans and presumably inspected and appraised their houses. Soon they found themselves going from V.A. to FHA to RFC and back again.

Most of the houses had been appraised by a local real-estate broker, chosen by the bank from the V.A.'s approved list of appraisers. He evaluated the houses at $7,500. Six months after the houses were finished one of the owners tried to sell his to another ex-serviceman. The prospective buyer applied for a G.I. loan to finance the purchase. A V.A. appraiser was called in—not the one who had served before. This time the value was set at $6,600, which was $900 less than the house had been "worth" six months before.

By June of last year the veterans had had enough of the federal runaround. Through their attorney they filed suit against the builder in common pleas court, asking for damages in excess of $70,000. In their complaint they alleged that each house showed an average of 50 omissions, substitutions or deviations from the original plans and each veteran asked for from $1.500 to $2,000 in damages.

Meanwhile they continued to press for action by federal agencies. But

(Continued on page 64)



HARRIET ARNOLD

John Seib and his wife unearth the "foundation" of their home in Fresno, California, for the photographers. Seib is one of more than 40 World War II veterans living on Fresno's Southeran Homesites Tract who complain bitterly about the way their homes were put up. The builder of these residences and his agents were indicted

HANS KNOPF



Using a flashlight Henry Sherwood, of Baltimore, and a neighbor discover a space in the fire wall separating their homes. The neighbor's hand is thrust through the hole to show its size. Below, Mrs. B. Chertkof examines damage in her basement in Baltimore's Hanlon Homes section. Water washed in over walls of the foundation

HANS KNOPF



THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

The Russian leaders' moods perplex American and British negotiators. Roosevelt urges Hopkins to "Hurry, hurry" but Japan solves his greatest problem



The day after a Jap task force left port to attack Pearl Harbor, Secretary of State Hull n Ambassador Nomura (left) and Special Envoy Kurusu of our proposed policy with

PART VI. ROOSEVELT'S GREATEST DILEMMA

HARRY L. HOPKINS' health was failing again in the autumn of 1941. There was now a vast increase in the details of Lend-Lease and he determined to turn the job over to someone else. Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., was selected.

There was never a time when President Roosevelt was being more steadily assailed morning, noon and night than in those tense weeks in the autumn of 1941.

He was constantly being goaded in one direction by those who favored bold action, of whom Stimson and Morgenthau were the most vigorous proponents; and he was being hauled in another direction by others who were convinced that our only salvation lay in a policy of extreme caution; in addition to which Churchill was augmenting his voluminous cables with telephone calls from the little booth in the bombproof quarters to which he had been consigned under Great George Street. (In that telephone booth were two clocks, one set at London time and the other at Washington time.)

At the end of September, Roosevelt had to make up his mind as to whether or not he should again put an issue up to Congress and run the risk of an unfavorable verdict. Hull asked Admiral Stark to state his opinions on this matter, and the resultant memorandum from the Chief of Naval Operations was highly refreshing to the President. The most important parts of it were as follows:

It has long been my opinion that Germany cannot be defeated unless the United States is wholeheartedly in the war and makes a strong military and naval effort wherever strategy dictates. It would be very desirable to enter the war under circumstances in which Germany were the aggressor and in which case Japan might then be able to remain neutral. However, on the whole, it is my opinion that the United States should enter the war against Germany as soon as possible even if hostilities with Japan must be accepted. . . .

P.S. I did not set down in the attached notes what I have mentioned to you before, namely, that I do not believe Germany will declare war on us until she is good and ready. Hitler has every excuse in the world to declare war on us now, if he were of a mind to.

On October 9th, Roosevelt sent to the Congress his request for further amendments to the Neutrality Law which would permit the arming of American merchant ships and restoration of the right of these ships to carry trade into the war zones. Congress agreed after a bitter fight.

The appalling truth was that, as the world situation became more desperately critical, and as the limitless peril came closer and closer to the United States, isolationist sentiment became ever more aggressive, and Roosevelt was relatively powerless to combat it. He had said everything "short of war" that could be said. He had no more tricks left. The hat from which he had pulled so many rabbits was empty.

The preparations for the departure of the Harriman Mission to Moscow were immensely complicated, involving exhaustive negotiations.

An Urgent Plea to Churchill

Early in September, Hopkins sent a cable to Churchill:

As preliminary to the Moscow conference, Secretaries of War and Navy have been told by the President that substantial commitments of munitions help must be provided for Russia so long as she fights the Axis. Substantial and comprehensive commitments should be made to Russia by Great Britain and the United States at the Moscow conference, in the President's opinion.

Hopkins sent a memorandum to Stettinius shortly before the Moscow conferences started:

I would like to be in direct touch with Harriman and the mission in Moscow and any replies to Harriman's telegrams I would like to have sent through me and signed by me.

Will you please notify everybody over there about this so there will be no possible hitch about it?

Harriman and Lord Beaverbrook had three evening meetings with Stalin —Sunday, September 28th, Monday the 29th, and Tuesday the 30th, for a total of some nine hours.

At the first meeting with Stalin, cordiality prevailed.

Stalin said a preponderance in tanks was absolutely essential to the Germans for, without it, the German infantry was weak as compared with the Russian infantry. He said that, of Germany's satellites, the best fighters were the Finns, next the Italians, third the Rumanians and, last of all, the Hungarians. He estimated that there were at the time 10 Italian divisions in the Eastern Theater of Operations. (This indicates a certain change of opinion since his talks with Hopkins two months previously.)

Stalin had a great deal to say to Beaverbrook about the question of active British military co-operation with Russia. Even at that early stage of Russia's participation in the war the desirability of opening a second front in the west had already become a lively issue and was providing the persistent theme song of Russian propaganda in Britain and the United States. However, Stalin does not appear to have pressed particularly for the second front at this conference. He did feel that the British might send forces to join the Russians in the Ukraine.

Beaverbrook pointed out that Brit



WIDE WORLD

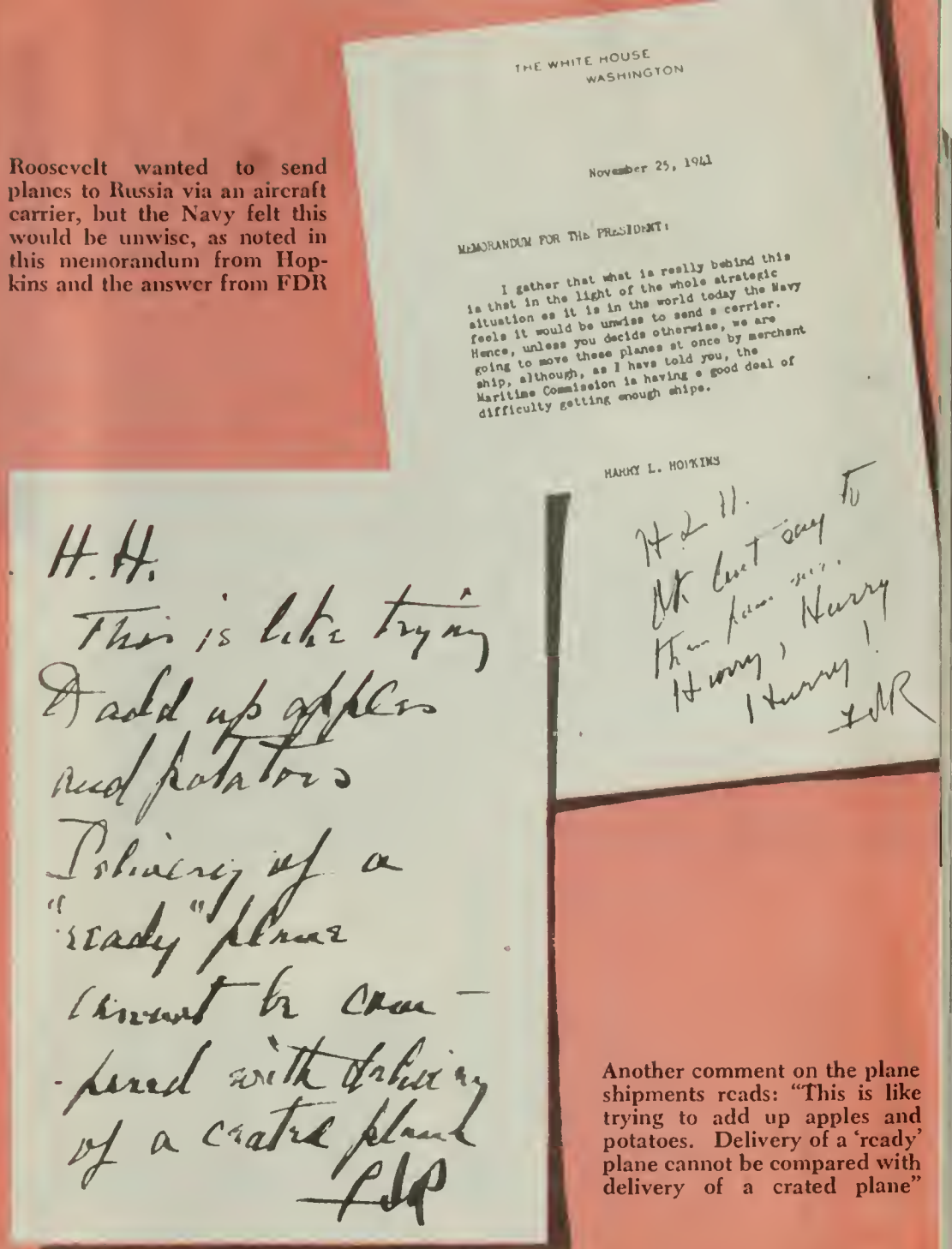
le crowds gathered outside the White House on December 7, 1941, the President Churchill, in an overseas phone call, that we were all in the same boat now



SOVFOTO

in was enthusiastic when Lord Beaverbrook (left, with Averell Harriman, nansky and Vishinsky) revealed what aid Britain and the U.S. could offer Russia

Roosevelt wanted to send planes to Russia via an aircraft carrier, but the Navy felt this would be unwise, as noted in this memorandum from Hopkins and the answer from FDR



THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

November 25, 1941

MEMORANDUM FOR THE PRESIDENT:

I gather that what is really behind this is that in the light of the whole strategic situation as it is in the world today the Navy feels it would be unwise to send a carrier. Hence, unless you decide otherwise, we are going to move these planes at once by merchant ship, although, as I have told you, the Maritime Commission is having a good deal of difficulty getting enough ships.

HARRY L. HOPKINS

H. H.
This is like trying to add up apples and potatoes. Delivery of a "ready" plane cannot be compared with delivery of a crated plane
FDR

H. H. We can't say No. Harry
FDR

Another comment on the plane shipments reads: "This is like trying to add up apples and potatoes. Delivery of a 'ready' plane cannot be compared with delivery of a crated plane"

ish divisions were being built up in Persia and that these might be moved into the Caucasus. (The British obviously were interested in reinforcing the Caucasus to prevent a possible German break-through into the Middle East.) Stalin dismissed this with the brusque statement that "there is no war in the Caucasus but there is in the Ukraine." Beaverbrook suggested that the Soviet and British staffs might engage in strategic discussions but this suggestion met with no welcome whatsoever.

Stalin asked about peace objectives. When Beaverbrook mentioned the eight points of the Atlantic Charter, Stalin asked, "What about getting the Germans to pay for the damage?" Beaverbrook evaded that question with some generality about "we must win the war first." *Harriman mentioned President Roosevelt's concern about the state of American public opinion, particularly on the religious issue. Stalin said that he did not know much about American public opinion toward Russia and did not seem to attach much importance to it. As it was getting late, Harriman did not press the matter but promised to give Stalin a memorandum on it.*

At the end of this first session, Harriman noted, "Beaverbrook and I considered the meeting had been extremely friendly."

At the second meeting, the following evening, the atmosphere was entirely different. In his report, Harriman noted:

The evening was very hard sledding. Stalin seemed discourteous and at times not interested, and rode us pretty hard. For example, he turned to me once and said, "Why is it that the United States can only give me 1,000 tons of armor plate steel for tanks—a country with a production of over 50,000,000 tons?" When I tried to explain the length of time required in increasing capacity of this type of steel he brushed it aside by saying, "One only has to add alloys."

Stalin Under Severe Tension

At this meeting which lasted two hours, Lord Beaverbrook noted that "Stalin was very restless, walking about and smoking continuously, and appeared to both of us to be under an intense strain." *Beaverbrook handed him a letter from Churchill which Stalin opened and merely glanced at, then left it lying on the table unread throughout the conference. As Beaverbrook and Harriman were preparing to leave, Molotov reminded Stalin of the Churchill letter. Stalin thrust it back in the envelope and handed it to a clerk.*

Stalin betrayed evidence of enthusiasm only once and that was when Harriman mentioned an American offer of 5,000 jeeps to Russia. Stalin asked if he could have some more. But when Harriman asked if he would like to have some ordinary armored cars for his troops, Stalin said that armored cars were deathtraps and he did not want any.

The next day the German propagandists were blasting to the world the news that the conferences in Moscow had bogged down. But, when Beaverbrook and Harriman met Stalin that evening, they found that the atmosphere had again changed completely. Stalin mentioned the Nazi propaganda with some amusement and indicated that it was for the three of them to prove Goebbels a liar.

Beaverbrook went through a memorandum listing everything that the Russians had asked for, stating those items on which the Americans and British could not meet the demands immediately, and then a long list of items which could be met in full with even some extras thrown in. Stalin said that he received the list with enthusiasm. Then, Beaverbrook noted:

The interpreter, Litvinov, bounded out of his seat and cried with passion, "Now we shall win the war."

When we had completed the recital of the list the atmosphere developed to the highest degree of satisfaction and pleasure on both sides. The assembly took on the form of closer and even imtimate relations. . . . It was sunshine after rain.

In his records of this conference, Beaverbrook has given an interesting glimpse of Stalin's "doodling" habits: While Litvinov was translating the Russian words into English, "Stalin occupied himself by drawing numberless pictures of wolves on paper and filling in the background with red pencil."

In Harriman's notes is the following:

Stalin asked about Rudolf Hess and seemed much interested in Beaverbrook's amusing description of his talk with Hess and his size-up of the situation. Stalin indicated that he thought Hess had gone not at the request of Hitler but with the knowledge of Hitler, to which Beaverbrook agreed.

The net of Beaverbrook's statement was that Hess had come thinking that with a small group of British aristocrats a counter-Churchill government could be set up to make peace with Germany, which would be welcomed by the majority of the British. Germany with British aid would then attack Russia. Stalin relished the amusing and detailed comments by Beaverbrook, who was in his best form as raconteur.

Beaverbrook had some direct quotes from statements recently made by Hess in prison in England:

I am convinced that in any event —whether an eastern front persists or not—that Germany and her allies

(Continued on page 66)



Leo Manso (above) is never without his brier pipe. Although his abstraction (right) is hardly graphic, preliminary sketches of the figure were made. Manso is also noted for his designs of book jackets and textiles



SIX ARTISTS AND A MODEL

BY LEONARD A. PARIS

FOR those few remaining simple folk who believe that art is merely a copy of nature, these pages may be something of a shock. "How is it possible," they are likely to ask, "for one young woman to look like so many different things?"

We are unable to answer this question, not knowing anything about art or even what we like. But this much we can say: It's the same model in all the pictures. Her name is Edith Franklin and she is nineteen years old and a native New Yorker.

Miss Franklin wants to be an actress, and most of the fees she picks up modeling for such well-known artists as those shown here go toward her tuition at the Neighborhood Playhouse School of the Theatre. This, she assures us, is "the best dramatic school in America," boasting such graduates as Gregory Peck and instructors like Martha Graham.

So far our model hasn't hit Broadway; she says she has much to learn at the Playhouse. Meantime she pays her way by modeling.

Not that fine-arts models are rolling in dough. Fees run around $1.50 to $3 per hour, unless you're working for a magazine illustrator, in which case you may command a queenly $10.

But Miss Franklin likes the work and she likes artists. While a painting is in progress, a model usually gets 20-minute breaks for rest periods, during which time she may relax with a good book or discuss the painting with the artist.

Miss Franklin hoards these golden moments to study her theater lines, and it is not uncommon to hear her reciting Shakespeare while taking twenty. This, we are happy to report, does not seem to distract any of the artists. After all, as Simonides said, "Painting is silent poetry." ★★★



With cold weather and unheated studios, our model caught cold. So Milton Avery (below) graciously agreed to paint her in a cloak. Avery, known as an unusual colorist, is one of America's leading expressionists



Formerly the editor of Art Front Magazine, Joe Solman (below) is famous for his expressionistic scenes of city life. Much of Solman's recent work, like the example at right, stresses flat pattern and intimate color relationship







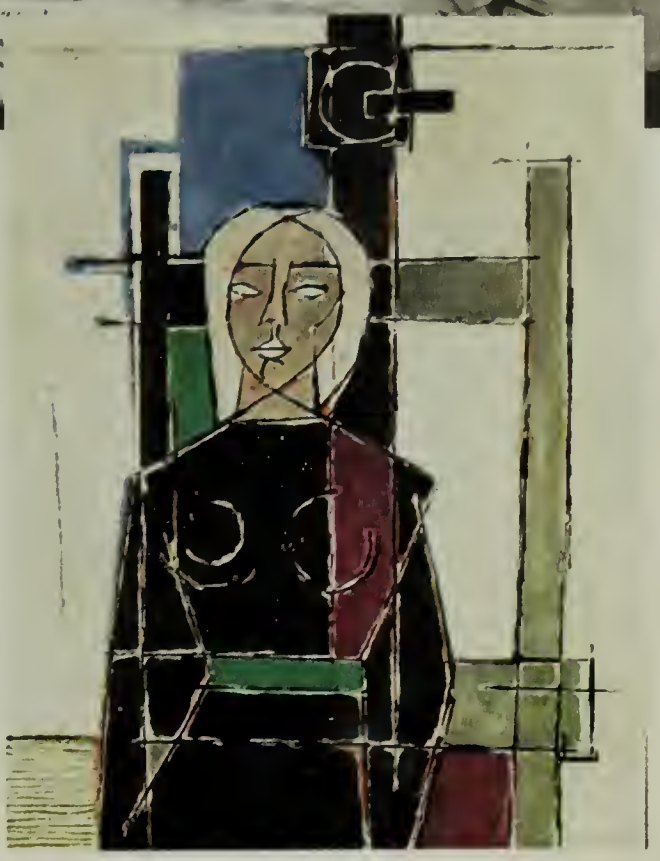


Earl Kerkam (left, above) gave up commercial art for the less profitable business of painting as he likes. His study of Miss Franklin (left) was made on a bitter cold day in a typical cold-water garret studio

Usually Hans Moller (right, above) works without a model. A semiabstractionist he has done covers for many magazines and has had one-man shows at some of the New York galleries. His study appears at right

Sol Wilson (below, right) discusses his painting with Miss Franklin while the latter takes a rest. Wilson is a romantic expressionist whose rugged seascapes and studies of fishermen have won many important prizes

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HELEN AND ALFRED PUHN









SQUAW MEDICINE

BY BENNETT FOSTE

The pouch his wife gave him was a charm against the evils of the city. St. Looie was the city—and one of the evils was a St. Looie woman



DAVY CONNOR was a Cheyenne man. He trapped wherever there was fur, but he always tried to winter in the Cheyenne country; and along in 1830, he married Dull Knife's daughter.

Her Cheyenne name was "Woman who stands by the water like a willow," but Davy called her Nell. She was handsome for a squaw, made good moccasins, kept a clean lodge and looked after Davy fine. When he came in from a hunt she always had warm water for his feet; she tanned his robes and cooked his meat and Davy was real fond of her.

In '31, having finished his fall hunt on the Musselshell, Davy and Nell pulled down into the Black Hills and joined Dull Knife's band. Henry Bronte was already there and Henry and Davy were old friends.

While Nell was putting up the lodge the two men smoked a pipe together and Henry had some comment to make.

"I'd heard you got married," he said, watching Nell set up the lodge poles. "How is she, Davy? Pretty good woman?"

"She's all right," Davy admitted, scowling a little, "except that she's plumb hell for fofurraw. I taken her to rendezvous, Henry, an' I swear there ain't enough goods in Sublette's packs to satisfy her. She's always devilin' me for vermilion or scarlet cloth or beads or some such, an' if it ain't that, it's a new knife or a kettle."

Henry nodded. He had been married to a Crow and to a Flathead, and right then had a Sioux woman in his lodge. He knew what Davy meant.

"After the spring hunt," Davy said, "I'm goin' to take my beaver to St. Looie and leave her to home. I'm goin' to get Jake Hawken to rebore my rifle, an' I'm goin' to buy a suit of clothes an' a wool hat an' get some trade. Then I'm goin' to get drunk an' disorderly on St. Looie liquor. You comin' with me, Henry?"

"No," Henry said, "I ain't. I'm goin' to rendezvous an' have a time. St. Looie don't shine for me." . . .

When the spring hunt was over, Davy loaded his fur on horses and started east. There was many a mile between the Black Hills and St. Louis but he wasn't worried. A mountain man went where he wanted to. He left Nell with her people and that wasn't the first time, or the last time either, that a man has gone to market and left his wife at home.

NELL was upset when Davy left. She said his heart was bad toward her; she moped around the lodge like there had been a death in the family. She daubed dirt in her hair and tore some of her clothes and did some crying. She let Davy know she wasn't pleased, but he petted her and set her on his lap and made a fuss over her until she perked up. The day he left she gave him a beaded buckskin pouch to hang around his neck. Davy thought it was a new pipe case until Nell told him different.

"This is woman's medicine," she said, "for you to bring back. You will not forget me when you wear this. Open it when you get there."

Davy promised that he would. H put the thong over his neck and stuc his left arm through so that the sac hung next his hide under his armpi and out of the way. He gave Nell hi two pistols to keep and told he goodby.

With his Hawken's gun on his sac dlebow and his Green River knife i his belt, he pulled out. By the tim he had made a day's march he ha forgotten the sack.

Luck had her arm around Dav Connor that journey. In Cheyenn country he was safe enough and h had better than an even chanc through the Sioux hunting ground for the Sioux and the Cheyenne we allies. He worried some about th Pawnees, but most of them had move south to meet the buffalo. When h got to the river at Fort Atkinson h struck it right. There were two kee boats loading at the fort. .

Fort Atkinson was an America Fur Company post and when Da told the *bourgeois*, the man in charg that he wanted to take his fur dow



Davy clamped a hand on Thomas' quivering shoulder. "Pull up when I tell you," he rasped. "Pull up —or I'll cut your skinny throat!"

river on the keelboats, he got turned down.

"You're an independent," the *bourgeois* said, "an' you've been gettin' your trade from the opposition. You can't load 'em."

"I'm goin' to St. Looie," Davy answered, "if I have to pack there. I'm goin' anyways." He was pretty mad. He hadn't much use for that outfit. "*Mangeurs de lard*," pork eaters, he called them. They hired out to work for wages and didn't take their chances like a real mountain man should. He went stomping off to his camp outside the palisade. But Davy didn't have to take his fur ahorseback to St. Louis. Frank Vardeman was with the keelboats.

Vardeman was a big chief of the company. He was in the St. Louis office and had been to Fort Union to see Red Coat McKenzie, the boss. Vardeman knew of Davy, and while Davy was in his camp, his heart bad toward the whole American Fur Company, Vardeman and the *bourgeois* at Fort Atkinson talked things over. The American Fur Company and the Rocky Mountain Fur Company and the independent traders were all fighting for trade and they fought rough.

"He's a Cheyenne man," Vardeman said, "and we want that trade. Fitzpatrick has been getting it. Connor has a great deal of influence and if he'd go to work for us it would be a good thing. I'll butter him up some."

BEFORE Davy smoked his last pipe and turned in, Vardeman came to his camp. It was just a mistake, Vardeman said. Davy could put his fur aboard the keelboats. They smoked a pipe over it, Vardeman almost choking on the pungent kinnikinnick. He was a St. Louis man, not a real mountaineer.

Riding a keelboat beat riding a horse seven ways from the jack. It was a heap easier and, besides, Davy didn't have to worry about the Pawnees or the Missouris or any of the rest. The keelboat crews were armed and strong enough to make a fight if they were jumped. They traveled day and night, and Vardeman was pleasant to Davy, seeking his society and flattering him.

"I want you to stay with me when we get to St. Louis," Vardeman said. "I want my family to meet a real mountain man."

Davy took it big. By the time they reached St. Louis, Davy had made up his mind to trade with Vardeman's company and was halfway sold on the idea of taking charge of a post in the Cheyenne country. . . .

There was only one bit of trouble on the trip down. Keelboat men were a cocky lot and had their own ideas of doing. Many nights there was a game of old sledge and it was natural for Davy Connor to gamble. He had the beaver to back himself and he won. There were two men in the crew that lost steadily and it made them ugly. One of these was named Leblanc and the other called himself Bulldog. Both were bullies and they tried to come it over Davy until they found themselves looking into the little end of his Hawken's gun. They backed down then, but they made a few threats.

"You'll have to look out for those two," Vardeman warned.

Davy grunted scornfully. The idea of danger from men who pulled a sweep was amusing. "Take more'n them to put this child under," he bragged. Still, he slept light for the rest of the journey. The keelboaters carried knives and Davy didn't want to wake up with a blade in his ribs.

ST. LOUIS proved a surprise. Davy had not seen the town since he left with Ashley in 1822, and the place had grown, booming with the fur trade. He saw his fur unloaded and put into the company warehouse. Promising Vardeman to return, he left the wharves.

The city bewildered Davy. He tramped up Rue Royal, down Rue de l'Église and back again on Rue de Granges where he found the quarter known as the Vide Poche. The wharves with their noise frightened Davy, the streets astounded him. There were Saukies and Foxes in their blankets—not up to beaver when it came to Injuns, Davy thought—there were Negroes and French *engagés*, teamsters, boatmen, and here and there a mountain man.

"Davy! Davy Connor!"

Davy wheeled. Zenas Berdan was pushing through the throng toward him. Davy had not seen Zenas since the rendezvous in '27.

"Ol' hoss!" Zenas thumped Davy's back. "What you doin' in St. Looie?"

"Brought my fur down," Davy answered. "Come down on a keelboat. Let's have a drink."

They repaired to a saloon where good St. Louis whisky warmed the cockles of their hearts.

"Keelboat, you says?" Zenas asked. "What for was you travelin' on a keelboat, Davy?"

Davy told him and Zenas' eyes grew dark. "Company man," he growled. "What you fixin' to do, Davy? You goin' to turn *mangeur de lard?* You fixin' to hire out to 'em? Why, you always stuck to Sublette."

"Makes no difference what I done!" Davy snapped, offended. "Because I done one thing once don't mean I'm goin' to keep on doin' it."

"But"—Zenas scratched his head—"what's that feller lookin' at you for?"

Davy turned. Leblanc was by the door, scowling. Davy scowled back. "Wants his needin's," Davy growled. Leblanc slipped away. "Had trouble with him comin' down."

"Tell it," Zenas commanded.

In the tale their argument was lost. "Wagh!" Zenas spat. "You want to look out for them fellers. Them kind are worse nor a Gros Ventre. He'll stick Green River in your lights."

"Take more'n him to count coup on me," Davy answered. "I got to go."

Returning to the wharf Davy Connor passed Jake Hawken's gun shop and, remembering a portion of his errand, entered. Hawken examined the rifle, and nodded. "'Bout a week," he said. "There's others ahead of you. You'll need new molds, too."

"Fix her up," Davy ordered largely.

Vardeman was waiting in the counting room, Davy's possible sack beside him. An open barouche with a Negro driver stood before the door.

(Continued on page 44)

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

GOOD-TIME $TREET

BY BILL GOTTLIEB



The Street is at its best at night, when the neons start to bloom. It loses some of its carnival atmosphere when daylight dims its gaudy luster

A fabulous block on Manhattan's Fifty-second Street has housed jazz cellars, strip-tease clubs, millionaires' mansions, speak-easies and cafés of six nations. Soon, however, its brownstone fronts will yield to towers of commerce

EVER since the Roaring Twenties, when it had 38 speak-easies at once, Fifty-second Street between Fifth and Sixth avenues has been the most lurid 300 yards in all of lusty Manhattan. Today, with its jazz cellars, strip-tease clubs, celebrity restaurants and assorted curiosities, The Street (as it is familiarly called) is still New York City's most fabulous block.

But The Street's days are numbered. By 1950, Rockefeller Center, against which it is timorously snuggled, will have encroached on the southern half of The Street. On the northern half, Lord & Taylor, M-G-M and others will replace the hot trumpets, hot onion soup and hot chorus girls with cold towers of commerce.

Except for Leon and Eddie's and the "21" Club, each of which owns its property, the establishments on The Street are resigned to the coming day of doom. Well aware of what the future holds is Gilbert J. Pincus, unofficial mayor of Fifty-second Street and erstwhile doorman at a good many of its famous spots. Pincus, a squat, loquacious individual constructed around a fat cigar, has grown bitter as work has progressed on the giant Esso Building, Rockefeller Center's first beachhead on The Street.

From his current position under the Three Deuces canopy, he urges passers-by: "Hurry in! See the early show *right now*. By the late show, they may be breaking ground for an insurance company."

On the west end of The Street is a Nedick's hot-dog stand. On the east end is De Pinna's swank Fifth Avenue specialty shop. Between these extremes lies a carnival of attractions.

The names and natures of some of the public houses change weekly on this fast-moving block; but, as of the start of this year, the following were in business: five jazz cellars, once the birthplace of swing and still the world center of hot music; Leon and Eddie's, where visiting firemen flock for mildly wicked jokes and scantily clad girls; a handful of taverns, frequented mostly by musicians and other professional entertainers; exactly one dozen restaurants (five French, two Swiss, one Russian, one English, one Italian and two American); Jack and Charlie's "21" Club, once the nation's most famous speak-easy and now the dining place of writers, hucksters and visiting Hollywood stars; nearly a half-dozen strip-tease joints, where tired businessmen watch entertainers who often double as drinking companions; Tony's, a hangout for theatrical folk who come to hear Mabel Mercer sing while she sits at their tables (or to hear Tony himself sing while standing on his head).

The Street's eccentric character doesn't end with its night life. It has the Drama Book Shop, which stocks nothing but books on dramatic art; Beverage Media, a trade magazine for taverns; Hold-It!, a publication for professional models; and Sponsor, a journal for radio advertisers.

There are also the headquarters for Tommy Dorsey's disk-jockey show; Phil Galvano's Studio of Golf; a pocketbook hospital; the Japanese-American Committee for Democracy; and the Modern School of Jiu Jitsu, under Prof. K. Nakae. In addition, The Street has millinery shops and hairdressers, photographers who specialize in "character" portraits, voice teachers, and hundreds of dancers, musicians, waiters and booking agents, who occupy upstairs rooms and apartments.

When the police department rezoned its divisions, it judiciously made Fifty-second Street the dividing line between the Forty-seventh Street and Fifty-fourth Street precincts. In that way, each could maintain a special officer on the block—the Forty-seventh taking the south side and the Fifty-fourth the north. In addition, taxi companies constantly send their inspectors, and detectives from both the Juvenile Aid Bureau and the Narcotics Division are often there. As a final touch, the two precincts send squad cars to enforce the 4 A.M. closing of the clubs.

The Street has, in its time, had troubles over prostitution and narcotics. The former has been virtually eliminated by the diligence of the police; and the latter remains pretty much confined to occasional musical characters who feel the use of drugs improves their blowing. Last year, several spots were shuttered on marijuana charges, though all but one were promptly reopened for lack of evidence. This past winter, a building on The Street was raided by police in search of prostitutes. Instead, they uncovered a number of teen-age boys and girls, whom they charged with possession of narcotics. Still more

(Continued on page 48)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY THE AUTHOR



At Leon and Eddie's, proprietor Eddie Davis likes to get the customers in the act. Here he rewards a lady bowler with a kiss while her teammates and Sherry Britton look on. Ex-G.I.s may not recognize Sherry in evening dress



Swing was born on Fifty-second Street. Devotees still go there for hot music. Here, at the Three Deuces, Hilda Taylor and a friend enjoy the Lucky Thompson orchestra. A former Miss North Carolina, she is now a professional singer



Sometimes when the music is really "gone," Harry the Hipster leaps from his piano in the midst of a hot break, to the immense delight of his patrons. For the benefit of the uninitiated, a hipster is someone who is more hep than a hepcat, hep now being passé

Tony's is a hangout for theatrical folk, who have tried in vain to dissuade proprietor Tony Soma from singing while standing on his head. Band leader Raymond Scott and publicist Virginia Wicks are the amused spectators below



At many of the spots, swing has given way to a more universally appealing art. One of the longest-lasting attractions on the block is Lois de Fee, whose "six feet four and one half inches of pulchritude" barely fit under the low ceiling of the Club Nocturne



THE BRAMBLE BUSH

BY DAVID DUNCAN

CONTINUING THE ADVENTURES OF A MAN THEY COULDN'T KILL FOR LOVE OR MONEY

●

"I was in the house alone when I heard the shot . . . It seemed to come from the garage . . . When I opened the door I saw a man on the floor, a gun was near him"



The Story:
The narrator, MIKE FINNEY, is being framed for the murder of a San Francisco attorney, one EARL CLARK. MRS. REBA TREMAINE—the widowed mother of the real murderer, who had disappeared after the killing ten years ago—plans to claim Finney is her son; then she will dispose of him in a manner indicating suicide, and her cowardly son PHILIP will no longer be a hunted man. To this end she boldly tells the police that Finney is actually PHILIP TREMAINE, that he has returned to face charges and inherit his father's money.

Finney, who has his own good reasons for not wanting to admit his real identity to the police, escapes from prison. He is suspicious of the solicitude and help offered him by Tremaine's beautiful young sister, CATHERINE, who claims her mother convinced her that he was guilty of Clark's murder. That night the real Philip Tremaine, whom Finney has known slightly in Mexico, turns up in San Francisco and attempts to kill Finney by causing him to go over a cliff in a car.

However, Finney escapes, and—after getting a lift from a close-mouthed private detective named REX TUTTLE, who had followed him up from Mexico—goes to Mrs. Tremaine's house in Palo Alto, finally aware of the magnitude of the plot against him. From a distance he sees a man enter the Tremaine house; believing it to be Philip Tremaine, Finney follows him inside, grimly determined to settle accounts.

But the man with Mrs. Tremaine is not her son; he is JOHN WICKERSHAM, the family lawyer, who, like everyone with the exception of the three Tremaines, believes Finney to be the renegade murderer. Wickersham whirls at the intrusion and slugs Finney on the jaw.

IV

I WAS out a long time. My body was already heavy with fatigue; the unconsciousness produced by Wickersham's blow drifted into the unconsciousness of sleep. When I finally opened my eyes, the angle of sunlight entering the room showed me that several hours had elapsed. It was high morning. I turned my head and looked about the room. It was a frilly place with ruffled curtains and little porcelain figures. A woman's room, not a jail cell. I was still fully dressed and lay on top of a bed with no covering over me. I looked across the hall into a living room—a familiar living room. I was still in Reba Tremaine's house, where I'd been when I got knocked out. A man sat in the living room in a position so he could look through the hallway and see the bed where I lay. The man was Wickersham. He sat with his long legs out in front of him, his chin in his hand, contemplating me. When he saw me move, he got up and walked over to the bedroom door.

"You've had a nice long rest," he said. "Now suppose you come in and sit down." I looked at him and had no difficulty remembering everything that had happened. The sick disappointment returned.

"Why don't you get it over with?" I said. "Where are the cops?"

"They'll be along. Your mother has been pleading with me to leave you so you'd have another chance of escape, but I can't do that. Some things even a lawyer can't get away with."

I looked at him and laughed. It was a croaky sound, and it gave me the shivers. Mother wanted him to leave so I could escape. Dear Mother! Mother wanted me to herself so she could butcher me. The others had tried and both failed. Now it was her turn. How she must have pleaded with Wickersham!

"Call the police," I said.

"If you'd taken that attitude last night, neither of us would have sore heads." Having had the pleasure of knocking me out, he was being condescending. "You seem to have scratched up your face when you hit the floor. It's a little bloody." He disappeared, and then returned with a washcloth.

I wiped off my face. Apparently when he knocked me down, the cuts and scratches on my face had opened up again. He seemed to think he was their sole cause. I tossed the rag to a chair and swung my feet to the floor.

THE short rest had made me stiffer than ever. Every muscle ached. "What day is it?" I asked.

"Friday. Did you have a date?"

I looked out the window toward the sunshine. Wickersham's sarcasm didn't seem to fit him very well. I turned and looked at his belt buckle. It was square and gleaming like a target.

"Try it," he said. "You caught me by surprise last night. Never thought you had it in you. Try again."

I shook my head. Somehow this was the worst of all. I wasn't in jail; I wasn't tied or handcuffed. Only a pane of glass was between me and the outside. A few miles away the hills rose up, the light bringing out different shades of green on the trees. Somewhere in the world outside was a man named Philip Tremaine. Inside the house was Wickersham, a tall watchdog ready to grab me by the scruff of the neck and worry me if I made a break. I couldn't make a break anyway. I was too weak and stiff. The time for rough stuff had passed; what remained was going to be all mental.

"I don't know what eats you, Tremaine," he said. "I've got no sympathy for you, but as long as you were temporarily free, you might have tried to get away and save your family further notoriety."

"I'll talk to the police," I said. "Where's my dear mother?"

"She's in the other room, lying down. She's a little sick."

"I should think she would be."

"I guess I shouldn't have hit you in front of her."

"She's sick because you didn't hit harder."

His eyes flickered. "You'd do well to speak kindly of the one stanch supporter you've got. Your mother would do anything for her son."

"I know she would."

"I'm glad to hear you admit it. It's on her account that I haven't turned you in yet. She begged me to wait until you recovered consciousness. It may be the last time you'll be free to talk to her alone, so I agreed to it."

"She's still trying, I see."

"Trying what?"

"Stick around. You'll enjoy it."

"All right." He kept his big hand on my shoulder while we walked across the small dining room to the door on the other side.

"She'll want to know you're still alive, at any rate."

"Yes, that will interest her." He knocked on the door. I wasn't at all sure she'd be in the room on the other side. She might have fled, but I hoped not. Mrs. Tremaine would help me escape. She'd help me for the same reason Catherine helped me. I was no

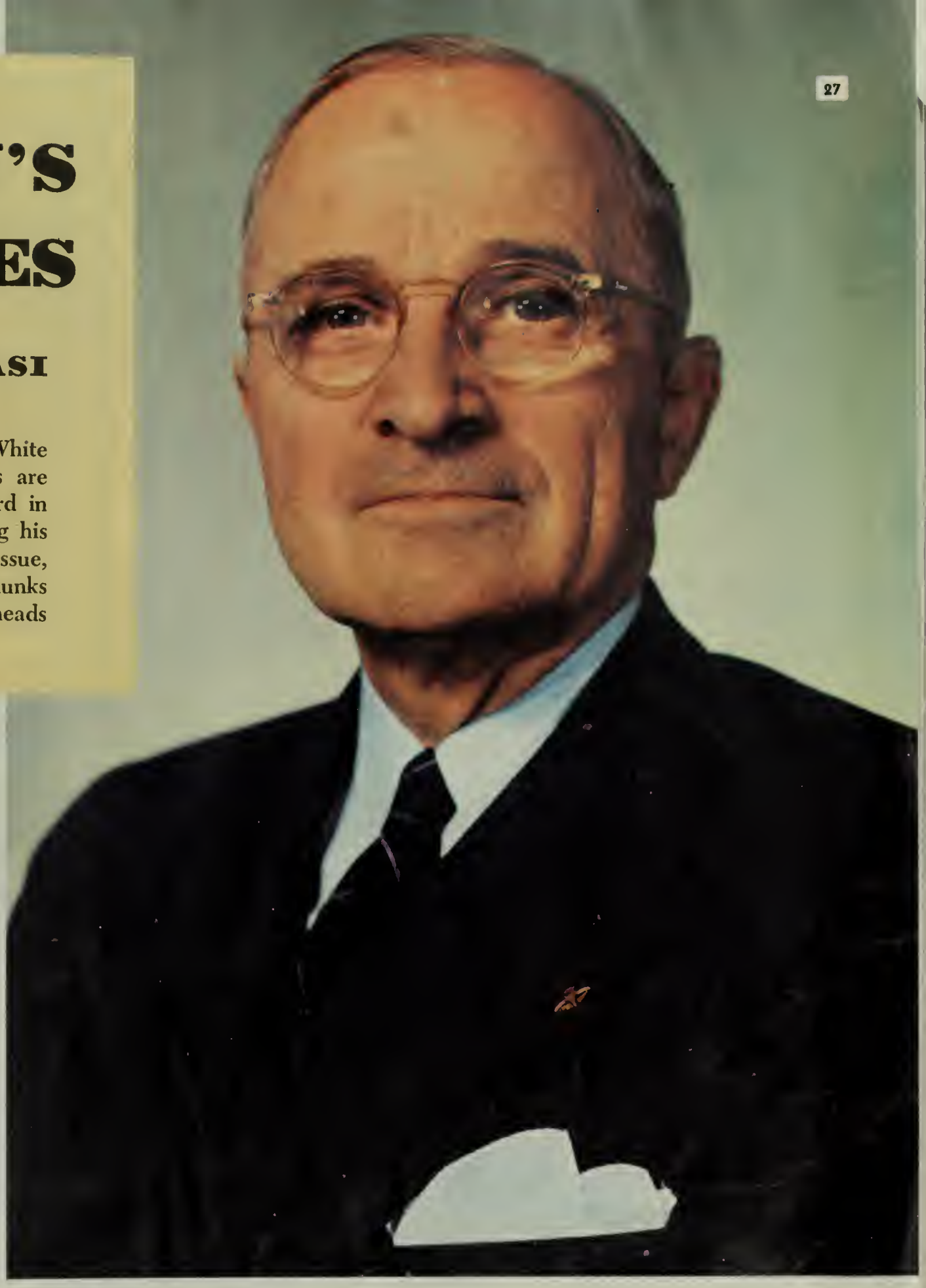
(Continued on page 55)

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIAKA

TRUMAN'S TROUBLES

BY FRANK GERVASI

The President's plans to renew his White House lease for four more years are overshadowed by his recent record in office—and party leaders, recalling his manhandling of the civil rights issue, the Palestine partition and other hunks of dynamite, sadly shake their heads



NO PEACETIME President in the history of the United States ever had to face as big an accumulation of domestic and imported woe as confronted Harry Truman in the last 12 months. The troubles of Truman the President were complicated by the difficulties of Truman the Candidate. Whenever he did what he believed to be right for him to do as President, he almost invariably discovered that he had done wrong as Candidate.

This incompatibility became most apparent during March, 1948. Throughout March the possibility of an atomic war with the Soviets, such as might give the world back to the monkeys, quivered in the air like uninterrupted lightning. Loud and stormy were the wails of Democratic party politicos who watched Truman's popularity plummet to a low which practically guaranteed his defeat in November. They attributed the decline in the President's political appeal to ill-timed and ill-advised decisions on domestic and foreign policy.

In 31 days President Truman (1) insisted on legislation guaranteeing civil rights to all Americans regardless of creed or color, (2) demanded revival of Selective Service and inauguration of Universal Military Training, (3) reversed his own advocacy of partition of Palestine. Correspondingly, Candidate Truman (1) alienated the vociferous big shots of the South, (2) antagonized the pacifist and isolationist elements and (3) lost, or so it seemed, the Jewish vote in strategic areas like New York and Chicago.

By the time he celebrated his third anniversary as President in April, Truman had proved to the satisfaction of some powerful members of his party that he apparently would rather be right—or dead wrong—than be President again. They were eloquently willing to let him have his way. Until then, although he had not declared himself, Truman was the party's only potential candidate. Suddenly there were several, among them Associate Justice William Douglas, Virginia's Senator Harry Byrd, Senator Scott Lucas of Illinois, Chief Justice Fred Vinson, Senate Minority Leader Alben Barkley and, inevitably, General Dwight Eisenhower.

This all reached a noisy climax while the President sunned himself between February 20th and March 5th in the Virgin Islands, Puerto Rico and Key West. An old friend, Leslie Biffle, director of the party's Senate Minority Policy Committee, visited Truman in Florida. Rumors immediately circulated in Washington that Biffle had gone to advise Truman to step aside for another candidate. Biffle neither confirmed nor denied the reports of his meeting with the President, which seemed to indicate that Truman had testily refused to make way for anyone.

A probably more accurate version of the Biffle-Truman meeting later current in Democratic circles was to the effect that Les acquainted the President with the indisputable facts of the party's disunity, begun by Henry Wallace's desertion, aggravated by the South's rebellion over civil rights and complicated by the North's disappointment about Palestine. Les is reliably reported to have urged the President to make known his intention to run or not. Truman's remarks to friends that he was "not interested in what happened" to him politically had given rise to doubts that he would run and to hopes that he might not.

On his return the President called in Chairman J. Howard McGrath of the Democratic National Committee and Gael Sullivan, then still executive director of the Committee. They found Truman relaxed, tanned and at least outwardly confident. He was about, he said, to present himself as a candidate at the Democratic party convention in Philadelphia July 12th.

McGrath was more composed than Sullivan when he emerged to announce Truman's candidacy to correspondents. Sullivan wore the frozen grin of a man who had put his conscience in cold storage. He was known to have hoped the party's standard-bearer might have been Douglas.

Sullivan's privately expressed preference for Douglas was, in fact, the indirect cause of his resignation later to take a highly paid job with Theatre Owners of America.

With the convention only weeks away, McGrath and Sullivan examined the party's assets and liabilities with the intentness of bank examiners looking for hidden surpluses and deficits. What they found as they crisscrossed the nation talking to machine bosses, district leaders and precinct captains wasn't heartening.

The liabilities quite obviously outweighed the assets. The party, they discovered, wasn't merely split. It had disintegrated.

The shock of Truman's on-again, off-again, on-again stand on the partition of Palestine, for example, may prove too much for the party's already weakened big-city organizations to absorb. Truman's Palestine policy may be as costly to the Democrats in November, in the opinion of some party bosses, as the President's alienation of the South.

(Continued on page 38)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY WILLIAM STONE

THE HOT-POTATO OLYMPICS

BY COLLIE SMALL

Amid international bickering and backbiting, England strains herself at the seams to entertain the 1948 Olympics. It's all in the name of world-wide sportsmanship and amity

KEYSTONE

Wembley Stadium will be the site of the track and field events of the 1948 Olympic games. It will accommodate 82,000 spectators—60,000 seated and 22,000 standing

Joe Verdeur of Philadelphia will be a strong American contender in swimming. He holds world indoor record in 200-yard and 200-meter breast stroke

INTERNATIONAL



Irving Mondschein, of New York University, will probably represent the United States in the decathlon events. Mondschein is the American champion, but will encounter stiff competition at Wembley Stadium. Here he establishes an I.C. 4A Indoor Meet record in the high jump, clearing the bar at 6 feet 7¼ inches

INTERNATIONAL



ON JULY 29th an indomitable young man, his hair streaming appropriately in the wind, will burst into Wembley Stadium, Middlesex, carrying a flaming torch signifying that the fourteenth Olympiad of the Modern Era has begun.

It will be only the *eleventh* Olympiad (or the twelfth if you include the 1906 games) since the original games were suppressed in 394 A.D. and started again in Athens in 1896, *not* the fourteenth as advertised in the programs. There were no games in 1916, 1940 or 1944, and the committee should be asked to run over its fingers and toes again to get the thing straight.

As far as its maneuvers are visible to the naked eye, which is not often, the International Olympic Committee has been right on one point, however: There *will* be an Olympiad in London this summer. Some 59 nations and 5,500 competitors will participate in 17 sports, not including impromptu fist fights out behind the stadium. There will also be an arts competition embracing music, sculpture, architecture, literature and painting, the subjects to be linked with sport. In deference to the Olympic ideal, no athlete will be depicted, carved or sung sitting down. He must be in full or semiflight.

All in all it should be quite a spectacle. The United States, of course, will be top-heavy with the most athletes—over 350—and will be favored to win. However, Pakistan and Afghanistan will both be there; China, which has yet to place its first athlete in Olympic competition, will be back for another try; and even tiny Liechtenstein will be represented in the shooting, the only event in which the contestants actually carry guns.

There will also be some distinguished absentees, among them the Watusi tribe of East Africa, whose lithe young men are reputed to be able to high-jump over seven feet, well in excess of the world's record. Also the Russians, who do not have an Olympic committee and are therefore ineligible to compete and who veto anything anyway provided we're for it. Germany and Japan, being former enemies, will also be missing, although Italy, which was not particularly friendly, either, during most of the recent unpleasantness, will be on hand with a full team.

London will attempt to swallow and digest an estimated 100,000 visitors, many of whom will be jolted to learn that a good five-cent cigar will cost as much as four dollars, that hotel rooms will be virtually impossible to get and that the food will be chicken.

The Olympic torch will represent a considerable technical advance over the 1936 Berlin games when it was made of magnesium and burned for only five minutes. The British torch, a conical affair filled with chemical tablets, will burn for fifteen minutes.

A British cruiser recently dropped off 27 cases of nonlethal torches in Greece where, to start the relay across Europe, the first torch will be lighted by the rays of the sun shining through a magnifying glass, notwithstanding the fact that there are easier ways. Runners stationed at regular intervals will carry the flaming torch to Athens, Corfu, Italy, Switzerland, Luxembourg, Belgium, France, Dover and thence to Wembley, always assuming nothing goes wrong.

Flag Found in Berlin Vault

The Olympic flame, a butane gas without smoke or smell, will burn in a large bowl at one end of the stadium for the duration of the games; it has been tested in a typical English drizzle and pronounced successful. The Olympic flag, discovered in a Berlin bank vault after the war, has been dry cleaned and is ready for the mast. As a concession to austerity, the medals this year will be of oxidized silver instead of the customary gold.

Wembley Stadium, where the track and field events will be held, will be scaled for 82,000 spectators, 60,000 seated and 22,000 standing, although the bowl is officially rated at 100,000. According to the stadium press agent, it will be easier to find your seat at Wembley than in your local cinema. Finding Wembley, however, will be another problem. Although it is only forty minutes from Piccadilly, it can be comparatively elusive for strangers not familiar with the intricacies of the London transport system.

Nevertheless, the stadium is comfortable. It has nine bars, one of them the second longest in the world, and it is run by one of Britain's top organizers, Sir Arthur Elvin. Sir Arthur not only produced the stadium but advanced $400,000 for the British Olympic Committee to get started on.

The track itself will be surfaced with a secret mixture compounded in Leicestershire in the dark of the moon by two mysterious brothers, who refuse to reveal the formula. Five hundred tons of this witch's dressing will be placed on the track just before the games.

A foamy rubber mattress base will probably be used for the high-jump and pole-vault pits. Measuring equipment for the high jump and pole vault will be built into the standards. The starter's pistol, fired by remote control, will be so situated that the report will be heard simultaneously by all the runners, even though they may be in echelon.

Wembley will be used primarily for the track and field events. Swimming will be held at the Empire Pool next door, yachting will be at Torquay on the south coast, riding will be at Aldershot, and the other sports will be similarly dispersed. The boxing will take place on an island ring suspended over the swimming pool, and somebody has a good chance of being the first boxer ever to drown with his gloves on.

This year it is going to be next to impossible to get away from the Olympic games. They will be brought to you by radio, television and motion picture.

The B.B.C., for example, is going to torment the air in 43 languages. Mr. J. Arthur Rank, the British movie impresario, is widely rumored to have both television and the newsreels fairly well bottled up through exclusive rights. American television companies will be forced to televise from newsreel films flown from London. Mr. Rank is believed to be getting ready to offer five 10-minute films for something between $50,000 and $100,000, the exact sum depending on the distribution facilities of the buyer.

Calories Threaten Good Will

Food is still the chief problem. Some observers have drawn morbid pictures of what is going to happen to international good will when the well-fed Americans arrive and flaunt their calories in the faces of the hungry Europeans. One sports writer recently imagined he could see a red-cheeked American skipping happily toward the finish line at the head of a column of staggering skeletons. Actually, it won't be that bad. Yet most of Europe's athletes can hardly be expected to be in as good condition as the Americans.

The British government is allowing a special athletic ration based on Britain's industrial workers' scale. The government, moreover, will allow each competitor to bring twenty-five pounds of food with him to supplement his rations while in England. However, any excess food brought in will have to remain in England, a possibility that a hungry British sports writer recently described as "hopeful."

Actually, it is the special requirements of each nation that are upsetting the calculations of the Olympic food committee. The committee originally decided to put nations with similar

(Continued on page 54)

Herb McKenley got his track training at the University of Illinois, but in the Olympics he will represent the British Empire as a native of Jamaica. McKenley has beaten the 440-yard record with a 46.2. Here he is shown winning the 400-meter run of the 1947 A.A.U. track and field championships, defeating Dave Bolen. Time, 0:47.1

ACME



Mel Patton, the California flash who recently broke the long-time 100-yard mark with a 0:9.3

CY LATOUR



COLLIER'S

SHORT SHORT



"Only a dollar," I hear Tibbett pleading. "We were buddies and I'd like to buy him a drink." "You can buy him a beer, and hurry up about it," she raps back

SWEET REVENGE

BY RALPH NELSON

I CAN'T believe it. In fact, I stop dead, until the revolving door pushes me into the lobby of the State Hotel. Over by the elevator is Howard Fletcher Tibbett, Second Lieutenant, Retired. Now he is just plain *Mister* Tibbett.

If you didn't know Lieutenant Tibbett then you were never around the sectors occupied by the 152d Infantry Battalion, or specifically, Company C of said battalion. But maybe you knew someone like him. I have heard there were a few other rank-happy individuals in the Army of the United States who were similarly afflicted by—how would you say it—chicken fever? But Company C knew Lieutenant Tibbett, and knew him well. For three years Company C had heard me swear on a stack of infantry manuals that, come the time I was no longer liable for infraction of certain Articles of War, all of which were punishable by rapid death, I, personally, me, ex-G.I. Walter (NMI) Page, would willfully and with premeditated intent commit assault, battery and mild homicide upon same.

And there he was.

I feel my face try on a smirk, for size. My fingers always had a peculiar reflex in the presence of Lieutenant Tibbett. They would curl up like anxious angleworms, and I'd find a pair of fists in my hands. My fingers hadn't forgotten him either. Without him seeing me, I take cover behind a potted palm next to him, planning my strategy, which will be strictly Joe Louis.

It is the clothes make him look smaller. Tibbett used to wear his blouse with the neon bars like he'd forgotten to take out the coat hanger. Now his suit looks like it's been pressed with a mixer. And he is loaded with bundles, which is not regulation.

There is just one thing missing from this sweet moment. Bobby Moylan. The kind of a guy who'd be good for five any twenty-ninth of the month, except February, which had his mother's birthday. Tibbett rode me only when he couldn't get to Moylan, a big carrottop who could have stuffed Tibbett inside his cartridge belt. Tibbett racked Moylan back, gigged him, confined him, broke him. Everything. But Moylan swallowed it, and I got the dregs.

I'd get browned off. But Moylan would run his hand through his crab-apple hair, grinning. "Quit sounding off, Walter," he'd say. "We gotta play this smart."

"I want to do everything to that guy that Swift does to porkers," I'd fume. "I can't figure how you take it."

"I had basic training," he'd answer. "I have a sister makes Tibbett look like Dale Carnegie. You've got to be subtle."

"Tibbett wouldn't recognize subtlety unless it punched him in the nose," I'd scream.

"Relax, kid. I got a plan."

I am sorry Bobby Moylan isn't here now. My plan isn't subtle. I'm a direct-action guy, and when opportunity knocks, I knock right back. So I peek coyly around the potted palm. In my most dulcet tones I growl sweetly, "Hello, *Mister* Tibbett."

He looks at me. His mouth drops open. He recognizes me. My hand is full of fist, ready. "Walter!" he gasps. Then he does a W. C. Fields with his bundles and comes up with an open mitt. "You old son of a gun," he shouts. "It's good to see you!"

I'm standing there, mind you, getting ready to bust him. Consequently, when he pumps my hand like he expects water to start splashing, it is somewhat disconcerting. While I am wondering whether to Indian wrestle or jump with both heels bracketing his nose, the elevator door wheezes open and he hands me another surprise.

"Darling!" he says.

I look around and there's a clam stepping from the elevator. She looks like a left tackle, that's the kind of figure she has. "Look who I just ran into!" Tibbett yells. "Walter Page! You've heard us talk about him. Walter, this is my wife."

"So you're Walter," she humphs. "How are you?" Before I can give a description, she turns on her dearly beloved. "I suppose you parked the car ten blocks away? Did you match the material? Or did you get sixteen other shades again? You know those curtain rods were all the wrong size, don't you? What took you so long?"

SHE keeps popping questions like a Browning with no water jacket to cool her off. Tibbett's face starts looking like barn paint and he stutters like a war-weary jeep.

"Excuse us, Walter," he apologizes, and takes her behind the potted palm. Now I expect to hear the old snap, which is welcome because it will start my reflexes again, and besides, I can't stand to hear a guy chewing a woman. I bend my ear to the green fronds.

"Only a dollar, dear," I hear Tibbett pleading. "After all, we were buddies together, and I'd like to buy him a drink."

"You can buy him a beer, and hurry up about it," she raps back. Somewhat astounded, I peep through the broad leaves and see her root in a coin purse, from which she retrieves two dimes t blink from the sudden exposure. So wildered am I, that when Tibbett retu all eager to buy me a brew, I accept. Missus departs, tossing me a scorn glance, and we retreat to the bar. I only thankful Company C is demobili and doesn't see the sad pass all my re lutions have come to.

We down the suds and I set him up two more, while he fidgets the packa and nervously checks the time. I feeling somewhat better, knowing so one else has landed a haymaker bef I even start swinging. We even hav couple of laughs remembering thi that were not hilarious when they h pened.

Tibbett invites me to some subur where he is setting up housekeeping planning some Tibbettlets. Rememb ing his wife, I find my schedule somew crowded.

"What a shame!" says Tibbett, wist like. "It'd be swell to get that gang gether for a reunion."

Thinking what a wake that would come, I ask if he's seen anything of C pany C.

"One or two," he says, sadly. " only one I see regularly is my brot in-law."

"Who's that?" I ask, because there been a lot of replacements after I cas my points.

"My brother-in-law," Tibbetts rep "Moylan. You remember Bobby M lan?"

"Yeah!" I shake goodby with s enthusiasm. Tibbett gathers his p ages and departs, a worried look or face as he checks his watch.

Yeah, I remember Moylan. A subtle character.

ILLUSTRATED BY LEON GREGORI

"I'm all set for Summer!"

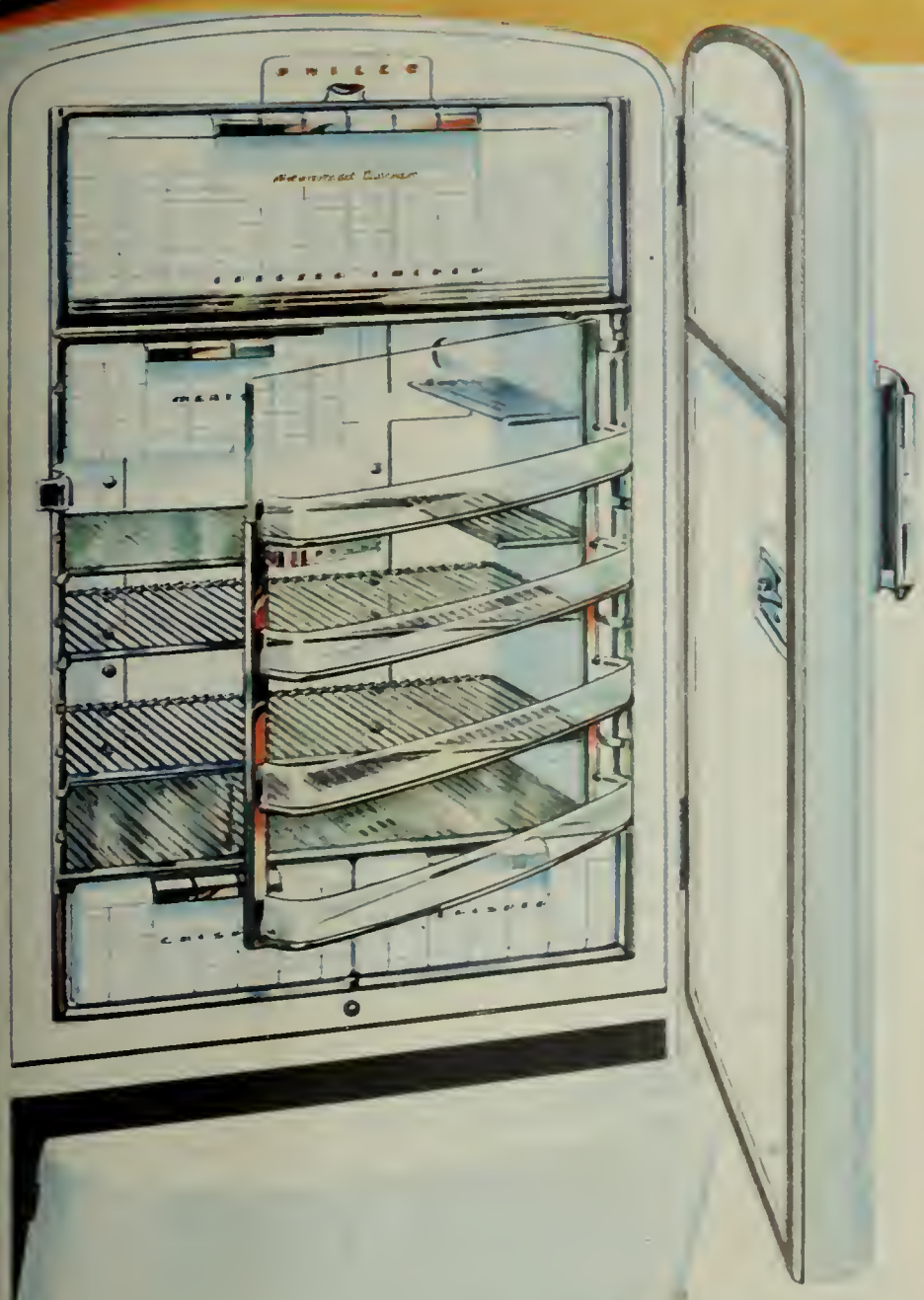


"Contrariwise, I'm all set for Winter!"

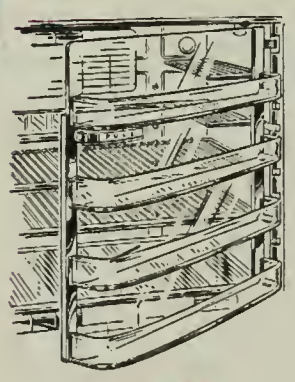


Philco Balanced Humidity

with Summer-Winter Control

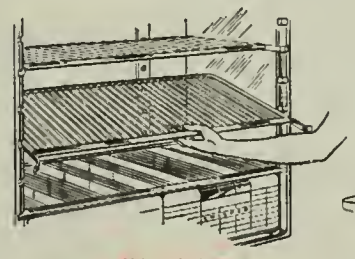


Upon a teeter-totter, Tweedledum and Tweedledee
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Adjusts the moisture-content to the season or the clime.
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To help in planning better meals, to save you time each day,
You really need this Philco. See your dealer . . . don't delay!



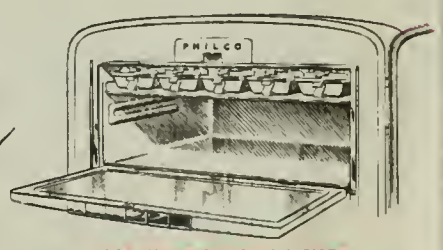
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CUPID WITH CELLULOID WINGS

Continued from page 13

fresh face he plays with. Dorothy's out of her mind."

"Why should she bother you?"

"Bother me?" Al almost sailed out of his chair. "First of all, Dorothy's the swellest woman in Hollywood and one of the best friends I've got. Second, Kin Bond is our most valuable property at National. He can't get along without Dorothy and if he busts with her our property's damaged, see?" Al settled back in his chair again. "It's awful tough on Dorothy and I gotta see what I can do." He grunted one word. "Cupid!" Then, as he lighted a cigar, he said, "You guys run along. I'll give you my decision about Eddie Curran in a week or so."

The first person Al ran into on the lot the next morning was Milia Fortune. "You're looking beautiful," he said. "I never saw you look so happy." Milia was always something special to him. He had found her himself in a high-school play down at Santa Ana and he had watched her for two years. Nothing he ever read pleased him as much as the radiant notices she got. Now he was ready to star her. "Milia, baby, what makes you so happy?"

"Eddie Curran and I are getting married," she answered proudly.

"That's fine." Then Al had an idea. "I gotta pick a picture for Eddie to start in. How would you like him in yours? And when you get married maybe later on we can build up sort of a Lynn and Fontaine team."

"Oh, Mr. Morse!" Milia just managed to say.

IN HIS office he at once notified both producers that he had given the matter a lot of thought and neither could have Eddie Curran.

At 10 o'clock Dorothy arrived. She had never been pretty and at thirty-five she looked even older but she always had a gentleness and charm and she was smartly dressed. Once Dorothy had been Al's secretary on the lot, and hoped to be an actress. When Bond, a real-estate salesman turned extra, came along, Dorothy fell for his good looks and forgot her own ambitions. In those early days her salary kept them in meager food and kept him in ample wardrobe. She taught him all she knew about acting and she knew plenty. For five years she bet that what she knew plus how he looked would get him the stardom they both wanted.

"You don't come around often enough," Al said. He looked at her closely and saw deep wrinkles under her eyes. "Same old thing, huh?"

Dorothy nodded slowly. "From the way Kin's acting, Miss Ellen Daine, late of the New York stage, must be something." Dorothy lighted a cigarette and puffed it fast. "Kin can never play with any new actress without falling for her."

Al remembered the times Dorothy's marriage had tottered because of some new face. "But it always blows over. Kin won't leave you, Dorothy. He knows what you've meant to him."

"Someday one won't blow over and I think this may be it."

"What if he does walk out on you?" Al insisted.

Dorothy hunted for words. "I'm in love with him, I guess. We really have a good time together between pictures. Besides, he's what I've made of my life and I don't want to lose that."

"I know he wouldn't be worth a damn without you and it's against my own best interest and my stockholders' to say so, but what if you walked out on him? It might do him good."

"I couldn't," Dorothy said quickly. "Will you do me a favor now, Al? Walk over to Kin's set with me. That way Kin can think you brought me over and that I didn't come just to spy."

Al agreed. Inside, stage six was dark except for one little spot in a far corner. There, a small bedroom set was brightly lighted. Nothing was going on while the lights were being moved. In one corner Bond, a handsome man of forty but younger in make-up, stood talking with a tall blonde. He saw Dorothy and Al as they came toward him and said, "Hello, Dorothy, what brings you over?"

Al stepped into that one quickly. "She came to talk about your contract and I asked her to come on the set."

Bond nodded and said colorlessly, "Miss Daine, this is my wife."

"I'm so happy to meet you," the girl answered.

"I'd love to!" Milia exclaimed. "Oh, Eddie!"

"I'm so glad we're together again," he said softly.

At the entrance stood an exquisitely beautiful blonde. Milia recognized her as someone she had seen on the National lot but she did not know her name. The man with her was Joe Magoo, the agent, who wore beautiful women on his arm the way other men wear coat sleeves. Eddie happened to look up and his face brightened. "There's Ellen Daine! I haven't seen her since I left New York. We went to the Academy together. Isn't she a knockout?"

"Well," Milia looked her over slowly. "I think she uses too much make-up."

But Eddie was waving to Ellen. When

BUTCH by LARRY REYNOLDS



"Are you done wit' these Home Beautiful magazines, lady? Me an' Slug would like to fix up our hideaway"

COLLIER'S

One of the assistants called, "All ready, Miss Daine, Mr. Bond."

Dorothy said almost to herself, "Oh, Lord, isn't she lovely?"

She was. The lights danced in her golden hair, caressed her white skin, deepened the blue of her eyes. She looked fresh and young and desirable.

They were ready to shoot when Bond suddenly turned, left the set, and came to Dorothy. He said something to her in a low voice, then went back. Dorothy motioned to Al: "Let's go right away."

Outside in the air she told him, "Kin said that my coming on the set disturbed him and would I please leave at once."

"That's what I thought he said."

"Well, I've seen her and I know what I'm up against. I'm grateful to you, Al. I'll just wait now for whatever comes."

"Don't worry, Dorothy," Al said. "It's part of my job, taking care of studio property, even when it's good-looking and walks like a man."

MILIA and Eddie were dining together in a Beverly Hills restaurant two nights later. Milia's face was radiant. Whenever she looked at Eddie and saw how handsome and happy he was she felt even happier. They even forgot to talk about the picture business for maybe as long as ten minutes.

They were almost through dinner when Eddie asked in a tone that sent little waves dancing all over her, "Want to go for a drive, sweetheart?"

she saw him she called across the restaurant with the quiet intimacy of a loudspeaker, "Eddie, my love, my darling pet, my dear one," she started to him, dragging Joe along like an old handbag. She and Joe settled down at the same round table. Milia felt that an army of strangers had arrived.

Two hours later they were still there. Eddie was having a good time. He and Ellen and Joe talked New York and nothing but New York—what the Guild was doing and what one Shubert brother said to the other Shubert brother, and who was lunching at Sardi's and what they ate and who paid for it and what shows Max was doing and what scripts Jed was rewriting.

For the tenth time Ellen repeated, "Really, after all, there's literally nothing like the New York theater." She said "theater" with large, full, cherry-ripe tones.

The chatter went on for another half hour and Milia felt forgotten. Finally Ellen said, "I'm working so I must get up early." Then she turned to Eddie. "I want to see you tomorrow, love. It's so good to find old friends here." She gave Milia a parting smile like the twist of lemon in a Martini. And to Eddie, "Tomorrow, dear heart, remember!"

Milia's evening was spoiled. As Eddie drove her home he was acting like someone blinded by starlight. He kept saying, "Isn't she something! And what a career she has!"

"Yes."

"Now, don't be like that!"

"Like what? I didn't spoil our evening."

"Aren't you glad I found old friends?" Eddie asked sharply. "I guess I'll just never understand women."

"Someday, maybe. Will I see you tomorrow?"

"Oh, sure, of course. I guess so." Eddie kissed her good night but his mind wasn't on it. "Anyway, I'll phone you."

A WEEK later Al left his bungalow in Producers' Row to walk up to the commissary for lunch. It was a pleasant day in late spring. He had no new troubles bothering him and he went along cheerfully. Outside the commissary the crowds of extras in costume and make-up were standing in the warm sun, like the dummies from the wardrobe department put out to air. Apart from them, like a man drowning in his own thoughts, was Kinnon Bond. Al asked, "How are things going, Kin?"

"Fine, quite fine," he said but he sounded gloomy.

Al went on wondering why Kin was so gloomy, why he was alone and not with Ellen as he had been for most lunches. Al had heard nothing more from Dorothy which probably meant nothing had changed, but he made a note to call her and find out. He went on to the upstairs dining room. A director met him at the door. "Say, Al, you know anything wrong with Milia Fortune? She looks like she was dragged face down from here to San Diego. I was directing her in some costume tests this morning and she got hysteria and we had to quit without finishing."

"Isn't there any end to my troubles?" Al roared so loud that a waitress dropped a tray. "I got so many now, I just lost my appetite." He turned around and left the dining room.

As he came storming into his office he told his secretary, "Get me Milia Fortune here at once." . . .

When Milia came in an hour later she was unusually quiet except for her hand that kept smoothing her soft black hair. She looked like a kid expecting a spanking and began about being sorry she had spoiled the morning tests. Al interrupted her. "We're all a happy family on the lot and today my lunch got ruined when I heard about you." Thirty years in pictures had taught Al that three questions usually covered every possible female complaint and he asked, "Is it something we've done? Something you want? Something wrong with your picture?"

It was none of those things, Milia said, looking ready to burst into tears. The tears did burst: "It's Eddie Curran. He and I have split and it's all because of that new actress, that Ellen Daine. Eddie drives her to the studio and he's from the studio and lunches in her dressing room and he's like a puppy, ever where she goes he goes, day and night."

For a minute Al wondered what he could do to Ellen Daine until he remembered that she was pretty valuable studio property herself. Anyway, this explained Kin Bond's gloom. Then as he saw the pain on Milia's face he said gently, "From what I know, this can't be serious, sweetheart. Take it easy. We're expert here in Hollywood at fixing up heart trouble. What else are pictures about anyway? You dig down deep under the studio out here and what do you find it's built on? Love, baby, love!" He reached over and patted Milia on the shoulder. "Maybe we can help some now."

Milia put her handkerchief to her eyes. Then she said slowly. "One thing that's wrong with Eddie is that he's new out here. He's confused; he feels insecure

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he's not sure of his career. I thought of one thing that might help him. If you would fix it so that he got co-billing along with me in our picture he might feel more sure of himself. He may be touchy about my being better known in pictures. And I'd like him to have it no matter what happens to the two of us."

Al got a funny choking feeling in his throat at that. Having seen thirty years of cat fights over whose name was to get top east credit and appear in larger type in the ads, this was something new. He said gruffly, "That's very generous of you, Milia. If you want it, then okay."

As soon as she was gone Al sent a memo out about joint billing credit. Then he reached for the phone, to find out about Ellen and Kin Bond. He called Dorothy and asked, "How's things?"

"Okay, I guess," she said. "But Kin's going out of his mind. If you want to protect your piece of property you'd better get that Daine woman out of Hollywood."

"What's going on?" Al asked as a man knowing nothing.

"Come up for a drink this afternoon and I'll tell you." . . .

At the end of the afternoon Al left the studio and drove up one of the Beverly Hills canyons to the huge and handsome house that Bond had built. A butler who looked like an exile from a grand duchy let him into the living room.

When Dorothy came in, her appearance shocked Al. Her face was pale, her eyes feverish. "You came at a good time," she said, forcing a kind of toughness into her voice. "Kin's just walked out on me. That woman's had him crazy for a week. She's been trying to get him to leave me but when he only wavered and wouldn't make up his mind she picked up with some kid on your lot she knew back in New York. She's been running around with him and waving him under Kin's nose."

Al nodded, angry at himself for not having guessed what Ellen was up to with Eddie.

"A half hour ago," Dorothy continued, "Kin came home, told me he couldn't stand it any longer, packed his bag, and that's that." She stood up stiffly, walked to a little bar, and poured a drink while Al wished he could find something to say. "Okay. She can have him. But she better learn what a wife has to go through for a Hollywood star. She can worry with him about his roles and spend every evening rehearsing when he's working. She can scrap over story choice and publicity and fan mail and fight the agents and sympathize over the way some camera hog stole all the two-scenes and how the cameraman messed up the lighting and showed all the fine lines at the ends of his eyes."

AL HAD heard this before but never so bitterly. Here was the Hollywood that never turned up in the fan magazines and that he'd shoot any publicity man on his lot for writing. "I'm sure we can get some way to bring him back, Dorothy. Maybe he'll change his mind in a day or so."

Dorothy shook her head, and said tautly, "Nothing will ever bring him back now." Then Al saw a change. Her shoulders went straight and stiff and she swung around. "And do you know what I've just realized? Maybe it would be better if he didn't come back. Maybe it would be better if I quit for good this time."

"You can't do this, for my sake," Al said, his voice louder.

She wasn't even listening. "He's made his decision. Okay, maybe I should make mine. I'd be free and that's not so bad. And the studio could find itself another combined nurse, mistress, coach, secretary, cook, critic and caretaker for its valuable property."

Al felt he was being buried in thistles up to his chin. "Don't I have troubles enough? Having to handle Kin would be a cinch compared to handling you and getting you to come back."

Very slowly Dorothy said, "I think I've been handled enough."

"Mind you, I wouldn't blame you if you did quit," Al said, talking fast because he knew he had to talk fast. "But I can't even think of what that would do to me—"

"Don't act out a scene for me, Al," Dorothy interrupted. "I've seen enough actors."

The threat in her voice stayed with Al as he drove away from the house and all through the evening.

THE next morning set a new record for all time for Al Morse's temper. Ad Lewis, the top producer at National, famous for his prestige pictures, threw a new screen play, The Man of the World, on Al's desk. "It's a challenge, Al. It's lush. It sets Art on a new mountain peak and it's a terrific part for a great male actor. We just put together the best parts of Hamlet, Oedipus Rex and Cyrano into one story."

"Get you!" Al roared. "You're a thief who can't see a book without figuring some way for us to lose money on it."

His secretary dared to come in. "Excuse me, but Milia Fortune wants to know if she can see you for a minute."

Al was about to shout some answer but held it and said, "Okay!"

Milia came in with her face shining. "It worked, Mr. Morse! Just as I knew it would!"

Like a man coming out of a high haze Al asked, "What worked?"

"Giving Eddie that co-billing. He saw it in the paper last night and he called me at six this morning after he'd been walking the streets all night, upset over the way he treated me. We had breakfast together and he said how sorry he was and how he never wanted to see Ellen Daine again and he almost cried about that co-billing. I knew all the time that that's what he felt bad about and why he got angry with me."

Al's jaw was slowly sinking to his hand-painted necktie but he snapped it up. Just what Bond's decision to go to Ellen might have had to do with Eddie walking the streets all night was nothing to mention now. Al said, "I'm glad you're so happy, Milia. You're a sweet and generous kid and I hope nothing ever hurts you."

"What can hurt me?" she looked amazed. "Eddie and I are together again. But we wouldn't have been if it hadn't been for you. Too many people out here make a fuss about their billing—it must mean an awful lot to them. Thanks very much."

Al just stared at Milia like a man whose mind had gone chasing off by itself. He said absently, "You're welcome."

As soon as Milia left, Al grabbed the telephone and called Joe Magoo. "Joe," he said almost humbly. "I'm seeing you today? I'd like to know in advance what you want for Miss Daine so I can think about it."

Joe mentioned increased salary, a better contract, time off for a play in New York, personal appearances, a better dressing room, radio jobs and more publicity. "You know she's done a swell job in her first picture, Al."

"Who said she didn't?" Al said. "I'm surprised you don't ask for co-star billing with Kin Bond."

Joe grabbed at that. "She sure deserves it," he said; "but that, I didn't think you approve."

"Nobody's ever had it," Al said blandly, "and I'd have to think about it but I might approve, if Bond were agreeable. After all, it's really up to him."

ELLEN and Kin came into Al's office arm in arm, after lunch. Al grunted at them and they settled down into the large armchairs facing the desk. For a while he paid no attention to their cooing small talk and continued to work. A few minutes later Joe Magoo breezed in late as usual.

Al looked up from his desk. "Let's get this over fast," he said briskly. "You satisfied with Miss Daine's work, Kin?"

"More than satisfied," Kin answered. "In my many years of experience, I have never played with a more co-operative actress or a more inspiring one." He gave her the full Bond smile. Her eyes were like star sapphires and her smile had all kinds of meanings for him. "In fact, Ellen and I have something to say to you in private, Al."

"Later." Al wanted it clear that this conference was just a minor matter in the midst of a busy day. "Since you are so pleased, then we can go ahead with the next picture, The Thorn on the Rose. It will be terrific—the best part you've ever had, Kin, but the toughest. And that goes for you too, Miss Daine."

"With Kin's help I should be able to do it," she said in a low throb of a voice

TRANSPOSAGRAM

BY ALAN MURRAY

Eunice was one of eight innocent-appearing girls strung out along the expected path of the immensely valuable art collection as it was being transported across one country into the depths of another. Her job, like that of the others, was to dig up all possible information about the secret shipment and to report it promptly. Late one night she rushed into a local telegraph office and wired this Transposagram:

HER WEE BALLOONS RISE TRUE

	R			S				W	I	L	L
	O										E

Instructions: When transposed, the letters of the Transposagram above form a message in one complete sentence. Change the order of the letters and insert them in the empty boxes to form the sentence. A number of letters have already been inserted in their correct boxes. The empty spaces show the length of the words in the message.

(Solution to Transposagram on page 59)

one could have been more kind to wcomer."
l grunted. "It's a treat to have every- y so happy, with no troubles for a ge. Okay, we'll start shooting The rn in about four weeks." Then he ed to Joe Magoo. "We'll tear up s Daine's contract and write a new She certainly deserves most of what ask." He let that sink in. "I guess 's all. You got anything to bring up ?"
Yeah," Joe said, and Al noticed that as careful not to look at Bond. "I'd to see Miss Daine get co-star billing Mr. Bond."
he only sound in the room was that ond slowly stiffening in his chair. Al settled back looking dubious. Then llen suddenly realized what was be- asked she said, with a squeal of joy, , you darling, what a surprise! I 't know you were going to ask that!" reached out and took Bond's hand, uldn't that be wonderful, sweet- t?"
ond stared at Joe. "I can't believe I d you correctly."
lagoo repeated, "I think Miss Daine s co-star billing."
But—but—" Bond stammered. "No —not in fifteen years—isn't that so, "
l was busy making a chain of paper s. "That's right, Kin. However, if

LAWN

You seed it,
You weed it,
You earnestly grow it,
Then grumble
And mumble
Because you must mow it.

—Richard Armour

'd like it I think the studio would mit it." He went back to his paper s.
But, after all," Bond said, "the stu- has built me up before the audiences America."
The decision is yours, Kin," Al said ciously. "We'll go along with any- g you say."
Then that makes it very simple." El- turned to Kin. "Doesn't it, darling? n't tell you how thrilled I am!" She ked thrilled and she talked thrilled. at's what I've dreamed about!"
I'm not thinking about myself," Bond haltingly, "but do you really believe ould be good for Miss Daine?"
llen's sapphire eyes turned to emer- . "And why wouldn't it, beloved?"
ond said loftily, "A newcomer needs low build-up, my dear."
'Don't be so stuffy, my sweet."
'I'm not being stuffy," Kin said with ittle sharpness. "I'm just thinking of and being practical."
'My love, you know I'm really not a vcomer, at least to the stage. After I've had three hit plays in New York. d there are some people who con- er Broadway fame more important n being well known in Hollywood."
Al decided that there was a smart girl. had picked at Kin's sorest spot with t. He had always wanted to do a play Broadway but never quite dared.
Bond said, "Co-star billing implies fin- ed camera technique."
'Technique, lover?" Ellen laughed at t, a cold unpleasant laugh. "I forgot re in my second Broadway play than ever need out here. What kind of hnique does it take to memorize a ee-line scene then repeat it fifteen es because someone blows up even those three lines?" That hit; Bond's e showed it. "I'm sure you have my st interests at heart. Can't we arrange s between ourselves, darling? If you knew how much it means to me—" She stood up and held out her hands to Kin but he sat still and his knuckles were white as his hands held the sides of the chair.
He shook his head. "You run along, beloved. I have to stay and talk to Al."
"Very well. Come along, Joe. We have some things to talk over too." The words dripped icicles. She left the room like a queen who had just seen foul treachery done.
Then Kin blew up. "I'll be damned, Al. I've just had the shock of my life. I ask you, did you ever see anyone so selfish? The nerve of that woman! Using anyone she can to further her own career, exploiting my fifteen years in pictures without a single idea of what I mean to American audiences. And that was the dame I walked out on Dorothy for! What'll I do now?"
"Do?" Al laughed for the first time. "Go straight home to Dorothy and be glad you've got a wife like her and tell her so."
Bond did not move.
"What's the matter?"
"I can't go home. Dorothy isn't there. I decided to call it quits yesterday. When I called this morning about some business she told me she was glad we'd split, that she was free now—"
A thousand wheels started to spin inside Al. "She was kidding."
Kin shook his head slowly. "Not a chance. She's leaving for Reno this afternoon, in about an hour."
"She can't do that to me!" Al roared to his secretary, "Get me Mrs. Bond on the phone at once." He sat anxiously until his secretary called in, "Mrs. Bond is not at home."
Bond grabbed at the desk. "She's probably on her way to the station. Maybe I could race down and ask her to forgive me."
"That's not enough. She'd laugh at you and you'd deserve it." Then Al saw the script on his desk, The Man of the World. He grabbed it. "Here's your one chance, Kin, the only way you can persuade her to change her mind. Here's a great new script, a lush challenge that puts a new mountain peak on Art. Take it down to the station and try to see her. Don't say anything to her at all except that I said this might be your next picture. Tell her it's a combination of Hamlet, Oedipus Rex, Cyrano, The Jest and Othello, the most tremendous part for a man we've ever had, but that you know you can't do it alone. You need her help. It'll put you up with Barrymore, with Edwin Booth, with Sarah Bernhardt. Can you remember to tell her all that?"
"I think so," Kin answered shakily.
"And don't tell her I sent you."
"Then what?"

AL SETTLED back in his chair contented but tired. "Then," he said, "if I know Dorothy, and if I know Hollywood—and sometimes I wish I didn't —I'll see you both at your house tomorrow for a drink. Now, get going!"
Bond raced off, the script under his arm.
Al looked weary as he got back to work. The telephone rang, he hoped it might be Dorothy. It was Milia. "Excuse me, Mr. Morse, but I wanted to tell you that Eddie and I are being married in three days."
"That's wonderful," Al said. "I want you to have the wedding at my house. We'll make it an A production."
"Oh, Mr. Morse!" Then Milia said hesitantly, "One thing still puzzles both of us. Does marriage in Hollywood really help a star?"
"Help?" Al started to laugh. "I'll say it helps! I can prove it for you. Right after your wedding you and Eddie come along with me and we'll go see Kin Bond, for instance, and you can hear it right from his own lips!"
THE END

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New low silhouette Beauty. Inside and outside, the entire car is new—new all the way through. Much lower, yet there's still ample road clearance and head room. You'll love the new low look!

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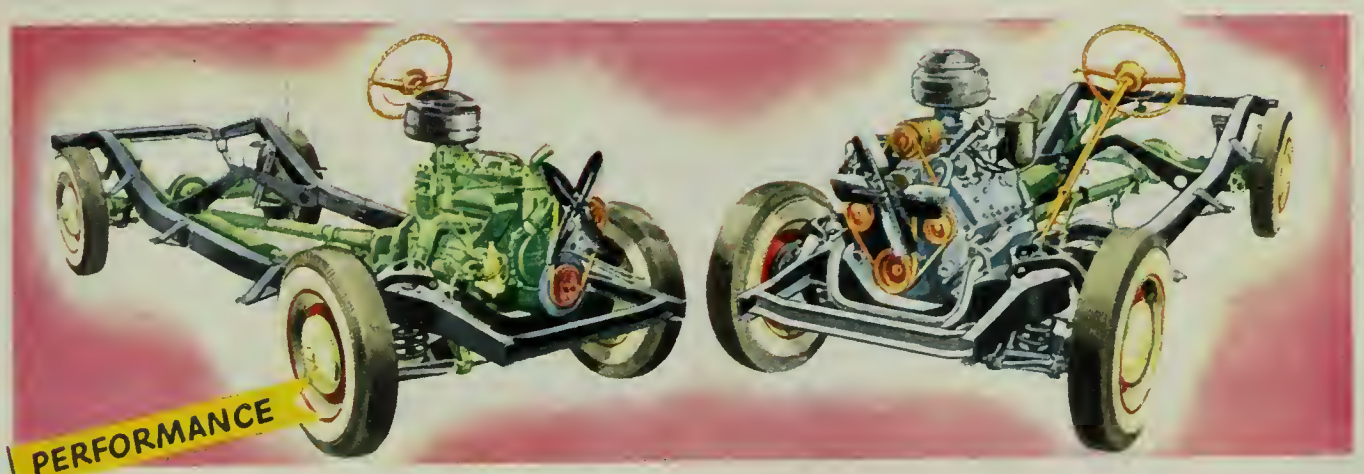
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More Miles per Gallon! . . . Yes, you can expect up to 10% better economy, thanks to new "Equa-Flo" Cooling, new lubrication system and "Deep Breath" Manifolding.

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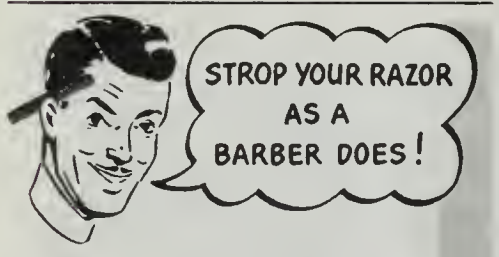
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SELF-SHARPENING . . . ONE PIECE

TRUMAN'S TROUBLES

Continued from page 27

American Jews, materially and emotionally involved in the destiny of their coreligionists, cheered America's forthright stand in favor of partition at the U.N. last November. Jewish support for Truman was assured in key areas like New York, Chicago and other centers with large Jewish blocs.

But on March 19th, acting on the advice of Secretary Marshall, State Department Middle East expert Loy Henderson and Secretary of Defense James Forrestal, Truman ordered delegate Warren Austin to scuttle the Palestine policy at the U.N. Clark Clifford, the President's special assistant, and David Niles, his guardian of the minority votes, warned Candidate Truman he was committing political suicide.

The argument used by Marshall *et al* to influence Truman against partition was that in the event of war with Russia the United States might lose Middle East oil owned by Arab potentates but pumped and refined by American companies. Those of his advisers favoring partition pointed out that the Russians and not the Western democracies would have use of Middle East oil in the event of war. The Soviets are geographically closer to the Middle East wells than the U.S.

But the former first lieutenant of Battery F and captain of Battery D, 129th Field Artillery, of World War I, who was demobilized as a major, is known to be easily awed by big brass. It took only a short time for Marshall and the others to sway him in favor of reversing his position on Palestine. Their concern was strategic, not political.

Machine politicos demanded Truman's scalp. In Chicago Jake Arvey, with 300,000 Jewish Cook County votes at stake, publicly denounced the President. In New York the situation was, if anything, worse. Mayor Bill O'Dwyer had lost control of the Tammany machine. Boss Ed Flynn had taken a terrific beating in the Bronx (where the Wallaceites elected a congressman in a romp) and he was in rebellious mood.

Short Circuit in a Powerhouse

Metropolitan New York, for 15 years a Democratic party powerhouse capable of generating enough votes to swing the whole state in national elections, became a jumble of short-circuited minority dynamos.

"The antagonism of the Jews," one important Democratic senator predicted, "may produce a revolt in those cities where their populations are largest as damaging to Truman in November as was the anti-Catholic movement in 1928 to Al Smith in his contest with Herbert Hoover."

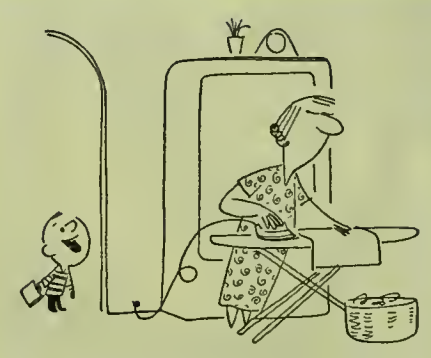
Truman quickly sensed this threat to his November vote and seized the first opportunity to recoup the expected losses by granting immediate U.S. recognition to Israel when that Jewish state was created. Although this surprise move created some consternation in both our own U.N. delegation, which hadn't been consulted on it, and in London, Democratic leaders hoped it would repair some of the previous Jewish vote-getting damage.

Just as damaging to Truman's chances of election in November was his stand on civil rights. The President demanded equal voting rights for whites and blacks, establishment of a permanent Fair Employment Practices Commission and legislation against lynching and segregation.

Some Southern Democrats frankly accused him of wooing the Negro vote in an effort to repair the damage done to the party by Wallace. If so, the tactic failed. The polls showed that Wallace held onto the affections of seven per cent of the voters and that Truman's following decreased, rather than increased, within 30 days of his civil rights message.

By the end of March the man who only six months before, according to the polls, could have defeated any candidate except Eisenhower in spite of the split caused by Wallace's left-wing excursion, couldn't have won against any Republican candidate except Taft. Polls taken by George Gallup on March 6th and 20th showed that Dewey, Stassen, Vandenberg and even MacArthur could have beaten Truman if elections had been held on those days. Only against Taft did the public prefer Truman.

The solid South, traditionally a barrel of Democratic party strength collapsed into a heap of sprung staves. Alabama's Governor Jim Folsom and Senators Lister Hill and John Sparkman, Virginia's Governor William Tuck and Arkansas' Governor Ben Laney, among others, publicly voiced intentions of bolting Truman and, if necessary, the Democratic party. Laney bluntly asserted that the South didn't want to back "a dead Missouri mule."



"No more pencils, no more books, no more teacher's dirty looks!"



"What'll I do now, Mom?"

COLLIER'S STANLEY BERENSTAIN

A special Gallup poll disclosed even more eloquently than the public statements of its politicians the magnitude of the South's revolt. In October, 1947, 59 per cent of the region's voters approved Truman's policies, 18 per cent disapproved and 23 per cent had no opinion. But in March, 1948, 57 per cent of Dixie's voting population disapproved of Truman.

One of Mr. Truman's callers was Mrs. Leonard Thomas, a National Committeewoman from Alabama. "I want to take a message back to the South," she demanded of him. "Can I tell them you're not ramming miscegenation down our throats? That you're for all of the people, not just the North?"

President Truman pulled out a copy of the Constitution. He read pertinent portions out of the Bill of Rights to her, adding that he retracted nothing. He was, he assured her, everybody's President and warned her that the Democrats must, at this time, all stand together, implying that otherwise they might all politically hang separately.

The more sober Southern Democrats, aware that repudiation of Truman would mean repudiation of the Administration's policies, certain defeat in November and perhaps the end of the Democratic party, worked hard to pull the rebels together. They hoped that by convention time the breach between the South and Truman might be healed and that by November, Southern revulsion against the very word Republican would be stronger than Dixie's antipathy to their likely candidate.

The Third-Party Headache

Another liability whose dimensions grew as McGrath and his co-workers sought to rebuild the party's organization in time for the convention in July and the pay-off in November was the Wallace rebellion. Sullivan, particularly, was concerned about the actual and potential damage done by the third party.

McGrath and Sullivan have argued in Truman's defense, that he couldn't have compiled a better record during his Administration in view of the opposition of a Republican Congress. The argument cut little ice with the party's leaders on the Hill. They replied he should have consulted them before taking a position on any important issues.

Neither Senator Barkley nor Senator Lucas, minority whip, knew of the President's intentions on civil rights until his State of the Union speech. But even then they weren't prepared for his demands for specific legislation on the subject. Nor did he consult them concerning Palestine or his subsequent advocacy of Universal Military Training and revival of Selective Service.

The Democratic party leadership is largely resigned to Truman's nomination. He is not only the President but also the party's leader. He could not easily be pushed aside. He would go to the convention with enough votes to win on the first ballot or stay in the fight until nominated if he wished.

What bothered the party most was not the prospect of a Truman in July, grim as that was, but the probability of defeat in November. Its experts predicted a record vote in November and, therefore, a Truman victory. In the last 16 years, they reasoned, the larger the turnout the polls the bigger has been the Democratic majority and the number of Democratic congressmen elected.

The party's statisticians estimated, perhaps wishfully, a turnout of at least 58,000,000 in November, compared with 48,000,000 in 1944 and 50,000,000 in 1940. The figure in 1944 would have been much larger had not millions of men and women been in the armed forces. It will be a small turnout, considerably less than 40,000,000, which beat the Democrats in 1946, the experts insisted.

Other less statistical but equally worried Democratic politicians were hoping instead, for a miracle in July which would produce certain victory in November. McGrath and Company, in their fence-mending and tub-thumping tours of the land, discovered a grass-roots upsurge for one General Dwight Eisenhower.

"Now, then," said a Democrat of considerable importance who must remain nameless, "suppose Alabama comes rolling into the convention with 26 votes for Eisenhower, and Arizona and Arkansas follow along with 12 and 22. And suppose the fever catches and Eisenhower is the choice on the first or even the second ballot. Ike might find himself thoroughly drafted if, that is, the Republicans don't steal him in June."

THE END

THE BIG PUSH

Continued from page 6

ou never have to wait up for them be-ause pigeons look for a comfortable tree a dusk and stay there until dawn.

When your first bird comes home, you t the tiny tag from his leg band. You o the tag into your pigeon-clock which mps time of arrival and seals the evi-nce in a capsule. You mail the cap-le to the judge, who figures the finish fractions of yards and seconds. It es considerable calculating, because ch pigeon loft is a different distance m the starting line. Three or four

From next week's installment of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: Beaverbrook passed a note to Hopkins during the conference. It said: "Work on Churchill. He is being advised."

ys later, you get a letter from the judge nouncing you finished in a tie for 18th ace.

Pretty soft, this pigeon racing. Come think of it, though, somebody has to ean out those cages.

REPERTOIRE FOR HURLERS

A good many major-league pitchers semble the fabulous Clyde Barfoot ho sauntered to the mound at a fever-h moment in the Southern Associa-on's 1932 pennant battle. The Chattanooga catcher signaled for a fast ball. Barfoot shook his head. The catcher suggested a curve. Barfoot shook his head again. Finally, Clyde served up a slow ball which was slugged for a game-winning triple by a Memphis batsman.

Joe Engel, choleric Chattanooga owner, cornered Barfoot in the drawing room. "Why," Engel raged, "did you throw a slow pitch in a spot like that?"

"Because," Barfoot explained with quiet dignity, "it was in my repertoire."

A fast ball and a curve are all the repertoire a major-leaguer needs—if he can control them. Christy Mathewson once told Honus Wagner: "I always throw the pitch they aren't hitting. If they start hitting my fast ball, I put it away for the day. If they start hitting my curve, I put it away. Of course, some days they start hitting the curve *and* the fast ball and then they put me away."

Several of Bob Feller's early-season defeats were caused by his affection for a newly developed slider. One American League hitter who never could find Feller's fast ball recalls fondly, "It was a pretty good slider as sliders go—and as sliders go, it went."

▶ Last year the big news for bait anglers was a sprinkling solution which made night crawlers come out on the lawn thicker than dandelions. Now you can buy plastic worms. Just squeeze them out of a tube onto your hook!

THE END

THE THING THAT FRIGHTENS MEN LIKE YOU

Continued from page 16

ith many humorous possibilities if one ept his head and maintained determina-on.

Gretchen sweated over the making f the formula. While the bottles were oiling, she walked the floor with the aby, who slobbered over her crisp col-ar. Occasionally, when she had to at-end to the formula, she handed the baby o Joe with such a distracted air that he elt like a convenient inanimate object, substitute for a play pen. Through it ll Teresa lost and found the kitten nany times, Elizabeth asked interminа-le questions which Gretchen answered ith mounting grimness, and the Scotty ot in a tiff with a passing collie.

Finally the formula was bottled. Gretchen, tremulously nervous, held ne under the cold water spigot until it as cool, and struggled with the nipple gain, making a distraught face and ossing her hair back. Then she sat down nd cried, "Give me the baby!"

John choked on his first mouthful. Gretchen held him up, pounding his ack in a panicky way.

"I think you ought to hold him up igher," Joe suggested.

Gretchen held him up higher as he ucked noisily, staring at him as if he were a time bomb.

Halfway through the bottle he stopped eating and began to squall furiously, kicking his legs as if he wished they would connect with Gretchen's shins.

"What's the matter with him?" she cried, distraught. "He's hungry but he won't eat."

"You have to bubble him," said Elizabeth.

Gretchen gazed at her wildly.

"You have to hold him up and pat his back and make him burp," explained Elizabeth.

"Charming," said Joe.

Gretchen hoisted the baby to her shoulder with some difficulty. He made a noise which might have been expected of a much older gentleman after a day in a beer joint.

"*Gesundheit,*" said Joe.

The baby sucked hungrily again and Gretchen sighed with relief.

The afternoon vanished mysteriously, consumed by formula-making, dishwashing and baby feeding. Phil called up about suppertime, just as Gretchen was applying iodine to Teresa's kitten scratches. Teresa roared melodramatically and Joe had a difficult time learning from Phil that Jane was doing nicely.

"He probably thought we were murdering them," Gretchen said, plastering adhesives over a considerable portion of Teresa's anatomy.

"We're not that impulsive," said Joe.

AFTER supper, just as Joe gave Gretchen a sympathetic glance and handed her a cigarette, there came an ominous crash from the direction of the living room. Poor pale Gretchen gave an unhappy start and ran out of the kitchen, Joe following.

Elizabeth had climbed up the bookshelves to fetch a box of lollipops which Jane kept out of reach, and had knocked down several volumes. The volumes had landed on a tray full of Jane's prized demitasse cups which now lay shattered on the floor.

"Oh, Elizabeth, why didn't you let your Uncle Joe get the lollipops?" Gretchen demanded, exasperated, bending to pick up the pieces. "Look what's happened to your poor mother's pretty cups!"

Elizabeth had been seriously unnerved by the incident. First Joe thought she

I've discovered the longer, finer cigarette
PALL MALL



PALL MALLS are *good* to look at—*good* to feel—*good* to taste and *good* to smoke.

PALL MALL's greater length of traditionally fine tobacco filters the smoke of this *longer, finer* cigarette—gives you that smoothness, mildness and satisfaction that no other cigarette offers you.

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OUTSTANDING



–and they are mild!



Enjoying Life . . .

IN THOSE DAYS TOO !

Remember the old fashioned picnic in the country . . . what a treat it was on a bright summer day. And for added pleasure Miller High Life. The Champagne of Bottle Beer, was the choice in those days, too. Today as Yesterday . . . Enjoy Life with Miller High Life.

The Champagne of Bottle Beer

Miller's

HIGH LIFE

BREWED AND BOTTLED ONLY BY THE MILLER BREWING COMPANY MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

ould cry, then her face twisted into a lligerent, reddening expression.
"You're a mean girl!" she shouted in piercing voice. "And I don't like you!"
Gretchen hesitated a moment, then nt on picking up the pieces.
Joe, his pipe clenched between his eth, grasped Elizabeth's arm in anger.
"Gretchen's not a mean girl and she's en very kind to you," he said, "and you n stop that screaming right now!"
"I want my mommy!" Elizabeth bellwed monotonously. "I want my ommy! Mommy! Mommy!"
He carried her out of the room. She everly made the trip upstairs an unbevably difficult feat by going into muslar contortions one moment, then gging limp and heavy and shapeless e next. By the time Joe flung her on r bed he wanted badly to spank her. is expression must have faithfully beayed the ferocity of his emotions, for sobered Elizabeth. She was still sobng, but her eyes were wary.
"You're not to speak that way to retchen, do you hear?" Joe announced. "You're to stay up in your om and you're not to come downstairs ain tonight!"
Elizabeth put her head down on the llow and Joe had a moment's pity for r. He hesitated, bit his lip ineffectuly, and went downstairs, propelled by a sire to cheer up Gretchen somehow.
He found her in the kitchen, wiping the oilcloth table cover with a damp oth. There was a tautness about her outh and a glitter in her eye which, in nother girl, would have turned into palble tears. Joe had a hotheaded impulse to take her in his arms, but he strained himself.
He picked up the dish cloth and began wipe dishes.
"When I think of how we were going pick wildflowers, listen to brooks and ay badminton," he said, "I'm grieved. m sorry it's been such a fiasco."
Gretchen did not respond. She sprinled some scouring powder in the sink.
"As for my niece," he said, "the very icest thing I can think of to call her is brat."
"She's very upset," Gretchen said. She misses her mother. And then, I asn't very bright."
"Don't be silly," Joe said. "You are onderful. You've never been mixed up a mess like this before. It may make n old maid out of you and a bachelor f me."
Gretchen did not seem to be getting nueh of a lift out of his comments. An nxious knot tightened in his chest as hey switched off the kitchen lights and vandered into the living room. Inspirdly, he picked up a deck of cards and iffled them.
"How about a little gin?"
chen, who was lolling moodily n sofa, shook her head. "I think I'll o up and tell Elizabeth a story."

WHILE she was upstairs, Phil came home. He described his hospital experiences. the last words Jane said before being wheeled up to the operating oom ("I feel as if somebody had slugged me") and the first words she said on coming out of ether ("I feel as if somebody had slugged me"). Phil made a long story of it and, just as he was concluding, Gretchen came downstairs, looking happier. She had changed her clothes. She wore an off-the-shoulderish pink thing with a ballerina skirt and a black sash. Joe's spirits leapt like a flushed rabbit.
"*You* look as if you'd stood the strain remarkably well," Phil said to Gretchen. "I'm beginning to think that all the things Joe has told us about you are probably true."
Gretchen gave a rather wan smile.
"Well, I've got a woman," Phil said. "A Mrs. Simmons. She'll be over in the morning."

Relief flooded through Joe. He was beginning to feel wonderful. He handed Gretchen a cigarette. Tomorrow morning, he thought, he'd take her down to the brook.
"She's an old battle-ax," Phil said, "but I guess she'll keep the roof from falling in."
"Look," Gretchen said, "I have a two-week vacation coming up. I'd gladly take over—if it would help."
Joe threw back his head and laughed like a hyena. To his astonishment, Gretchen glared at him.
"That," Joe said, sobering, "is heroic, ehum, but absolutely out of the question."
Phil grinned, "Anyway, it isn't neeessary. But thanks just the same."
Joe was conscious before he fell asleep that night that his relationship with Gretchen had definitely suffered some irremediable jolt. He couldn't help what had happened—Gretchen knew that. Still, there was something about her attitude which suggested that he had done something, or said something, which had rubbed her the wrong way.
The feeling persisted next morning. Joe dressed and came down to the kitchen for his cereal. He found Gretchen and Elizabeth already there, indulging in some girlish silliness involving laughter. They were so palsy-walsy, doing the dishes, that he felt fairly superfluous, munching his cereal. With his jaws going, he reminded himself of an ox.
"Where's Phil?" Joe asked.
"Phil," said Gretchen, "has gone to get Mrs. Simmons." She bent over the baby's basket, changing his diaper. She poked the baby, and the baby laughed.
"It's too bad you're so brainy," Joe said. "You make such a pretty little housewife."
"I suppose a housewife doesn't need any brains?" she inquired so venomously that he was startled.
"Well, anybody can do it," he said.
"I didn't find it very easy," said Gretchen.
Unhappily, Joe stuffed his pipe.
"I wish you wouldn't go, Gretchen," said Elizabeth in a high voice of cloying sweetness. "I wish you would stay here and take care of us."
"Thank you," Gretchen said. "You must come to New York sometime, and we'll go to the zoo."
"You never asked me to go to the zoo with you," said Joe.
But Gretchen refused to be amused.

MRS. SIMMONS came bustling into the kitchen shortly thereafter, a tall woman in a cotton house dress. She had a big chin and a big posterior.
"What are you sucking your thumb for?" she cheerfully assailed Teresa. "Do you want to swallow it?"
"You can't swallow your thumb," said Elizabeth.
"Oh, yes you can," said Mrs. Simmons. "I knew a little girl who swallowed her thumb, and then she couldn't play the piano."
Joe was relieved that Mrs. Simmons had come so early. There wasn't much left of the morning and he was determined to have a walk through the woods with Gretchen before driving to Stamford.
"Come on, Gretchen," he said. "Let's see that brook I've told you about. It's a regular poet's brook. It babbles. It gurgles. It sings. It does everything a brook should do."
"Okay," she said.
"May I come too?" Elizabeth begged.
"No," said Joe.
"Oh, *please*," said Elizabeth, in a wheedling tone that he found insufferable. "Oh, why not?"
"No," said Joe, reddening.
He escorted Gretchen down the street, through a meadow and into the woods. The birds called from the tops of the trees.
"Mrs. Simmons," Gretchen said, "is a terrible woman. I feel sorry for the children."
"Oh, everybody has an unhappy childhood," Joe said. "I used to brag about mine. What in Heaven's name would you do, in adolescence, if you couldn't boast about your unhappy childhood?"
They were nearing the brook. Joe could hear it splash over the rocks.
"There," Joe said, as they came out on some sunny rocks overlooking the shady hollow where the brook raced, sparkling. He settled himself on the rocks and Gretchen sat beside him, drawing up her knees and resting her chin on them moodily.
"Mrs. Simmons," Gretchen persisted, "is a bully. And she lies. Elizabeth will probably have another tantrum and she'll manhandle her. Once, when I was little, I had a nurse when my mother was in the hospital having a baby. I had a tantrum and the nurse threw me into a bathtub full of cold water."
"Good," said Joe.
Gretchen shot him a disgusted look. He grinned.
"Have you read any good books lately?" he asked.
She shook her head.
"Who'll be our next President?"
Gretchen sighed. "Do we have to be bright?" she demanded.
The miserable knot was back in Joe's chest again. Not only was it back again, but it was tightening.
"I'm sorry I've given you such a rotten week end, Gretchen," he apologized. "Maybe I'd better drive you over to Stamford."
"Maybe you had," said Gretchen.
She had been poking at the brook with a long stick. She chucked it into the water, gathered her skirts, and rose gracefully.

JOE had always told himself that the moment would come with Gretchen when he would have to let her go with a gay and gallant smile. The moment had come—he knew it—and he also knew that he wasn't going to be any better at denouements than any of her other boy friends. He was going to pieces. He felt too miserable for caution, too reckless to consider charm.
"Gretchen," he said miserably, "what have I done? I don't want you to go, feeling like this."
"Maybe I got to know you a little too well this week end, Joe," she said.
"I always knew it would be dangerous," Joe commented bitterly.
"You've kept apologizing for the ordeal," she said. "Actually, it was a very interesting experience. I'd never realized that managing a house and children could be such a challenging job."
Joe stared incredulously.
"I would have liked to tell you about it," she said, "but I could see that you were frightened. A girl with a domestic gleam in her eye frightens men like you."
Joe stood on the rock with his mouth open.
"You've always hinted around about being in love with me and letting me go my own way, out of sheer nobility," Gretchen spoke in a cold fury. "But you're a hypocrite. Just let *me* show a little interest in the pipe-and-slippers side of life and you look the other way, and make jokes, and make it quite clear that you don't want your nice, neat little bachelor life upset."
"Gretchen," Joe said. "Gretchen, *darling*—"
He grabbed her, crushed her against him, and closed his eyes. He caught his breath, after a moment.
"I love you," he said. "I love you, Gretchen. I thought there wasn't any use—"
"Well," she said, adjusting her head more comfortably on his shoulder, "there is."
Joe held her tight and closed his eyes. The brook was singing and his blood was rushing. He hardly knew which was which.

THE END



FRED BALK

SPORTING ODDS

Because officials had difficulty counting up to five a runner once had to win a mile race three times in order to gain the national A.A.U. championship.

At Travers Island many years ago, H. L. Trube of the New York Athletic Club raced four laps around the track to defeat a crack field. Trube was congratulating himself when an official came over to him sadly and informed him that the race would have to be rerun as this track measured five laps to the mile.

So Trube and his rivals rested. Later in the day, the event was rerun. Trube galloped in the victor and again he was elated over winning the American championship. But along came a sad-faced official.

"Sorry," he blurted, "but we only sent you around four times again."

Trube and his opponents were forced to reconvene for the mile the following Monday and this time the Winged Foot ace really triumphed. The officials had finally counted up to five.

—Paul Gardner, New York, N. Y.

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Babe in arms, the deserted wife confronts husband chaser Lamb with a farewell note

George Lamb, one of the nation's best husband chasers, can bring 'em back alive. But he can't guarantee erring husbands will stay put. In 30 years he has listened to 90,000 complaints. He has personally rounded up 3,000 men who skipped the home reservation

BY JAY BREEN

AND JOHN ROSENBURG



There are many tales of home-breaking. C[illegible] father of 13 wild kids just needed some [illegible]

HOW TO CATCH A HUSBAND

DAPPER, graying George Lamb, dean of America's husband chasers, leaned back in his swivel chair, propped his feet up on the corner of his scarred desk and was ready for another version of the story he had heard almost 90,000 times before.

An attractive, smartly dressed young woman sat on the other side of the desk and sniffled, dabbing at her eyes with a sodden handkerchief. She pushed across to him a sheet of soiled tablet paper that had been folded and refolded until it was beginning to part at the creases. In three curt sentences it pronounced the end of a marriage:

"I'm going away. Leave me alone. I'm fed up."

Patiently, Lamb plucked from his client the few hard facts that might serve to help in finding the runaway. For instance, the woman said her husband liked expensive hats. In happier days he had often presented her with a little-known brand of French brandied chocolates. Although she hadn't liked them, she pretended the chocolates delighted her, because he thought them the perfect gift for a woman. He didn't care for sports, although he usually managed to get tickets for top-flight tennis matches whenever an exhibition was staged in New York.

Yes, the wife admitted, there was "another woman." But unlike the majority of Lamb's callers, she had not the slightest idea who the woman could be.

It took George Lamb four months to find this man. Boston police got him in the only department store of their city in which his brand of imported chocolates could be bought. The culprit was using the same gift to aid a new romance.

"When I walked in on the guy," Lamb explains, "he introduced me to the new girl friend. Believe it or not, she looked to be the twin sister of the wife he'd left."

The fugitive husband had, by then, become tired of his flight and his forced anonymity. The funds he had taken to finance his vacation from marriage had evaporated. He seemed almost glad to be going home, even with handcuffs on his wrists.

This is one of the few cases that Lamb can remember, in his 30 years as chief criminal investigator for New York's teeming Queens County, in which a reconciliation has actually worked. Except for that discouragingly rare difference, the facts in this instance follow a general pattern.

Contrary to what you might think, the job seems to have kept Lamb young. Although he is sixty, he looks more like fifty. He is a man of boundless energy who hasn't had a full two-week vacation from husband chasing in 10 years. He is understandably proud of a record that has established him as one of the nation's best in bringing back alive, although sometimes slightly damaged, several thousand husbands who flouted the law by trying to cut their own marriage knots.

There is humor in the thousands of cases that pass before his eyes. But most of his chuckles have a mirthless quality, born of the underlying tragedy in the cases that keep him shuttling across the nation in trains, planes and busses, gathering together bits of broken love stories.

He is dismayed by the popular acceptance of that ancient conception that too much money breeds disaster in a marriage.

"Naturally," he says, "I'm not called in by many millionaires' wives. They may have things tough in that league, too. But on the other side of the tracks it is usually the lack of money that splits a marriage."

In one instance, Lamb was inclined to sympathize with a middle-aged bricklayer, the father of 13 children, who one day jammed his hat on his head and left his tumultuous palace without saying goodby to a soul. When apprehended a few weeks later, the bricklayer gustily sighed, "I just wanted to get away for a while."

Lamb estimates the average income of the husband he hunts nowadays is between $40 and $65 a week.

Another increasingly popular notion with which Lamb is unable to voice complete accord is that differences in religion are not of major importance in a marriage. Since women, by and large, take their religion more seriously than men, it is often assumed that, given time, a man will eventually adopt his beloved's faith.

"Not in my book," Lamb says. "Sometimes a man will get so stubborn on the subject he'll wreck his home before he'll give an inch."

When Wife Keeps on Working

Lamb thinks a woman's chances of missing her golden anniversary are increased fourfold if she goes back to the old job after the honeymoon. His reasons have little to do with that ancient argument that it is humiliating to a husband to have his wife working. The real reason is more insidious. It is what Lamb calls "false income."

Himself a happily married man of some 35 years, the investigator is a firm believer in the recently suspect theory that there is not much point to a marriage which does not have children as its objective, sooner or later. As he sees it, the sooner the better.

But the arrival of a child in a family where both the wife and husband work is often nothing like the blessing it is cracked up to be. As a matter of grim fact, Lamb's casebooks bulge with evidence that proves an expected offspring can be the last straw in a succession of unhappy events.

Mrs. Wilma G— got around to calling on him three weeks after she found the usual note on the kitchen table. The message wasn't a complete surprise. While she hadn't expected such a heartless break, she had known for some months that her marriage had taken a grave turn.

Her story bore a desperate similarity to thousands Lamb hears again and again. She and her husband had met at a dance, starting a courtship that lasted less than a month. Both lived in the same city. Their whirlwind romance had climaxed, one week end, with a dash to Elkton, Maryland, one of the nation's few remaining communities celebrated for their 20-minute marriages.

Wilma's husband was a mechanic, making $50 a week. She herself earned $28.50 as a file clerk. They decided it would be necessary for both to continue working. On a combined income of $78.50, they were reasonably happy and often spent long evenings discussing what rare luck both had had in meeting each other. Both continued working, even after he had received two raises and his income had reached $65 a week. She got a raise, too, bringing the total for both to $95.

After a good deal of questioning Lamb turned up a timeworn cause of separations. The idyllic marriage began to go sour when Wilma announced they were going to have a baby.

Not right away. It had taken a little time for the truth to sink in. Mainly the facts were that they would soon be living on two thirds of the income they had grown used to. As bills began to mount and self-imposed economy waves bit into their established pleasures, Wilma began to notice a change in her husband. He became grouchy and seemed bored.

The next thing Wilma noticed—and this was after she had resigned her own job—was that her husband had an increasing amount of work to keep him late at his job.

The arrival of the baby made things dreadfully worse. Wilma was chained to an exacting routine. More and more his home had become for her husband just a place in which to sleep and eat. Quarrels became increasingly frequent. The upshot was the note left for Wilma.

In a broad sense Wilma's story constitutes what Lamb has dubbed "blueprint for failure," a pattern



ty wife get hubby back
homely "other woman"



Once married, some gals don't keep up their looks and hubby gets a bit bored



Worried wives should watch the clothes closet. Many guys get set to lam by piecemeal removal



Lamb's job is to bring them back alive The deserter makes it hard as possible

which emerges from the details of more than half the cases he handles. Of nearly 3,000 cases in which he has personally rounded up vagabond husbands this investigator has yet to see two reconciliations that lasted a year.

Lamb has dealt with cases in every conceivable walk of life. His quarries have included bankers and bakers, reporters, doctors, lawyers, truck drivers, salesmen, factory owners and movie actors. He once had the disconcerting experience of tracking down a colleague—a detective who had abandoned his wife. Apparently the mental strain of parting rattled the man, because Lamb reports he was as easy to locate—left just as many clues —as his less experienced fellows.

As many a husband has learned to his regret, it is almost impossible to cancel a marriage and walk out on it without leaving a good many clues to the direction of flight. A great many of a man's habits, tastes and idiosyncrasies are infinitely more difficult to change than a name or an occupation. They are the signposts on his trail. There are such obvious leads as union cards, insurance policies, Social Security registrations and other membership data which have considerable value and are not easily forsaken.

Salesmen who run away often change jobs and the product they peddle, but follow the same general approach in marketing. One of Lamb's cases was an auto salesman who switched to sporting goods. He was unearthed because he couldn't abandon an affectation—having his calling cards printed on a special type of paper that had a slight pink cast to it.

Woman Bait for Mantrap

Usually, a runaway husband can be located with a great deal less deductive effort than that. In many cases the forsaken wife comes to Lamb's offices with well-grounded suspicions concerning another woman. Almost always the other woman is single and has less reason for elaborate secrecy concerning her whereabouts. She doesn't cut off all ties with the past. Lamb gets on her trail and usually finds the missing husband with her.

One foolproof means of avoiding a surprise departure is by keeping an eye on the clothes closet. In the majority of cases Lamb has handled, an absconding husband prepares for his flight by taking his clothes out of the house in small, day-by-day parcels. A great many of the women who call on him confess they were astonished when, upon receiving a farewell note, they inspected their husbands' closets to find every stitch of clothing gone and not a suitcase missing from the house.

Most of them will then recall how the man of the house had taken a sudden interest in getting garments to the tailor or the cleaner. When everything but the suit on his back has disappeared from the house, hubby does too.

The personalities of the men he has sought include enough types to delight a psychiatrist. If a girl contemplating marriage should ask for his opinion, Lamb would most strongly advise against marrying the egocentric, happy-go-lucky sort of young man. The very things that make a girl's head spin before marriage can and do make it ache with remorse afterward.

He is most emphatically against marriage for the man who is a "confirmed gambler." By that he means one who will gamble even so much as a penny without actually having the money in his pocket to pay off. A woman can spot this affliction by noting whether a boy friend borrows with increasing unconcern as the love affair ripens.

Young ladies should beware of the suitor who is given to lying, even though his habit is confined to the harmless "white lie." If her man will tell the truth when it is downright embarrassing to do so—when a tiny fib would get him over a difficult spot —she can mark him down as an A-1 prospect.

Her chances, though, are not too good, in Lamb's book, if she has to get him away from another woman. Entirely too many second wives put so much into their campaign to wrest their chosen mate away from another that they have no battle tactics left for the still tougher project of keeping him.

Lamb favors a man who is so engrossed in his job that he gets a trifle vague about his courtship now and then, although that attitude, of course, can go too far. One case he vividly remembers was that of a hard-driving, career-minded salesman who was so interested in his work that he invited an assistant to live in his home. This man felt it would be convenient for all concerned, since the assistant could take his wife to a play or out to dinner on evenings when the press of business kept the husband away.

When the maid reported several indiscretions the husband indignantly ordered his assistant from the house. He was stunned when his wife packed her things and went along.

Deserted Husband Makes Good

Lamb was ordered to track down the wife, one of the relatively few occasions when he has been called in by the male half of a marriage. He located her but could offer the salesman no better advice than to get a divorce. This the man did, and went on to become a millionaire.

The fifth year seems to be the critical period in most marriages. By then, most of the glamor has worn off and a previously dazzled couple has had a chance to meditate on the probable course of the next 20 to 30 years together. Thus, the age of the average Lamb client is about 25, seldom more than 30. One baffling particular in his work is the fact that the majority of the wives who see him are quite attractive. He cannot account for it, but the "other women" quite often are comparatively homely.

Invariably the "other woman" in Lamb's cases knows all about the wife. Far from feeling a sense of shame at breaking up another home, she will battle desperately to keep the man she has stolen. Lamb found one typical couple in Philadelphia and hauled the repentant husband back to a Manhattan jail. A day later the prisoner received a letter in which the girl enclosed her last dollar. "You need this more than I do. I'll get along someway," she wrote.

Lamb thinks that our movies, fiction and the ballads we sing give us all the idea that it is entirely possible to find a mate who will delight us the rest of our days, a rosy viewpoint which he sourly denounces as the greatest fraud of the ages.

Of the notes left by departing husbands, the most frequent are variations on this theme:

"I'm getting out now while I still have some youth left, to see and do all the things I've always wanted."

Lamb is an ardent supporter of the little-known Quaker method of contracting a marriage. When it becomes communal knowledge that a given couple have that love light in their eyes, a board of elders is summoned and the man and his lady must individually discuss with these older heads their most intimate thoughts and feelings. Each hears the handicaps of the other listed with brutal frankness. Only after several sessions of unbelievable candor are they allowed to resume their courtship, presumably with a fresh attitude on the subject.

He has never had a call to chase an errant Quaker spouse, and Lamb's understandably thin faith in human nature would be completely shaken if he ever were asked to do so.

Next to Quakers, Lamb's professional respect is highest for English husbands. He thinks Latins are the least able to stand the rigors of marriage. He doubts that climate has much to do with this interesting state of affairs, however, since Irishmen, although geographic neighbors of England, are not nearly so constant in marriage as they should be.

Although he feels that most wives do their utmost to hold a marriage together, usually far more than the husband, Lamb concedes that many wives bring on their troubles by growing careless. A recent visitor to his office arrived attired in a blouse so offending to Lamb that he demanded to know whether she had "mopped the kitchen with it."

"But even there," he says, "I blame the husband. A wife usually doesn't begin to get slovenly until she's convinced that her husband ignores every effort she makes to be attractive."

The only time Lamb gets sufficiently irked with women to take the man's side entirely is when a wife deserts a husband. You might think an abandoned husband would be inclined to let well enough alone. To the contrary, he's every bit as offended and enraged as a deserted wife. Although he's sympathetic, Lamb finds it difficult to repress a smile at this reversal of the normal procedure.

"They come in here just madder than hell," he says, "and you know the first thing they say? It's always, 'I gave that woman the best years of my life.'" ★★★

DRAWINGS BY GEORGE HARRINGTON

SQUAW MEDICINE

Continued from page 23

Style, Davy thought as he climbed in. This shines, this does. He lounged on the seat. Vardeman spoke to the driver, calling him Thomas, and bidding him drive home. The barouche rolled away. Zenas Berdan loafed on a corner and Davy grandly waved a hand.

Vardeman lived out of town. Davy, as they traveled, grew uncomfortable. His encounter with Zenas had taken up time he had meant to spend in shopping.

"I don't look too good," he said, glancing first at Vardeman's neat woolen suit, then at his own worn buckskin. "Mebbe I should of stayed in town."

"Nonsense," Vardeman replied. "I want my wife and daughter to see how a real mountain man looks. Where is your rifle?"

Davy told him. Another idea struck. "Mebbe they won't like havin' me there," he ventured. "I got a squaw, you know."

"A squaw?"

"Dull Knife's daughter," Davy said. "I give four ponies for her. Mebbe your folks—"

"We won't mention it," Vardeman interrupted. "After all, those marriages aren't binding."

VARDEMAN'S house was three miles from St. Louis, a matter of half an hour's journey. When the barouche stopped, the door of the home opened and candlelight streamed out. Davy caught a glimpse of women waiting in the hall, and his heart failed him. He would have backed away but Vardeman caught his elbow and urged him up the steps. "Thomas will bring your things. Yvonne, Sylvanne, I want you to meet a real mountain man: Davy Connor. Davy, my wife and daughter."

Davy scraped a foot as he'd been taught when a boy away back in Kentucky. Silk rustled as the women curtsied. Davy hardly heard what was said, he was so busy looking. Mrs. Vardeman was tall, stately, and fair-haired. The girl—Davy couldn't take his eyes from her—was shoulder high, with dark eyes and a spot of color on each cheek.

A Negro took Davy's possible sack upstairs to a bedroom. Vardeman escorted Davy and saw that his guest was comfortable. When he was gone, Davy looked at his surroundings, then felt the bed. Yep! Feathers! He washed his hands and combed his shoulder-long hair. He was as out of place as a Crow in Blackfoot country, and had he heard the Vardemans he would have known it.

"But Frank, that savage? Why did you bring him here?"

"Business, dear. He lives with the Cheyennes and we want that trade. You and Sylvanne be nice to him."

Dinner, with candles on the table, a Negro waiter, and an array of silver by his plate, was hard going for Davy. Not that the food wasn't good—nearly as good as buffalo—but the eating bothered him. Davy was accustomed to fingers and a knife for tools.

Afterward they went to the parlor where Davy occupied the edge of a fiddleback chair. The Vardemans did their best to make him at ease, asking him questions and encouraging him to talk. Vardeman said that he could smoke, and Davy brought out his pipe case.

Nell had made it. It was heart-shaped, worked with dyed porcupine quills, and with a fringe of hair.

"That is beautiful," Sylvanne said. "Is the hair from some animal?"

"Blackfoot scalp."

Yvonne Vardeman said, "Oh!" and Sylvanne made a little sound and turned white.

"I told you he was a real mountain man." Vardeman laughed. "Where did you get the scalp, Davy?"

Davy told him and that started the talk. Maybe the sight of Blackfoot hair upset the women, but they were bloody-minded enough to demand details. Davy sat there in his old, worn buckskins, smoking his pipe, weaving a spell, counting his coups over again. These women liked his talk. Before he went to bed Davy gave Sylvanne the pipe pouch.

Next day in town, Davy sold Vardeman his fur. He got a fair price for the beaver and did all right with the few robes in the packs. He had a thousand dollars credit with the company and two hundred dollars cash, counting his winnings from cards on the keelboat.

Again Vardeman talked to Davy about taking charge of a post in the Cheyenne country, but Davy put him off and went out to buy a wool suit and a white wool hat and a black silk kerchief for his neck.



"Why don't we just buy canned mushrooms and be sure?"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

Nell wasn't the only one in the Connor family that liked fofurraw. That night Davy was more sure of himself, feeling a heap more genteel in his new clothes. They talked about the rendezvous and Mrs. Vardeman made some remarks concerning liquor, saying what a shame it was to get men drunk and then trade with them.

Davy hadn't looked at things that way, liquor and feasting and trade all being a part of rendezvous; but he was polite and agreed. He made a mental note, too, that he should watch the drinking. Some friends came in then and Sylvanne showed them the pipe pouch, fringed with the Blackfoot scalp. Davy had to go to his room to get his powder horn—black buffalo horn, it was, scraped paper thin so that the grains showed through—and his belt with the cherry-wood awl case and the Green River knife in its sheath. Had he thought of it, Davy would have brought down the woman medicine, too, but it was hidden in the bottom of his possible sack.

After the company left, Vardeman went up to Davy's room and they talked some more about a post in the Cheyenne country. Davy wouldn't say. He could see that he held an advantage, someway, and he meant to keep it. When Vardeman came downstairs again he spoke to his wife.

"I can't get him to promise a thing, Yvonne, and you'll have to put up with him a while longer. Maybe . . ." He stopped and thought a while.

"I don't like to have him here," Yvonne Vardeman told her husband. "He's a novelty, yes. But did you see that awful suit? And the hat! And Sylvanne thinks he is amusing. She—"

"That's it!" Vardeman interrupted. "Sylvanne. He'll do it if she asks him. Have you seen him watching her?"

Yvonne Vardeman hadn't seen much of anything else. "Of course," she agreed. "But I don't want Sylvanne—"

"Now, Yvonne," Vardeman said, "this is business. I'll talk to Sylvanne." Vardeman was pretty set on getting the Cheyenne trade. The Rocky Mountain people, Fitzpatrick and Sublette and Bridger, had been taking all of it.

In the morning Davy didn't go to town but stayed at Vardeman's house and had a high old time of it. Mrs. Vardeman was nice as could be, but she had her slaves and her housekeeping to look after, so most of Davy's entertainment came from Sylvanne. He didn't mind. Sylvanne had a way of looking at a man, turning her head so that she glanced over a shoulder, and she had a way of smiling. Her laugh wasn't a squaw's giggle, but a clear, limpid thing, like clear water over a fall. Davy was weak and helpless as a buffalo bull with a galena pill in his lights. He'd never seen anything like Sylvanne and he was a gone beaver. . . .

In the afternoon they drove in to bring Vardeman home. They stopped at a store and while Mrs. Vardeman and Sylvanne shopped for yard goods, Davy sat in the barouche. Zenas Berdan saw him and came over.

"Now I know what ails you," Zenas announced. "I thought you was crazy when you talked about sellin' to the company, but that ain't it. You got woman trouble."

Davy flushed. "I already sold 'em my fur," he said, defiantly, "an' I'm thinkin' some of goin' up on the Cheyenne or the Grand an' buildin' a fort for 'em."

"You'll never do it." Zenas shook his head. "You ain't cut out for an *engagé*. You wouldn't like no pork diet. Come around when you get your wits back an' we'll pull out together. I'm amost ready to go."

"I ain't," Davy said.

"Well"—Zenas straightened, for th Vardemans had come out of the store— "you let me know. An' keep an ey skinned. That feller we seen in th saloon has been scoutin' around you. seen him an' I hearn some talk."

The next day, Thursday it was, Dav showed Sylvanne how a brave han over the side of a horse to keep fro getting killed, and he taught her part a Cheyenne song. In the afternoc Sylvanne mentioned how nice it wou be, did Davy work for the company. H would come down-river once or twice year, bringing in his trade, and mayb after a while, he'd get promoted to th St. Louis office. She let him know th she would be glad of that.

On Friday, Davy dug around in h possible sack and found the woman medicine Nell had given him. It was real pretty case, about three inches wid half that thick, and maybe eight inch long. There was something hard insi but Davy didn't investigate. Sylvan had liked the pipe pouch and Davy aim to give her the medicine case, too. I got to thinking about it. Women, squa or whites, liked fofurraw. Maybe t medicine case wasn't just the thing. Da thrust it in his pocket. He would find o what Sylvanne wanted and buy it for h

That afternoon when they drove in get Vardeman, Mrs. Vardeman had headache and begged off, so Davy a Sylvanne went alone. They stopped the counting room and Davy went Vardeman wasn't ready. He told Da to go on and send the carriage ba for him. Davy went to the cash and drew two hundred, gold, stuffi the money in his pocket. He didn't not Leblanc and Bulldog who were in t room. Davy was eager to get back Sylvanne.

THEY had come in early and there v a little time before they had to back, so Sylvanne had Thomas dr around. Davy pried and asked questic trying to find out what she wanted, she wouldn't say. He came right out a said he wanted to give her a present.

"You've already given me your p pouch," Sylvanne told him. "Of cou the nicest thing you could do for would be to take Father's offer." smiled when she said that.

"Well," Davy answered, "I ain't sure yet. I want to get you somethir

Sylvanne said there wasn't anyth she wanted, and anyhow it wasn't pro for a young girl to accept prese Thomas started out of town. "I *do* v you'd tell Father that you will work the company," Sylvanne said.

Davy squirmed. The pressure was him and he didn't like it. Zenas Ber had been right; Davy wasn't cut ou be an *engagé*. It stuck in his craw.

They were so busy talking that nei Davy nor Sylvanne paid attention to country. Not so, Thomas. Thomas l his eyes skinned and now he was lool back.

"Who that back there?" Thomas e- manded, and pointed with his w "Them mens are tryin' to ketch us!"

Davy stood up to see. He needed one look. About twenty rods back, blanc and Bulldog were coming, t horses at a lope. Bulldog had a across his saddle, while Leblanc with a raised pistol.

"Hell!" he said, forgetting Sylva "They're after us. Whip up them hors

The order wasn't necessary. Leb and Bulldog made their intentions p Either through excitement or to s them into stopping, Leblanc fired pistol. The ball didn't carry, but crack of the gun was loud. Thomas the horses to a run; Davy was je



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down into the seat and Sylvanne screamed.

A team pulling a carriage can't outrun riders. Davy knew that, so did Thomas, so did the men behind. There were four hundred dollars in Davy's pocket and he kissed it goodby. He didn't think that Bulldog and Leblanc would be satisfied with just the money, either, not from what they had said on the keelboat. Davy's Hawken's gun was in the shop, his belt and Green River knife at Vardeman's, and his pistols away back in a Cheyenne camp. He felt naked as a jay bird. He searched his pockets, seeking a weapon, and kept his head turned, watching LeBlanc and Bulldog close the distance between them. When he pulled out his hand a finger was bleeding. Davy had cut himself.

He couldn't believe his eyes. He looked at the finger, put his hand into his pocket again and brought out the sack of woman's medicine. A steel tip protruded through the leather. Davy pulled the sack open and unrolled the white buckskin it contained. In the middle of the roll was a knife, an old, worn-out butcher knife, its blade paper-thin and about five inches long. Davy looked at Sylvanne. Her eyes were closed, her lips parted, and she was pale as a ghost. Oddly, the recollection of another occasion popped into Davy's mind. . . .

One time he and Nell, working down the Musselshell with all their fur and goods, had rounded a bend and run square into a Blackfoot hunting party. The Blackfeet were half a mile away and there had been time for preparation. Dismounting, he and Nell tied their horses, head to tail, and hobbled them. Then, taking up position, they waited for the attack, Davy with his Hawken's gun, Nell with an old Nor'west fusil.

The Blackfeet charged three times, yelling. At the first charge Davy presented his gun and, magically, the warriors disappeared over the sides of their horses, the charge splitting. The second charge was on Nell's side, and it split, too. The third time the Blackfeet came, one of the flying arrows struck home in Davy's shoulder. His answering shot dropped the Indian and after that the Blackfeet had withdrawn, their martial ardor cooled considerably by the death of their leader. All through the fight neither Nell nor Davy spoke a word, directions being unnecessary, and when the Blackfeet were gone Nell took a knife—this very knife in Davy's hand—and butchered out the arrow, put beaver fur on the wound and bound it with buckskin. Two days later they found safety in a Cheyenne camp.

DAVY looked back once more. Leblanc and Bulldog were not ten rods away, and gaining. Standing in the swaying barouche Davy clamped a hand on Thomas' shoulder. Thomas was scared to a nice ash-gray.

"Pull up when I tell you!" Davy rasped, and showed Thomas the knife. "Pull up or I'll cut your skinny throat." He looked back, estimating distance. "Now!"

Of two evils Thomas chose the lesser. He pulled up his horses, fighting them to a standstill, and Leblanc and Bulldog, surprised by the maneuver, came ranging on either side.

They had expected easy pickings. An unarmed man, riding with a woman, offered no particular problem to such as they. The two were almost scornful, having no idea of what was coming, discounting all danger. Davy struck them entirely unaware. He jumped at Bulldog, the man with the loaded gun, and as he leaped, the war whoop sounded in that peaceful Missouri lane: "Owgh! Owgh!"

The old knife, worn to a shred of steel, was razor sharp. It sank into soft flesh, lifting with the upstroke, and Bulldog, screaming his hurt, tumbled from the saddle. Davy went down between horse and carriage, clawing like a cat, draggin the gun with him. The frightened tear lunged ahead despite tight lines. Le blanc swung his horse to get away and in the clear, Davy whipped Bulldog rifle to his shoulder, cocked it, touche cheek to stock and finger to trigge The powder cracked and through th smoke came the satisfying thwack of lea finding meat. Again the war whoo raised and, dropping the rifle, Dav leaped in with the knife.

No need. No use either. Beyond th hanging smoke Leblanc rode off, reelir in his saddle, clutching at it for suppo On the ground Bulldog threshed agony, coming half up, like a snake wi a broken back attempting to strike. Da turned to the man and slapped him wi his hand, counting coup, the act whol instinctive. Bulldog fell back and w still, the life drained out of him.

KNIFE in hand, Davy looked abo The barouche was fifty feet awa He walked to it and got in.

"Try it with me, will they?" Dav face was savage. "Try to set this ho will they?" He settled on the seat, fa ing the rear. "Ain't no triflin' greenho goin' to lift my har!"

Timidly and tentatively, Thom started the team and, hearing no obj tion, raised them to a trot.

Sylvanne, pale-faced, eyes clos lolled limply to the motion of the

From next week's installment of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: Churchill became quite angry and told Ambassador Litvinoff in effect that he wasn't much of an ambassador if he didn't have power even to add a word to the document.

rouche. She opened her eyes and moa but Davy Connor paid no heed. He picked up the white buckskin from medicine pouch and spread it on knees. He studied it intently.

There was a splotch of vermilion the buckskin, a bit of scarlet cloth piece of blue strouding, a hawk's b a tiny chunk of broken mirror, each h in place by a stitch of sinew. There a bone needle, and a broken awl th through the leather; and there were tures drawn on it, a thing that could be a kettle, another of a pipe with sm rising. Davy's brows puckered in a fr and then, as he began to understand, t smoothed.

"Woman's medicine," Nell had s "to bring back. Open it when you ge the big village." Now Davy caught cute of it. Like many another wife at home by her husband when he wer market, Nell had sent a shopping list. could not write so she had put in sam and made drawings of the things wanted. Davy Connor chuckled dee his chest, while Sylvanne moaned ag unnoticed. Davy knew what he was ing to do.

First, he would take this girl home turn her over to her mother. Then, all his possibles, he would go bac town. He would hunt up Zenas and would have a time, a real doin's. In morning he would draw his money buy trade, all the things Nell wanted, more too: coils of brass wire and o broadcloth for a skirt, cut-glass b bracelets and finger rings and s topped thimbles and ribbons for N hair, all these besides a kettle and a knife. And next year when they tended rendezvous, Nell would out the other squaws, outshine them all. when a man goes to market and l his wife at home, he has to make to her. He does, indeed.

THE END

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

ndle the mail are taking an awful eco-mic beating. During the war they received eir first pay increase in years and it was tle and late and immediately absorbed by creased costs. Now these costs have dou-ed and redoubled, and while private and dustrial labor is howling starvation as ey chase the gravy train for a third round, e pleas of the postal worker for a little cond helping go virtually unheard, and om the looks of things, unheeded.

A couple of pay-increase bills have been oted out of Senate and House commit-es. They have not been put on the calen-r and will not be unless Congressional adership gives them a green light.

CLAUDE W. PYLE, Postmaster, Sidell, Ill.

A MEDAL FOR HERTER

Y DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: May I, as one Christian Herter's constituents, con-atulate your magazine on awarding him ur coveted prize. Mr. Herter's faithful -operation among his people, as Repre-ntative, is without parallel! (For Distin-ished Congressional Service, May 15th.)

My colored houseman was arrested at nzio beachhead, court-martialed and sen-nced to three years with a dishonorable scharge.

I enlisted Mr. Herter's aid to get a re-ew. After months of work and disap-intments, I was finally given the chance present evidence in his behalf at Gov-nor's Island, New York.

The result was a complete reversal of e decision handed down *twice* by the ar Department.

MRS. S. IRVING COPEN, Boston, Mass.

FOOTWORK

ENTLEMEN: Even if I didn't recognize the lad Monk as the sleeping beauty illus-rating the article on sleep (Go to Sleep, lay 29th) by his beatific smile, the trick ng on his left hand is a dead giveaway. et out from behind the eye pad, George arger, we know you. I suppose the right and pulled the release.

PAUL D. GREEN, New York, N. Y.

t is Photographer Karger. He pulled the elease with his toe. The right hand is the reamer.

THE CONTESTANT SPEAKS OUT

IRS: I have just finished reading Crazy ike a Box Top (May 22d), the interesting nd amusing article on "contesting." I am run-of-the-mill housewife-contest fan ho has entered thousands of contests and on a fair share—local, national and in-ernational.

I am what you may call a repeater, but ertainly NOT a "professional." That oint needs a lot of clearing up.

I have had some thrills, and some bad pills: One automobile that I had won ould not be given to me because of a light rule infraction, and another hard-on one was withheld because I had used period instead of a semicolon—believe t or not! And in both instances the spon-ors were entirely right.

With all the failures to win that I have ecessarily had, I have never felt any-hing but good will toward any sponsor.

MARY CHASE CORNELIUS, Demopolis, Ala.

. . While residing in Portland, Oregon, bout eleven years ago, I entered a contest nd the obvious headache was to unscram-le a long list of names of movie stars. I was practically planning a vacation on my anticipated grand prize as I had every one correct. The inevitable happened—"We wish to inform you that due to the fact so many entries were 100 per cent accurate, we will conduct another contest. To be eli-gible, send us $1 for twelve movie stars' pictures." Sure I was a sucker and I never heard from them again.

Personally, I have played every contest I have heard of in the past thirteen years and I have won $5.

WILLARD E. CRAWFORD, Springfield, Mo.

. . . My most sincere thanks for Crazy Like a Box Top and my everlasting gratitude to the author, Edward P. Morgan, who has saved me many future hours of thought and unrest. A LOS ANGELES HOUSEWIFE

. . . That I am burned at some of Edward P. Morgan's statements is indeed putting it mildly—although in the main, his article does depict contesting fairly.

My own wins since last October have been: a pressure cooker, a radio, 2 electric irons, 2 Boy Scout knives, about $20 in cash, $25 in merchandise, $14 in theater tickets, one magazine sub., perhaps one or two others that escape my mind. Does that sound professional? Besides my contesting activities, I keep house, have my husband underfoot daytimes (he works at night), board a 2-year-old baby, have a grown daughter who works, and two teen-age children in school. As I have no help, you can see that my contesting, as that of any average housewife, occupies small fragments of my time. Meanwhile, I'll go on trying to win us a new car!

MRS. LOUIS N. KIENE, Atlanta, Ga.

THE CRYING MAN

DEAR SIRS: Your readers' complaints that all the Presidential candidates you have run were smiling in the face of world crises are well taken. What this country needs is a President who can frown in the face of adversity and tear his hair whenever he thinks how things are going.



Robert Q. will weep for you!

I therefore offer myself for the Presidency. The times cry aloud for me. Running on the Deflation Ticket, I plan my theme song to be "I Cried for You," promise not to kiss babies, but to smack them to prepare them for the harsh realities of life. I shall pass out exploding cigars to teach people to trust nobody. If elected I promise to end the Communist threat: I'll replace the Reds with the Blues. For my constituents I promise a crying towel in every home. . . .

Voters, get behind me. I am so discouraged there's a chance I might not even run.

ROBERT Q. LEWIS, New York, N. Y.

DEATH OF A LEGEND

General Brehon Somervell, president of Koppers Company, Inc., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and Charles E. Wilson, president of General Electric Co., both deny the accuracy of a hardy perennial story which appeared in Bill Davidson's article, Spare-Time Statesman (Apr. 10th). Davidson's article referred to an altercation alleged to have occurred during the war, when the general was masterfully solving the well-nigh impossible Army logistics problem, and Mr. Wilson was vice-chairman of the War Production Board.

General Somervell, paying high tribute to Mr. Wilson, writes that the alleged encounter was purely a figment of someone's imagination. Mr. Wilson has written to the general expressing his chagrin over the reference to an incident which he says never occurred.

These statements are good enough for Collier's. We are sorry for the embarrassment caused these two men and so far as we are concerned this is an obituary of the tale which we hope will be interred along with other wartime gossip.

One dish meal . . .

SPAM DUTCH OVEN DINNER



HOW TO MAKE IT: In bottom of Dutch oven, brown whole SPAM all sides in 2 tbsp. fat• Add enough water to cover bottom, surround SPAM with medium size peeled onions, potatoes, carrot strips• Cook covered over low flame until all vegetables are tender• Remove to serving platter and arrange around separately cooked frozen or fresh peas. Reserve liquid.

MAKE GRAVY by adding meat stock (or bouillon cube and water) with enough flour to thicken. Pour over SPAM or serve separately in gravy boat.



SQUARE MEAL . . . boiled yams, sliced and baked in layers with onions plus apple juice and butter, topped with juicy SPAM slices. Bake in hot oven until SPAM is crisply browned.



EASY DINNER . . . Ten minutes before potatoes finish baking, put limas to boil, fry fat slices of tender, pure-pork SPAM. Drain limas, split potatoes, add butter pats. Dinner's ready!



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GOOD-TIME STREET

Continued from page 24

recently, a radio personality was picked up for handing out marijuana cigarettes as "favors."

When the cold light of the morning sun drapes The Street with a veil of drab respectability, the five-story brownstones that make up most of the block look much as they probably did 35 years ago, when they were the homes of New York millionaires. By the early 1920s, most of the aristocrats had left. The final socialite to depart was Kip Rhinelander, who caused a storm in the yellow press when he married a woman with colored blood. He chose to move from the neighborhood after months of notoriety.

A Sensational Jewel Theft

First indication that Fifty-second Street, between Fifth and Sixth, was not meant for ordinary things came on New Year's Eve of 1923. Irene Schoellkopf, wife of an upstate industrialist, was robbed of a half-million dollars in jewels during a party held in the apartment of her professional escort, Frank Carman.

Carman lived on The Street, at the top of a brownstone that had been owned by the notorious gambler Nicky Arnstein. This house remained in the news for months while police hunted the criminals.

Leader of the gang was Eugene Moran, an Arnold Rothstein bodyguard who was eventually burned to death during a gang war with Legs Diamond. Prior to the robbery Moran had lived at this same Fifty-second Street address with his moll. She was later drowned in the Harlem River, after being weighted with lead.

One of the two "fences" who bought the stolen jewels committed suicide on discovery. His partner was promptly paralyzed from shock and, after helping the police recover the loot, dropped dead.

Around 1925, speak-easies discovered that The Street was made to their measure. It was located in the center of things, yet had quiet exteriors behind which they could hide. Many former "speaks" are still in existence on The Street; and the owners brag of their illegal origins as if it meant coming over on the Mayflower. Examination indicates that the much-disputed "honor" of having had The Street's first speak-easy belongs to a man no longer in business, Jean Billia.

Jean certainly won't deny the distinction. "Ask me who had the first speak-easy on Fifty-second Street and I will tell you it was Jean Billia," he boasts defiantly.

The speak-easies survived either by paying off prohibition agents or by tricking them. Jack and Charlie's "21" Club negotiated the latter course by exercising fantastic ingenuity. First, it built secret vaults in out-of-the-way places, including a storeroom with a 5,000-case capacity under the basement of an adjacent house. Heavy masonry doors disguised as walls and operated by complicated electrical systems led to the caches.

In the drinking room upstairs, there was a trick counter top on which bottles and glasses could be piled. This was flipped into a recess in the wall, at the bottom of which was a chute that led to the sewers. In the vestibule, the doorman could press a button which disconnected the electrical system, making it impossible for the agents to operate the trick doors even if they should stumble on them. Simultaneously, the button sounded an alarm in the drinking room.

Prohibition officers made many unsuccessful attempts to sneak past the door while posing as guests. Once they came disguised as college boys, wearing raccoon coats and blazers and singing Boola-Boola! They were spotted a mile away.

Once Mac Kriendler, one of the "21" Club's owners, had a discussion with humorist Bob Benchley about the number of speak-easies on the block. To settle it, they started up The Street, taking a drink at each joint. Before long, they had to stop drinking in order to be able to continue counting. The total came to 38—not including restaurants which carried booze to be accommodating.

The peephole is gone from "21"; but it remains the favorite saloon of the famous. Outside its front you can generally find two clusters of people. One is made up of chauffeurs passing time. The other is of teen-agers who have read that Frank Sinatra is in town and know that, inevitably, he'll turn up at "21."

Just west of "21" is Leon and Eddie's. Although the proprietors of both clubs are friendly and run to each other for a few cups of sugar or a case of Scotch, their customers are from different worlds. Over 75 per cent of the business at Leon and Eddie's is made up of ordinary folks from out of town. The management claims to have a mailing list of 180,000 non-New Yorkers, scattered from Yonkers to Tibet.

Perennial star at Leon and Eddie's is owner Eddie Davis. Eddie is from the "schmaltzy" school that gave us Jolson, Cantor and Richman. For the past five years, on and off, Eddie has shared the spotlight with Sherry Britton, once a noted burlesque star. During the war, the club distributed a half-million copies of a startling photo of wasp-waisted Sherry. As a result, over 20 bombers were named after her. Another result is a steady flow of ex-G.I.s who come to see if it's all really true.

The folksy level on which Leon and Eddie's operates tends to put guests in an uninhibited, paper-hat frame of mind. Once Tommy Manville, the marryin' man, came to Leon and Eddie's in a horse-drawn carriage, unharnessed it and, in top hat and tails, rode the horse right in to a ringside table.

On the opposite end of The Street, Tony Soma has operated Tony's restaurant since 1929. Tony is an ardent believer in both yoga and *bel canto* singing. He and his family, down to nine-year-old Napoleon, try to sell customers on both virtues by singing while standing on their heads. Some unappreciative customers tried to dissuade Tony by confronting him with a recording of his upside-down voice. They waited hopefully while Tony listened to himself on wax. "Wonderful," he exclaimed, stamping his *hands* and clapping his *feet*. "Now I know I should teach others."

If Tony's hauntingly beautiful daughter, Enrica (Ricky), is a representative product of his methods, Tony's theories have merit. Though only nineteen, she has appeared on the covers of two national magazines, was a featured dancer with the Ballet Theatre and is under contract to Selznick. She began her professional career, of course, singing on her head.

Most important in the over-all make-up of The Street is its swing music. Here, in the early thirties, swing was born. Today, The Street is still the fountainhead of hot music. To this shrine, jazz fans come from all over the country, as well as from Europe, South America and even Siam.

Center of this idolatry is a group of swing clubs jammed within a hundred-foot portion of the west end of The Street. They're located in the basements of the brownstones. There have been as many as seven of these jazz cellars operating at once; now there are only three: the Onyx, Jimmy Ryan's and The Three Deuces. One of the original swing clubs closed when its building was condemned. Another became a package-liquor store. The rest switched from music to strip tease.

"We're being strangled by G strings," the jazz musicians moan.

Daddy of the swing clubs is the Onyx. It was founded around 1930 by Joe Helbock, now a bartender at the Ritz Tower Hotel on Park Avenue. Joe liked musicians; so the Onyx became the home-away-from-home for the Dorsey Brothers, Benny Goodman and other swing immortals. It was here that they held jam sessions, kept their instruments, received phone messages and, when they couldn't pay their rent, slept.

With the repeal of prohibition, Helbock inaugurated a formal music policy and hired a small band led by two guys named Riley and Farley. These two soon set the country crazy when they introduced The Music Goes 'Round and 'Round. Others who got their start at the Onyx were Maxine (Loch Lomond) Sullivan, John Kirby, Art Tatum, Stuff Smith and Leo Watson. Claude Thornhill was one of many musicians who hung around; and it was he who dreamed up the idea of Maxine singing Scotch ballads.

The swing clubs on The Street today are upholstered cellars with a capacity of from 120 to 150 persons. The typical Fifty-second Street jazz fan never sits at a table but crowds around the bar, where there is no cover charge. In that way, he can, with a few dollars, manage to shuttle between clubs hearing the best at each. Bebop is currently the musical craze; and when the two leading exponents, Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker, recently played The Street simultaneously, the crowds at the bar moved back and forth between the two. When Dizzy was performing, the bar was packed 5 and 6 deep. When he finished and the "relief" unit came on for a half hour or so, almost everyone swarmed next door to hear Charlie.

The strip-teasers, some of whom have replaced the jazz musicians, appeal to the older clientele, with more money to spend. But with so little cash left the days after paying the landlord and grocer, even these customers are demanding that the strippers extend themselves if they want any customers. Last May the city police accused Georgia Sothern of being too anxious to please and importuned her to tone down her act. The charge, however, was dismissed after a hearing.

The people who live on The Street, being largely members of the entertainment world, like the carnival air on the block, even the late-hour noise. An average resident is Chan Richardson, of 7 West Fifty-second. Chan is a pro night-club dancer and a schooled musician who earns extra money as a music copyist. She lives with her mother, who as Mildred Darling was a Ziegfeld follies girl, class of '24.



"If you must bury someone, bury the lady in the French bathing suit—and hurry before Daddy gets back"

COLLIER'S — MARY GIBSON

Likes to Live Among Bebop Cats

"This is the 'gonest' street in the world," Chan brags, like a chamber of commerce enthusiast who talks jive. I like walking home past the clubs, and always hearing music. I think bebop is the very end—and just think, here I am in the midst of the great cats who created it."

Chan expects to have to move shortly to make room for the new Lord & Taylor building. She's depressed, not so much from having to hunt for a new home as from knowing that The Street will go on and will never be quite the same.

Signs of The Street's forthcoming demise are everywhere apparent. The Lord & Taylor Building has already taken a big bite out of the block. Here and there, buildings needing repairs have been boarded up, waiting to be replaced by skyscrapers.

Owners of the jazz cellars are opening new locations. The Dooley Sisters, who operate The Street's Gold Coast Cellar, have established a restaurant on Fifty-sixth Street. Leon has parted from Eddie and settled in Florida; Hy Fink, composer of Curse Of An Aching Heart and a fixture on The Street, has sold his Club Samoa and retired. Joe has already established an East Fifty-fifth Street restaurant called Tony's Wife. Even Mayor Pincus has been seen, on slow nights, parking over on Broadway.

Not since the Navy Department shut down New Orleans' red-light district after the first World War has an area filled with traditions of pleasure been faced with such a mass dispossession. One by one, the bright lights are being turned off. But it's a safe bet that there will be something doing on The Street until the last glass is tipped and the last hot note melts in the night.

THE END



Douglas Moore

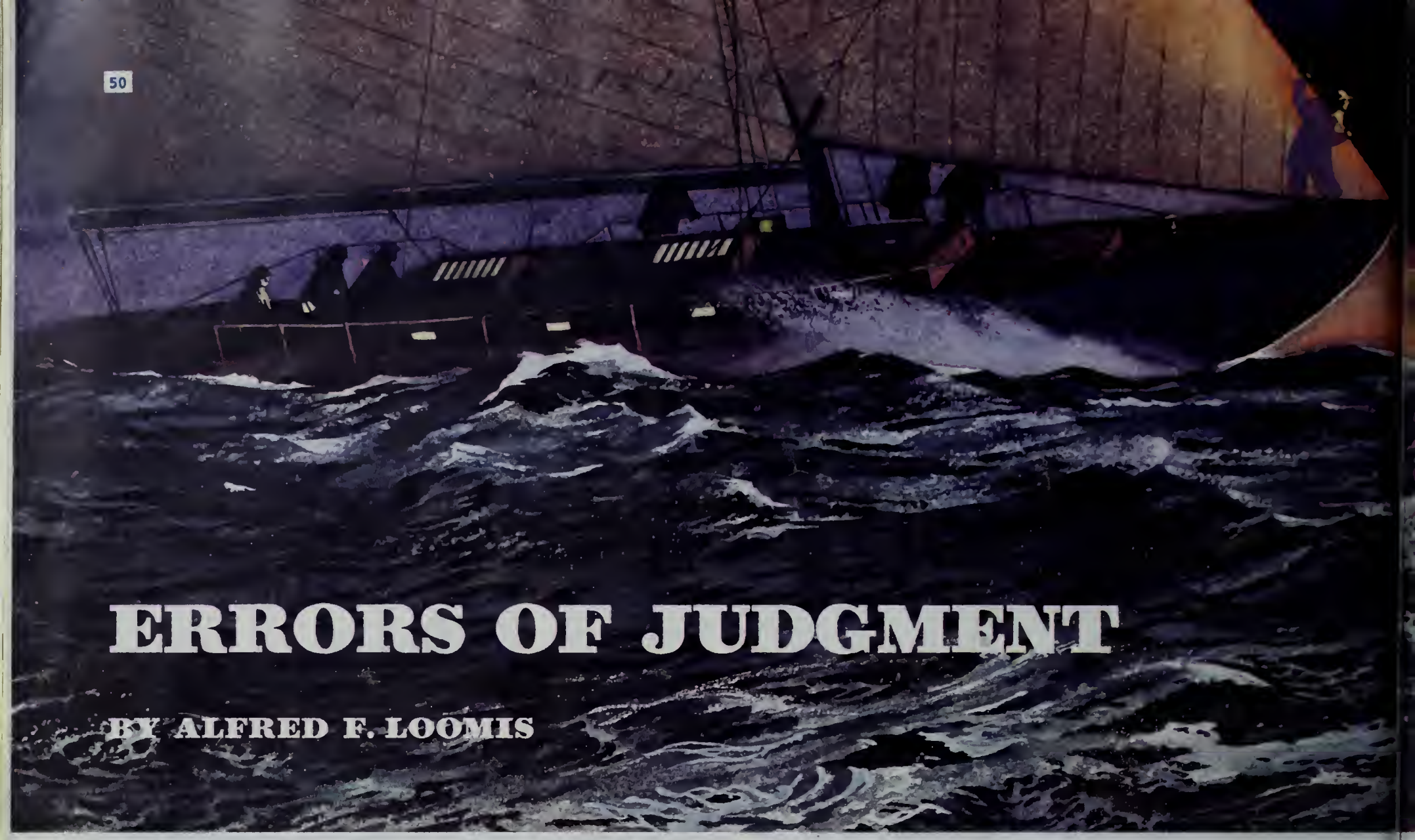
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ERRORS OF JUDGMENT

BY ALFRED F. LOOMIS

She had fine, beautiful lines, that boat. His wife was all right, too. And the combination should have been wonderful

THE second day out, the sea began to build up. Jim Allen, owner of the Wasp, was lying in his bunk in the double stateroom, his eyes shut tight, his heart skipping a beat with every fall of water on the deck. And on deck, Art Folsom, the navigator, was holding forth to the younger members of the amateur crew. Art's voice was just loud enough for Jim to hear him clearly through the stateroom skylight.

"This is the life. Why, I remember in '36 when we made it in little more than three days . . . Ever been sick? Me?" Art said, "Oh, a touch now and then. The trick is to heave and go right on with your work. I guess the Old Man is finding out that being top dog in Allen Industries, Inc., or day sailing in a quiet harbor is easier than ocean racing."

Natalie, Jim's wife, came into the stateroom, balancing gracefully against the uncertain motion of the boat. Jim lay on his back in the lee corner of the bunk, one shoulder pressed against the white enameled woodwork of the yacht's interior sheathing. She grasped the side of the bunk and leaned over him. "Hope you're feeling better, darling. It's wonderful topside. We've worked past that other boat that's down to leeward of us."

He repressed a groan. These technical phrases, which she had acquired from Art Folsom. He opened his eyes and observed her closely. "I know," he said. "I can hear most of the talk on deck. This open skylight's almost as good as a speaking tube."

Almost. But not quite.

Last night with the rest of the watch forward changing headsails Art and she had been alone in the cockpit. Very few words had been distinguishable, but Art had been saying plenty to her. Had it been the innocent chatter of an incessant talker? Or hadn't it? Jim could see nothing in Natalie's expression that betrayed a troubled conscience. Nevertheless, it was Art whom she had in mind when, as she turned to go, she said, "I'll tell him to let the Old Man rest a little longer."

The Old Man! The expression twanged another chord of Allen's jealousy. The crew had set him apart as the man that owned the yacht, and Natalie was one of them. She stood watch with them, took down figures when Art was shooting the sun, popped in occasionally with sparkling beads of water like diamonds in her hair, oozing health and happiness to observe the Old Man sick as a dog in his bunk.

"Take it easy, darling. And if you want anything, sing out and I'll get it for you."

She left the stateroom, closing the door carefully, as one does in leaving a sickroom. A moment later he heard her voice on deck. And he thought he had learned every nuance in seven years of married life. But it was different now, gay and carefree. She was no longer just the lesser half of the successful manufacturer.

Well, whose money had built this boat? How had she ever distinguished herself? Or Art Folsom, for that matter? On shore Art was the man with the pleasing personality who acted on Jim's suggestions. Nothing creative about him. Natalie had been fed up with being left home when her husband went off sailing with his friends, and now that they had a yacht of their own she had insisted on coming along. Or had she insisted because sailing was Art's sport, because Art, who had inveigled him into having this yacht built, was to be along too?

"The skipper," she was saying, "is having a little snooze. He tired himself out getting the Wasp ready for the race, and the reaction is natural. But he ought to be up and about after lunch."

"That's a thought, Nat," one of the younger men declared. "When do we eat?"

"Well," Jim heard her say, "I've just been up to pay a call on Robert, and while the galley is a shambles, with literally streams of water leaking down the stovepipe—"

"Charley Noble," corrected Art.

"Oh, yes, the Charley Noble. And although poor Robert is wearing a sou'wester to keep the water off the back of his neck, he has a roast in the oven, and there'll be baked potatoes and peas, and—"

CLOSING his ears to these repulsive gastronomic details, the owner of the Wasp shifted position so his hind end was against the side of the boat and his face was pushed into a rumpled pillow. His stomach kept turning over and it began to make him mad. The devil with them! I'll show them right now that I'm not sick or disabled, he thought.

Jim swung a leg over the side of the bunk and rolled belly down, pushing with his hands against the mattress to heave himself up. An attack of nausea sent a flood of saliva into his mouth and he swallowed convulsively. He let the heave of the sea roll him back against the sheathing. He lay panting, soaked with perspiration.

"You're sick, you silly old poop," he said to himself. "As a sailor you're a flop."

Art Folsom came into the stateroom, his black oilskins dripping water, and stood bracing himself with a knee against the bunk, drying his hands on a towel. He fished a cigarette from a dry inside pocket, lighted it and, inhaling deeply, blew the smoke in Jim's direction.

"How goes it, old-timer?" he asked, with that appalling lack of sympathy which a well man feels for the tribulations of a seasick one. "It's breezing on. Natalie's worrying a little about getting too far to leeward of the finish line, and we both think we ought to tack."

That made Jim angry, and his anger made him feel a little better. He swung both feet to the floor and sat almost erect. "Anticipating seasickness, Art, I proposed before we started that if it hit me you would take charge of the strategy of sailing this race. I didn't say we'd submit everything to a committee."

Damn it all, his wife knew nothing about anything except being a fascinating woman, and to express an idea on racing tactics when he was below was too much. He'd show her. Aware that Art would feel the clamminess of his upper arm if he permitted himself to be assisted to his feet, Jim made a mighty effort and stood upright.

"Easy does it," said Art, making no move to lend a helping hand. "Who ever said we were sick?"

Jim grunted. A little anger was a wonderful thing. His stomach was staying in place, even though the yacht seemed to be lying on her side. He clawed his way through the stateroom doorway and up into the doghouse, a partially glassed-in enclosure that served doubly as a shelter and as the navigator's workroom. There were three steps more to the deck



As the Wasp drew closer to the burning yacht they could see the men in their life jackets, crowded as far aft as they could get. They knelt or stood holding to the mizzen shrouds

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD MCLEOD

level but Jim contented himself with leaning over these, his head out of the hatchway, his arms resting on the sill.

A young man named Pete Dulwich was sitting at the wheel, one hand on the top spoke, moving it from side to side to hold the yacht's course, a benightedly happy expression on his face. To windward of him sat Natalie, dressed in a ski costume, the parka drawn up over her head, its red piping framing her round and laughing face. She leaned forward and patted Jim's shoulder with a proud, maternal gesture.

"Old Father Neptune himself!" she exclaimed. "Jim, darling, it's absolutely glorious."

JIM cast a sour look around. There was blue-green water, lapped with foam, climbing hungrily aboard to leeward, bubbling over and around such cleats and winches as were in its way. In the middle distance the Atlantic heaved angrily, its crests capped with spray that blew forward, the backs of its irregular waves traced with froth. Farther away the disturbance seemed to flatten out, but this was only seeming, for down there at a distance on the Wasp's quarter a racing competitor plunged her bow into it, inclining her mast until the spreaders seemed to touch the surface. The horizon looked as unsympathetic as a steel-gray band saw. Craning his head briefly to windward, Jim saw low, wind-racked twists of nimbus cloud scudding toward him.

A hell of a day to go to sea in a small boat, Jim thought. Because of the enthusiasm surrounding him he had the grace to keep the words behind his lips. There was a bunk on each side of the doghouse, and he sank down on the leeward one. He saw Art Folsom standing by, for once with a rein on his tongue. Jim's stomach rose quickly, the beneficial effect of the fresh air completely vitiated by sight of the tumbling, but he mastered it and said, "Let's have a look at the chart, and see where we are."

Art detached the ocean chart from its board and handed it over. "Here," said he, indicating, "is the rhumb line between Newport and Bermuda, and this small cross was my forenoon fix, about eight miles to westward of the line."

Jim made an effort to recall something of racing strategy that he had learned in coastwise sailing. "It's bad policy," said he, "to get too far to leeward of your line."

"That's what Natalie was thinking. But that boat astern of us and another one on our starboard bow are going the same as we are, and we've got them both covered. On second thought, now, I'd say get to westward and then if the wind hauls into the southwest we'll be sitting on top of the fleet."

"Suppose it doesn't?"

"Then we're sunk, racewise."

Jim found himself thinking of the decision he was required to make in terms of personality. Natalie wanted to put the yacht on the other tack. Art now wanted to remain as they were. If there were a third choice he, James Allen of Allen Industries, Inc., who traditionally did the proper thing, would weakly take it.

The yacht lurched with such violence that Art was thrown off balance and came sprawling down on top of him. A sea broke clear over the laboring vessel, flooding the cockpit. Here was Jim's third choice, weakly taken.

"Get the men on deck," said he, trying ineffectually to brush the water from his clothes. "Get a lot of sail off her. Tell Natalie not to stir from the cockpit except to come below. I'm going down to—help the cook." To himself he added, savagely, "To be sick, you mean."

Art was on his feet, full of vim and vigor. "Do we continue on this tack?" he asked.

"Suit yourself," said Jim. "With a reef in her we won't be going anywhere anyway." He went below, avoiding the glances of various members of his amateur crew who were on their feet struggling into oilers. He fell limply into his bunk, still in his saturated clothes, suffused with a feeling of gratitude that this was home, the one spot in a disordered world where he didn't have to make pretenses. He could lie like the dog he was.

NATALIE came in, hauled a blanket from the drawer beneath his bunk, spreading it over him. "You'll be all right pretty soon, Jim," she said. "Art says the motion will be a lot easier since he's going to stay on the port tack."

Weak humiliation sapped Jim's remaining strength. "I've simply got to sleep," said he. He slept. . . .

When he awoke, the nausea was gone. He opened his eyes, and saw that it was night. He had slept all the afternoon and evening. The yacht wasn't heeling consistently to one side or the other. She was bobbing up and down, in slow motion. No wind.

Drifting down the open skylight came remarks from which Jim deduced that the calm had come suddenly upon them:

"Look, there's clear sky overhead, and stars. That means we're in the center of a low and that the wind will come from a new direction." Jim placed the voice as that of Stew Webster, the man in charge of his starboard watch.

Art was also on deck, saying, with unction, "I didn't do so bad insisting on sailing the port tack all day. It's got to come in from the southwest, and, boy, will we be there!"

That kid Pete Dulwich was evidently at the wheel again, for he said, "No steerageway."

"Do the best you can, son," said Stew Webster. That order, thought Jim, marked Stew as the man in charge of the watch, and the time as after midnight.

Natalie was also topside. "If the wind does come in from the southwest, Art," she asked, "does that mean we have a chance to win?"

"Don't count your chickens," grumbled Stew.

"At least we're on top of the fleet," answered Art, "as I thought we would be when I told the Old Man what to do yesterday."

So, it *is* shortly after midnight thought Jim, dully. In a sort of mental double-take the significant part of Art's remark impinged on his thinking processes. *When I told the Old Man what to do.* So you're in command, are you, Mr. Folsom, and the Old Man is a cast-off shoe? We'll see about that. He reached up and snapped on a reading light at the head of his bunk. Immediately from the cockpit came the shout, "Douse that glim!" followed by the propitiatory words, "Oh, I guess the Old Man has come to life."

Natalie laughed, a clear tinkling peal of proprietary laughter. "The poor dear," said she. "I'll go feed him."

Jim threw off his blanket and got to his feet. He was mad clear through, and his words of greeting as Natalie entered the stateroom were venomously spiteful. "A fine loyal wife you are, sitting up on deck with that crowd of jib jockeys making fun of your husband."

There was a sudden hurt look in her eyes—a look instantly replaced by indignation. "I did nothing of the kind," she rejoined. "I came down to give you some bouillon. If you drink it hot it will improve your disposition."

"It will take more than that," Jim announced.

Natalie filled a cup from a vacuum bottle, handed it to him and perched herself on the edge of his bunk, regarding him quizzically. "This has been a wonderful experience," said she. "Reefing down, and the wind going flat, and all that. I'm so glad you brought along somebody that knows as much about sailing as Art does."

Art! Art this and Art that. To hell with him! Jim gulped the steaming bouillon, gave the empty cup to Natalie and got into dry outer clothing. "Did I hear something about starlight?" he asked.

"Yes, and Art says the barometer is literally bounding up."

Jim turned off the light and left the stateroom, leaving his wife to her own devices. He felt his way up through the doghouse to the deck and stood still, holding on, while his eyes adapted themselves to the darkness. First recognizable was Pete Dulwich, the light of the binnacle shining on his face.

"Ah, Pete, at it again, I see." A figure stirred in a forward corner of the cockpit and the owner of the Wasp became aware of Stew Webster's burly presence. "Our watch on deck, is it?"

"Yes, the middle watch."

"Where are we?"

Art, sitting alongside the helmsman, put in his two cents' worth. "Halfway between hither and yon," said he.

"Where," asked Jim, "is that stranger you saw on our starboard bow?"

"Somewhere on our port bow now. We overhauled her and she tacked astern of us. We came about a little later and then it went flat. There's a dim light out there."

STEW WEBSTER craned around and had a look. "Could be." His attention was seized by something more important than an indefinable light on an invisible horizon. "Look, the wind!" He held up a burning cigarette. "Listen."

They all, including the helmsman, jumped to their feet and looked toward the starboard bow. A sound of rushing came closer. There was the effect of breakers. The sound intensified and the wind came in, blowing past their eardrums. The main sheet block gave a purposeful thud, life restored itself to the reefed mainsail, the yacht heeled heavily to port and gathered way.

Art shouted jubilantly: "This is it, boys, south-southwest, and all those muggs that sailed the other board are

down there stewing in their own juice."

"The course?" asked the helmsman.

"Southeast by south."

"Southeast by south has it."

Jim became aware of Natalie standing near him. She had made no move to touch him and he felt that she was withdrawn within herself. This was a pity, for he was feeling fine. On the crest.

He looked in the direction in which the faint light had been sighted and saw it again, a little brighter. "The glasses, please," he addressed the dark-wrapped company at large. Somebody handed him a pair of binoculars and he adjusted them to his eyes.

"That might be a flare," said he, troubled. "It comes and goes, but it hasn't the brightness of a flashlight. Somebody else take a look."

Stew took the glasses, gazing long and fixedly. "Getting brighter all the time," said he. "It isn't a flare. It's a fire."

Immediately there was a babble of voices, cut short by Jim Allen. "Somebody man the radio," said he. "Coast Guard frequency, or, wait a minute, look up the race instructions and see what wave length that Navy escort ship is guarding. The instructions are wedged in beside the radio cabinet."

Natalie touched his shoulder. "We haven't any transmitter, have we?"

"No, but we can listen."

A LAD from Art's watch—there were three or four in the total afterguard of ten, of whose identity Jim was not absolutely sure—detached himself and went below.

Jim, conscious of his deficiency, addressed the helmsman, glad to name a name. "Pete, make directly for the burning yacht."

"The burning yacht," repeated Dulwich. "That's east-southeast, sir."

"She's no more than three miles away," said Stew Webster. "Less than half an hour. Will you go alongside?"

Jim Allen didn't speak. He was thinking. Not for the briefest instant did he seek to evade his duty as he saw it. Assuming that the crew of the distressed yacht was still aboard—as they would be, fighting the fire—he would put the Wasp alongside to leeward, his bow close to the other's stern. There would be damage as the sea brought them together. Heavy damage, probably. Must have mattresses and pillows and lines handy, for covering or plugging up holes. There was the risk of fire communicating itself to his sails. Saturate 'em first as high as water could be tossed from a bucket. Have himself and two or three of the nameless ones of his crew standing by.

The boy came up from below. "You're right, sir, that Navy D.E. is talking to the Academy racers. One of them, the Valerie, I think it is, is nearly ten miles to leeward of the burning yacht and as she has no motor she has asked the mother ship for instructions. Another one, the Headland Light, is also to leeward, but she has already abandoned the race and turned on her motor. The D.E. —her code name appears to be 'Hexagonal'—is twenty miles, one-two-two degrees true from the fire, which she can see from aloft, having been given a bearing by the Headland Light, and she has them both on her radar. She's making flank speed in a rough sea and rapidly freshening wind and it will take her nearly an hour to get there. The Headland Light says about two hours for her."

"Thanks, Joe," said Jim, "or, that is—"

"Walter Harding, sir."

"Oh, of course, Walter," Jim said. "Keep the radio manned, and somebody go forward and rouse the cook out of his bunk. I want everybody aft, some on deck, and some below."

"Aye-aye, sir."

"And, Stew, you'll be at the helm to bring us alongside. Take over now. Pete, get a bucket and start soaking the sails. Soak 'em as high as you can reach."

Art Folsom placed himself beside Jim Allen, sitting in the cockpit, watching the burning yacht through glasses. Flames momentarily shot up the mainsail, revealing humanity clustered aft.

"It's a good thing that Navy ship is only an hour away," said Art. "Those poor devils would have it otherwise."

"We're twenty minutes away and will make the rescue," replied Jim.

"We?" Art's voice, usually so suave, sounded deeply troubled. "Why, we can't possibly do it. I've never gone alongside a boat at sea, let alone a burning one."

"That's where you're going now." Jim turned to Stew Webster. "Do you think we can do it, Stew?"

"If we get the breaks."

"I tell you," insisted Art, "we're inexperienced in this sort of thing. We'll make a botch of it, maybe drown the poor men we're—"

Jim jumped to his feet. "I tell you what, Art," said he. "You're all right, but your responsibility is getting you



"During the winter we cut our own ice right out there in the lake"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

down. So I'll relieve you of it. Go below and help the cook pass up pillows."

Art went below.

"Boys," continued Jim, "don't give a thought to the risk. It's negligible. Think of those poor lads over there." His voice softened as he addressed his wife. "I want you down below."

"No."

"Yes. In the doghouse now." Jim turned again to the crew. "I don't want anybody forward of me and I won't go much forward of the doghouse. If anybody has to board the burning yacht I go and nobody else. Have lines ready for any who fall into the sea. See that the life rings are clear for throwing."

"And, Jim!" Stew called. "See that Pete or somebody is ready to back the jib. It's going to be done in a few seconds or else."

"Right. I'll go forward and tell him."

JIM went forward. He saw rivulets dripping from the foot of the jib and found Pete working with bucket and water on the luff of the mainsail.

"I'll spell you, Pete," said he, taking the bucket. "You know, I think we may be able to get away with it."

He dipped and threw a few bucketfuls, maintaining balance with difficulty and wondering if it wasn't wasted effort. He stopped to look at the burning yacht and was surprised to see how close she was. He secured the bucket and moved aft.

She was a small yawl, her jib and the forward part of her mainsail burned away, the rest of it smoldering on the cabin house, and her mizzen roughly furled. Flames issued from one big hole at what had been her galley hatch, just aft of the mainmast, whose afterside glowed brightly. Amidships, her port lights revealed fire in her main cabin, obscured intermittently by a pall of smoke billowing horizontally down-wind. Four men, blackened towels in their hands and held briefly before their nostrils, crowded as far aft as they could get. They were misshapen in their life jackets and they knelt or stood holding to the mizzen shrouds.

The Wasp's lean, clean bow poised like a spear upraised ten feet above the cowering shipwrecked sailors, ten yards to leeward of them. It dropped level as the short distance narrowed, ranging slowly ahead.

"How many?" shouted Jim.

"Four," came the response.

"Any cripples?"

"No. But we're right on top of the fuel tanks."

"You'll have about ten seconds."

They had even less. The Wasp's bow rose again and with the last of her momentum closed the gap. Down came the bow, not quite clearing the side of the burning yawl. There was a crunch of splintered wood as the yachts came together. The rescued sailors moved fast. One did no more than step from one boat to the other. Two leaped head first over the rescuer's wire life line. The fourth, missing his jump, jackknifed across it, his head inboard. Quick hands seized him.

The yachts clung as if they had been lashed together, the Wasp's greater weight and heavier planking beating the yawl's side to splinters. Her cabin split open and the flames leaped across the Wasp.

"Let the jib draw. My wheel's hard over." It was Stew, raising his voice for the only time in the quick maneuver. The jib quieted, stiff as a board. The Wasp fell away, forereached, and the heat of the burning yacht, brushing past them, forced her crew to crouch and cower away from it.

The distance widened. The air was cool again. Jim felt his way aft. Somebody hardened the main sheet.

"Good job, Stew. I knew you could do it. Natalie, get these lads below and put ointment on their burns. Tell Robert to make hot tea if he's still got a galley. Walter, see if we're leaking badly."

"What course, Skipper?"

Somehow, Jim didn't mind the previously odious appellation. He replied with another question. "How much time has passed?"

"Twenty-five minutes."

"Can anybody see that naval vesse We'll have to intercept her and pass th word."

"I see a searchlight trained straig up."

"Steer for that and keep between it a the hulk. Good God, there go the tank She should be visible for a few minute for quite a distance."

FOLSOM and Jim and three or fou others of the crew were sitting lazil on the yacht-club porch, glad to have th steadiness of Bermuda beneath them. Th wind softly ruffled the men's hatle heads, and the blue water of Hamilto Harbor by its very tranquillity seemed t deny any kinship with its parent body th ocean. Small boats played with win and water of the harbor, weaving a forn less yet lovely pattern among the new anchored ocean racers.

"How about another drink?" A Folsom asked.

"Sure," Jim said. "Only this one's c me."

He had been sitting there lost thought about Natalie and the discord b tween them. The next morning aft picking the men up they had transferr them to the escort vessel in a moderati wind and sea. Perhaps Natalie felt d prived of nursing the poor shipwreck sailors all the way into Bermuda. perhaps she was angry about bei ordered into the doghouse. Anyway s was unapproachable now. When he h come ashore, she had stayed behind.

Then just as Jim, looking out into t harbor, saw Natalie come to the Was starboard gangway, and the club laun run alongside, Stew Webster came u saying, "Oh, Skipper."

"What?" Jim said.

"I heard that the race committee fused to accept Headland Light's se disqualification for starting her mot They say she ran it while turned aw from her destination, and that in special circumstance like that, it does count. And she's sure of second or th place on corrected time."

"Sporting of the committee. . . . Exc me, Stew, there's something I want say to Nat." Jim walked alone down short path to the landing, oblivious the crowd of persons coming and goi and met his wife.

"Nat," he began, "there's so thing—"

"Wait," said she, breathlessly. stayed aboard to get the broadcast fr the finish line at St. David Head. And last boat is in that we had to allo handicap to—and we've won the ra They're calling you a hero, and the g ernor is going to give a reception beca one of the four boys who were save a nephew of his or the king's or—"

"Oh, my God!" interjected Jim. "N we'll take the first plane out of here let the Wasp sail herself home."

"We'll do nothing of the kind, beca heroes stay and face the music." thrust her hand through the crook of arm and swung him gaily around. "N that we're ashore I don't mind be ordered to the doghouse. It's a cute l place, and with curtains and chin could be made quite attractive."

Jim stopped her short. "I've got said he, facing her. "When I was d and out you had your independence. when I was up and strong you—" stopped, reluctant to complete thought.

She gazed up into his face, her slightly trembling. "I guess maybe was it, darling. It was silly of me."

He caught her in his arms and hu her violently. "Nat," said he, "we'll a long, roundabout cruise home, an be down and out the whole blasted t It's something I've been owing you."

She smiled happily. "It isn't. don't. Stop kissing me in public. V will people say?"

THE END

smart family portrait...

A

B

C

D

E

VACATION 1948

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THE HOT-POTATO OLYMPICS

Continued from page 29

food tastes together. Under this plan, the garlic-eating nations would dine together, apart, for example, from the custard-eating nations. It all looked pretty simple until special requests started coming in.

It now develops that nobody on earth eats like a Turkish wrestler, and so the Turks will be alone. The Spanish turned out to be calorie-crazy. The Indian team needs plenty of dal, an Indian vegetable, and special seeds for rice dishes. Ceylon, Burma, Afghanistan and Pakistan want *channa*, mung, *mussoor*, and *bamis*, and they will get them too, if the Olympic committee ever figures out what they are. The Chinese won't even get out of bed if they can't have bamboo shoots, bean sprouts, sharks' fins, birds' nests and tangerine skins.

Housing is easier, and the only special request has come from the Finns, who will want a *sauna* or steam bath. However, there will be no elaborate Olympic Village such as the Germans had in 1936. The athletes will be housed in semi-austerity in schoolhouses, army camps, Royal Air Force camps and other units which will scarcely compare in luxury to Claridge's Hotel or the Ritz.

A Rugged Job for London Busses

Transportation for the athletes has been arranged on a complicated timetable. At the height of the games, 192 London busses will be requisitioned to haul athletes from arena to arena. In addition every competitor will travel free on regular London transport facilities within fifteen miles of Charing Cross.

Countless ministries and government officials have their hands in the festival pie.

The Ministry of Food, for example, must be consulted on the importation of hay for Olympic horses, not to mention food for the athletes. Permission to import the horses must come from the Ministry of Agriculture. Scotland Yard, because of the Dangerous Drugs Act, has to okay what sort of liniment team doctors can bring. The Customs and Excise Department recently informed a Swiss watch company which wanted to lend the Olympic committee $40,000 worth of chronometers, gratis, that its generosity would cost it a cool $52,000 in import duties, notwithstanding the fact that the watches would be returned to Switzerland after the games.

In view of these and similar difficulties, one or two British Olympic Committee officials have said privately that they pulled a monumental boner in offering to hold the games. One clique actually proposed abandoning them even at the expense of British prestige. But prestig triumphed and history is now obligate to record the approaching effort as th Hot-Potato Olympics.

Unofficially, the games are already b ing referred to as the G.N.M.U. (Grar National Mess-Up). Part of it can l ascribed to the bickering and backbiti that Olympic games always produ under the label of international spo

It is to be hoped that Britain, as ho will not humiliate itself as it did in t recent Winter Olympics when it d patched its teams to Saint-Moritz on impossible shoestring. At Saint-Mori the British hockey team had no coa and no trainer, although it eventua borrowed a doctor from the Canadi team. It was the only team withc special uniforms. The players did r have enough money to enable them mingle socially with players from otl countries. Conditions finally got so b that a British newspaperman reported tl Colonel Evan Hunter, leader of the B ish delegation, was hiding in his hc room to avoid further embarrassment

Last winter, also in Saint-Moritz, captain of the Rumanian winter spc team said the judges were incompet and that United States financial cir influenced the results, thereby mak everything perfect for a good start summer. Several weeks ago, South Af made its contribution by denying its l weight lifter a place on the team beca he is colored. He will compete for E ain instead.

Then there is the question of "bro time," or whether athletes should paid for time away from their reg jobs. An ardent crusader for the pu sort of amateurism, Mr. Avery Brund chairman of the American Olyn Committee, naturally has strong feel about broken time, which smacks of fessionalism. The issue remains ur tled. But it is unlikely that any win athletes will be rewarded with bag gold such as Mussolini presented Ita winners in 1936.

Still, there will be competitors in l don this summer who could ha class as the sort of amateur the Inte tional Olympic Committee describe "one whose connection with sport is always has been solely for pleasure for the physical, mental or social ber he derives therefrom. . . ."

Someday, perhaps, there will b Olympic games in which the compet will be simply the best athletes ir world, amateur or professional. ever comes to pass, that sucking you hear will be the Olympic commi heads coming up out of the sand.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Remember, Henry—'Charity begins at home'" BILL

THE BRAMBLE BUSH

Continued from page 26

od to them alive, but they couldn't
rder me in front of people. They had
get me alone first and make the death
k like suicide or accident. And there
s an additional reason now why she'd
p me. The real Philip Tremaine was
l somewhere in the vicinity of San
ancisco, and if the police took me, I'd
l. Somehow I had to let Reba Tre-
ine know I had that information.
ckersham knocked on the door again.
A hesitant voice sounded from beyond
door. "Yes? Who is it?"
Wickersham opened the door a few
hes. "John Wickersham," he said. "I
ve Philip here. He wants to see you
w."
"Philip," she said wonderingly.
hilip? What Philip?"
Wickersham stiffened perceptibly and
ook of genuine concern crossed his
e. "Your son, of course. Are you
ite all right, Mrs. Tremaine?"
"My son?" A note of caution entered
voice. I moved up toward the door
Wickersham barred the way, holding
by an arm while he peered in.
"You must remember, Mrs. Tremaine.
has been here all the time. I hope his
dden appearance hasn't given you a—
hock of some kind."
"Oh," she said quietly. "But I urged
u to let him go." She sounded hurt.
ou're my lawyer."
"I'm sorry," he said patiently. "I can't
that. I must turn him over to the
thorities. Thereafter I'll be of what
vice I can to you. If you don't want
see him, I'll call the police now."
"No," she said quickly. "No. Let me
k to him. May I see him alone?"
"I can't permit that either," he said.
assure you I'll overhear nothing.
ou'll have to bear my company
ough." He pushed the door open wider
d pulled me forward so I could enter
front of him. I walked on in. It
sn't going to matter much what was
d; but I was a little curious as to what
r reaction would be.

HE was propped up against a stack of
pillows with a bedspread up to her
ist. She lifted a hand and gestured to
e chair beside her bed. Not a muscle
rred on her face. Her expression was
with melancholy and infinite moth-
ly patience.
It wasn't until I was quite close to her
at I saw she was trembling all over.
e effort of keeping the visible parts
her body composed was too great a
ain on the parts that were concealed.
"Why did you come?" she whispered.
Why did you come?" It wasn't a ques-
n; it was an accusation. I had dis-
eased her by coming, and I had no right
displease her.
"Because I needed your help," I said.
needed it badly." Two tears squirmed
m between her closed eyelids.
"How is it possible, Philip, for me to
lp you?" She sighed deeply. "You were
ee, Philip. You should have gone."
e had a plan too. She'd decided to
t her losses and give up. It was only
o evident in what she said. She was
ing to carry the pretense of thinking
e her son all the way through. When
e police took me, she'd swear she'd
en deceived. She'd be aghast; she'd
obably faint. That was easier than
ying to help me escape. The fortune
uld wait until the Tremaines found an-
her victim. That was her plan and I
d to jar it.
"A son has certain rights," I said.
Rights to do a great many things where
s mother is concerned."
"Yes, almost anything."
"Even to kill," I whispered.
"No."
"But it was tried. It was tried on me."

Her eyes suddenly opened and flamed at me.

"It was tried by somebody's son. If not by your son, by whose?"

She became chalky. The eyes stayed open, staring at me with pupils so wide they were like black pits.

"What's this?" she said, trying to lift herself from the pillows. "You're saying someone tried to kill you?"

"Exactly. A man I thought was in Mexico. He thinks me dead right now. He doesn't know I recognized him. But I did. And if the police take me, they'll take him too. It's some consolation to know that he might die, isn't it?"

The eyes were black with hatred and anguish. She threw back the bedspread and started to rise to her feet. I remembered her saying when I first met her that a mother would do anything for her son. Now she was ready to do it. She could have seen me die with pleasure, but a threat to Philip Tremaine was more than she could stand. Far more. She stood beside the bed, clutching her throat, swaying, making inarticulate sounds. Then her knees buckled and she dropped to the bed, slid from its edge and rolled full length upon the floor.

AT THE doorway Wickersham suddenly came to life. "Good God!" he gasped and dropped to a knee beside her. He seized her wrist, shook her chin, placed a hand over her breast.

But when I stood up, Wickersham stood up too. He hadn't forgotten me. I looked at Reba Tremaine and realized my plan was no good. I'd overplayed it. She'd been strong enough for everything else, but her attachment to her son was too great. The threat to him had broken her, and now she was no good to me.

"Who's her doctor?" said Wickersham.

"How would I know?"

He dragged me out through the dining room to the hallway where there was a telephone. He pushed me into a chair a few feet from the door where he could watch me. "Don't move. Just remember that every door in this place is locked including the back one you entered by. It's got a new screw in it."

He flipped open the phone book and looked at the emergency numbers written down in the front of it, then dialed. He gave his information concisely. "It looks like shock or heart failure. All I can say is hurry." He gave the address and hung up, stepping back in front of me again. "We'll go stay with her."

I shrugged and preceded him into the bedroom again. Mrs. Tremaine still lay on the floor, but she was obviously alive. I could hear her breathing; it was even and apparently effortless.

"I believe she'll be all right," said Wickersham.

"I hope so." I meant it. This would have been too easy a way for her to get out of the thing. After the next shock, she could die if she wanted to.

The shades were drawn on the bedroom windows. If I remembered right, there were ivy vines just outside and a lawn about six feet beneath. I might try diving through the glass, but after that I was cornered again. There was no place to run to even if I could run.

"Don't think of it," Wickersham said. "You'd just cut your throat on the glass. I'm pretty fast myself." . . .

About ten minutes after Wickersham's phone call, a car pulled up in front. Wickersham ordered me into the living room, from where we could see a man with a doctor's satchel coming up the walk.

"Sit on the sofa," he said. I sat on the sofa. There were two cars now. One in the garage and one out front. Wicker-



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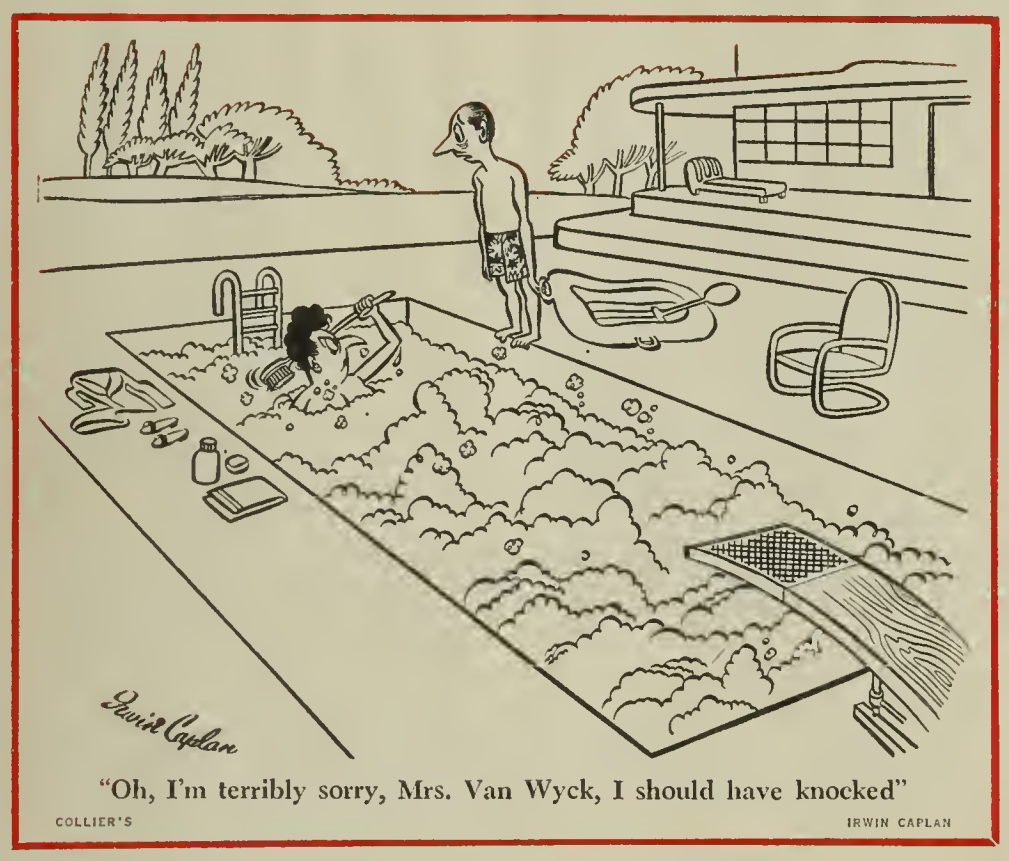
PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION of GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

am took a key from his pocket and un-
cked the door for the doctor, then
cked it again and put the key away.
e motioned to the bedroom.
"She's in there. If we can help any,
y so."
The doctor grunted and passed out of
ght into the bedroom.
We waited about fifteen minutes.
uring that time Wickersham's car sat
t in the garage and the doctor's out
ont. The doctor may have left the key
his. But the house door was locked
d the key to that was in Wickersham's
cket. He sat at the opposite end of
e sofa. There was a vase on the coffee
ble, a narrow-necked thing with a
own glaze. Wickersham got to his feet,
cked it up and examined it.
"Sung period," he said. "About the
ar one thousand. You wouldn't want
break it." He put it on another table
ross the room and returned to the sofa.
ere was nothing to do except wait. A
tile effort was worse than none.
The doctor finally came out of the bed-
om with his satchel. He set it down
d pulled out his notebook.
"How is she?" asked Wickersham.
"She'll be all right. Looks like a case
shock coupled with physical fatigue.
e got her in bed. Best thing for her
do is rest. What caused it?"
"She's been under quite a strain
ely," said Wickersham.
"Of course," said the doctor. "This
rible thing about her son. Someone
uld stay with her."
"There's her daughter Catherine."
"Then it might be best to have the
ughter stay with her a few days. No
eat danger, but she needs someone to
ep her in bed. The woman has been
iving herself for years. A very deter-
ned woman."
"I was afraid it was her heart," said
ickersham.
"Her heart's always been sound. Did
e get some sudden bad news?"
"You might call it that."
"Yes. Well, that could do it." He
re a page from his notebook and
nded it to Wickersham. "Have her
ughter get this filled. The dosage is
itten down. That's all, then. I'll drop
ound Monday for another check."
e shoved his pencil into his pocket,
cked up his case and left. During the
hole time he was in the room I don't
ink he glanced at me once.

WICKERSHAM was right behind
him at the door, closing it and
rning the key. He looked at me a mo-
ent. "I'll call your sister," he said.
Then I'll call the police. In some ways
s too bad your mother is going to live
see the rest of this."
He went to the phone again, got a long-
stance operator and put in a call to San
ancisco. I waited. Was Catherine
ing to be home or was she still some-
ace with her brother? By now, surely,
ey must know their attempt had been
failure. That thought was more con-
ling. Catherine would run out of acts
meday if I kept seeing her often
ough, and then I'd find out what she
s really like.
"Miss Tremaine there?" Wickersham
ked. Then he frowned. "Why at the
A.'s office?" After that he didn't say
ything except yes and no a few times.
hen he hung up, his face was set. He
ve the operator another San Francisco
mber, watching me curiously from the
llway. He knows, I thought. I was
mehow disappointed that he should
d out in such an offhand way. He got
s second party with no trouble and
arted firing questions. They meant
thing to me.
"What time did it happen?" Pause.
What does she say?" Long pause. "What
n?" Another long pause. "Any ideas?"
e listened for a long time after that one.
hen very deliberately he said, "No,
hilip Tremaine had nothing to do with
it. I know that because he's been with me the last three hours. He was with me when this other thing happened. He's with me now. If you want him for questioning about it before you serve him his warrant, send the police out. I'll come along and see what I can do." He hung up and returned to the living room. After several seconds, he spoke.
"You say you didn't murder Earl Clark?"
"That's right," I said.
"Who did?"
I almost told him. Then I thought of all the years ahead when I wasn't going to have much fun and decided to wait for a bigger audience. He didn't seem to know yet after all. He looked at me some more and pulled out a cigarette.
"Queer thing has happened," he said. "As you know, the gun used on Clark was never found. It was assumed you'd taken it with you when you fled. The police recovered the bullet, but no gun. Now the gun has turned up."

He shook his head. "No, but he has a record. He can't get far. I can't figure it out, though. No connection. I never heard of this man. You say you know something of Tuttle. Maybe you know something of the man who killed him."
I licked my lips. "Who was it?"
"Some fellow named Finney," he said. "Mike Finney. Except for your sister's, his are the only fingerprints on that gun. Ever hear of him?"
"Yes," I said. "Give me a cigarette, will you?"

OUTSIDE the house, the sun was still shining. A breeze was running through the maple trees tumbling the yellow leaves onto the lawns and sidewalks. I'd forgotten it was getting on toward autumn. In Mexico the seasons hadn't been so noticeable. Even in California most things stay green, but not the maple leaves. Wherever there are maples, the leaves turn yellow in the fall and make golden drifts, shifting and spinning with



"Oh, I'm terribly sorry, Mrs. Van Wyck, I should have knocked"
COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN

"It has?" I wasn't too interested. The guy who used it in the first place wasn't too far off.
"Yes," he drawled. "Not only that, but it's been used again."
"Who did I shoot with it this time?"
"No one," he said. "You couldn't have. It happened in San Francisco at 8:30 this morning while you were passed out on the bed in there. They've identified the gun all right. Your sister picked it up from the floor of the Tremaine garage right after it was fired. It's strange that someone else should have that gun. A man was killed with it. It was used to shoot a fellow I never heard of—a man named Rex Tuttle. Name mean anything to you?"
"Yes," I said.
"Uh-huh," he drawled. "Your sister picked the gun up. That would explain how her fingerprints got on it. There are others. The guy apparently tried to hold it in a handkerchief but his thumb slipped and made a beauty. It isn't yours. That's been checked."
"Should it have been mine?"
"I don't mean it that way," he said, and it was the first time his voice sounded as though he were addressing a human being. "All I mean is that they can't possibly hook this killing on you. I couldn't help overhear you say something to your mother about another man."
"Let's finish your story first."
"I don't get it," he said. "The police have worked pretty fast. This thumbprint has been identified. His name was in Tuttle's notebook."
"They've got the man?"

the wind. I watched them dance away down the sidewalk, glittering in the sunlight. They would be running like that in Montana, waiting for the first snow to bury them. They were laughing, spinning, running to their death, and they'd lured me on this far.
"You'd better tell me all you know," Wickersham was saying. "We can't talk much after the police get here."
This was something new and deadly. My fingerprints were on a gun which had killed someone. I remembered the gun all right. And my name was known. I'd been flushed like a hare, and the hounds were in full bay.
"I don't see why I should talk," I said. His muscles weren't stiff, I was thinking; and he was watching me all the time he talked.
"It may help your sister," he said. "The story I got over the phone was that she heard a shot from the garage of the house in San Francisco. She got there just in time to catch a glimpse of a running figure and saw the gun on the floor beside the body. The police were right there. They didn't see anyone running, but they heard the shot and got the gun. If your information helps capture this Finney, it might even help you too."
"It won't help me a bit," I said. "And anyhow, the police won't need my help. They'll capture him without it."
"You seem sure of that."
"I'm sure. Finney is going to be easy to find."
"What about Tuttle? Who was he? You said you knew him."
"A business relationship." I pulled Plumpy's card from my pocket and tossed it onto the coffee table. "That's him." Wickersham picked up the card and examined it.
"I see," he said. "A detective. The Blackstone Research Company. I know them. A fairly reliable outfit. They'll have a file on whatever case he was following."
"They probably will," I said.
"Tuttle had Finney's name down in his notebook. That's why the fingerprint identification was so quick."
"Listen," I said. "Who untied you from that chair I left you in last night?"
He looked at me in surprise. "Catherine. Didn't you know that? About six thirty this morning. I left her there and drove here."
"About six thirty." That made it about right. She'd gone directly home after the car wreck, dropping her brother somewhere along the way. She'd freed Wickersham and stayed behind in the house. Then Plumpy had come to blackmail her, and she'd shot him.
"She made no bones about it. She said she'd helped you escape. From a personal viewpoint, I can't blame her."
"She told you that?"
"Certainly," he said sharply. "And I believe it. Maybe you think you forced her to help you, Tremaine, but the plain fact is that she wants you out of here. So does your mother."
"How did she say she helped me?"
"About the only way she could. She got the car past the police, drove you a safe distance and left you with the car. She had to walk home."
"That's what she says, is it?"
"Well, isn't it the truth? I heard the car leave myself. I was conscious by that time. You wouldn't have gone far except for that damned gag."
"I haven't gone far anyway."
"What did you do with the car after you left Catherine?"
"I left it parked on Eleventh just off Mission."
"Then what?"
"Then someone tried to kill me."
"That's the truth?"
"Certainly."
"The man you mentioned to your mother?"
"That's the one."
"Could it be the man we're after?"
"It's the man you're after, all right."
"Then let's hear about him. What do you know about this Mike Finney?"
"You're not acting as my attorney."
"But I may act as Catherine's attorney if she gets into any trouble."
"You think she might?"
"Are you blind?" he said. "The police found her standing by the body with the gun in her hands. We have only her word that she saw someone running after she heard the shot."
"You've got Finney's fingerprints on the gun."

THAT part was wonderful. If Catherine still believed that the man who had made those fingerprints had been dead for hours before Plumpy was shot she must be really scared now.
"But we haven't got Finney. Suppose he could explain in some way that the gun had been in his possession in the recent past but was not in his possession at the time the shot was fired? That leaves your sister in a bad spot."
"It does, doesn't it?"
"You're damned callous about this, Tremaine. I should think where your own sister is concerned, you'd show some anxiety."
"Why doesn't she admit shooting him?" I said. "She can always claim self-defense."
"Because I believe her story."
"Okay. And the F.B.I. will tell you Finney's."
"So he's got a federal record, eh?"
"So I've heard."
"What else have you heard? Better let

me have it before everything you say starts to become evidence."

"Very little. The authorities haven't been keeping me posted the last few years."

"Don't get sarcastic. You're hardly in a position to enjoy irony."

"On the contrary, I've never been in a better position to enjoy irony. There's nothing else to enjoy right now."

"You don't seem to understand what's going to happen to you. From here you're going to the district attorney's office. Niles is his name. He's the man who'll prosecute you when you go on trial for the murder of Earl Clark. But right now he's interested in this Tuttle affair. Let me make this clear to you. In this country every man has certain rights, even when he's a murderer. Before the law you're innocent until you're proved guilty. You've never been indicted. So when you face Niles today, it will be as a private citizen still in possession of his civil rights. It will be your last chance, because as soon as he's through hearing your testimony regarding Tuttle, you go to jail and face questioning for the murder of Earl Clark. Whatever help you give Niles on this Tuttle thing will be remembered by him afterward. You might get life instead of the gas chamber."

"Some choice!"

"YOU couldn't be in a worse spot than you're in now. Too many people saw you walk into Clark's office and heard you shoot him. So if you're connected with Finney, it won't hurt anything to tell about it. It will help Catherine and make things hot for Finney."

"It will make things hot for Finney," I agreed.

"So let's hear it. What does this Finney look like?"

"Many people think he looks a lot like me."

"Can't you describe him better than that?"

"I'd call that a damned good description. Would it help any if I said he had blondish hair, was about five ten and had the right number of arms and legs?"

"All right," he growled. "What are you grinning about?"

"My face hurts."

"So he looks something like you. Where'd you meet him?"

"I've known him so long I hardly remember."

"You knew him before you murdered Clark?"

"According to your recent lecture, a man's innocent until he's proved guilty. I haven't been convicted yet."

"You will be."

"Then wait until I am before you tell me I murdered Clark."

He took a quick turn about the room. "All right. I apologize. Did you know Finney before Clark was murdered?"

"A long time before then."

"In Europe then? Was Finney in Europe?"

"Finney was in Europe."

"And that's where you met him?"

"Finney was there."

"Uh-huh. Have any trouble with him in Europe?"

"Considerable."

"Finney the kind of man who would carry a grudge?"

"Under some circumstances, I think he would."

"Yes," he breathed softly. "Now I'm beginning to see this thing. You say someone tried to kill you last night?"

"That seemed to be the idea."

"Any witnesses?"

"Possibly."

"Who?"

"Tuttle."

"And now he's dead. Yes, Niles will certainly want to know about that. Now, let's hear about Tuttle. What's his connection?"

The irony was wearing thin. The last pleasure I would have would be to see Wickersham's face when he turned me in and an F.B.I. man stepped up and claimed me as Mike Finney. He'd probably blush like hell. He'd have to go ahead and clear me of any connection with the death of Tuttle, which would leave Catherine holding the gun. The prospect of that somehow wasn't as enjoyable as it should have been.

JUST then the bedroom door opened, and Mrs. Tremaine appeared in the entrance. She walked toward us, slowly, supporting herself on the backs of the dining-room chairs as she passed them. At the threshold of the living room Wickersham gave her his arm until he had her seated.

"You shouldn't be up," he said. "The doctor—"

"Damn the doctor," she said tersely. Her mouth was a straight line as she looked at him. "I want my son to go." He shook his head.

"I'm sorry. It's not within my power."

Her body grew taut. "Go ahead," she said grimly.

"A man was killed this morning, shot in the garage of your house in San Francisco. Catherine found the body."

Mrs. Tremaine held herself upright by a sheer effort of will.

"A man? What man?" The pupils were beginning to enlarge again. I had to stop it if I wanted her help.

"It wasn't your son," I said.

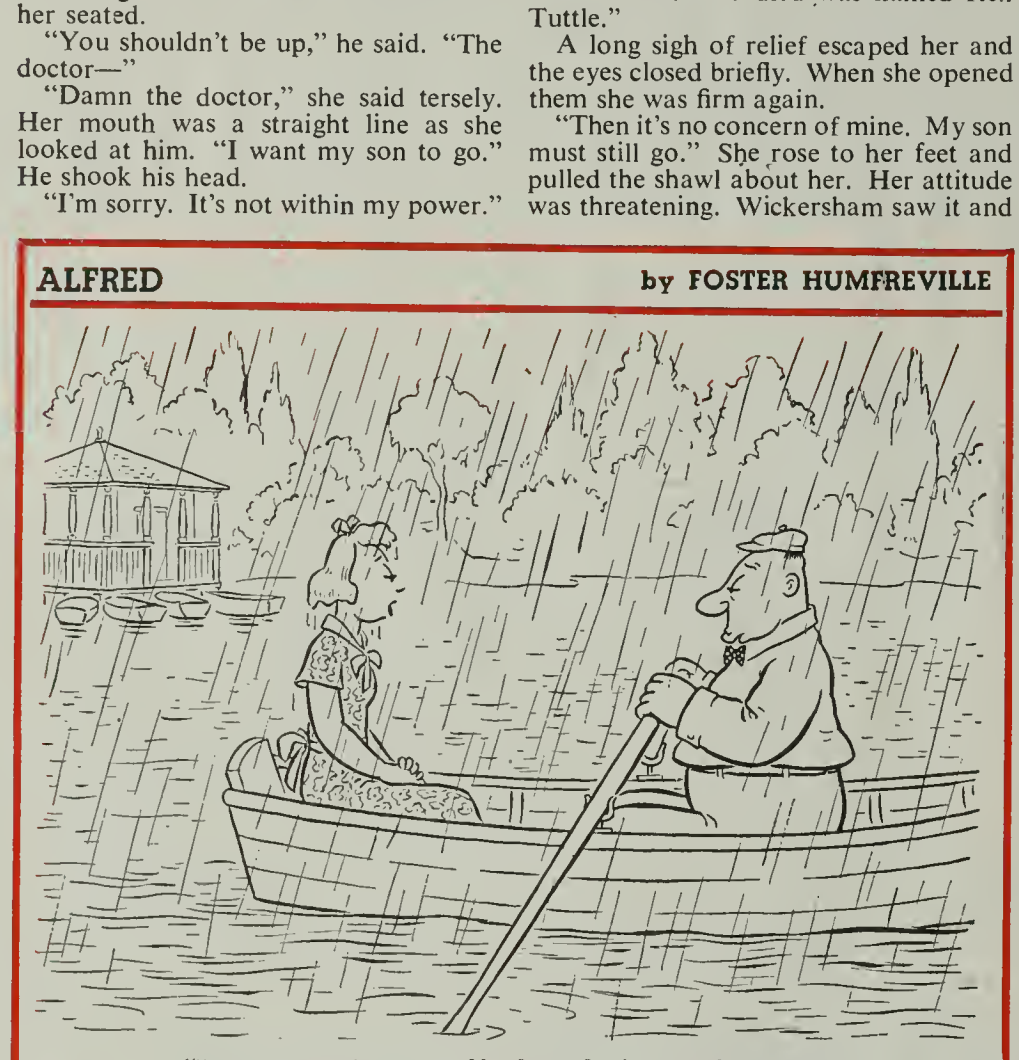
"No," said Wickersham, misunderstanding me. "Philip was right here at the time of the killing, so he had nothing to do with it."

"Then who was it? Doesn't anyone know the man?"

"The man who died was named Rex Tuttle."

A long sigh of relief escaped her and the eyes closed briefly. When she opened them she was firm again.

"Then it's no concern of mine. My son must still go." She rose to her feet and pulled the shawl about her. Her attitude was threatening. Wickersham saw it and



"I want to go in now, Alfred. I don't care if we have still got twenty minutes coming to us on the boat"

"You're my lawyer," she said. "You'll do as I ask you."

"In any matter where I'm legally your attorney—yes. I know this is extremely hard for you, but you simply must—"

"You don't need to make a speech about it," she cut in. "You can always make it appear that he escaped. You're not responsible for his capture." Her hands gripped the arms of her chair. "You can say you tried to hold him and failed. Who's to say differently?"

He simply shook his head for reply, but he moved closer to me, afraid I might choose this time to make a break. He was right. My earlier plan was beginning to work. Reba Tremaine wanted me to escape in order to save Philip.

"You can give him your car keys," she continued. "I'll be ready to swear he took them from you by force. I'll reimburse you for everything."

He still shook his head. "Your son would only be captured again and face a still heavier penalty. You must realize that in the long run it's best to face it. Now Philip is in a position to render valuable aid to the district attorney which may result in a request for clemency where he himself is concerned. It may cut his sentence down considerably."

"What aid can he give?" she asked contemptuously.

"You haven't heard yet," said Wickersham. "After your last shock I hesitate to expose you to another. There has been another death."

stepped back, keeping closer to me. It was the first time he'd looked worried. With me he could get rough, but he was the kind of man who is never anything but gentle with a woman. I shifted my feet. He shot a finger out at me.

"Don't move!"

I moved all the same but it wasn't the movement he expected. I fell flat on the sofa. Wickersham was looking at me and didn't see the thing at all. What he failed to see was that Mrs. Tremaine had brought her hand from beneath her shawl and that the hand held a revolver, a small one of the under-the-pillow variety. It exploded like a giant firecracker and a bullet ripped a hole in the back of the sofa right where my head had been a second before.

Wickersham whirled and was on her like a cat. Even so he was gentle—amazingly gentle. He simply seized her arm and took the gun away from her. She didn't even have time to fire twice. Or perhaps she didn't care to fire again with him looking at her. He kept the gun in his own hand, and I gave up all idea of escape.

"There, there," said Wickersham soothingly to Mrs. Tremaine. "You're completely overwrought. I understand exactly how you feel, but it would have done no good at all had you shot me."

Mrs. Tremaine didn't pass out this time. She simply dropped into her chair and started weeping bitter tears of rage and frustration. Wickersham patted her shoulder. To an outsider the scen would have been touching. To me it wa little short of incredible. That woma had tried to murder me right in front o a witness, and had she succeeded, she' have gotten away with it. It would hav looked like a pure accident becaus Wickersham was completely convince that he was the one she was aiming at He was so convinced that he was forgiv ing her for trying.

"I'm going to forget it," he said. "We'l pretend it never happened at all. Per haps in your place I'd have done the sam thing." He continued to pat her shoul der while she wept on unconsoled. " know how you feel," he said.

But it was I who knew exactly how sh felt. It was the third try the Tremaine had made, and they'd missed again. He tears and sobs raged on. Wickersha held the gun, and I stayed on the sof We were still that way a minute late when a siren sounded and a police ca drew to a stop out front. The big rid was on. . . .

In the police car I closed my eyes an tried to think. There was plenty of tim between Palo Alto and San Francisco. sat in the back seat with Wickersham be tween me and Mrs. Tremaine. She'd ir sisted on coming despite Wickersham advice that she stay home. She must sti be hoping that something would happe during these last few moments befor the revelation started. None of us sai a word.

Actually there wasn't much to thin about. In spite of the fingerprints I' left on the gun which killed Tuttle, the couldn't possibly pin the killing on m because I'd been with Wickersham whe it happened. That left Catherine as th person who must have fired the shot, bu aside from that the future looked dar I was still Mike Finney, still an impo tor, still a kidnaper, still the guy who broken jail and slugged a surgeon. I end up with a stiff sentence. Even so, was better than being a murderer. Th big mess was closing in, and my mir was a tangle of cobwebs.

Every time I closed my eyes I saw o particular strand of cobweb. It was thin silvery thread wavering in the dar ness. I couldn't blink it away. Each tin my eyes shut, it was there again, a fin triviality to keep me from thinki straight. I kept trying to forget ho sweet it would be to watch the Tremain roast in their own fire. Revenge is beautiful thing, but it's a harlot. wouldn't die happy just because I kne the Tremaines were taken care of. Th weren't that much to me. Freedom w what mattered. I had to present my ca in the most favorable light in an e deavor to reduce the sentence. Freedo ten years from now was better than freedom at all. Or was it? That's why kept seeing the spider web, that silve thread of hope. It dangled in front my eyes with darkness all about it.

THE car stopped; we went into a bui ing. All I knew about it was that wasn't the jail. A cop was on either si of me. Wickersham and Reba Tremai were behind. We all got in an elevat and shot up five floors, got out a marched down a hallway to an offi No one said a word. On the door of t office was printed *Office of the Distr Attorney—Grover Niles.* We w through a waiting room, down a sh corridor and into something that m have been ordinarily used as a conf ence room.

When we entered the room, somec screamed. It was Catherine Tremai She was at the far end of the long tab rising to her feet as we entered, her f like a twist of putty. She leaned on table for support, staring at me.

"I'm sorry, Catherine," I heard Wi ersham say. "I found your brother a I had to keep him. I couldn't do a thing else."

She swayed but she didn't fall. Her
yes searched my face, then flickered
iefly as she looked at Wickersham and
r mother. Her mother was at my el-
ow glaring back at her. Catherine stayed
ent. She sank back into her chair.
"I'm sorry if you didn't understand we
ere bringing him here," a gray-haired
an said. That would be Grover Niles,
decided. At the same time I realized a
t of other things. Catherine had ex-
cted her real brother, not me. That's
hy she'd screamed. I was supposed to
dead. But she'd made her recovery,
d now the game was going to played
t to the grand crash. Neither she nor
r mother dared say I wasn't Philip Tre-
aine. To admit that would be to admit
erything. They had to carry on their
t so that when my identity was finally
vealed, they could be amazed and
ocked and enraged by my deceit.
Others besides Catherine and Niles
ere at the table. There were two steno-
pe operators, a small dark man, and
o men in plain clothes. Niles looked
us and waved to vacant chairs oppo-
e him across the table.
"Sit down," he ordered. He looked
om me to Wickersham. "Well, John,
is is decent of you. Any requests?"
"Yes," said Wickersham. "I'm sitting
."
Niles nodded. "Whom are you repre-
nting?"
"This hearing is concerned strictly

Answers to Transposagram on page 34

•

HER WEE BALLOONS RISE TRUE

TREASURE WILL SOON BE HERE

ith Tuttle, I presume?" Wickersham
as cooler than ever. His drawl had
ngthened.
"Tuttle—yes."
"Just Tuttle. It may not be necessary
r anyone to be represented." He
oked at Catherine. She nodded, her
es dark and pleading, her teeth biting
to the scarlet lip. "If it is, I'm repre-
nting the Tremaines' interests. But just
here Tuttle is concerned. Mr. Tremaine
s certain information."
Niles glanced at me coldly. "You'll do
ll to tell what you know. Any assist-
ce you give will be remembered." He
turned his attention to Wickersham.
may as well tell you I've already taken
iss Tremaine's deposition. We're quite
rtain of the man we want, so what I'm
ter is information which may lead to
capture and conviction."
"Any objection to reading that depo-
ion?"
"I intend to." He spread a document out
the table in front of him. "Omitting
e preliminary questions, here's what
iss Tremaine says. I quote: 'At about
30 this morning I was in the house
one when I heard a shot. It seemed to
me from the garage. I had just come
to the kitchen from the dining room.
door leads into the garage from the
tchen so I opened it and saw a man
ing on the garage floor. Question: Was
e garage empty? That is, was there a
r? Answer: There was no car. I saw
is man lying there, and at the same time
ought I caught a glimpse of someone
nning across the back lawn. The drive-
ay has a hedge along it and I saw him
r just an instant. Question: Can you
scribe him? Answer: No. I saw him
r just an instant. He was dark. That
his clothing was dark. Question: And
en what did you do? Answer: I saw a
n lying by the body. It was on a rum-
d handkerchief as if the handkerchief
d been wrapped around it. I picked the
n up. Question: Did you have any rea-
n for picking the gun up? Answer:
s, I was frightened. I thought I might
ve to protect myself. Then the police
me because they were right outside the
house when the shot was fired. Question: Did you recognize the man on the floor? Answer: No.'"

Niles stopped. "Those are the principal facts as we have them at present."

"One thing," said Wickersham, "did the police who were outside the house see anyone?"

"No," said Niles sourly. "They'd just reported for duty and were in front of the house when they heard the shot. They saw no one enter or leave."

"Not even Tuttle?"

"Not even Tuttle."

"I just want to make the point," said Wickersham, "that if Tuttle could enter the house unseen, so could his assailant."

"I see," said Niles. "You're afraid someone will doubt that Miss Tremaine saw another man. Well, you don't need to worry about that because we've pretty well proved the other man's presence. His name is Finney. We got the name from Tuttle's notebook. Here, I'll read you that, too." He found a black note pad among his papers and opened it. "Just a short entry made yesterday. It says, *'Some connection between Tremaine and Mike Finney. Finney wanted for questioning by F.B.I. Finney at large in San Francisco. Am checking.'*" He closed the notebook. "We got in touch with the F.B.I. immediately. That's what Mr. Ferratti is doing here." He nodded toward the little dark man.

The little dark man, ever since I'd entered the room, had been scowling first at me and then at a stack of documents in his hand. I was in the presence of the F.B.I. at last, and Mr. Ferratti would undoubtedly be the man who'd lead me away. He was already beginning to look as though he wanted to pounce on me. Niles was still talking.

"So to get back to the matter of whether or not Tuttle was alone, we know he wasn't. First there's Finney's thumbprint on the gun which killed him. Apparently the handkerchief slipped. Second, there's Tuttle's car. It was located about a block from the Tremaine house and gone over thoroughly. Finney's fingerprints are there too—on the right door handle. I'd say Finney was the last man to use that door. It looks as though Finney and Tuttle drove to the Tremaine house together, entered the garage together and then had an argument. The motive is entirely lacking. That's where we hoped Mr. Tremaine might help, since you say he knows Mike Finney." Niles looked right at me. "Do you?"

NOW was the time to say quite calmly that I was Mike Finney myself. Then the whole thing would be over as far as I was concerned. Mr. Ferratti would come around the table and take possession of me. I'd leave the room a captive, charged with my own errors and escapades but free of any suspicion of murder. It wasn't easy hearing Mike Finney called a murderer. I've killed men, yes, as thousands of others have done. I've looked along the barrel of a rifle at a man projected in space far beyond. I've pulled the trigger and watched him fall. The first time it happens, something drains out of you that nothing can ever replace, but that's a phase of war; it isn't murder. Murder is a deeper disgrace, one I'd never known. I glanced down the table toward Catherine.

Her appearance wasn't what you'd expect of a murderer who knew she was about to be discovered. She was something the same as the night we'd met at the bus station, pale with large frightened eyes. The eyes had tears in them now. She was looking at me as though I had betrayed her in some way and broken her heart in the process.

"Well," said Niles. "Do you know him or not?"

"Yes," I said. "I know Mike Finney."

At that moment a girl, Niles' secretary



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suppose, came in and laid a typed sheet f paper in front of him. He studied it oroughly, his fingers setting up a drum- at on the table top. He finally glanced , looking at Wickersham warily, then Catherine.

"Well," he said at last, "this is some- ing new. Apparently we haven't been possession of the full facts. I'm mpted to disband this group and talk everyone singly."

"Go easy on that, Grover," said Wick- sham. "From now on when you're lking to the Tremaines, you're talking me, too."

"All right," said Niles. "Perhaps it ould be better to continue as we are." e glanced at the sheet of paper again. This is very interesting. In Miss Tre- aine's deposition she noted that the car as not in the garage when she found uttle's body. Where was the car? We ow that Miss Tremaine left the house about three o'clock this morning. She ld the police she was driving to her other's house in Palo Alto. That's all en cleared. But she never got to Palo lto. She came back to the house again t without the car. I haven't gone into is before because it didn't seem to have bearing on the Tuttle case. But now it s a definite bearing, because it places ike Finney again. The car was found rly this morning between South San rancisco and Burlingame up in the lls, wrecked and partly burned. The ghway patrol got there in time to put t the fire and save valuable evidence."

"All right," cut in Wickersham. "You e obviously trying to kill two birds, rover, so just let me tell it. I know as uch about it as Miss Tremaine does. I as at the Tremaine house myself when iss Tremaine left it. I came at her re- uest and arrived very late because of her business. I found Miss Tremaine ere, and I also found Philip Tremaine." e gave me a cold glance. "Mr. Tre- aine effectively prevented my leaving e house, and my recollection of his at- tude at that time convinces me that he rced his sister to help him escape. After caping from the house, Mr. Tremaine rced his sister to get out of the car. He as since told me that he left the car rked on Eleventh Street near Mission, t of that I have no proof."

NILES waved his hand in protest. "Hold on now, John. You're jump- g to conclusions. I'm not trying to ake Miss Tremaine out an accessory to er brother's escape. All I'm interested is Tuttle and Finney. You don't know e facts. They're interesting. In fact, ey bear out your story. As I say, the car as been found. But no driver has been und. Curious, eh? Still more curious this: Miss Tremaine's fingerprints are n the steering wheel of the car; that's gical, she drove it. Mr. Tremaine's fin- rprints are on the steering wheel of the r." He looked at Wickersham with mused contempt. "That's logical, too, in ew of your testimony."

"My statements are not to be consid- ed testimony," said Wickersham.

"All right," replied Niles easily. "But w we have this. The steering wheel so bore the fingerprints of Mike Fin- y. Not only that, but their superim- osition over some of the other prints nvinces us that he was the last man to ive the car before it was wrecked."

It dawned on me like a blast what had appened. At last the fingerprints of the al Philip Tremaine had appeared. Not nly that, but they'd been identified as s fingerprints. *But everyone in the room ith the exception of the two Tremaines ill thought those fingerprints belonged me.*

The strand of web was jumping madly efore my eyes—elusive, tantalizing. mething was wrong. If they had iden- fied Tremaine's fingerprints, it was be- use they had some old ones from long go for comparison. They had to have them. Maybe Tremaine had escaped after murdering Clark without leaving any pictures behind, but somewhere he'd have left fingerprints. The police had them. But then why didn't they know already that I wasn't Tremaine?

I closed my eyes for an instant. I had been sick. Sicker than ever before in my life with a sudden blast of tropical fever. They'd carried me into the jail with my arms and legs jumping around in a delirious fit. I'd been babbling and shouting. I couldn't remember any of it, but that had to be the answer. They'd carried me straight through to the infirmary without ever stopping to take my fingerprints. And the next day I escaped before they had a chance to do it. The plain fact was that the police had never taken my prints.

The spider web was still there but now I was dangling at the end of it. They had a steering wheel with Tremaine's prints and mine on it. I'd grabbed the damned thing just before the car went over the cliff. But until someone reached over and plastered my hand on a glass slide, those prints of Tremaine's on the steering wheel would be assumed to be mine.

WICKERSHAM was talking. "I believe it's up to Mr. Tremaine to explain that," he said. "You're not going to connect Catherine Tremaine up with Mike Finney. Tremaine knows him, but she never heard of him in her life."

"I was questioning Mr. Tremaine when this report came in," said Niles. "I'll continue." His eyes roved back to my face. "Do you agree with Mr. Wickersham's version of how you left the car last night?"

"In general, yes."

"You had the car then. So where does Finney come in?" I wasn't alone on the end of the spider web. Catherine was there with me. At the far end of the table she sat like a porcelain figure watching me. Why should it occur to me at a time like this that she was beautiful?

"Where does Finney come in?" repeated Niles.

"He's been in all the time," I said.

"That's hardly an answer. Any service rendered now will be remembered later. Do you know how Finney got in that car after you left it?"

"No," I said. It was coming now. The car keys. I'd left those keys with Catherine in the hotel room. That's how Mike Finney got into the car—after being knocked unconscious. That's how Philip Tremaine got into the car, too—after Catherine furnished the keys. She had it coming to her. I would say the keys were in her possession.

"You had the keys with you?" asked Niles.

"I left them in the car," I said. I heard myself say it and couldn't believe it. I felt my lips move and heard myself say it. I could never retract it now, never say it over again differently. I'd told him I left the keys in the car, and that put Catherine out of it entirely. After she'd tried to kill me. On her face was a queer expression of alarm. Why now? Why, after I'd saved her? She was as pale and beautiful as winter. I'd made another of my idiotic idealistic gestures. I was still trying to believe the story she'd told me in the hotel room.

"I see," said Niles. He didn't like my answer any more than I did. "Finney could have stolen the car then?"

"Yes."

"You think he's been more or less shadowing you?"

"Very closely."

Wickersham leaned forward. "Tell him how you were attacked."

"I'm asking the questions," said Niles. "Were you attacked?"

"I was struck on the head," I said. I wanted to throw the whole story at her. "It was on Mission Street near where I'd left the car. I took Catherine to a small hotel there and left her because I didn't want the police to talk to her until I'd had time to get out of the locality. As I left the hotel, I stopped at the street entrance to make sure the way was clear. While I stood there I was knocked out."

"Ah," said Niles. "Did you see who did it?"

"No, but I've a good idea."

"You think Mike Finney was involved?"

"He was definitely involved."

"And what did you do?"

"As soon as I was able, I made my way to Palo Alto."



"To Mrs. Tremaine's house?"

"Yes."

"I'll corroborate that last statement," said Wickersham. "He has been in my presence since about eight o'clock this morning, and I can assure you he hasn't been out of my sight."

"Very well," said Niles sourly. "Now, that places Mike Finney then at about four o'clock this morning. Sometime between four and five he drove the car over a sharp cliff and somehow managed to escape. We'll learn those details when we find Finney." Down at the end of the table Catherine had buried her face in her hands. She was quite frankly weeping now.

"Do you know," asked Niles, "if Tuttle and Finney knew each other?"

"They had met," I said.

"You seem to know a great deal about this Finney. What sort of man is he?"

"An ordinary sort of man. I've never found him possessed of any remarkable qualities."

"Do you have any idea as to his present whereabouts?"

"All I dare say right now is that I'm certain he's in San Francisco."

"How can you be certain of that?"

"Because he won't leave until I do."

"H'm," said Niles. His gaze flickered around the table. "I'll have to reserve a few questions until later. Can you tell me what this Finney looks like?"

"I'm told he resembles me to a remarkable degree," I said.

He frowned. "You mean there's a real resemblance?"

"Yes," I said. "I've actually been taken for Finney on occasion."

The frown deepened. "Have you assisted him any in his escape."

"Obviously not."

"I see nothing so obvious about it. You're here on tolerance, Tremaine. Your answers aren't all clear and some of your statements are absurd. This matter of resemblance for example. Almost never are two men so much alike that it's confusing to people who know them well." His eyes made slits. "Would you go so far as to say that Finney resembles you enough that you could impersonate him?"

"Undoubtedly."

He banged his fist on the table. "That's ridiculous! You'll not make fools of us, Tremaine. I'd never believe in a million years that you looked that much like Finney!"

The little dark man—Ferratti—suddenly shot to his feet and trotted around to Niles' chair, his hands full of papers.

"I can believe it!" he said. "I never would before, but here it is right before your eyes." He slapped a couple of pictures in front of Niles. "Look at that!"

NILES bent over the pictures, looking from them to me with quick jerks of his head. Over his face spread an expression of amazed disbelief. Now it was going to snap, I thought. He kept staring at me—at the pictures.

"I'm damned," he breathed softly and spun the pictures across the table to Wickersham. I got a good look at them. One was the newspaper picture they'd taken of me standing in front of the Tremaine house. The other was the college graduation picture that I'd had taken many years before while thinking: I love you, Betty Witherspoon. But that wasn't what made the spider web start bouncing up and down like mad again. The newspaper photograph was labeled Philip Tremaine; the other one was labeled Mike Finney. Wickersham looked at them, then at me.

"My God," he whispered, almost awed. "You told me Finney looked like you, but I had no idea the resemblance was that close." He put a finger on my graduation picture. "Is that the Finney you know?"

"That's Finney," I said.

"Of course," said Ferratti, "there's a difference in age there. Finney is a lot older now than when that picture of him was taken. But if you imagine a little aging of the face, add a few lines here and there, the resemblance is almost perfect."

Niles licked his lips and reached across the table for the pictures. "You'll have to find Finney to prove that." He shoved the pictures over to Reba Tremaine. "You couldn't fool a mother though. How about it, Mrs. Tremaine? Would you take that smaller picture for a photograph of your son?"

Reba Tremaine looked at him helplessly, then at my picture. "Oh, no," she said. "I'd never take that for my son."

"You see," said Niles, scooping the pictures up again. He looked at the Mike Finney picture lovingly, then turned to Ferratti. "I'd like to ask you a few questions."

"Go ahead," said Ferratti.

"Is the record on Mike Finney confidential?"



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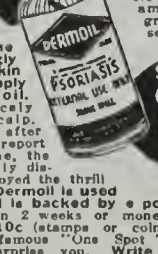


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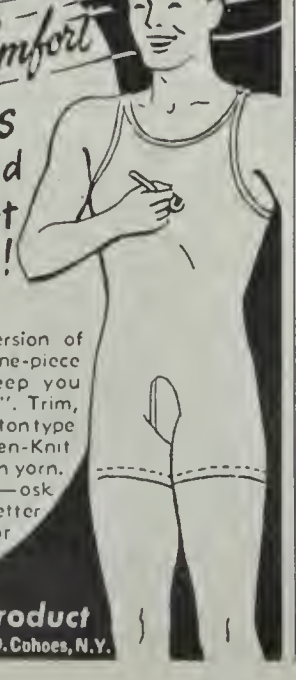
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"Only in the sense that all our records are confidential unless there's reason to open them. We've already furnished the police with the identification of Finney's fingerprints. What else do you want to know?"

"What's Finney's general history?"

"Fairly typical. He was born and went to school in Montana. He was here in San Francisco for a couple of years during the water-front troubles of the thirties. Did some union organization work. No jail record unless it was under another name. Later, however, he left San Francisco and went to Spain where he enlisted with the republican forces. Our government was refusing passports for such purposes, so Finney accomplished his end by falsifying his intended destination and later altering the passport. There's a gap of several years until he turned up in France toward the end of the war, associated with the Free French underground. The latest report came in just a few months ago from Mexico. He applied for re-entry into the country."

"Was the application granted?" asked Niles quickly.

"With the condition that he report to the F.B.I. for questioning."

"And did he accept that condition?"

Ferratti scratched his chin. "No, oddly enough, he didn't. He had a fine record for his work in France during the war. One purpose of our questioning was to get more details on that so that if the circumstances warranted it, we could drop the old charge of passport violation. By his failure to appear, he's aroused suspicion again, particularly since he must have re-entered the country under a false name. That can lead to a stiff sentence."

Niles smiled thinly. "And more particularly since he seems to have murdered a man named Rex Tuttle. That can lead to a stiffer sentence." He returned his attention to me.

I was feeling a little sick. According to Ferratti, I'd passed up a clean bill of health. I'd outsmarted myself.

"Certain papers taken from you at the jail indicated you crossed the border from Mexico. You don't have to answer this next question until you face us on the Clark thing, but if you co-operate, I'll remember it when you go on trial." Niles paused, blinking slowly around the table. "It's this. The gun that Finney used on Tuttle was the same gun that was used to kill Clark. We've got both bullets—good specimens—and there's no doubt. Now if you'll tell me just where and how Finney got that gun away from you, it will give us just about everything we'll need for a conviction once we capture him." He waited.

"I can't answer that," I said. "It was never my gun."

NILES stared at me with sudden hostility. "Oh," he said. "I suppose you think you're going to plead not guilty?"

"I'm not guilty," I said.

"Now just a minute," said Niles with forced patience. "Your conduct so far gives you a chance for clemency for the murder of Earl Clark. It won't be execution. It may be only twenty years. But I'm going to need your full co-operation to guarantee that. There's no use trying to save yourself entirely. We've got all the witnesses we need to guarantee conviction." He was almost snarling.

"Listen, Grover!" said Wickersham, his drawling manner forsaking him as he struck the table with both palms and sprang to his feet. "He's not guilty! Bring in your witnesses! Bring in all five stenographers who saw the man they call Tremaine enter Clark's office. Line them up and show them those pictures. Let's hear them swear it couldn't have been Finney!"

Niles was on his feet too. "This is no trial, John. You're not even representing Tremaine!"

"I'm representing his interests whether he likes it or not! And I'm damned if I'll see you use this opportunity to gather evidence against him." He whirled toward Ferratti. "You say you lost track of Finney after he went to Spain. Could he have returned to the United States?"

Ferratti looked up, startled. He was still puzzling over my pictures. Any minute now he was going to have a bright idea, walk around to my side of the table, press my palm against a sheet of glazed paper and dust off the results.

"I suppose it's possible," he said.

"Where did you get your information that Finney was a labor organizer in San Francisco during the thirties?"

"The bulk of that information came from the Merchants' League. Normally we don't investigate such things, but there was considerable trouble at the time. Several incidents of violence."

"Are you aware that Earl Clark was the league's attorney?"

"Yes, I know that."

"And that he was quite vigorous in his campaign against agitators?"

"I suppose that's true."

"So that Finney would have every reason to hate him?"

"Well, maybe." Ferratti blinked thoughtfully. "And Finney did have some reason for not wanting to face investigation. Must have had. Sounds incredible, but such things do happen." He lifted a finger to prevent Wickersham from interrupting. "Then there's also this. Haven't mentioned it before because I didn't see the bearing. The fact is that Rex Tuttle was once one of our employees here in San Francisco. He had access to Finney's file at that time."

Wickersham turned back to Niles triumphantly. "Don't you see it?" He pointed a finger down at me. "This man was attacked last night. By whom? By Finney! Why? Because Finney knew that if Tremaine ever came to trial, Finney would be exposed. Then Tuttle was killed! Why? Because Finney had found out that Tuttle knew the truth. Look at that entry in Tuttle's diary. A connection between Finney and Tremaine. What connection? It's as plain as day! Ten years ago a man named Mike Finney, knowing he looked so much like Philip Tremaine that close friends couldn't tell them apart, heard that Tremaine had been in a quarrel with Earl Clark. What an opportunity for Finney to get away with murder. All he had to do was put on decent clothing, walk into Clark's office—making sure there were plenty of witnesses—and shoot Clark! That's what he did. Everyone swore Tremaine was the guilty person. Finney went free, and Tremaine was hounded."

"But the evidence, John!" cried Niles

Wickersham's long arms shot toward the ceiling in a gesture of majestic disgust with the stupidity of others.

"Evidence!" he thundered. "You've got Finney's motive for killing Clark You know he killed Tuttle! You've go the means, and you can show opportunity. And you've got the weapon tha killed Clark with Finney's fingerprints o it! That's ten times the evidence you've got against Tremaine." He leaned across the table, his voice sinking to a whisper. "You've got a great opportunity Grover—the opportunity to clear thi man here of a heinous charge, the opportunity to restore him to the respected place in our society that was occupied by his father." He straightened and spoke firmly. "But more than that: When you capture Mike Finney, you will have captured the man who murdered Earl Clark—the man who murdered Rex Tuttle. That's the truth!"

The truth.

DURING the sudden silence which followed Wickersham's words, I glanced around the table to see how the truth was affecting the other participants.

The two plain-clothes men were unaffected. They sat expressionless and indifferent as they had from the beginning.

Wickersham was glowing. His features showed the pride in his work. He was the master scientist who had taken available data, arranged them in order and brought forth a theory which explained every known fact. There was nothing wrong with his theory at the moment. We were all suspended in a crystal, and as long as the crystal didn dissolve—as long as Catherine or Reb Tremaine failed to speak, as long as Ferratti failed to take my fingerprints, as long as nothing changed—the theory was perfect. Mike Finney had murdered two men; Philip Tremaine had murdered none.

At the end of the table Catherine had managed to lift her head once more. She was watching me. She saw nothing in the room except my face. Her head shook slowly and her lips kept repeating silently, "No, no, no, no." She was lost She dare not speak now.

On my left Reba Tremaine sounded like a hospital inhaler, the air going in and out with mechanical regularity. I knew exactly what she was thinking. She was thinking that if only the mistaken identity would last, her son would be cleared of a murder charge with me standing proxy for her son. I could a



"I've been to these conventions before. Beware of delegates-at-large"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY



"She must lead that nice Mr. Gevers a merry chase!"

"Stuffy old baboon—how did he ever get a slick chick like that!"

COLLIER'S — DAVE GERARD

ys be killed later to prevent discovery the mistake. She wasn't going to say ything to dissolve the crystal.

Across the table from me Ferratti owned. He looked at me; he looked at e pictures. He was beginning to have e bright idea. I knew exactly what he s thinking. He was thinking that what needed was a set of my fingerprints ken right now so that he could com- re them with the two sets from the ering wheel and find out which one of e people I was. But to do that right w would be to insult the intelligence Grover Niles and the whole San Fran- co police force. He had to be diplo- atic. He could always secure a set of emaine's fingerprints from the old rec- ds, and within a few minutes he'd be le to secure a set of mine from the pol- ed surface of the table where I was ting. He'd go about it quietly to avoid ense. He couldn't be sure of anything til he had those prints.

DIRECTLY across from me Grover Niles was standing. He looked at me, d while he looked, his face underwent slow transformation. It softened: it llowed with a philosophic placidity. first I was puzzled. No one had ever oked at me that way before. Then I alized what it was. He was remember- g the elder Tremaine, Philip's father. A man, Catherine had called him, a man o believed so firmly in justice that he'd d his whole fortune on its altar in an ort to make Philip come home and face al. A respected man. The stern weight his character was still a force among e men who remembered him. Niles re- embered. An honorable name lives a g time. And perhaps Niles was swayed consciously by the realization that the n too might emerge with a respected me. And wealth. Still, he had to be reful. There were a thousand ques- ns to ask. The answer to any one of em might dissolve the crystal. He awed his lip nervously. "Now," he d, smiling, "if Mr. Tremaine has no jections, I'd like to proceed with just ew more questions. You see, Mr. Tre- aine, there are a few unexplained facts. r example, you broke jail—rather vio- tly I've been informed."

"All right," said Wickersham, "accuse n of breaking jail. Don't accuse him murder."

"There is no accusation until formal estioning," said Niles smoothly. "I n see where an innocent man as well a guilty one might want to escape from nfinement. Still—h'm—Mr. Tremaine, me be frank with you. After I heard t you'd been—that you'd given your- f up, I rounded up the witnesses who imed to have seen you enter Clark's office on the morning of his death. Of the five witnesses, only three are available at the moment. In view of their previous testimony, this matter will have to be formally cleared one way or the other. It might be easier for everyone if we took care of that matter right now."

"Fine," said Wickersham. "Bring them in."

"We'll do this properly, of course," said Niles. "There are six men here at the table. I'll call in two of the clerks which will make eight. Then we'll bring the witnesses in one at a time." He buzzed for his secretary and gave her the orders. He was in a hurry about it. There was still a big doubt in his mind as to whether I was to be treated as the respected son of a respected father, or whether I was the black sheep of the family. He'd find out, of course, that I wasn't Tremaine at all.

Two men came in from another office and were directed to sit at the table. There were eight men, the two Tremaines, the stenotypists. A nice tableful. Niles signaled the secretary again and she brought in the first witness. The witness was a watery-eyed female, maybe thirty, with long nervous fingers that kept pinching at the material of her blouse. She was scared. Niles stood her at the end of the table right behind Catherine Tremaine. It made a startling comparison—the face of the stringy blond above with its pale eyes shifting uneasily, and underneath it Catherine's face, absolutely motionless, the eyes dark, round and filled with bottomless terror.

Niles started directing questions. "Name please?"

"Dora Bergeson."

"You're employed where?"

"Dobbs and Offord law firm. I'm a legal stenographer."

"Were you at one time employed in the same capacity by Mr. Earl Clark?"

"Yes, sir. I was."

"When was that?"

"For about three years just before he was—before he died. It was my first job."

"Please speak a little louder. Were you at work in his office on the day he was killed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Louder, please. Did you see the man who entered his office that morning just before he was shot?"

"Yes, sir. I did."

"You got a good view of this man?"

Her lower jaw twitched. "Yes, sir. I spoke to him."

"What was the subject of your conversation?"

"He asked me if Mr. Clark were in."

Niles paused and glanced at Wickersham. "Satisfied?"

"Go ahead," said Wickersham.

Niles turned back to the witness. "Now, Miss Bergeson. I ask you to look at the men seated around this table. Among them do you see the man who entered Clark's office on the day in question?" He stepped back to give her time to answer.

She flushed and ran a frightened glance slowly around the rectangle of faces. The glance stopped on me. It had no business stopping there but it did.

THE crystal was beginning to melt away. If she should identify me as the man who entered Clark's office, and then it was discovered that I was Mike Finney, I was finally a dead man.

"I see Mr. Tremaine," she said.

"That isn't what I asked," said Niles. "I asked if you saw the man who entered Clark's office on the day he was killed."

"I don't know what you mean," she whispered. "I see Mr. Tremaine. I can tell because of his picture in the newspaper yesterday. Wasn't he the one?"

"Miss Bergeson," said Niles impatiently. "That's just what we're asking you. Is he the man?"

She stared at me a few seconds. "I don't know," she mumbled. "When I saw the picture in the paper, it sort of puzzled me. It wasn't exactly like I remembered the man. It's been a long time and maybe the face has changed."

"Miss Bergeson," Niles repeated, "we aren't concerned with that. We know several years have elapsed, and we don't care what you saw in the newspaper. We aren't asking you to pick out any particular individual by name. We're asking you to pick out a face. Do you see at this table the face of the man who entered Clark's office?"

"You mean maybe it wasn't Mr. Tremaine?"

Niles ran a hand through his gray hair. "All you have to do, Miss Bergeson, is say yes or no. Do you see the face of the man who entered Clark's office?"

For a moment she hesitated, then turned to face Niles. "I've got to say something," she said.

"Can you answer the question?"

"I've got to tell you something first. I've got to tell someone. There's been a terrible mistake and I've got to tell you about it."

"If you wish to make a statement, we can take it at the proper time."

"Let her say it," said Wickersham. "Even if it injures my client, I want the truth of this."

"We were talking," said Miss Bergeson without waiting for Niles' permission to speak. "That is, I was talking with the other girls after Mr. Tremaine's picture came out in the paper; I called the other girls on the phone—"

"Yes, yes," said Niles.

"I just wanted to tell you how we came to be talking. And we decided it didn't look the same any more."

"What didn't look the same?"

"The picture of Mr. Tremaine in the paper. Somehow it didn't seem like the same man to me. And that's why I called the other girls, to see if they thought it was the same. And they didn't either. They thought there must have been a mistake."

"What mistake?"

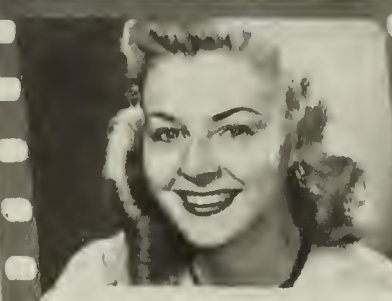
"It's dreadful," she said, and the watery eyes became wetter. "We've all felt so terrible about it because we were the ones who identified Mr. Tremaine in the first place ten years ago. We were the ones who swore he was the man. And then his picture came out in the paper and it didn't look like the same man."

"You did know Mr. Tremaine by sight ten years ago?"

"I thought so. He'd been at the office once before that morning. All the girls were interested in him because of his fight with Mr. Clark. And now we've found out what an awful thing we did accusing him, because it must have been someone else." She sobbed quietly and

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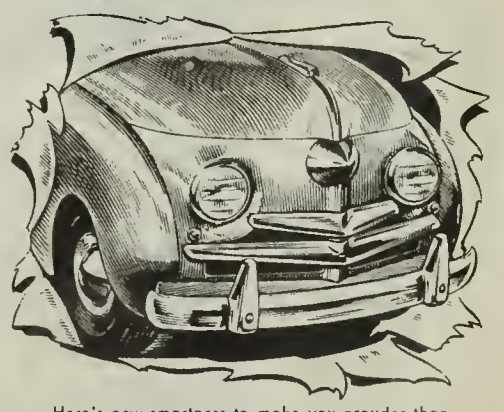
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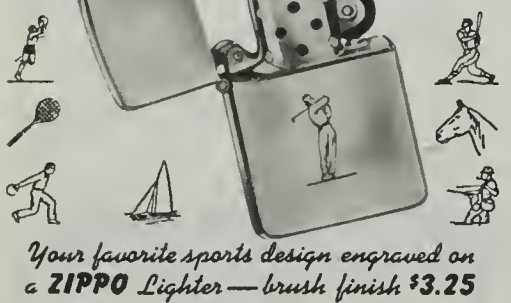


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with evident relief. Wickersham got to his feet, rounded the table and took the pictures from Ferratti's hands. He carried them to where Miss Bergeson was standing and laid them on the table in front of her, his hands covering the names beneath the pictures.

"Look at these, please," he said. "Was the man you saw one of these men?"

She looked at the pictures through her tears and shook her head uncertainly, then stretched a finger toward the picture from the F.B.I. files. "It's been too long... But the man I saw was young-looking. More like that one."

"You'd say this was the man?" asked Wickersham, holding up my graduation picture.

"No," she said. "I just said the man I saw was young-looking." Another spasm of sobs shook her. "I wouldn't swear anything now! I just couldn't! I'm too confused and feel so awful about what I did before. The other girls are the same way." Wickersham turned away in triumph.

"All right, Grover, do you want to call the others?"

"It's unnecessary," said Niles. He led Miss Bergeson to the door and dismissed her. "Thank you," he said. "You've been of great service." He closed the door behind her and came back to his place at the table. He smiled at me openly now. Part of his doubt had been removed. The witness had been honest; she'd said I wasn't the man who killed Clark. The name of Philip Tremaine was becoming cleaner every minute. Niles cleared his throat.

"I think it's only too evident to all of us," he said, "that a grievous wrong has been perpetuated over a period of ten years. Mr. Tremaine, since your return I've been prepared to prosecute you for murder. I cannot tell you—I cannot possibly express my profound relief at discovering that the prosecution will be unnecessary. We came together here to discover who murdered a man named Rex Tuttle. We've succeeded in learning the name of that man, but even more, we've succeeded in clearing you of all suspicion regarding the death of Earl Clark." He paused, looking thoughtfully into space. "Revenge is a base emotion,

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK . . .

MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN MURDER

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Steve Blake was on trial for murder—and the trial was compounded of circumstantial evidence and perjured testimony. Conviction meant the gas chamber; acquittal meant freedom under a vicious cloud of gossip and suspicion. And the only clue he had to the secret of the murder was a beautiful woman's trumped-up alibi.

Don't miss this gripping romance of two people bound together by murder—and held apart by marriage.

but I'll not blame you, Mr. Tremaine, if you take a profound joy in contemplating the fate which awaits Mike Finney when he is captured. And captured he will be, Mr. Tremaine. Make no mistake about it." He talked on, smiling. He made a beautiful speech. The door was about fifteen feet behind me. Was he going to let me through it? I could feel the sweat running down my spine while I awaited the end of his oration. He forgave me for breaking jail. "You were obviously not in your right mind," he said. "You'd had certain drugs administered to you while you were in the infirmary and you were acting under their influence. Quite often violence is a natural result of some drugs." He paused suddenly, frowning again.

"But there is one thing, Mr. Tremaine. A very curious thing. You'll have to admit it looked like a confession of guilt on your part. Why, since you were innocent, did you attempt to commit suicide?"

It was a blow in the guts. The crystal shook. My spider web started vibrating

"Suicide?" I said. "I made no suc attempt."

Suspicion re-entered his eyes. "There no way you can deny it, Mr. Tremain The doctors pumped a substantial dos of atropine out of your insides. Not fatal dose, since you obviously recovere but the size of the dose could have bee an error on your part. The fact hasn been publicized, because the police don want it known that they permitted prisoner to poison himself, but the fa is that you did. It was a strange thing fo an innocent man to do."

The crystal dissolved and the web wa swinging free again. The abyss yawne beneath. Everything was clear now- horribly clear. It hadn't been an attac of tropical fever at all; it was poiso That would have been evident to anyor except the victim. The victim had bee unconscious. That's what the docto had been talking about that morning jail when my senses first returned. *Yo can pick up anything down there,* one them had said, and they hadn't been di cussing tropical diseases; they were tal ing about poison.

And I knew when I'd been poisone I'd eaten dinner at the Tremaine hou just before the police came for me. Th police were supposed to have found n dead. That's what Tremaine had mea in the car when he accused someone muffing the first chance to kill me. B who had muffed it? I suddenly remer bered that spilled cup of coffee, and spark of new life flared up inside m Something that I thought was de stirred. The coffee had been spilled. looked at Catherine. She sat as she ha sat throughout, immobile and whit saying nothing, afraid to disturb my de cate balance. She had spilled the coffe But she had also killed Tuttle and help her brother try to run me over a cliff. was a question. I might never know t answer because the poison was final going to get me anyway. I couldn't e plain it away without telling the whc story.

They'd find out I was Mike Finney a they'd execute me for the murder of man I'd never seen in my life.

(To be concluded next week)

SCANDALS IN VETERANS' HOUSING

Continued from page 15

everywhere they came up against a mass of red tape. Only when they halted payments on their mortgages did any federal agency bestir itself. The hard-pressed OHE shipped investigator E. C. Magnusson out from Washington to look around. Magnusson disallowed the veterans' complaint that the houses had been sold over ceiling prices. But he confirmed their charges that numerous items had been left out of the houses, or replaced with cheaper and less serviceable equipment than the plans and specifications had called for.

In some cases—relatively few—swindled veterans, sometimes acting on their own and sometimes with the aid of state or federal officials, have achieved some measure of redress from builders who overcharged them and then multiplied the offense by delivering houses that began to fall apart almost as soon as they were occupied. As of this writing the Office of the Housing Expediter has settled some 325 cases with builders through which $250,000 was returned to veterans in the form of restitution for overcharge or as compensation for failure to comply with specifications. But the vast majority of gypped veteran home buyers have not been nearly so lucky.

In the nine months between July 1, 1947, and the end of March this year, the Office of the Housing Expediter *received* 31,233 complaints. Some covered as many as 500 houses on a single tract. I emphasize that word *"received"* because very few of these pleas for help ever get beyond the envelope-opening stage.

On April 1st of this year only 1,574—just about five per cent of all the complaints—had been investigated. More than 29,000 were "resting" somewhere in the files.

With as many as 4,000 new protests coming in every month the Housing Expediter's investigating staff, cut down to 15 men, was swamped. Each investigator was averaging ten days to a case. If schedules could be speeded up so that a mere three days were needed per case, the expediter's staff could hope to eliminate its backlog (if only additional veterans would stop sending in new complaints) by the middle of 1970.

Of course, other agencies might be expected to show an acute interest in these housing swindles. The Federal Housing Administration, for example, has insured the first mortgages on the vast majority of the 2,000,000 and more homes built since V-J Day. It is supposed to have inspected FHA-insured homes to be certain they were built just as intended when the loans were granted on the basis of builders' plans and specifications.

But the FHA doesn't seem to have been able to protect its own commitments let alone shield the veterans who relied upon its "guarantee." It once insisted upon three thorough inspectio per house. Under the impact of Congr sional economy it cut its official insp tion schedule down to two.

The Veterans Administration has finger in the pie, too. As the guarant of G.I. loans, it also stands to be stu for many hundreds of millions of doll when disgusted veterans get sick of pa ing for shacks and toss in the sponge.

Every time the Veterans Administ tion has guaranteed a loan it has assum an obligation based upon an actual hou or the certainty that one will be built- house, too, that represents a value at le as great as that of the loan.

To set that value the V.A., like a other prudent lender, depends upon a praisals it assumes are made by hon experts.

But the V.A. appraisal system has be so slipshod in its concept that it has v tually invited fraud. Appraisers had, u til very recently, not been work directly for or paid by the V.A. Inste panels of approved appraisers w furnished builders or private lend agencies who were free to shop arou Some were careful to pick estimat whose appraisals were high enough please them.

The result in many cases was that c servative appraisers, given to figur proposed houses at their real val found themselves missing out on V

s, while their more liberal fellow were able to earn tens of thou- of dollars for filling out blanks t, juicy figures designed to serve basis for a government guarantee is.

Veterans Administration has not oing out of its way to help the who have been stuck with over- houses it has supposedly "guar- " and for which it has approved

ct, the V.A. even dropped all pre- f responsibility for its "guaran- hen, early in April, it circulated a andum to its branch offices in- g them that they had no responsi- for guaranteeing satisfaction on mes.

y of the most glaring examples veterans' housing have occurred fornia, where 15 per cent of all tial building since the war has ncentrated. The city of Los An- nd its environs provide many ex- Vast areas are covered by homes k ten years old three months after tion.

the hornswoggling of both veter- d government officials has by no been limited to the Sunshine State. hundred of the cases resting so in the files of the office of the g Expediter in Washington came lassachusetts. New York has pro- 1,430 complaints; New Jersey Pennsylvania 1,211 and Maryland

e nine months preceding April 1st, eterans and groups of veterans in patiently filed their beefs. Yet of 0, covering many thousands of only three were being carried OHE files as active cases under ation.

ndiana there had been 1,200 com- ; one of them was being investi- In Ohio there had been 1,500 ints; three of them had got out filing cabinets far enough to be red "current."

00 Alabama complaints, one was ooked into at this writing. Of 150 th Carolina, not a single one was docket. The 442 complaints filed klahoma veterans and veterans suffered the same fate: every last them was resting undisturbed in s. Texas has been sprouting vet- houses with true Texan vigor. With t had sprouted 1,564 complaints. 18 were being investigated as of st.

The Office of the Housing Expediter is hardly to be blamed. The Deputy Expediter for Compliance, Morris S. Verner, Jr., had 75 regional offices and 600 investigators in June of 1947. His agency asked Congress to continue this staff. But the Senate committee that looked into the matter thought there was no need for these people on the government pay roll. Its report, published as an official Congressional document, calmly stated, "There is no evidence presented that there is widespread abuse of veterans' preference provisions."

Slashes in Enforcement Funds

The Director of the Budget had approved $1,135,000 for compliance work. The Senate cut that down to $700,000. Then as if this weren't bad enough, a joint Senate-House conference committee cut a further half million out of the OHE appropriation. For compliance enforcement only $160,000 could be scraped up.

Hundreds of Verner's investigators promptly received dismissal notices. The 75 regional offices were cut down to four. Instead of 600 field investigators there were 15. The entire system for protecting the veterans'—and the government's—interest became little more than a pretense.

In San Francisco, for example, the Housing Expediter's regional office, under James J. Rudden, has a staff of five investigators, an analyst and two stenographers.

Rudden's nine-state territory covers a mere million square miles. Currently his two stenographers are acknowledging and filing over 450 complaints a month.

The tiny San Francisco staff has fewer than 70 cases docketed. At the time of this writing Rudden's men were working on about 15—the most glaring cases of course—and mostly in the San Francisco and Los Angeles areas. For most of the rest, he said, all he could do for them was to tell those who sent the complaints there was nothing he could do, at least for the present. Letters are opened and the complaints filed. But for all the difference it makes they might just as well be allowed to gather in a pile on the floor, to put the matter in Rudden's own words.

(This is the first of two articles on veterans' housing. The second will appear next week.)



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Margaret Clarke
Secretary, Pin Money Club
Collier's Weekly—Dept. C-20
250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

Continued from page 19

are in a position to carry on the war until England collapses from lack of tonnage . . .

The convoy system, which, in the World War—but at the last minute—settled the U-boat war in favor of England, has in this war misfired. It could not prevent the big-scale sinking figures which must finally be fatal . . .

An occupation of the whole island [Britain] does not come into question—for Germany would be burdened with the feeding of the population. In the long run, only the most important airfields would be kept in occupation. All these would be hermetically sealed over a wide area from the population so that the troops of occupation would not be affected by the misery of their starvation . . . I am conscious that in the above I have partly given away military secrets. But I believe I can answer to my conscience and to my people, for I believe that frankness makes possible the ending of a senseless war.

Harriman expressed to Stalin the hope that he would feel free to cable President Roosevelt directly. Stalin said he was glad to hear this as he had previously felt he should not presume to address the President directly. Beaverbrook suggested to Stalin that it would be highly desirable for him to meet with Churchill face to face.

According to Harriman's notes, Stalin expressed to Beaverbrook his belief that the present military alliance and agreement of no separate peace should be extended to a treaty, an alliance not only for war but for postwar as well.

Beaverbrook answered that he personally favored it and believed that it was an opportune time to take it up.

Harriman made repeated attempts to break through the continued discussion of European matters in order to obtain Stalin's views on the Far East. Stalin expressed the belief that Japan might be split from its Axis alliance with Germany. He said it was his impression "that Japan was not Italy and is not willing to be a serf to Germany and therefore could be won away."

Beaverbrook noted of Stalin, "We had got to like him: a kindly man, with a habit, when agitated, of walking about the floor with his hands behind his back. He smoked a great deal and practically never showed any impatience at all."

Here is presented the sixth installment of one of the most remarkable stories of our era. When Franklin D. Roosevelt died, there remained only one man—Harry L. Hopkins—who could tell completely the inside story of the New Deal and of America's High Command in World War II. Preparation of The Hopkins Papers had started before Hopkins died. The task was then taken up by the dramatist and author, Robert E. Sherwood, a friend of both Hopkins and Roosevelt. Collier's presents the result with a conviction that this is the most important document of its kind that has been or will be produced . . .
The Editor

At the conclusion of this final meeting, Harriman wrote:

The meeting broke up in the most friendly fashion possible. Stalin made no effort to conceal his enthusiasm. It was my impression that he was completely satisfied that Great Britain and America meant business. In spite of my lack of knowledge of the language, he had indicated by his manner throughout the three nights of conferences (totaling about nine hours) very clearly his reactions to everything we said, either favorable or unfavorable or that he was not interested.

Harriman later wrote a memoran
on Religion in the U.S.S.R.:

Throughout the week in Russia I
every occasion (and I believe cov
most of the members of the Soviet
gation, including, of course, Stalin
Molotov) of explaining the America
litical situation and public opinio
garding Russia, particularly in rel
to the religious subject, and urged
both statements and action be take
indicate to America that the Soviets
willing to allow freedom of worshi
only in letter but in fact.

Everyone at least nodded, "Yes.
explaining the subject to Stalin
nodded his head and indicated wh
understood to mean a willingness t
that something was done.

In spite of all comments and a
ances I leave with the impression
all the Soviets intend to do is to giv
service and to create certain insta
which would give an impression o
laxation without really changing
present practices.

They do appear, however, to be n
less afraid of religion than they
some years ago.

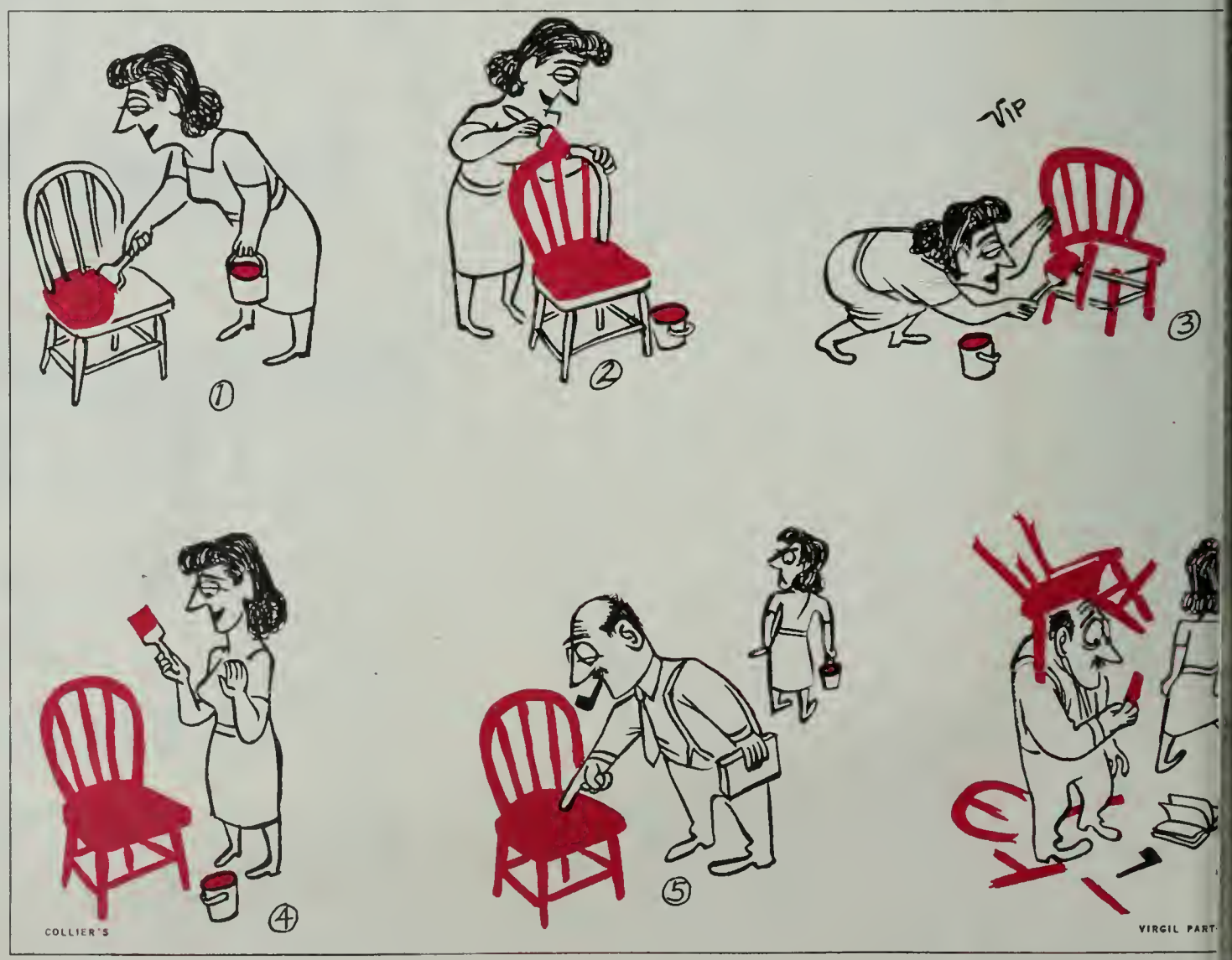
Harriman also made note of ce
evidences of friction between Be
brook and the military members o
British Mission. Beaverbrook ha
then become a vociferous advocat
the second front in the west. He
forever opposing any diversions
this fixed purpose.

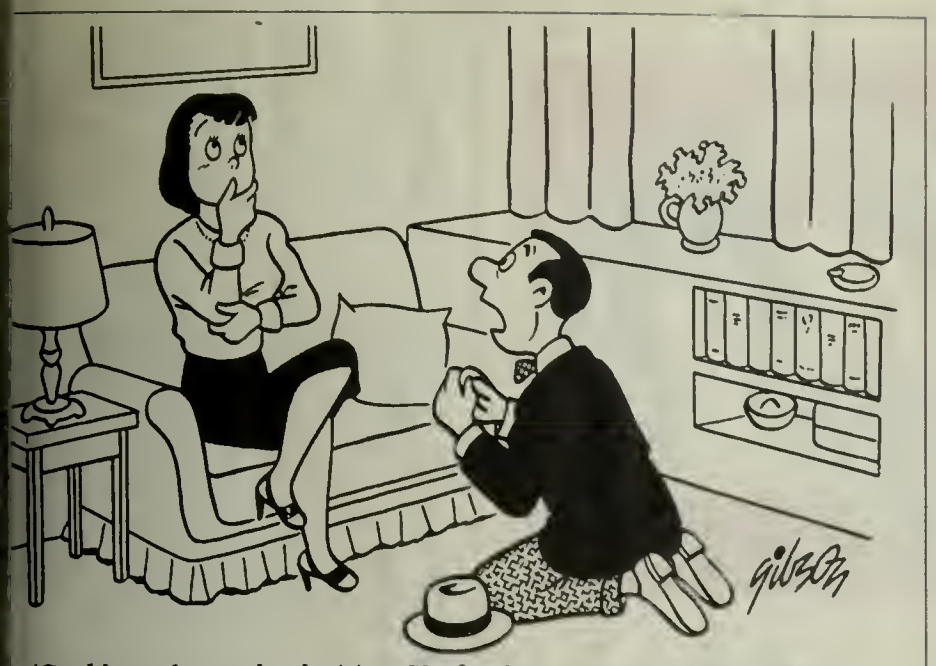
Following is his own original s
ment of the matter, a copy of whic
sent to Hopkins:

On my return from Russia in a
the middle of October, 1941, I stat
ease for a second front to help the
sians.

I claimed that our military lea
had shown themselves consiste
averse to taking any offensive action

Our strategy is still based on a l
term view of the war which is blin
the urgencies and opportunities of





"Could you hurry the decision, Kay? I've two more calls to make"

IER'S JAMES GIBSON

nt. There has been no attempt to nto account the new factor intro- by Russian resistance. . . .
nonsense to say that we can do ng for Russia. . . . The Chiefs of would have us wait until the last has been sewn on the last gaiter we launch an attack. They the present opportunity.

Wednesday afternoon, October e first "Confidential Protocol" be- the U.S.A., the U.S.S.R. and the was signed and sealed by Harri- Beaverbrook and Molotov. It con- over seventy main items and more ighty items of medical supplies— anks, planes and destroyers down my boots (of which the Russians for 400,000 pairs monthly).

pkins, in Washington, wrote to hill:

times I get terribly discouraged getting the matériel fast enough en I think of your own overwhelm- roblems and I am tempted to try . . . There is still an amazing num- people here who do not want to Russia and who don't seem to be o pound into their thick heads the gic importance of that front.

October 30th, Roosevelt sent a to Stalin:

of the items of military equipment munitions have been approved and directed that the utmost expedi- e used to provide so far as possible w materials.

have also directed that arrange- be effected immediately whereby ents up to the value of one billion s may be made under the Lend- Act. This should remove any ial obstacles.

ur government, I hope, can ar- to make special efforts to sell the l States such commodities and raw ials as may be available and of the United States may be in ur- need, the proceeds of such sales to overnment of the United States to dited to the account of the Soviet ment. Should the occasion re- it, I trust you will not hesitate to touch with me directly.

uggestions for Co-ordination

kins wrote the following note on able:

emed to me after my conference ssia with Stalin that the President l personally deal with Stalin. . . . n is obviously unhappy because not consulted about the strategy of r, and I think he feels that I could ore helpful in relating him and all to the President.

nson wanted me to be sure that I the War Department's full stra- plans and he and Marshall deliv-

ered them at great length, including the techniques to keep Japan out of the war and the various theaters in which we might operate in the event of our getting into the war.

Both Stimson and Marshall feel that we can't win without getting into the war but they have no idea how that is going to be accomplished.

Following is a paraphrase of Stalin's reply, dated November 4th, to Roosevelt's cable:

First of all I would like to express my sincere thanks for your appreciative remarks regarding the expeditious manner in which the conference was handled.

Your decision, Mr. President, to grant to the Soviet Union a loan in the amount of one billion dollars subject to no interest charges and for the purpose of paying for armaments and raw materials for the Soviet Union is accepted with sincere gratitude.

I agree completely, on behalf of the government of the Soviet Union, with the conditions which you outlined for this loan to the Soviet Union, namely that payments on the loan shall begin five years after the end of the war and shall be completed during the following ten-year period. . . .

I am heartily in accord with your proposal, Mr. President, that we establish direct personal contact whenever circumstances warrant.

Shortly thereafter, with Moscow in a state of siege, Roosevelt and Hopkins discussed the possibility of expediting the delivery of fighter planes to Russia by sending an aircraft carrier to the Persian Gulf, thereby delivering the planes ready for immediate action. Roosevelt favored the idea but the Navy felt it would be unwise, and Hopkins sent a memorandum to the President proposing to send the planes by merchant ship.

Roosevelt returned this to Hopkins with the following penciled notation:

H.L.H.:

Okay but say to them for me: Hurry, hurry, hurry!

F.D.R.

In connection with the problem of aid for Russia, it must be remembered that there was always a faction, and it was strongly represented in the State Department (not including Hull or Welles), which was sure that the Russians would make a separate peace with Germany.

A year after the United States entered the war, Hopkins attended a meeting of the President's Soviet Protocol Committee. The point was raised that, before we extended further aid to the Russians, we should demand that they provide us with full information concerning their military situation as the British had consistently done. According to the minutes of this meeting:

On the whole Mr. Hopkins felt that there were certain unsatisfactory aspects to the program. This decision to act without full information was made with some misgiving but after due deliberation. Mr. Hopkins said that there was no reservation about the policy at the present time but that the policy was constantly being brought up by various persons for rediscussion. He proposed that no further consideration be given to these requests for rediscussion.

Although Hopkins attempted thus summarily to dismiss the question, it remained to plague the relations between the two countries.

With the setting in of the dread Russian winter, and the beginnings of hope that the German drive could be stopped short of Moscow, the Russians became insistent that agreements be made on postwar settlements.

It was decided that Anthony Eden should visit Stalin and Molotov, who told him their demands for recognition of the frontiers held by the Russians on June 20, 1941—before Hitler's attack—which included possession of the Baltic States and the eastern portion of Poland occupied in the first month of the second World War.

In refusing to agree to this recognition, Eden invoked the principles of the Atlantic Charter and the views of President Roosevelt, who had informed the British government that "in our considered opinion it would be unfortunate for any of the three governments . . . to enter into commitments regarding specific terms of the postwar settlement." (This message had been delivered to Eden by Winant on December 5, 1941, just two days before Pearl Harbor.)

F.D.R. From a British Viewpoint

Millions of words have been recorded on all the events and all the statements leading up to the moment of the Japanese attack. A glimpse of Roosevelt's attitude four weeks to the day before Pearl Harbor was given in a memorandum written by Harold Balfour, the British Undersecretary of State for Air, describing a conversation with the President in which Balfour was urging that more American heavy bombers be turned over to the Royal Air Force for use against Germany. This memorandum said of Mr. Roosevelt:

His present Japanese policy is one of stalling and holding off. If during the next few weeks this policy looks likely to succeed for some months ahead, or alternatively if the President can sign up for peace with Japan so as to ensure no sudden hostilities then he will feel able at once to direct a further diversion of heavy bombers to U.K.

On the other hand the Japanese situation may blow up in the very near future, in which case U.S.A. and U.K. Joint Staffs will have to get together and decide in the light of combined war strategy where such equipment as becomes available can best be used.

On November 26th, Secretary Hull handed to the Japanese ambassadors the Outline of Proposed Agreement Between the United States and Japan, which has been described as an "ultimatum" by a few Americans who have seemed anxious to absolve the Japanese of all guilt for the war in the Pacific.

In this connection it should be noted that the Japanese task force sailed for Pearl Harbor on November 25th, the day before the Hull Outline was delivered in Washington.

On December 6th, Averell Harriman cabled to Hopkins:

You may wish to tell the President that he (Churchill) believes that if there is Japanese aggression the British policy should be to postpone any action even at some military sacrifice of time until the President has acted as he considers best under the circumstances. The

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Prime Minister will then act "not within the hour but within the minute."

The reference in this to postponing "any action even at some military sacrifice" referred primarily to possible British naval or air action from Singapore against the Japanese landings.

It is important that nowhere, in any of the official Intelligence reports, appraisals or estimates that came into the White House during the months preceding December 7th, have I found one mention of the possibility that the Hawaiian Islands might be the first object of attack.

On the other hand it is abundantly clear that Roosevelt up to the moment of Pearl Harbor faced the most grievous dilemma of his entire career. This is clarified by the following, which Hopkins wrote some six weeks after Pearl Harbor:

I dined with the President alone tonight. The President told me about several talks with Hull prior to Pearl Harbor relative to the loopholes in our foreign policy in the Far East in so far as that concerned the circumstances on which the United States would go to war with Japan in event of certain eventualities.

All of Hull's negotiations . . . would never envisage the tough answer to the problem that would have to be faced if Japan attacked, for instance, either Singapore or the Dutch East Indies. The President felt it was a weakness in our policy that we could not be specific on that point. The President told me that he felt that an attack on the Dutch East Indies should result in war with Japan and he told me that Hull always ducked that question. . . .

I recall talking to the President many times in the past year and it always disturbed him because he really thought that the tactics of the Japanese would be to avoid a conflict with us; that they would not attack either the Philippines or Hawaii but would move on Thailand, French Indo-China, make further inroads on China itself and possibly attack the Malay Straits. He also thought they would attack Russia at an opportune moment. This would have left the President with the very difficult problem of protecting our interests.

This then, was Roosevelt's dilemma:

The Japanese (he believed) were about to strike at British or Dutch possessions or both—and what could he do about it? Without formidable American intervention, the Japanese would be able to conquer and exploit an empire; and it was idle to assume, and Roosevelt knew it better than anyone else, that there could be any formidable intervention without the full, final, irrevocable plunging of the entire nation into war.

War Enthusiasm Was Lacking

Even if Roosevelt, through diligent use of the Democratic party whip, could compel the Congress to vote for war by a narrow margin after weeks or months of demoralizing debate (during which the Japanese would sweep ahead), what degree of unity or of fighting spirit could the American people achieve for the long and bloody effort that must be demanded of them? How much will to battle would be stimulated by the news that the Japanese were establishing a beachhead at Khota Baru on the Gulf of Siam?

And if the Congress and the people should refuse to go to war on this provocation, as it seemed inevitable that they would refuse, what would be the effect on the British, the Russians, the Chinese —as well as on the Germans, Italians and Japanese?

The plain fact was that the moment was imminent when the United States would be forced at gun point either to put up or forever shut up.

There was just one thing that the Japanese could do to get Roosevelt completely off the horns of the dilemma, and that is precisely what they did, at one stroke, in a manner so challenging, so insulting and enraging, that the divided and confused American people were instantly rendered unanimous and certain.

Thus Hopkins wrote later of the President's "great relief at the method the Japanese used" in starting the war at Pearl Harbor.

On the night of Pearl Harbor Day, Hopkins wrote:

I lunched with the President today at his desk in the Oval Room. We were talking about things far removed from war when at about 1:40, Secretary Knox called and said that they had picked up a radio from Honolulu from the commander in chief of our forces there advising all our stations that an air-raid attack was on and that it was "no drill."

I expressed the belief that there must be some mistake and that surely Japan would not attack in Honolulu.

The President discussed at some length his efforts to keep the country out of war and his earnest desire to complete his Administration without war, but that if this action of Japan's were true it would take the matter entirely out of his own hands, because the Japanese had made the decision for him.

The President thought the report was probably true and thought it was just the kind of unexpected thing the Japanese would do, and that at the very time they were discussing peace in the Pacific they were plotting to overthrow it.

At five minutes after two he called Hull and told Hull of the report and advised Hull to receive Nomura and Kurusu, who had an appointment with him, and not to mention that he, Hull, had the news but to receive their reply formally and coolly and bow them out. . . . The President called a conference of Secretary Stimson, Secretary Hull, Secretary Knox, Admiral Stark and General Marshall at three o'clock.

The conference met in not too tense an atmosphere because I think that all of us believed that in the last analysis the enemy was Hitler and that he could never be defeated without force of arms; that sooner or later we were bound to be in the war and that Japan had given us an opportunity. Everybody, however, agreed on the seriousness of the war and that it would be a long, hard struggle. During the conference the news kept coming in.

Churchill called from England. The President told him that we were all in the same boat now and that he was going to Congress tomorrow.

The President discussed at length with Marshall the disposition of the troops and particularly the Air Fo and with Hull the urgent necessity keeping all of the South American publics not only informed but to k them in line with us. Marshall clearly impatient to get away.

The President also ordered Stim and Knox to order that careful gu be placed not only on our own arse but on all private munitions facto and all bridges. Many of the moves quired the President to sign an execu order. The President instructed the son to whom he talked to go ahead execute the order and he would sig later.

There was some discussion about President's message to Congress. I urged very strongly that the Presi review the whole history of the Japar relations in a strong document might take half an hour to read. President objected.

The conference adjourned about and the President then dictated to G (Tully) the first draft of his messag Congress.

Again the phone was ringing stantly. Jimmy (Byrnes) called up. Attorney General, Secretary of Treasury also called. Stark contin to get further and always more di news about the attack on Hawaii.

A Grave Hour in U.S. History

The Cabinet met promptly at All members were present. They for a ring completely around the Presid who sat at his desk. The President in a very solemn mood and told group this was the most serious Cab session since Lincoln met with the C net at the outbreak of the Civil War

The President reviewed the news. At this time we did not know whe or not Japan had actually declared on us.

Even at this time the President decided not to tell the Congressi leaders, who were waiting outside, cisely what was going to be in the sage. They came in at approxima 9:30.

The President outlined at some le the situation. . . . They asked whether he wanted a declaration of and what was going to be in the sage and he said he had not as yet cided. As a matter of fact the Presi of course, knew that he was going t for a declaration of war but he also k that if he stated it to the confere it would be all over town in five min because it is perfectly footless eve keep a secret. The legislative lea left.

Welles had a draft of a war mes which the President did not like though Hull pressed very strongly he use it. Hull's message was a l winded dissertation on the histor Japanese relations leading up to blow this morning. The President very patient with them and I thin order to get them out of the room haps led them to believe he would serious consideration to their draft

Waiters brought in beer and s wiches and at 12:30 the Presi cleared everybody out and said he going to bed.

(Next Week: The Great Coalition

From next week's installmen of THE SECRET PAPERS O HARRY L. HOPKINS: Genera Marshall felt so strongly (abou the powers of the Munition Assignment Board) that he in formed the President that un less the conditions as he state them were accepted he coul not continue as Chief of Staf



CARL ROSE

There's A Trick To It

BY JOHN MULHOLLAND

Two objects cannot be put in one space at the same time. For instance, everyone will agree that nothing more can be put into a level-full glass of water without spilling some of the water. A magician, however, can put four dollars in silver coins into a full glass without spilling a drop. It is immaterial whether he uses four silver dollars, eight half dollars, sixteen quarters, or forty dimes. The glass will hold both the water and the four dollars.

The magician drops the coins, one at a time, into the glass. Actually he dips the edge of each coin into the water and then releases it. The coins must be put edgewise into the water and not dropped flat. As the coins begin to take up space, the water is seen to bulge above the rim of the glass, and it will run over the edges if one extra coin is added.

A glass with a mouth of odd size will hold more, or fewer, coins, depending upon whether it is larger or smaller than the usual water glass. The actual capacity of the glass will be found to make very little difference to the trick.

The secret is that the magician uses an absolutely dry glass and rubs his fingers around the edge before pouring in the water. There is enough oil in the skin to coat the edge of the glass and keep the water from overflowing. If the performer's skin is very dry, he can get enough oil by patting his hair surreptitiously.

Though the dollars, half dollars, quarters and dimes make stacks of quite different sizes, it will be found that the ordinary glass will hold only four dollars, before overflowing, and it is quite as impossible to put one extra dime into the water as it is to put in a fifth silver dollar.

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Collier's believes...



...IN PARADES TO THE POLLS

THE Veterans of Foreign Wars organization is to be congratulated, we think, on having started what may become a widespread custom, namely, parades of patriots on May Day to counter the demonstrations of the Communists and their fellow travelers.

However, patriotic parades do not solve national problems, Communist or otherwise. Patriotism is an all-year affair, and it consists in freely admitting that your own country is not perfect, even though there is none better, and in trying to improve your own country.

We have good schools, by and large; but plenty of them are below par. Our cities and towns generally are the finest anywhere; but not one of them is as fine as it could be. Our people on the average are swell; but too many of them still are illiterate or half educated or dangerously bigoted or not healthy enough. So it goes.

The patriotic parades are fine, and we're for more and bigger ones as time goes on. But the parade that gets the concrete results is a quieter, less picturesque and dramatic one. We're speaking of the parade to the polls whenever an election rolls around. It is in this parade that the true patriot can most effectively register his or her aspirations toward a better country and a still healthier and stronger people. Are you marching in *that* parade; or is it just too much bother?

●

. . . ATOMS OUTWEIGH POLITICS: The atom is a very small particle of matter; but in at least one aspect we think it bulks rather large. It far outweighs, or should outweigh, politics and political considerations.

David Lilienthal's first term as chairman of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission is due to expire August 1st. So are the terms of Mr. Lilienthal's four colleagues on the commission—Sumner T. Pike, Robert F. Bacher, Lewis L. Strauss and William W. Waymack.

As soon as President Truman nominated these men for reappointment the old fight started up in the Senate, on the same old political and patronage grounds. Something new was added, too, in the form of the contention that important public jobs of this kind should not at this time be made long-term affairs because there may be a Republican President after next January 20th.

We hope there will be no more of such fights. It is obviously bad and dangerous business to inject a pork-barrel element into this agency which has in its keeping the manufacture of our finest weapon and the prosecution of nuclear research on all fronts.

When the present Atomic Energy Commission took over, we were in a bad way in that respect. The atomic projects were headed for demoralization. The Atomic Energy Commission has tightened up and reorganized the whole layout, according to competent observers.

What else matters, in a government enterprise of this magnitude and importance?

And what kind of "statesman" is it who will try to bedevil with politics the Atomic Energy Commission and its manifold and intricate activities?

●

. . . IT MATTERS A LOT RIGHT NOW: Historical works are having a big run at present, especially those of Dr. Arnold J. Toynbee—the expert Somervell abridgment of Toynbee's A Study of History, and the eminent historian's new collection of essays, Civilization on Trial; Oxford University Press, New York, 263 pages, $3.50.

This is all to the good, we think, and history is about as rewarding a kind of reading as there is. It gives you a perspective on man and his earthly career as nothing else can.

However, there's one danger in it. The study of history may produce a far too philosophic frame of mind—a habit of shrugging off the tensions and griefs of the present time with the old reflection that, "Oh, well, it'll all be the same a hundred years from now."

Progress and improvements are hammered out—a British Empire founded, for example, or an American Revolution won, or insulin discovered—by people who are furiously discontented with things as they are in those people's own day, and too bad about how things may shape up a century later!

If the bulk of the human race ever takes to trusting time, fate or some other long-range influence to solve human problems, the green light will be given to some other species to take over the earth—the insects, maybe, or the big cats, or conceivably the snakes.

The person who lives in the present and struggles with current problems, with only an occasional philosophic shrug when things go wrong, is the one who leads a really constructive and often satisfying existence.

The "nichevo," "kismet," "so be it" folks aren't as happy as they sometimes look; and certainly they aren't pulling their proper weight in society.

●

. . . BALDIES AREN'T NECESSARILY BRIGHT: We take due note of the recent and widely publicized statement by the distinguished Irish anthropologist, Dr. R. E. G. Armattoe, to the effect that baldheadedness goes with high brain power oftener than not. A bald friend of ours has this to say about it:

"Well, yeah, I'd like to believe the professor. Gives you a very snug, very smug feeling when you read his remarks. However, when I look back on the numberless dumb things I've done, and look forward to those I'll inevitably do in the future, I seriously doubt that a bald dome means the guy underneath it is extra smart. He may be more than average active mentally—yes. But an active brain can skitter off on wild-goose chases and reach wrong conclusions just as easily as a sluggish one. So I don't know—"

We don't either. Guess we'll just file the brilliant-baldy idea in the same pigeonhole with the older notions that a redhead is invariably a fighter and that only a person having blue or gray eyes can hope to be a great man or woman.

Collier's

JULY 10, 1948 TEN CENTS



Beginning

MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN MURDER
By Octavus Roy Cohen

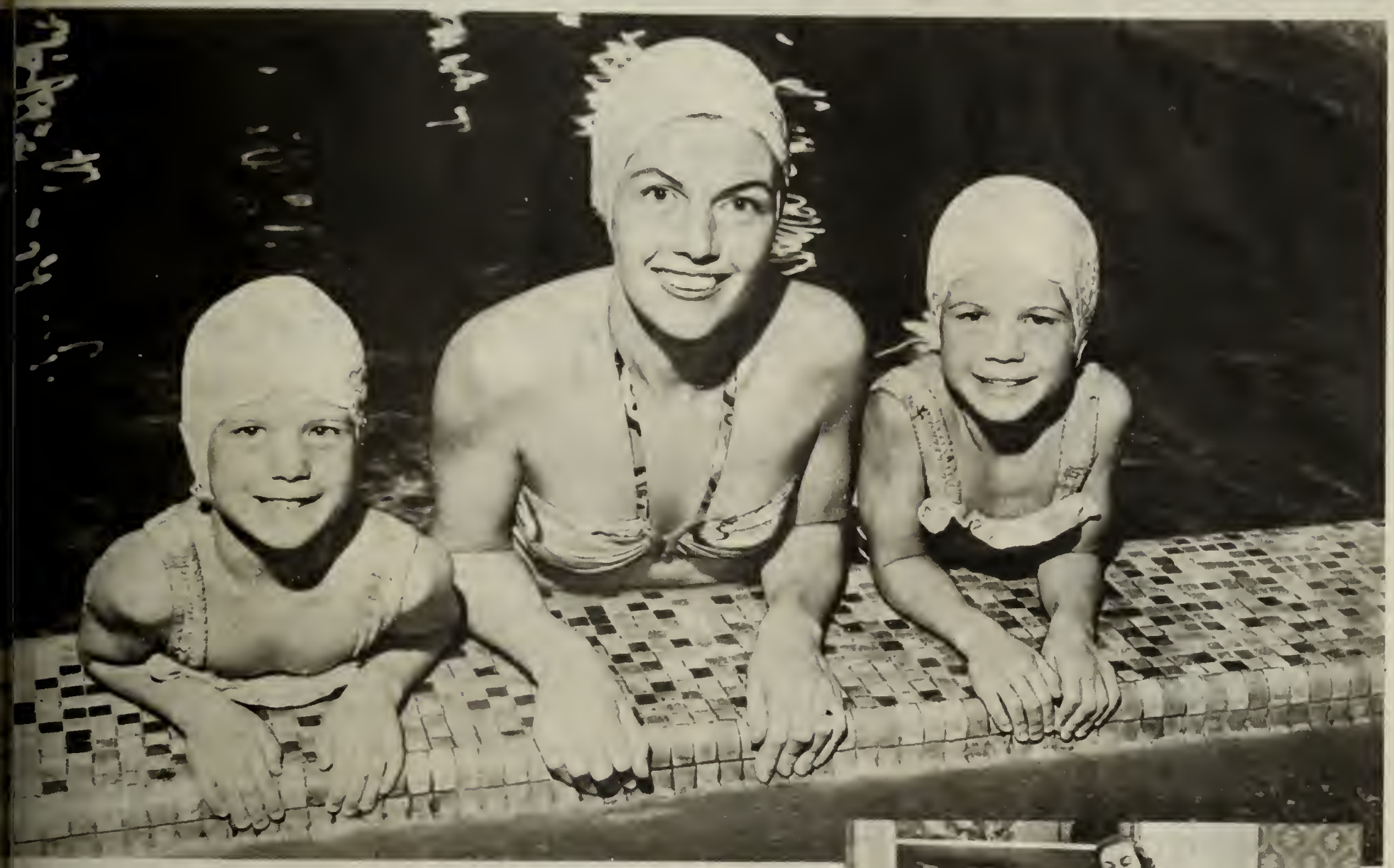
★

General Marshall told F.D.R. his terms must be met
THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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"Do you think I could Model?" asked this mother



...ids turn green with envy to see how Judy and Bonnie, coached by Nicki, can swim. Even more im-...t, Mrs. Ellis is teaching them how to have a smile as brilliant as her own—a smile she trusts only to Ipana ...Vouldn't *you*—knowing that Ipana is the tooth paste dentists recommend and use 2 to 1, according to a re-...tionwide survey? Get a tube of Ipana today!

Photographers always told Nicki Ellis she had a "model" smile. One day she *did* something about it . . .

"...KI, WHY DON'T YOU become a model? ...A smile like yours belongs on maga-...vers!"

...'s what green-eyed, auburn-haired ...alph Ellis heard for years from her ...and photographer friends. (Who ...know the value of a smile better!)

...t made Nicki suddenly decide to become a model? You guessed it: rising living costs. This lovely mother put her smile (and what a smile!) to work—and is now one of Chicago's most successful models.

You may be sure that Nicki, who owes so much to her smile, teaches Judy and Bonnie to safeguard *their* smiles by following her own prized dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana Tooth Paste, then gentle gum massage.*



...your dentist's advice about gum massage. ...massage is so important to the health of your ...l the beauty of your smile that 9 out of 10 ...recommend it regularly or in special cases, ... to a recent national survey! *Help your den-... your smile of beauty.*

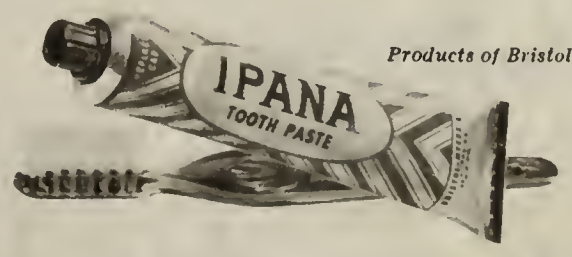


Big Sister Judy, a first-grader in school, leads the way for Bonnie, a kindergarten student, in their nightly care of teeth and gums. If *your* gums flash a warning tinge of "pink," *see your dentist.* Let *him* decide whether yours is a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and gentle massage."

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
for your Smile of Beauty



My, how you've grown! Judy, 6 years old, and Bonnie, 5, love to pretend they're glamorous models like their mother. Which they may very well be, some day. For Nicki knows that a "model" smile depends on sparkling teeth—and that firm, healthy gums are important to sparkling teeth. Want to start *your* family towards "model" smiles? Start now with Ipana care.



Products of Bristol-Myers

P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the *twist* in the handle. 1,000 dentists helped design it!

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July 10, 1948

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THE WEEK'S MAI

OUR FAR-FLUNG INTERROGATOR

DEAR SIR: I have some questions to
you, which questions have asked Inc
consul, he answered in 1 March "The
and third question in Indian police stat
can't do it absolutely." But 1 think th
are many nations in the world, each h
different customs. America is the g
republic. American newspaper is the p
who serve people very kindly. So th
wish you giving me a satisfied answer,
I am very thinks! 1. American police
tion can't dig many holes in the wel
listen personal speech? 2. American po
station can't pat the medicines in peop
meal it may got cold and can break
puscle? 3. American police station c
frighten people to recognize breaking
law but he never do it? 4. American po
station can't detain people's letter?
American police station can't comm
dispensary to sell medicine it contents c
mushroom? 6. American police stat
can't use the hypnotic medicine for j
people's room in night? 7. American
lice station can't command doctor to
cold mushroom in the injection dose
to make fever? 8. American police stat
can't make the plan to order doctor to
lay people's disease a long time?
For the Chinese Friend, HUANG TIEN M
Shanghai, Ch

POW

DEAR SIR: In regard to your article, G
Underground in Russia, by Father Gec
(May 29th). I would say that this artic
quite valid, but perhaps not as sad as
ther George makes it seem. While a P
in Germany I was Senior American M
cal Person in charge and thus came i
contact with all the Russians in the h
pital. I can say openly that many of
Russian soldiers had Orthodox written
their hospital cards. Many would cc
for Mass on Sunday or at Christmasti
held by a French padre.

The case of fear for Catholicism may
present in Russia today, but when I
in contact with them, they had Ch
close to them many times.

ALLAN H. GOPPMAN, Pittsburgh,

MIND ON HIGHER THINGS

GENTLEMEN: The Editors of Collier's
the author, Alfred H. Sinks, have, thro
the inspiring article Flying High (M
29th), brought to your readers some of
thrilling and significant features of mod
kite flying that we here at SKY-EYE

(Continued on page 73)

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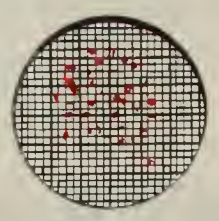
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Blood—*a barometer of Health!*

Q. How do blood tests  help guard your health?

A. These tests help to reveal the condition of your blood so that your physician can detect "hidden" diseases that are often difficult to diagnose in their early stages. Many doctors use blood tests as a regular part of periodic physical examinations. So if your doctor suggests a blood test, don't worry. He is using, for your benefit, one of the valuable procedures of medical science.

Q. What does a blood count  tell your doctor?

A. Checking the number, size, shape, and condition of your blood cells is called a blood count. The number of red cells and the amount of hemoglobin in them is one of the indices which help reveal your general physical condition. A count of white cells may be of value in diagnosing certain diseases. It is sometimes combined with the sedimentation test, which establishes the time taken by blood cells to settle.

Q. What will chemical analysis  of the blood show?

A. Your blood is composed chiefly of water, salt, sugar, fat, and proteins. Chemical analysis of the blood is used to determine whether or not these and other components are present in normal amounts. This is important in aiding the diagnosis of certain diseases. For example, excessive sugar, salts or waste products in the blood indicate conditions requiring medical treatment.

IAT SHOULD YOU KNOW ABOUT THE BLOOD?

The blood serves as a transportation system within body, bringing oxygen, food, and other materials the body cells and carrying away waste products. e white blood cells and substances called antibodies p to keep the body healthy by fighting infection. ien certain antibodies are found in blood serum, y help in diagnosing a number of diseases.

During World War II, modern science proved dra- tically that thousands of lives can be saved by im- ved methods in blood transfusion. Research has discovered ways to extract many valuable medical nts from the blood. Among the most important are: *mma globulin* which provides immunization against asles; *fibrinogen* and *thrombin* which are used to control bleeding and to make surgical "sponges" which may safely be left in a wound while it heals; and *albumin* which has proved effective in treating certain diseases of the kidneys and liver.

Study of the blood as a means of aiding health is relatively new, but today, by co-operating with your physician, you can benefit from many advances that already have been made. There is real hope that future developments in this field will provide other important new weapons for man's war against disease.

The American Red Cross has prepared a helpful booklet on the blood and its relationship to good health, entitled "The Story of Blood." Through the courtesy of the Red Cross, the Metropolitan is able to send you a free copy on request.

TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

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1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of the booklet, 88-C, entitled "The Story of Blood."

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Street_____

City_____ State_____

COLLIER'S

SPORTS



INTERNATIONAL

Flying taxis, like this one, disgorge growing numbers of hunters on previously inaccessible hunting grounds. In time, they may destroy our last wildlife refu

GOODBY, WILDERNESS

BY BILL FA

CONSERVATION experts are fearful that low airplane transportation rates for anglers will destroy what remains of the American wilderness. You can now fly from various bases to previously inaccessible lakes for as little as ten dollars round trip.

Outdoor editor Bob Becker tried one of those $10 rides in Minnesota. "The fish taxi hopped off from Ely at dawn," Bob tells me, "and dropped me on a lake in Superior National Forest in half an hour. Twenty years ago that same trip took me three days by canoe."

Fish taxis pierce the last defense of the wilderness—remoteness—in the roadless area of Superior Forest which was established as a wildlife refuge in 1925. "The law banned roads," Becker says, "but it did not anticipate airplanes. Another thing, a few plots of land within the 1,700,000 acre reserve are privately owned, and the owners have built camps to lure the airplane trade. The conservationists cry that many lakes will be fished out in a few years. They say too, that species of game which can't stand heavy human traffic—the moose, for instance—will migrate or die out."

Numerous conservation agencies, including the Izaak Walton League, are urging legislation to outlaw fish taxis from all national park wilderness areas. The proposed legislation would prevent remote wildlife reserves from being turned into picnic grounds for fish-and-fly excursionists. It would not keep sportsmen who like to paddle their own canoes from enjoying their wilderness heritage. The Izaak Walton League has spent $70,000 buying privately owned land within the Superior wilderness. The land was reforested and sold to the government for $20,000.

"The monetary loss was worth while," Mr. Becker comments. "Here's why. Suppose you own 10 acres in the Superior wilderness. You can fly fishermen to your camp, then use the plane to drop them on adjacent lakes. From 10 acres, you can capitalize on 10,000 acres of wilderness. Something will have to be done about those camps still operating. Twenty commercial planes are flying out of Ely every day. Pretty soon they'll need a control tower."

It could come to that. Towers. Radio. Field lights. Operators calling. "Come in, northern-pike party from Lake Agnes—stay clear, lake-trout party from Saganaga—"

If it does, it will be the end of the wilderness.

HIGH MAN ON THE POLE

Which Olympic contest requires the greatest skill and endurance? Pole vaulting, probably. The winner will drop 14 or more feet into jarring sawdust from eight to 10 times—an ordeal in itself. Each time his pole hits the take-off box, he will blend 35 body movements in something like 1.02 seconds. His arms and hands will feel an impact force of approximately 1,500 pounds. In the air, moving 10-15 feet a second, he will turn upside down and push himself 2½ feet above his handgrip.

When Dutch Warmerdam vaulted 15 feet 8½ inches, his take-off speed would have carried a dash man 100 yards in 10.3 seconds. That's fast, when you remember Dutch was holding an eight-pound pole and the end of that pole was 13 feet 3 inches in the air during the approach. Exactly 13 feet 3 inches. Pole vaulters are precise people.

HOW TO LOSE THE ALL STAR

The National League trailed the American League, 2 to 1, when Enos Slaughter went to bat in the eighth inning of last year's All Star game with Willard Marshall (the tying run) on third base. Two out. Slaughter poked a slow roller to the right of second base. Shortstop Lou Boudreau gloved the ball and threw Slaughter out by three strides. Boudreau made the game-saving play look easy.

"Actually," an American League analyst said later, "Lou caught the catcher's signal, gambled Slaughter would hit a curve toward right, and was moving toward second with the pitch. No other shortstop in our league could have gone that far to the left. Appling's a good fielder, but he's getting old—can't anticipate with Lou."

Luke Appling, Boudreau's alternate, appeared only as a pinch hi
That's one reason the Amer
League has won 10 of 14 All
games. President Will Harric
managers play their top stars full t
The late Lou Gehrig monopol
first base from 1932 through 1
Joe DiMaggio has worked every
ning of eight All Star engagem
Ted Williams, whose ninth-in
homer decided the 1941 battle, h
had an inning off (save for Navy d
since 1940.

Down the years, National Le
managers have used more substit
Only once—in 1938—did the
tional League retain its sta
line-up (exclusive of pitc
throughout the game. The Amer
League used a standpat line-up t
times: 1937, '39, '42. Significantly
team which spurned substitution
all four games. Over 14 games
National Leaguers have played c
plete games while 74 Amer
Leaguers have labored the full
innings.

National League sympath
sometimes cite this discrepancy in
employment statistics to make a p
that the American League regard
game as a test of strength, wh
the National League considers i
exhibition to entertain the fans. A
ican League adherents explain
one-sided series by saying the
tional League simply can't match
superstars—Williams, Feller, Di
gio, Boudreau. Whatever the re

(Continued on page 71)

news about NYLON



D TO RIP! Nylon wind socks are so light, dry so fast, flutter in the slightest breeze, a sensitivity air- appreciate! Yet nylon is tough, not damaged by mil- —so hard to rip it stands up to the roughest weather!

FAST DRYING! That's the news about nylon swim suits! Relax on the beach—your suit's soon dry. Pack it—your suit won't be weakened by mildew or salt water. Nylon's the wise choice for serious swimming. Nylon fibers stay strong when wet!



Du Pont makes the nylon fibers used in the products shown. The manufacturers of these products use nylon because products made with nylon can have these outstanding properties:

- ✓ STRENGTH
- ✓ LIGHTNESS
- ✓ EASY WASHING
- ✓ LONG WEAR
- ✓ RESISTANCE TO MOTHS AND PERSPIRATION
- ✓ ELASTICITY
- ✓ TOUGHNESS
- ✓ RESILIENCE
- ✓ FAST DRYING
- ✓ CAN BE "SET" TO HOLD SHAPE

DU PONT

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

TO MANUFACTURERS: Are there textile fibers in your product? Then you'll want to reod "Nylon Textile Fibers in Industry." Write for it now!

NEW! FREE book for women, teochers, students—"About Du Pont Nylon." Write to Nylon Division, E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Wilmington 98, Del.



SO LIGHT it's fun to use —that's garden hose made with strong nylon cords. So easy to coil, even children can handle it—it won't tip the sprinkler—and nylon's extra toughness, resilience and strength make it long lasting.



EASY LAUNDERING! Save laundry bills, ironing time. Nylon uniforms, so easy to wash you'll tub them yourself, need so little ironing you'll press in no time. They're crisp, comfortable, long wearing. Worth extra money!



TOUGH 'N' LOVELY! Tough—funny word for lace! But for all its filmy, fragile loveliness—nylon lace *is* tough, sturdy, long wearing. Dries fast, doesn't scratch, retains shape. And it doesn't need ironing—unless you *like* to fuss!

You're on top of the world when you've got P.A.*

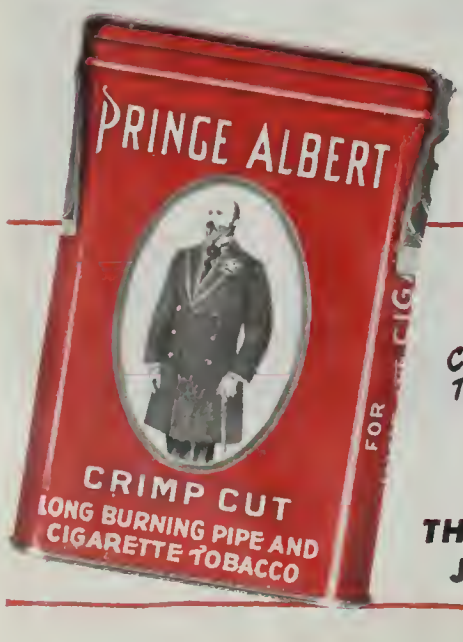


YES—a man with Pipe Appeal has something extra that appeals to the ladies. And with Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco in his pipe, he has something extra in smoking joy and comfort too.

P.A.* means Pipe Appeal
P.A.* means Prince Albert

● When you try Prince Albert—you'll understand why it's America's largest-selling smoking tobacco. It's *choice* tobacco ... rich tasting, mild, and tongue-easy. P.A. is specially treated to insure against tongue bite. Ask for Prince Albert—in the familiar red tin—at dealers' everywhere.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



P.A. IS GRAND FOR CIGARETTE 'MAKIN'S' TOO. THAT CRIMP CUT MAKES IT SO EASY TO ROLL!



THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER



A mechanized lunch counter, recently patented, prevents patrons from dawdling over their meals and lingering in their seats during rush hours. The counter and seats are mounted on a platform that moves slowly past waitresses who set the successive courses before each diner. Soon after receiving his dessert, the patron reaches the end of the line and must vacate his seat—as it drops through the floor.

The greatest living miniature writer is believed to be James W. Zaharee who, when not on tour demonstrating his skill, resides on a ranch in North Dakota. One of his incredible feats, accomplished not long ago with a fine pen and a microscope, was the printing of the some 270 words (1,175 letters) from Lincoln's Gettysburg Address on a human hair less than three inches in length.

At least one out of five Americans dies under some suspicious or unusual circumstance that necessitates an official inquiry into the actual cause of his death.

In a small Nebraska town several years ago, a man on trial for dynamiting a house was freed through the calculations of two astronomers. The only witnesses were two girls who testified they had seen the defendant near the house shortly before the explosion which occurred at three o'clock on a Sunday afternoon. Claiming they were coming from church, a mile away, they produced as evidence a snapshot of themselves on its steps taken a moment before they left "at about 2:30." As a shadow was cast by a part of the church, the astronomers were requested to estimate from its position when the picture had been taken. One came within 29 seconds and the other within 15 seconds of the actual time—21.5 minutes AFTER the explosion—which was determined from photographs taken on the same day the following year.

The king of American impost was Stephen Weinberg, alias Sterl Wyman and 24 other names. Brooklyn who, between 1913 a 1943, had one of the most fanta careers of its kind on record. P sessing colossal nerve and amaz acting ability, he frequently posed some official representative of U.S. government and took in ha famous visitors to this country. boldest fraud, perpetrated in 19 was taking Princess Fatima of ghanistan and her entourage to Wa ington and arranging a reception her honor at the White House wh he personally presented her to Pr dent Harding.

As the people of China constar guard themselves against loss of f (prestige), it is not uncommon fo wealthy citizen, thinking he might be given an appropriate funeral, hold the ceremony while he is a and able to superintend it hims Because such a procession, with several bands and scores of hired tendants, is regarded as the man's funeral, his family is obliged to into mourning for three years.

When the poisoning of enen reached an unprecedented scale 16th century Europe, a great dem arose for ivory drinking cups p portedly made from a "unico horn," owing to the belief that t counteracted any poison placed them. Consequently, these cups increased in price that one, bou for King Henry II of France in 1 cost a sum equivalent today to $1 000.

Unless directly inhaled, the po of goldenrod does not cause hay fe as it is too heavy to be carried distance by the wind.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact cepted for this column. Contributions be accompanied by their source of info tion. Address Keep Up With the W Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York N. Y. This column is copyrighted and Items may be reproduced without permi

"What's wrong with marrying on a shoestring?"

ASKED ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW



"NO CHILD OF MINE will ever marry on any shoestring—like *your* niece Lulubelle!" boomed Elmer, the bull. "I contend that folks should have plenty of shoes to go with the strings and plenty of money in the sock, before they say *I do!*"



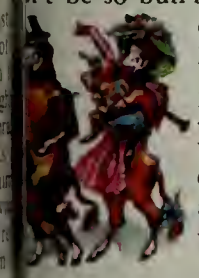
t if young folks wait to do said Elsie, the Borden "they may miss the excite- of making a little go a long . . and the joys of being with their children!"

at's beside the point!" lmer. "I give Beauregard Beulah everything they And, when it's time for them to marry, I'm not them do with less!"



Y CHATEAU-AND-EGG GRILL!" *says Elsie. "Just er a poached egg on hot toast, top the egg with slices of Borden's Chateau. Then pop under grill until the Chateau melts.* Swell!"

n't be so bull-headed, dear!" smiled Elsie. "It



develops a boy's *character* to have the responsibility of a family. And it's *fun* for a girl to help her husband and delight him with delicious, money-saving dishes—like the cheese omelets and Welsh rabbits you make with *Borden's* Chateau."*

"What in blazes has Borden's u to do with marrying?" thundered Elmer.

teau provides delicious, nutritious cheese eating for thousands of married folks—and their children—every day," answered Elsie. "It has such a rich, mellow-mild Cheddar flavor! And Chateau makes wonderful sandwiches. It slices, spreads, melts perfectly."

"Why, oh why," moaned Elmer, "did I ever let you go to work for Borden's?"

"Because Borden's makes such fine foods!" answered



Elsie. "Take their new *Lady Borden Ice Cream.* You never tasted ice cream like it—so rich, so smooth, so creamy. And every luscious spoonful brims with wholesome food energy."

"HO! HO!" chortled Elmer. "Better start feeding the young ones Lady Borden Ice Cream *now.* Maybe they'll build up enough energy through the years to marry on a shoestring."





"LADY BORDEN ICE CREAM *is made with the finest ingredients—and* tastes *it!" says Elsie. "Its creamy smooth texture and superb flavor make it a new experience in ice cream eating!"*

"*Do* be serious, dear," said Elsie. "Lady Borden is really wonderful *food.* It's made with pure, sweet cream, you know. The fresh fruits and berries used in it are of *superb* quality. And the chocolate and vanilla taste *so* distinctive and *so* good and *so* luscious!"



"And I'm so tired of it all!" sighed Elmer. "*Please,* Elsie, can't we end this without that same old line you've been using for years and years?"

"You mean—*if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good?*" asked Elsie. "Why, certainly, dear!"

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

© The Borden Company

Here's "before and after" proof why

You Should Simoniz Your Car!



Simoniz Kleener makes dull cars look new again!

Quicker ond eosier now than ever! Nothing equols the amazing Simoniz Kleener . . . far safely cleaning the finish and restaring the luster. It gives you twice the shine in half the time. Use Liquid Simaniz Kleener far just a quickie ane-operotion slick-up . . . ond olso before opplying Simaniz. Paste Simoniz Kleener is far extremely dull cars. Of course, ta keep yaur cor beautiful yau shauld alwoys follaw up with Simaniz . . . to pratect the finish, make it last langer and keep the calar fram foding. Anyane can easily do a really professianal jab af Simanizing. No buffer or ather equipment needed . . . just the inexpensive Simaniz and Simaniz Kleener. Insist an these fomaus products far yaur cor.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO 16, ILL.

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

TRADE MARK REG.

MAKES THE FINISH LAST LONGER



Ostrich omelet à la Mannix Petite

WHILE I.Q.ing ostriches for Ostriches Aren't So Dumb (p. 24) author Daniel Mannix decided to induce his five-year-old daughter Jule to pose with the jumbo sparrows. "I thought it high time she helped support me," he explains. "So far all the good we've got out of her was one picture with a skunk."

At the ostrich farm, Jule, who had posed with birds before (canaries), took one look at the ostriches, announced, "Those aren't birds, they're horses!"—and tried to leave.

Restrained, Jule was given an orange to feed the birdies. However, they turned up beaks at the orange, and before Jule could escape ate all the buttons on her dress and the ribbon in her hair. "I don't like things that eat your clothes," wept Jule later, and was quieted only when given an ostrich egg for an omelet.

Whereupon Jule, Sr. (Mrs. Mannix), cried happily, "What a relief after sitting for days in a blind waiting for a wild bird to come and pose!" and climbed bravely into a pen of ostrichettes with her camera. Before she could put her head in the sand, the babies had devoured lens cap, pulled a lens loose, and swallowed her hankie.

Mannix says, "To get even, I insulted a fine big bird by yelling and waving at him—from behind a fence. He waltzed up and kicked a footful of sticky mud at me."

OREN ARNOLD reports that he had taken his little girl Gail to watch the fireworks. A dud rocket fell near them, and Daddy shouted, "Run!" to Gail. As he ran one way, Gail ran to the rocket. A fireworks man dashed up and kicked the thing aside, and as Daddy rushed to retrieve Gail, they all were showered with green stars. "I am still jittery after these years," Arnold says. "Gail is happy for the close-up of a rocket's big moment. The experience led to an introduction to Clarence Cronkite, the central figure of my fireworks story, Fantasy in Flame (p. 18)."

After some basic research, in which Mr. Arnold was further baptized with fiery Indian arrows, he concluded: "The men who devote their lives to the fun of fireworks shooting can have it; I'm a white-collar weakling myself."

THE comely Darby St. John, fiction newcomer (Mr. Spofford Isn't In, p. 13), calls herself a native of Wisconsin, Olympia, Chicago and Hollywood, in the order named. At twelve she found a typewriter at back of a closet, decided to becom writer. She spent a summer vacat pecking out a novel, resisting all treaties through the open window come out and play baseball. "T novel never got beyond the admi tion of my family," she confes "But something good did come of I learned to type with more than t fingers. I use three."

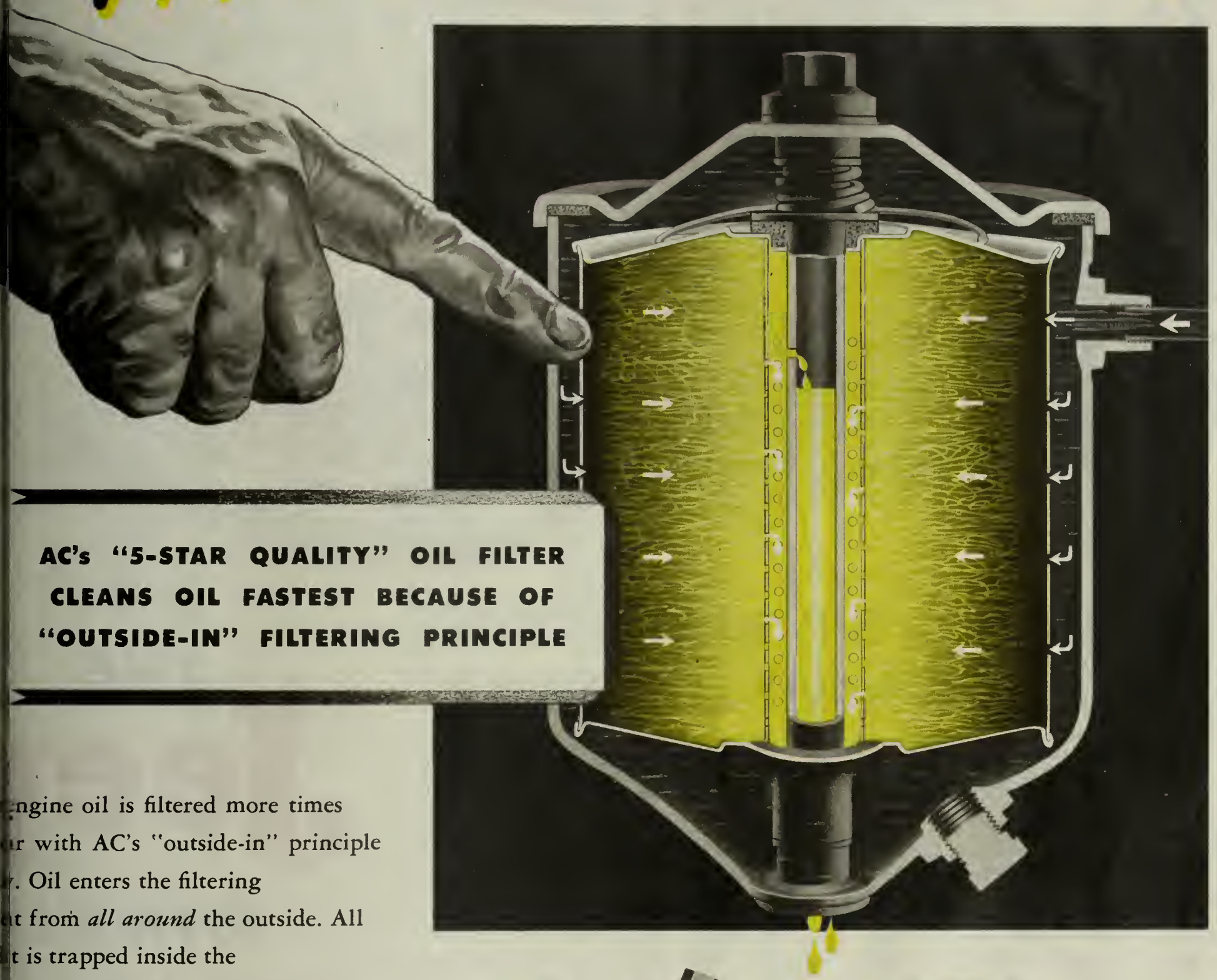
Another summer, while on a ja to Vienna, Miss St. John decided become a composer. "Wrote score for a U. of Chicago Mir show, later in Hollywood sold so music for pictures, and started nu bering symphonies 1, 2, 3, driving trepidly toward the magic numbe One day my husband asked wha hoped to do with the symphon I was stuck for an answer. I drop the scores in a trunk. Then late famous Hollywood clairvoyant t me she saw me selling a ms. in a gr cover. So I wrote a mystery no Put on a green cover. It sold."

OF THE new serial, More Bea ful Than Murder, which beg a pulsing course on p. 16, Octa Roy Cohen opines anything he mi say about it is too late to be u against him. The thing's done. himself, however, he relates bought a new home in Los Ange complete with electric-eye gara electric range and 15-year mortg He and Mrs. Cohen have converte lovely formal living room into a p hall. "Slowly," he details, learning to distinguish one end of cue ball from the other.

"I am not 'in pictures,' nor hav any ambitions that way, which pr ably makes me unique among wri who have migrated to Hollywo In response to a specific question yours, Mr. Shane, I don't know ravishing blondes, but I pass lots them on the street, and occasion meet a few of the better ones in dreams."

This week's cover: "Ooooh, Told!" Lorna Gail Gillam, six, of toria, Long Island, vacationing w her mama, photographer papa Papa's partner, Al Gianni, at Ma crest, New York, found a gurg little brook in the near-by boskin Daily Lorna took crumbs from dinner to feed the trout, kept chat ing about it. One day her dad, Wa Gillam, and Uncle Al accompan her down, photographed her just she stepped into the crystal-cool w to play. . . . TED SHAN

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WILLYS-OVERLAND TRUCK NEWS



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MR. SPOFFORD ISN'T IN

BY DARBY ST. JOHN

A foolish boy and his girl's money are soon parted

N a green-and-gold office on the Sunset Strip, a large young man named Morgan Anders, with short sunburned hair, a tortured expression and guileless light brown eyes, answered insistent ringing of his phone. On the wall ve his head hung an ancient gold tapestry from friend King Bog, in appreciation for a World s article of Morgan's, praising his country's el cheese. On the desk was a pile of bills, a of Today, and a half-finished article in a port- typewriter.

Hello," Morgan said.

Mr. Spofford, please," a terse but lovely female e said.

H. O. Spofford?" Morgan said. "He isn't in, ey."

You've said that three times before."

hate to keep disappointing you," Morgan said. y I help you, honey?"

"I prefer to speak to Mr. Spofford personally," the voice said coldly. "If you'll tell me when he will be in—"

"Honest, I couldn't say," Morgan said. "He's in and out. You have a lovely voice, angel. Could I give Hiram O. Spofford any message?"

"What I have to say had better be said in person."

"Temperament, too," Morgan said admiringly. "Have you got red hair by any chance?"

"By a strange coincidence I have," the voice said grimly. "You can tell your Mr. Spofford that if I don't get satisfaction over the phone, I may come out in person—swinging."

"Bring your brass knuckles, hon," Morgan said. "He has a thick skull." . . .

Two years previously, Morgan had spent several months abroad as a foreign correspondent for World Press. He dashed off reports from Trieste, Cairo and Delhi in a colorful, punchy style, and matched coins with practically anybody in a succession of colorful bars. Between Delhi and Athens his transport crashed. He got out of the hospital with a broken arm, assorted scars, and he was flat broke from playing parcheesi with the other patients.

The home office wired him expense money and sent him on to Athens, then Iraq. He continued pecking out sensational articles on his portable, and losing his money. In Palestine he wrote the piece that won him the International Award for the best reporting of the year, and lost four months' pay in a crap game in the Royal Palms bar. Between Ankara and Marseille he crashed again. He came off this time with a platinum plate where it didn't show, and a wire from Ridgeville, Vermont, which caught up with him in the hospital, stating that his Aunt Matilda had died and left him five thousand dollars in cash. *(Continued on page 49)*

d you forget our luncheon te, Morgan?" Madge asked. urely you jest, sugar?" he d. "Red and I merely—" erely nothing," Madge said. 's written all over you!"



ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST



INHUMAN NATURE

BY TED SHANE

THE sun is bright, a bird tootles happily in a tree, there is a sparkle on the water hazard among the glittering greens of the Missannokkit Golf Course. Standing in the rough off the 6th green is Miss Deeds, secretary, vacationing at the lodge, and about to make a recovery shot.

Resting on a blade of grass touching Miss D.'s left leg sits an almost invisible reddish character known as a chigger. He is awfully hungry, and just as Miss Deeds swings he makes a quick leap, lands on her lovely leg, tucks his napkin under his chin and starts luncheon.

As Miss Secretary moves on toward the green, she absent-mindedly reaches down and scratches her pretty limb.

If she keeps scratching, by that night Miss Deeds' leg will be decorated with several white bumps at the scene of Mr. Chigger's attack; and sometime during the second day, a small blister will appear at the center of inflammation. Broken by her frenzied scratching, it will leave a bright red area which will itch for from four to ten days—ending just in time for Miss Deeds' return to her desk after her two weeks with pay.

Not that one chigger can ruin a summer, but if Mr. Chigger has been joined by an army of his hungry relatives, Miss Deeds may lose sleep, develop a fever, not eat, and reach the verge of insanity before the chigger bites subside—the vacation she looked forward to all winter thoroughly ruined.

For summer is the season of war. In winter man has but one enemy to battle: cold. It is comparatively simple to prepare for the chilblain, the frostbite and the pneumococcus. Summer is total war. Nature awakes in all her glories. Zillions and zillions of insects, seen and unseen, and equipped with every mechanized device, mobilize in field, swamp and pantry and move to the attack of fun-seeking, relaxing man.

Invisible pollen takes off from beautiful flowers and strikes, setting up allergies which turn heads into dripping sponges, cause sniffles, burning eyes and a mad desire to get away from the flowers, grass and trees. The reptile lurks in the bush, and the friendly, life-giving sun beats down on the beach, eager to turn the careless bather into a mass of raw steak, extra rare. Poison plants exude torture; and even the lightning can set up a psychic discomfort you can't scratch.

Summer, in other words, can be thoroughly miserable—unless you are aware that the hard-working employees of many of our Health, Army, Agriculture and Security Agencies have come up with some remarkable powders, liquids, devices and ideas to defeat the fun-spoiling hordes.

Take the case of Miss Deeds and the chigger. This mity little fellow, sometimes called the red bug, is an almost invisible pest in the larval stage who bites folks only from Long Island to Mexico, and from the Atlantic Coast to the Rockies, and usually from early summer to October.

For some time the rumor has persisted that chiggers actually burrow into the skin, settle and raise families. This is not true. Chiggers merely attach themselves to your skin, sip your plasma, and in return, deposit a poison which gets into the blood stream and causes a maddening itch. You won't die from chigger bite, by the way, as Mr. Chigger isn't known to carry any infectious diseases.

Well, what can be done about chiggers? Unfortunately DDT doesn't work well on chiggers. Spraying your clothes with DDT, for instance, does little good, for the chigger is a speed-ball. He gets aboard and gets his drink of blood before the DDT can get him.

Department of Agriculture entomologists tell you this. To repel chigger invasion on your lawns and fields, spray them with DDT or sulphur. Should you be off for a hike over the meadows, or out for some golf, spray your socks and pant legs thoroughly with benzyl benzoate. If you're planning a hike through dense underbrush or forest, wear tramping boots or leather leggings, and spray the rest of your clothing. Where modern miticides aren't handy, old-timers prescribe sulphur, or a kerosene spray. Sulphur, of course, doesn't have the fragrance of I Surrender, Dreamboat.

If, in spite of your precautions, chiggers establish a beachhead on your tender hide, you can blast them out by sponging yourself with kerosene, or 95 per cent alcohol, followed immediately by a bath with a strong soap, allowing the latter to remain about 15 minutes before rinsing. Should you begin itching after this treatment, whatever you do, don't scratch. Salve up with mentholated ointments or collodion ("new skin"). This soothes and prevents infection—on infected bites use Mercurochrome or iodine.

Senior partner in bloodthirsty crime of the chigger is the tick. This mechanized mite can be a dangerous disease carrier. Tick paralysis, tularemia, American Q fever, the newly discovered Bullis fever, and the deadly Rocky Mountain spotted fever can be tick-borne. From 20 to 30 per cent of Rocky Mountain fever victims die.

As dangerous as a reptile, this little louse can louse up your summer. Living in high grass, bushes and small trees, and very partial to the Southern states, ticks can be found not only on picnic grounds, but in Northern cities. This is because, being extremely partial to animals, it climbs aboard Rover as he romps by in a meadow.

The tick just loves it indoors. When Rover brings him home, he heads for a crack (he prefers ceilings) or snuggles under a rug and sets up house. Uninformed about birth control, Mrs. Tick can lay as many as 6,500 eggs in her life span. All the little ticks then must grow up and be fed—by your dog, your mice or yourself and children. Impervious to drought and cold, ticks live to hoary old ages. Why they haven't taken us over, nobody seems to know.

The deadliest insecticides seem powerless against the tick. DDT makes him a little drunk, and that's about all. So entomologists, though they throw up their hands at eliminating the tick in large areas, recommend you burn off the dry grass and underbrush of lawns and fields in the spring and fall, thus cremating Papa, Mama and the zillion Junior ticks. Then crop your lawns close, and spray them, your sidewalks and driveways with 10 per cent DDT powder at the rate of 10 ounces per 1,000 square feet. This may not kill Mr. Tick, but it will give *(Continued on page 60)*



Evelyn has worked her tennis stroke up to sun-stroke. Phil squeezes the sponge she threw in



Always the lover, Phil gives Evelyn flowers and rouses one of her more basic emotions—allergy

Phil Silvers of the New York musicomedy High Button Shoes has crammed a summer's sun-basking into two days. Dancer Evelyn Giles calms his sun-baked brow with a soothing lotion

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER



Phil didn't put out a Do Not Disturb sign. A black widow spider calls, bent on making Mrs. Silvers a Silver Widow



Nursed back to health, Silvers itches for a souvenir of his trip, gets ivy poisoning—and now can start from scratch

MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN MURDER



Nulty got more and more boisterous. He was annoying the guests, particularly some of the ladies, and I felt responsible for what was going on

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN



I

THE late afternoon sunshine streamed in through the windows and traced a precise pattern on the floor. Nothing fancy. Nothing gaudy. Just a series of parallel black lines.

That was because the windows were barred. The sunshine could get in. Nothing could get out.

This was November 25th. Less than a half hour previously the prosecution had announced that it rested. The judge had taken his cue and called it a day. The jurors were given the customary instructions about not discussing the case. It was The People of the State of California versus Steven Blake. Seven million people in California, and only one of them named Steven Blake. I was that one. It was pretty tough odds. Especially since the charge was murder.

The jailer walked down the corridor, his heels sounding a rhythmic tap-tap on the concrete floor. He rattled some keys and inserted one of them into the lock on my cell door. The door creaked a little as it swung open, and he jerked his head at me.

I followed him down the corridor, through some more barred doors, and thence downstairs to what they call the Lawyers' Room in the Los Angeles County Hall of Justice. It was a big room, filled with long benches on opposite sides of wire screens. Prisoners were supposed to sit on the safe side, with their attorneys facing them. They could talk, but not touch.

For perhaps thirty seconds I sat all alone. Then a door opened and my attorney bounced in.

Brian Garland looked as cute as a cherub in a painting by an Italian master. He was thirty years of age, short, chubby and bright. His light brown hair was very sparse, and he had wide-open baby-blue eyes, which gave him a juvenile expression. He'd been a friend of mine since college days, and I had a good deal of confidence in what went on behind those eyes. Not that it was doing me any good. They had me out on a limb, and the district attorney was working on that limb with a sharp saw.

Garland had been well trained in law. He'd had a fine legal education and had put it to best advantage. During the war he had served overseas in the Judge Advocate General's department. I understood that he had done a good job.

He seated himself opposite me. He was trying to look optimistic and not quite bringing it off. He made a few remarks which were calculated to cheer me up, and then he said, "Tomorrow we start."

I said, "Start what?"

"Our defense."

"What is it? What've we got?"

"The State's case is entirely circumstantial. They haven't produced one piece of direct evidence, not one."

"Meaning that nobody actually saw me kill Jeff Nulty?"

"Right."

"Do they usually have eyewitnesses?"

"We-e-ell . . ."

I said, "Don't try to kid me, Brian. They've done a good job. They've established motive, intent and opportunity. Not one single witness has deviated from the truth. Right?"

"Yes . . . but look, Steve; it really is difficult to convict on circumstantial evidence. So long as no one actually saw the killing, there's always a reasonable doubt. And on reasonable doubt, the jury is supposed to acquit."

"You think it will?"

"There's always that hope."

"Man to man, what's your honest opinion?"

Brian Garland let his worry shine through his eyes. He said, "I'm damned if I know, Steve. You can break down the best circumstantial case in the world if you've got a single piece of proper evidence. It's incredible that no one saw you leave Jeff Nulty's apartment, no one saw you walking home, no one saw you going into your own place. I'd hoped that all the publicity we've been getting would produce one alibi witness."

I lighted a cigarette and tried to focus my mind on something in my background that could help us, that seemed pertinent.

THE trial that was nearing its end was the only really dramatic thing that had ever happened to me. I'd been an average kid in an average family. I'd had a better-than-average basic education and had put in a lot of time at the California Institute of Technology, grabbing off a few degrees, the last one of which classified me as an aeronautical engineer. I hadn't even known the high spots or the agonies of war. The government had decided that I could be more valuable in research and plane designing than I would ever be shooting a gun, and that's the way I had hibernated during the hectic war years.

It was indescribably odd to be talking to Brian through a steel netting. We had talked lots of times before, but without urgency. We had spent long evenings in his very smart little apartment—or in my much more modest one—partaking of good Scotch, not getting excited about things that weren't worth getting excited about. But this was different.

I said, "Tomorrow morning, the defense opens. How many witnesses have we got?"

"None."

"Do you intend to put me on the stand?"

"Good Lord, no!"

"Why not?"

"Because you couldn't say anything that you didn't say when you pleaded not guilty. And on cross-examination, the State would crucify you."

I said, "I know the jury is not supposed to be influenced by the fact that the defendant doesn't take the stand. But just the same they are, aren't they?"

"Ye-e-es. But not as much as they would be if you got up there and told the truth. All you could do would be to say that you left Nulty's apartment at nine o'clock, walked home, and stayed in your own rooms until the cops picked you up the next morning. I've brought out all of that on cross-examination. The D. A. is a smart cookie. He'd make you sound like a liar whether you were or not."

I argued the point with him. I said I hadn't killed Jeff Nulty, and wanted the privilege of saying so. Brian got pretty excited about that. He said that my proposed simple statement of fact wasn't going to get me anywhere. He said the truth wasn't worth a plugged nickel unless it sounded like truth. He admitted that he wasn't optimistic, but he promised to shoot the works when he addressed the jury. He was going to hammer on the circumstantial-evidence thing; he intended to deride the State's failure to produce a single witness who had seen Jeff Nulty killed.

The more he talked, the weaker it sounded. It's all very well to say that under the law a man doesn't have to prove himself innocent, but actually he does.

Not much proof is required. But some. Just enough so an honest juror can say to himself, "Maybe the poor guy *is* telling the truth."

Garland said, "If there were just *one* person. Anyone. Think, Steve."

I shook my head. "That's all I've done since my arrest," I told him. "It still comes up zero. I didn't see anyone I knew after I left Nulty's apartment."

"But it's incredible—"

"I know. The truth often is. You've done all you could, Brian. You've had nothing to work with. If you insist that I stay off the stand, I'll stay off. And while you're making your address to the jury, I'll help all I can by keeping my fingers crossed."

"We've got fifteen hours, Steve. Miracles can happen."

I smiled at him. He needed plenty of reassuring. I knew I was innocent. He believed that I was. He'd gone all out on the publicity angle right through the trial, playing along with the press, encouraging them to print as many pictures of me as he could get his hands on, in the hope that someone would remember having seen me going back to my apartment on the night of October 4th at the time I said I did.

That was the case. All I needed was the tiniest bit of proof that I had told the truth about that to the police; the faintest bit of evidence that I had been at home at ten o'clock that night.

They knew definitely that Jeff Nulty had been shot at exactly ten o'clock. The shot which killed him had been heard by a dozen people. The time had been established by a procession of witnesses.

My only defense was that I had left Jeff Nulty at about nine o'clock, that I had got home at nine twenty, that I hadn't left my apartment until the next morning when the cops came.

But no one had seen me. No one had telephoned me just before or just

(Continued on page 30)

The only sure way to clear himself of the murder charge was to find the murderer. But his only clue was the perjured testimony of a beautiful stranger

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

FANTASY IN FLAME

BY OREN ARNOLD



A look behind the scenes with the men who stage our public fireworks spectacles. Meet Clarence E. Cronkite, who has entertained millions by setting fires

OR 20 years now, Clarence E. Cronkite has been traveling around the country touching ises to create the most spectacu- es known to man. He will labor ys to set up a fireworks extrava- , with full color and sound ef- that burns out completely in 30 tes and he will get $30,000 for his le. He is one of the world's very xperts in pyrotechny.

s fire is likely to depict a bunch ses the size of a courthouse, forming into a color portrait e local beauty queen. He now erimenting with ways to make ic-bomb spectacles—complete boom and billowing smoke.

his 20 years, he estimates, Mr. kite has stood back in the pink e—a wraithlike figure behind gara in Flame," "Bucking co," "The Deadwood Stage up," or "Custer's Last Stand"— heard 150,000,000 people give peculiar applause which we re- for fireworks alone, a spontane- collective "Unhn-N-N-n-n-n-n-!" as learned to read the gigantic as shrewdly as a banker reads tics.

the Eastern states the people r news events dramatized in fire, e launching of a big ship, com- n of a railroad, or a champion- rize fight, are likely to be shown. ut West, history is more roman- an the day's news—perhaps be- pioneering epics are closer, with frontiersmen still alive—and so ictures of Buffalo Bill, pony ex- riders, prospectors and covered ns touch their hearts the most. body, everywhere, will groan val of "George Washington ing The Delaware" but irrever- Westerners are likely to laugh a portrait of the current Presi- l candidate blazes forth.

e first thing Clarence Cronkite when setting up for a show at local fairgrounds is to alert the department and the ambulance In big shows like those in the Bowl at Pasadena or the Chi- Stadium, six or eight fire trucks, Cross ambulances, doctors and gency police cars are on the . Fire trucks are primarily to y the public. It thinks, errone- , that numerous house fires start fireworks.

here is danger at our shows," Mr. kite frankly warns. "Most of it is o us who shoot the fireworks, but spectators. We know the danger act accordingly. The folks out seem to think that entertaining annot hurt them personally, even gh it could burn houses down."

ter Cronkite's big show in the Bowl in 1945, a fourteen-year- boy got into the stadium and d up a dud, or unexploded mor- ne of those things that go up to an umbrella of colored stars all the sky. How he got through the , through the special police lines, through Cronkite's own guards technicians, is still a mystery, but are geniuses at evasion. This un-

ightly fireworks program enliv- the State Fair of Dallas, Texas

RAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

fortunate lad lost an arm when the dud exploded.

Fireworks exhibitions seldom last more than 40 minutes, but preparation starts weeks in advance. The first move is to draw the set pieces on graph paper in five-color outline.

The technicians then convert the graphs into "sets," which usually are made up of one or more frames, each a standard 5- by 10-foot size. Smallest sets usually take four frames, tied together. Some require 50 or more.

Cane or rattan is nailed on the frames in exact enlargement of the picture on the graph paper. On this rattan is built the actual explosive material.

"Lance" is the basic material. One lance looks like a cigarette in colored paper. Lighted, it will spew flame to match its paper color. These are glued end up on the rattan, one every four inches or so all around the picture. Many thousands may be used in one show.

Mixing the lances to get desired color effects is part of Mr. Cronkite's art. In general, strontium is used for red fire, barium for green, sodium for yellow, copper for blue, and magnesium for white.

How Picture Is Set Ablaze

When all the lance is fixed to the rattan pattern, quick match is strung and tied on top of the lance with ordinary twine. Technicians may have to tie as many as 50,000 knots on one show. Quick match is a cord impregnated with gunpowder and wrapped in brown paper, quite unexciting to look at but full of potential action. Half a mile of the "match" may be required to cover the lance on one big set. And yet, when the technician touches a flame to one end of it—"SS-S-S-S-s-s-s!" the whole picture bursts into flame in less than five seconds.

Shows over water are the most effective because spectators get the advantage of reflection, and danger is minimized. Probably the biggest fireworks exhibition ever seen was presented by Cronkite in May, 1937, to celebrate the new Golden Gate Bridge. It was staged over the Gate itself, with five locations extending two miles from the mountains on each side right on over the water, and all firing simultaneously.

But Mr. Cronkite is dreaming even more grandly now. Californians have been talking about having another World's Fair or Exposition. He wants to open it with pageantry on a supercolossal scale.

"We could have captive balloons a mile up in the sky," he muses, "and string our set pieces between them. These could re-enact the gold rush of 1849 in fiery transformation, with human figures 2,000 feet tall. Airplanes could paint scenes with the new phosphorescent smoke in colors. And if there's any kind of small atomic piece available by then for entertainment, why maybe we—"

Fantastic, surely. Just dreaming. But incredible things happen when Americans dream; and Cronkite, a round, baldish, passive, average-looking man, has a mind geared to spectacular things. ★★★



HERB MC LAUGHLIN

A half-mile of quick match (cord impregnated with gunpowder) is used to ss-s-s-s this spectacular display of the Statue of Liberty and the Spirit of '76 into flame



HERB MC LAUGHLIN

Triple skybursts illumine the sky after three bombs are fired from the ground to whistle eerily on the way up and then blossom out in a shower of rainbow colors

Mixing the ingredients to get desired color effects is an art. In general, strontium is used for red fire, barium for green, sodium for yellow, copper for blue

HERB MC LAUGHLIN



THE UNDEFEATED HEART

BY JOHN AND WARD HAWKINS

This is the story of David Perry, the winning captain of a losing team



HE WAS stopped twice before he reached the committee room. A girl, a polite and smiling girl with shining blond hair, asked for his autograph. Her pen was an American instrument, sleek and somehow cartridged to write until the day after forever. He wrote his name, adding, Captain, International Team, '47. Then a reporter asked what he thought of Wonderly, the weather, and the outcome of tomorrow's matches. He gave the man the usual answers, quickly and without effort. The course was superb, though a bit soaked. The weather was unfortunate, but it didn't matter, really.

"The odds are five to one, Mr. Perry. Against you."

He smiled. "So I understand."

The reporter had other questions, none new, none important. Certainly none that would have been given space in the meager newspapers at home. Again the answers came easily. The American women were lovely. The coming matches would undoubtedly further a warm understanding between the sporting peoples of both countries. He was properly appreciative of a land where one could buy anything without a ration stamp. He liked the food and drink. And the fruit. . . .

The reporter said, "What'd you and Farrar tangle about?"

"But we didn't," he said.

The lie was no good. The reporter shook his head. He had a foxlike grin, a sharp and pointed f "You're having a special meeting, said. "Not just for kicks, and not cause you love the guys. There's t ble in it somewhere. Give me y side, and I'll give you a break."

David Perry said, "I'm afraid yo wrong."

"Okay," the reporter said. your funeral."

Perry smiled. "Sorry," he said.

He went on to the committee ro They were waiting for him the



Perry looked back over the rolling green. Luck and a desperate scrambling had kept the match even thus far, but it wasn't enough. The Americans were winning

rrar and Ekstrom, and two of the unger men, the known and cele-ated faces.

"Perry," Farrar said. "Come in." He moved toward them, past tall ndows that looked out on the deso-e sky, the cold and never-ending n. They waited in guarded quiet. ey weren't unfriendly, but they re a group with a group's tight al-iance, and he was a stranger here. Tom Farrar said, "We were about give you up."

"One of the reporters stopped me," Perry said.

He saw the look that ran between them, the wordless closing of their ranks. Farrar said, "Oh?" and left it there, as if waiting for reassurance. Bill Ekstrom—Wild Bill, the nonplaying captain—was a blunter man.

"Did you tell him about this?" he asked.

"Hardly," Perry said. "He seemed to have the outline, though not the facts. He was most unhappy with me."

Ekstrom said, "Good. Let's get on with it."

They did it quickly and rather well. They ignored the major point at issue—the rule which plainly stated that filed irons would not be used—to bring other guns of argument to bear. He did not understand the American gallery. Americans paid to see the spectacular. Unless the scores were low, there were no galleries. Golf was a business; as a professional, he understood that. The Americans had been using filed irons for some time; overlooking, by tacit agreement, their own rule against them. Such clubs did cut scores where the course was dry, the greens fast.

But on a dry course, mind you. A man could fish for salmon on the greens here. Wonderly was a swamp now, and the weatherman said they could expect a gale tomorrow. A man didn't need backspin to hold a pitch shot on a green when every pitch shot dug in exactly where it landed. So the filed irons didn't matter, did they? Except to the Americans. They had been playing with them for months. They were used to them. It would hardly be fair to ask them to play with strange clubs. The Americans wouldn't ask his team to do a thing like that.

"I see," David Perry said.

The answer was no, but he had known it would be. He found his attention wandering while Ekstrom talked. He was tired. He had come in off the back nine an hour ago, and the bitter chill of the rain was still in his back and shoulders. The cold struck deeper into the bone with each passing year. He was too old for this sort of show. All the men he'd brought with him were. Fowler, the youngest of the lot, was past thirty-five.

Ekstrom was talking about newspapers now, the importance of a good press. "This is off the record," he was saying. "For the good of the sport . . ."

Perry's mind wandered again. Wild Bill had been a great golfer, long off the tees, superb on the greens, and now he was a maker of nonsense speeches, soft and fat and almost bald. He knew he was talking rot, of course, and yet he managed an air of great sincerity. A bad go, Perry thought. But at least he's out of it. He doesn't have to worry about the rain.

IT WAS over; the Americans were leaving. Ekstrom came around the table to stand beside David Perry's chair. His eyes were troubled. "These things come up," he said. "It's no fun for me, Dave."

David Perry said, "It's not important, really."

"I've been thinking," Ekstrom said. "You beat me once. I beat you once. We were going to play the rubber match, remember? Then the war got in the way." He put his hand on Perry's shoulder. "You're looking good. Time hasn't hurt you much."

"Nor you," David Perry said.

Ekstrom's smile went out. "Quit it, Dave. I know what I look like. Time catches up with all of us. He'll be crowding you one of these days. Why, you're only about three years younger than I am."

"About," David Perry said.

They left the committee room and went down the crowded hall. The locker room was in a far wing; Ekstrom stopped at the entrance to the bar. "Good luck," he said, and lifted his hand. "Give them hell out there."

David Perry smiled his thanks, and to Ekstrom's retreating back he said softly, "You had it wrong, you know. You're not the older. You're just forty. I'm past forty-one."

Three of his teammates were waiting in their assigned corner of the locker room. Fowler and Lynch were dressed for the course. Sam Webb was toweling a hide as pink as a baby's with hands so brown he looked as if he were wearing gloves.

David Perry said, "I had no luck with them."

He watched their faces, watched each accept the fact in his own way. John Fowler's mouth tightened and he swore. Lynch was a quiet man. He held his thought, his anger, tightly within himself. And Sam Webb laughed. He threw his towel at a container and began to dress.

"I hope you screamed a bit," he said.

"He couldn't." There was an undercurrent of harshness in Lynch's quiet voice. "We're guests here. It isn't sporting to complain while enjoying the lavish hospitality of the country."

"That's no good," Fowler said. "That doesn't help."

Lynch said, "Shall we go do our tricks for the lovely people?"

"You'll feel better after you hit a few," Fowler said.

THE two moved away, nailed shoes clattering on the smooth concrete of the floor. They were alike in size, compactly made. Small, in spite of their shapeless waterproofs. Small? David Perry wondered how that could be. None of the team had looked small at home, or on the ship coming over. Perhaps it was the vastness of this land, or the rawboned height of the Americans that made them seem so now.

Sam Webb said, "What's on for this afternoon?"

"Pictures for the press and newsreels," Perry said. "They want all ten of us for that. Then a presentation."

"Golf bags for both teams," Webb said. "Very handsome and only a little smaller than a Mark IV tank. I saw them." He knotted his tie, then turned. "All that leather. At home it would make boots for a regiment."

"Yes," Perry said. "But we are not at home."

He thought of that a dozen times before the day was gone. He sat on a low platform, with the others of his team, and looked out over the long and crowded ballroom. An earnest and florid man whispered into a microphone, and a public-address system magnified his voice as he told the crowd of the great importance of tomorrow's matches.

Perry watched the slow turn and swirl of the crowd. The face of America—the shining hair, the well-shod feet, the New Look—the contented and questioning and friendly face of America. He thought of home, the people there, and knew the lift of an emotion as old as his stay here, and still without a name. Not anger, exactly, nor bitterness, nor envy, nor sorrow, but compounded of all of these and his pride in his native land. The contrasts were inescapable. He saw the plates at home, the laden

(Continued on page 64)

ILLUSTRATED BY AL KORTNER

BARRY GO BRAGH!

BY IRVING WALLACE

Since Going My Way, Barry Fitzgerald has been rich and famous. Life in Dublin was never like this

FOUR years ago, a Hollywood character actor named Barry Fitzgerald, a man with the face of a discarded walnut, who had been signed by Paramount to play stray drunks and rheumatic grandpas, was summoned to the front office to discuss a new picture. There he found Leo McCarey, the producer-director, and Bing Crosby, the golfer, waiting for him. The two studied him in the manner that county fair judges study livestock.

At last McCarey spoke. "Bing, for my money he's the priest."

"Yeah," admitted Crosby. Then, to Barry Fitzgerald, "You look all right to me, Pop. Only one thing, you'll have to gray your hair."

Barry Fitzgerald looks back on that day with a certain amount of wistfulness. Though he was fifty-six years old then, and is sixty now, Barry feels that he left his youth behind at that historic meeting. For, he recalls, it represented the last time anyone was to suggest that he artificially gray his hair. "Today, I've got my own gray hair, genuine gray," says Barry sadly, patting his sparse shrubbery. "And it all started with that meeting."

As any close student of American history is aware, the confab resulted in Barry Fitzgerald's playing the crotchety Father Fitzgibbon of St. Dominic's Church in Going My Way. To this role Barry brought all his personality tricks, such as peering over the tops of his spectacles in the manner of a guilty spaniel (causing one fan magazine editor to coo, "You're much cuter than Cary Grant"), as well as his ability to act. "The acting of Father Fitzgibbon was easy," Barry says now. "My part of Ireland was 90 per cent Catholic, and I knew almost all the old-timer Irish priests. I just made up I was one of them."

Making up he was one of them transformed his life—won him a gleaming, gold-plated statuette for the best supporting performance of the year, won him a fat new contract guaranteeing better than $75,000 a picture, won him celluloid immortality (even the most critical agree that his characterization of Father Fitzgibbon will be remembered as long as the magic lantern is a major form of amusement). Along with such riches, Barry Fitzgerald also acquired gray hair.

It will be difficult for the layman to understand how success and an annuity can turn a man's hair gray almost overnight. But consider. First came the mail, in wave after wave. "Letters by the hundreds," recalls his secretary, a well-upholstered blonde who also doubles as Lizabeth Scott's stand-in.

"After a while we could guess what the letters were about just by the way they felt. For example, the thick eighteen-page ones were hard-luck stories, appeals for money. Mr. Fitzgerald still gets these. Then the thin, scented letters. Proposals and love letters from lonesome women. I tear these up without showing them to him. He's a confirmed bachelor, and they'd embarrass him. Recently we were getting letters from people who think that their relatives or friends look exactly like Mr. Fitzgerald. Now we're getting mail from people who knew Mr. Fitzgerald when."

In one case, a woman in Manchester, England, hoeing her little garden behind a second-run cinema, heard one of the actors' voices wafting out of the theater. She stiffened. "B' gorra," she said to herself, "that's Billy Shields." Sure enough, when she went around to the front of the theater, she found Billy Shields had changed his name to Fitzgerald and was playing in Going My Way. Again, there was the letter from National City, near the Mexican border. "I saw you in Welcome, Stranger, and your face is familiar. I played rugby in 1903, back in Dublin, with a young fellow nicknamed 'Moses'—'Moses' Shields. I swore he'd never come to any good end. Are you the one?"

To which Barry replied, "You're right—he came to no good end."

Answering this deluge of communications is about as jolly fun as making out an income tax form every evening. Sometimes Barry thinks he would like to be back on his presuccess schedule—one letter, once a year, to his elderly sister in Dublin.

But correspondence is only a mild depressive. Far worse is the knowledge that, emerging into the street, he will be as inconspicuous as an escaped panda. After Going My Way, Barry found himself constantly embarrassed by an assortment of kindly Catholic fathers. On the street they pumped his hand and glowed at him, thanking him for what he did for them in the film, and exclaiming, "Shure and only a good Catholic could have played the part like that!" It is difficult for Barry to tell them he is a Protestant.

A Refugee from Publicity

It is the same everywhere. In the summer of 1945, Barry flew back to Ireland on his first visit in ten years. He remembered the Dublin of his middle years as a peaceful oasis. "For fifteen years I was an actor there," he says, "and nobody gave me any more attention than the milkman or the hod carrier. I thought it would be the same when I went back, but the movies just make that impossible. It was all flattering, moving—but I ended up spending my whole stay in Ireland on a friend's boat in the Atlantic."

Several months ago, in Manhattan on location, Barry found himself assaulted by bobby-soxers. After three such pitched battles, he retired to his Alamo, an obscure hotel room, and sweated out his stay with two other bachelor co-workers and some liquid refreshment.

But Barry has not gone down without a fight. He counteracts his prominence by trying twice as hard to live as he has always lived. It sounds like a Hollywood cliché, but it's true about Barry Fitzgerald. He doggedly sticks to his old ways.

Every Sunday morning he glues onto his English-made motorcycle and goes bouncing off on a half hour's ride to breakfast with nonprofessional friends. Almost every evening he dines with his actor-brother and his brother's wife at their home. Once he visited a night club in Hollywood and was almost blinded by the smoke. He still avoids the fleshpots.

Most movie people live in fashionable Toluca Lake and Beverly Hills, but Barry dwells in an ancient five-room house (there are rumored to be flints imbedded in the walls) in mid-Hollywood. He shares his diggings with an Iroquois Indian named Gus, who mixes the drinks. Barry remains utterly unaffected, attired in a reeking cherry-bowl pipe, brown trousers that bag at the knee, suit coats without padding, shoes battered and broken at the seams. Recently, friends asked to see his Academy Award Oscar. He searched for fully five minutes before he found the statuette—at the bottom of a drawer with some old socks.

But though he hangs on to his old strange way of life, it is no longer the same for Barry, nor will it ever be again. Because he is no longer a character actor. He is a star. A star is simply someone, anyone, whose name on the marquee encourages people to come in off the street. Barry Fitzgerald possesses something that pulls 'em in—a talent for acting.

In Hollywood, real acting is as rare as a 25th wedding anniversary. But now that Barry Fitzgerald has again proved to producers that audiences can detect the difference between acting and breathing hard, and will pay for it in the legal tender of the realm, the fine art may again become fashionable.

Barry Fitzgerald is definitely here to stay. In 1942, he could find work for only part of the year. But since making Going My Way, in 1944, he has appeared in 12 consecutive feature-length pictures. In a recent release, Welcome, Stranger, a successful carbon of the Academy Award winner, Barry and Bing played old and young doctors instead of priests. Paramount is exploiting the team further. Their next epic is in the typewriter stage, and in it Barry will play an old-fashioned small-town inspector in Scotland, and Bing an American detective sent over to help him.

A short time ago Barry was doing three different pictures, requiring three different characterizations and costumes at once. The day he finished Naked City for Mark Hellinger, he started The Sainted Sisters for Paramount. When a reporter asked him what he was working in, Barry blinked out of the fog and replied, "Naked Sisters!"

It was during the making of The Sainted Sisters with Veronica Lake and Joan Caulfield, that a studio executive came down on the set to talk to Barry about his next movie.

Yearning for the Simple Life

The executive found Barry in an obscure corner of the set, contentedly puffing his pipe, watching the world go by. Barry did not feel like discussing his next picture. If he had his way, he said, he would not make another film for twelve months. "Ahhrrr," he said, "to be Will Shields again, working for $35 a week with my grand pension in the offing, and my life my own!"

But in remembering the good old days, Barry remembers only the sounds of Irish laughter and the feel of the old sod underfoot. He forgets that Will Shields never had it so good. Barry's father, Adolphus, a newspaper compositor, proofreader, once-a-week columnist, guided him into a respectable civil service job as a junior clerk on the Dublin Board of Trade. At first he liked the job. He would start work at nine, wind up at three, and the day was his own for hiking, golfing and pub-crawling. And then, after thirty years, the Crock of Gold—his retirement pension, a lump sum of $3,500.

There are many fanciful versions of how William Shields, clerk, became Barry Fitzgerald, actor. "The true story," says Barry, "is that my younger brother, Arthur, and myself used to visit the Abbey Theatre to watch the plays. We were paying customers. Then, one afternoon, I went on a hike by myself, and the whole thing happened."

On the road, Barry overtook another hiker, an actor named Harford, whom he had seen perform on the Abbey stage the week before. Barry complimented him on his performance. The actor was so grateful for the recognition, that he invited Barry to have a wee one with him. Soon they were drinking, and under the influence of the flowing bowl, Harford invited Barry to watch his next performance for free from backstage.

"So I took him up, I went," says Barry. "In the second act there was a crowd scene, a bunch of people walking across stage. Several of the players had not turned up. Harford came over and said to me, 'Will you help us? Will you go on for the hell of it

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRIET ARNOLD

In a moment he was pulling an old coat over me, pushing a cap on my head, and sending me off on the stage. It wasn't too painful. So, after that, I just went on filling in night after night."

Barry Fitzgerald spoke his first lines in Sheridan's The Critic. He had four words to utter. " 'Tis meet it should." When the moment came, he bellowed, " 'Tis sheet it mould." The audience roared. Barry grinned. They roared louder. Thereafter he was a comedian.

When the theater manager approached him about putting his name, William Shields, on the program, he was terrified. He was afraid the people at the office might think he was not devoting enough time to his work. He suggested the manager make up a stage name, any name. The manager finally plucked the combination Barry Fitzgerald out of thin air.

For fifteen years, in Dublin, Barry acted in a legitimate play every night, without salary, while junior clerking for the civil service in the daytime.

In 1929, his friend, Sean O'Casey, wrote The Silver Tassie for him and asked him to open with it in London. It meant giving up the security of a junior clerk, and the Crock of Gold, only six months in the offing. It meant acting was no longer for love, but for money. After a good second thought, Barry made the leap. At the age of 42, he became a full-fledged actor.

His success was immediate. Two years later he took the first of three tours to the United States.

In His First Cinema Role

In 1936, with four other Abbey Players, he was in Los Angeles for his first movie. John Ford was letting him do Fluther Good, the old sot, in The Plough and the Stars. "The play went into the machine and came out distorted," Barry says, "but it's a very good story and I'd like to do it again. In fact, if I had my choice making any movie in the future, that would be the one." Finding the southern California climate agreeable, the natives quaint, and a contract enticing, Barry Fitzgerald stayed on. When Paramount signed him it was just months before Going My Way.

Today Barry Fitzgerald is extremely careful about the roles he accepts. Several weeks ago, a producer who wanted to borrow him for a newly purchased novel, sent him the book to read. Barry finished it in an evening.

"A fine tale, this," he told the producer. "And I don't mind saying I'm interested."

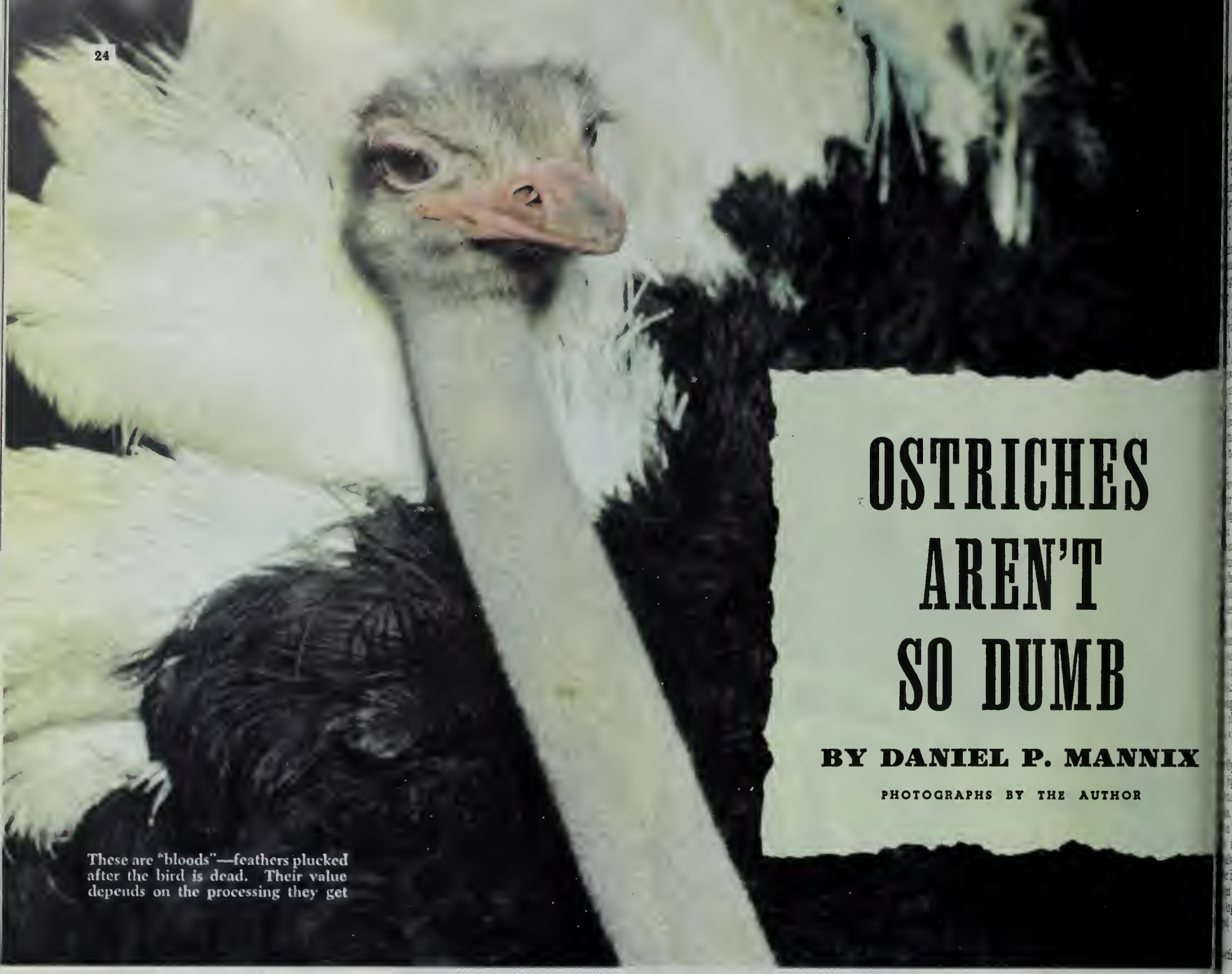
"Great!" exclaimed the producer. "Then it's all set. We'll star you with Margaret O'Brien."

Barry's head snapped up. "Did I hear you say Miss O'Brien? That changes it. I must say no." He sniffed. "She's much too good an actress for me!"

Despite most publicists and columnists, who dress up his quotes in Irish dialect, Barry does not have a brogue in real life. Rather, he speaks English with a slight backspin.

People who look for his Irish accent annoy Barry, who likes to think his English is pristine clear. Of course, there *is* a touch of County Cork. Recently, Barry's best friend, a Dublin millionaire, arrived in New York. Barry talked with him via long-distance, and the two shouted at each other as if both were deaf. Finally Barry hung up. "Tch-tch," he clucked sadly, "what an accent he has!

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These are "bloods"—feathers plucked after the bird is dead. Their value depends on the processing they get

OSTRICHES AREN'T SO DUMB

BY DANIEL P. MANNIX

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

Ostrich feathers are coming back into fashion and the ostrich-raising business is picking up in California. Here a man who owns a great ostrich farm reveals some of the curious facts he has learned about the big birds



Mother ostrich preparing to turn her egg. The nest was dug by both Mama and Papa, who used their toenails

PEOPLE think that ostriches are stupid," complained Francis V. Earnest, proprietor of the last of California's great ostrich farms. "But see that old cock who's pulling the spikes out of the fence posts and swallowing them? Notice his reaction when he sees us."

As we approached the fence, the big male ostrich sank down on his knees, spread his huge wings and began a lunatic dance. Without rising, the bird waved his wings madly, bowing his snaky neck first to one side and then to the other. Suddenly he leaped to his feet and aimed a kick at Earnest that made the steel fence bars sing like tuning forks.

"We call that 'challenging,'" explained Earnest as we hurriedly retreated. "This is the mating season and he wants to show off for the hens. Now they'll think he's a hero because he drove us off. Remember if you're ever caught in a pen by an angry cock ostrich, fall flat on your face and keep still. Then all he can do is jump up and down on you. Ostriches weigh over three hundred pounds so that procedure isn't fun, but if you're standing up he can disembowel you with one kick."

Ostrich farming has played as important a part in the development of southern California as orange groves and movie stars. Fifty years ago, ostrich plumes were as vital to a well-dressed lady as her corsets, and raising the birds was a $5,000,000 industry. Today, ostrich feathers are coming back into fashion and the Los Angeles Ostrich Farm is one of the few places in America that have preserved the art of raising the weird birds. Now Francis Earnest is hoping to cash in on his unique knowledge.

"Heaven knows how many th
sands of dollars were lost before
learned something about ostrich p
chology," says Earnest sadly.
first, ranchers tried to breed them
chickens; one cock to several h
That didn't work because the b
are monogamous. Then the ranch
tried letting them run loose on g
ranges and pick their own mates.
fights between the cocks were so te
ble that people for miles around co
hear the booming war note the m
give before they come together
the casualty rates got so high
many of the ranchers were driven
bankruptcy."

Ostriches fight with their feet,
the iron-spiked toe of a cock ost
is one of the most deadly weapon
the animal kingdom. Even a lion h
tates to tackle a pair of ostriches
fending their young. But the ranc
discovered that a powerful man
hold off a charging ostrich by ca
ing the bird at the base of the

a long forked pole and bracing ther end against his instep. These were called "tackeys" and they standard equipment on all os- farms. During the mating sea- the ranchers learned to rush out their tackeys and separate the ng birds.

e victorious cock courts his mate elaborate dance called the "dis- " The cock and hen seem to be ing together, the huge birds cing as lightly as though they giant balls of feathers. The cock s his wings extended so the fa- plumes, as soft and creamy as roth of a breaking wave, swirl a canopy over his sweetheart's . After the mating, the pair wan- away into the desert and unless rated by wild beasts or man will lly remain faithful to each other ife. Sometimes a couple become ttached that if one of the birds the survivor refuses even to mate n.

here are no nest-building materials eir native desert, so the hens sim- dig a circular hole in the soft ie soil and deposit their huge -colored eggs there. The birds turns sitting on the eggs. On the flats, where ostriches like to nest, ealment is impossible. But the has sandy-colored feathers that e her almost invisible when tting on the nest. She sits on the during the day and at night the with his ebony plumage takes place. The male folds his snowy ting feathers under the black r plumes and these afford addi- l warmth for the eggs.

he birds turn each egg daily, fully rotating the clutch with big beaks and powerful necks. ortunately in the confines of the hes, all the old-maid relations of hen drop in during the course of ay and carefully turn the eggs selves, just to make sure the er is doing a good job. So many get broken this way that on the Angeles farm all the eggs are ed in incubators.

Getting More Egg Production

The parents usually managed to k several eggs themselves kick- at visitors," explains Earnest. "If let the hen hatch out her own ily, she won't lay more than a n eggs a season. By taking the away, she may lay as many as during the summer."

he parents sometimes help their iren to hatch by breaking the and pulling the babies out by necks. The little fellows are ered by a soft, brown down, in- ersed on the back with white ls that apparently act as camou- when the babies crouch down the varicolored desert. For the few days, the babies eat nothing, live on a fluid in their stomachs distends their little bellies like ons. They are so delicate at this that Earnest hobbles their feet hat the babies' legs won't sud- y fly apart when they try to walk, drop them unexpectedly on their llen tummies. When he handles little birds, he imitates their par- and lifts them by the neck.

he parents guard their young with efficiency. Bushman hunters are uently able to locate an ostrich by the clouds of flies that hang the dead bodies of hyenas and cats that have tried to steal a y ostrich.

ccasionally an irresponsible os- trich will try to shirk matrimonial duties. An old cock bird married a flighty young hen that refused to do her fair share of taking care of the babies. The cock patiently cared for the young by himself, but when the babies were able to leave the nest, he gave his erring wife such a beating she was laid up for a week. On the next nest, she humbly did her fair share of housework, but later died from eating a part of a window pane. For years the heartbroken cock refused to mate. When he did finally take another hen, he never ventured to correct her no matter how badly she behaved, apparently holding himself responsible for his first wife's death.

Habits of the "Younger Set"

The babies grow very rapidly, at the rate of nearly a foot and a half a month for the first few weeks of their lives. The gangling adolescents are turned into a big pen where they can chase bugs and search for brightly colored stones to their hearts' content. The young birds are subject to unreasoning fits of panic and the whole flock will suddenly dash off, falling over one another and bouncing off the fences until, just as abruptly, they stop.

These adolescents are incredibly curious. If a carpenter comes into the pens to fix a feeding trough, the young birds cluster around him, sticking their heads in his way if he tries to drive a nail, untying his shoe laces and even pulling the buttons off his coat. If the man finally loses his temper and chases them, he'll probably return to find that a new detachment has come up while he was away and is busily engaged in eating his tools. Ostriches are not mature until they are three years old. Then a cock bird may stand seven feet high and weigh as much as four hundred pounds. He'll have drumsticks like a Percheron and when he runs, he may have a 28-foot stride and be able to do 40 miles per hour. Whether an ostrich can outrun a race horse has long been a moot question. Some years ago such a race was actually staged, but when the horse saw what he was supposed to run against. he jumped over the barrier and covered several miles before his jockey was able to stop him. The contest was called off.

Earnest keeps his ostriches on a diet of alfalfa, corn, oranges and gravel, plus an interesting collection of small cameras, wrist watches, lapel emblems and assorted jewelry that they snatch from visitors. One day Earnest saw a lady wearing a magnificent porcelain pendant studded with small stones, standing dangerously near a circle of interested ostriches. Before he could shout a warning, a cock had grabbed the pendant and swallowed it. To Earnest's astonishment, the lady laughed heartily.

"It's a very valuable pendant, but of course it isn't gone for good," she told Earnest. "After the bird has digested it, you can have it mailed to me."

"Lady, he isn't going to digest it," said Earnest sadly. "That pendant is going to stay in his crop along with a couple of pounds of granite gravel until it's ground to a powder."

Fortunately, Earnest saw one end of the pendant's chain still hanging out of the ostrich's mouth. He pulled, and the pendant slowly reappeared.

Everything that has been written about ostriches' appetites is true. Like

(Continued on page 72)



A cock bird challenging an assistant on the farm. Note the drumsticks. They are decidedly on the tough side, and not recommended for your regular diet

Baby ostriches feeding. All ostriches like bright colors. When they eat oranges they swallow them whole—they enjoy their looks, not their taste



COLLIER'S

SHORT SHORT



PIANISSIMO

BY

ROBERT FONTAINE

"Aaaaahhh!" said Mr. Goncourt. "The ticket!" I held the card up high so all could see it

WHEN I was a boy in Quebec we did not have radio programs which gave away treasure for knowing the name of the Vice-President under Polk. We had, instead, what was called Country Store Night. At every Friday's performance at the movies they gave away hams, eggs, potatoes, bolts of muslin and a special grand prize. The way the prizes were awarded, you were given a number, the duplicate of which was placed in a hat. The manager then drew the lucky numbers from the hat.

I am speaking here of Mr. Goncourt, the manager of the Monument Nationale—the movie theater that served our French-Canadian community. He had had trouble with the attendance for some time. Consequently, Mr. Goncourt conceived the idea of giving big prizes at Country Store Night. Once he gave away a phonograph. Another night he gave away a whole roomful of furniture. The memorable night of my career, he gave away a piano.

People used to say, "How can Mr. Goncourt give away such treasure? The admission of 16 cents does not justify it."

Others said, "Advertising. That is the key to success!"

I, myself, often took paper and pencil and figured out how many attended the theater and what the gross receipts were. They were seldom enough to pay for one piano, let alone ham, eggs and muslin.

I asked my father about this. He said, "My boy, I am a musician, not a businessman. Business is very mysterious. A man becomes rich and no one knows how. Possibly Mr. Goncourt is an alchemist and makes gold from hard coal."

My mother was no better. "I haven't time to worry about how Mr. Goncourt gives away valuable prizes. I'm too busy trying to win one."

There came a day when I was standing in the lobby of his theater when the great Mr. Goncourt came up to me, took me by the arm and dragged me into a corner. He puffed once or twice and then said, "Would you like to see the show gratis *and* obtain fifty cents?"

"Yes," I said promptly.

"Bien. Here, take this number. When it is called, you arise and come on the stage. Keep your mouth shut. Smile. Bow. Act happy. And I will give you fifty cents."

I went in. It was the third episode of *The Perils of Pauline* with Pearl White. Very exciting. The next picture was the fifth episode of *The Black Box* with Francis Ford and Grace Cunard. Very thrilling. The third picture was The Secret Cask with Francis X. Bushman and Beverley Bayne. Tremendously exciting. Ninth episode.

Then the lights went up and revealed the peeling paint, the worn plush seats, the bare stage and the hot audience.

Mr. Goncourt came out on the stage and everyone cheered. He was followed by several helpers carrying hams, eggs, muslin and so forth. At the end, two men pushed an excellent upright piano onto the stage. Mr. Goncourt removed his hat and the numbers were placed in it.

One by one numbers were drawn out and, one by one, lucky persons arose to the stage, shouting joyfully and receiving comments from neighbors and friends. At length we arrived at the piano A tension gripped the audience. It was more exciting than *The Perils of Pauline.* It was real.

Slowly Mr. Goncourt's fat hand went into the hat and slowly it came out. You could have heard a fly breathe. Carefully and cautiously, Mr. Goncourt regarded the number, his diamond rings sparkling in the spotlight.

"My friends, the lucky number is 772. *Sept . . . sept . . . deux.*"

Everyone looked at his neighbor. No one moved. Suddenly a thin woman jumped up and shrieked . . . *"C'est moi!* Ah, no . . . no . . . 727 . . . not She sank back into her seat.

"Someone must have 772," Mr. court said nervously.

I sighed and put my hand i pocket for a candy wafer, the sort ways carried with me. My hand small piece of cardboard and I re it. I nearly fainted to see the nu 772. It was the cardboard Mr. court had given me and I had for in the excitement of Francis For Pearl White.

"Me! Me! 772!" I shouted, my breaking. I clambered over legs, f my face in the aisle, scrambled, fi onto the stage, beaming and pers

"Aaaaaaahhhhhhh!" said Mr. court joyfully. *"Bien.* Let me see, p the ticket."

I held the card up high so all see it. Everyone applauded. I p out a note or two on the pianc there were cheers. . . .

When the show was over I went stage and Mr. Goncourt was w with a smile. "Here," he said, "is fifty cents. Thank you very much. a word now."

I put the fifty cents safely i pocket. Then I said, loudly, "Wh you deliver the piano?"

"My small friend, the piano goes to the store tomorrow. Do you b I can afford to give away pianos? hardly pay the rent."

"I won the piano! I want the pi I said. "I have witnesses."

Mr. Goncourt took me by the of the neck and threw me out i alley.

FOR three days I brooded. I finally, to my Uncle William, t liceman, and told him the story.

"I want to make it a present to *M* for her birthday. Never have I h money for a good present. This want to give her a piano."

"Ah," said William.

"Mr. Goncourt never gives an away. Everyone must bring it They are all his friends. It is agai law. You are the law, no?"

"I am the law," William agree dignity. "But I do not like troubl

"I will tell everyone you took M. Rideau fifty dollars for per him to serve wine after hours."

William glared at me. "All rig agreed. "I will go with you. Bu not like trouble."

There was, in fact, no trouble Goncourt, who had probably bee ried for several days, nearly ha plexy when he saw me with a poli "I cannot afford a piano," he sai

"We will attach the theater. I stand you plan to sell it for many sands," said William.

"No. No—" begged Mr. Go "Wait! The boy did not win the I gave him the ticket! I placed the end in the hat myself and made draw it out from inside the band. dishonest. How can I give a pi a dishonest boy?"

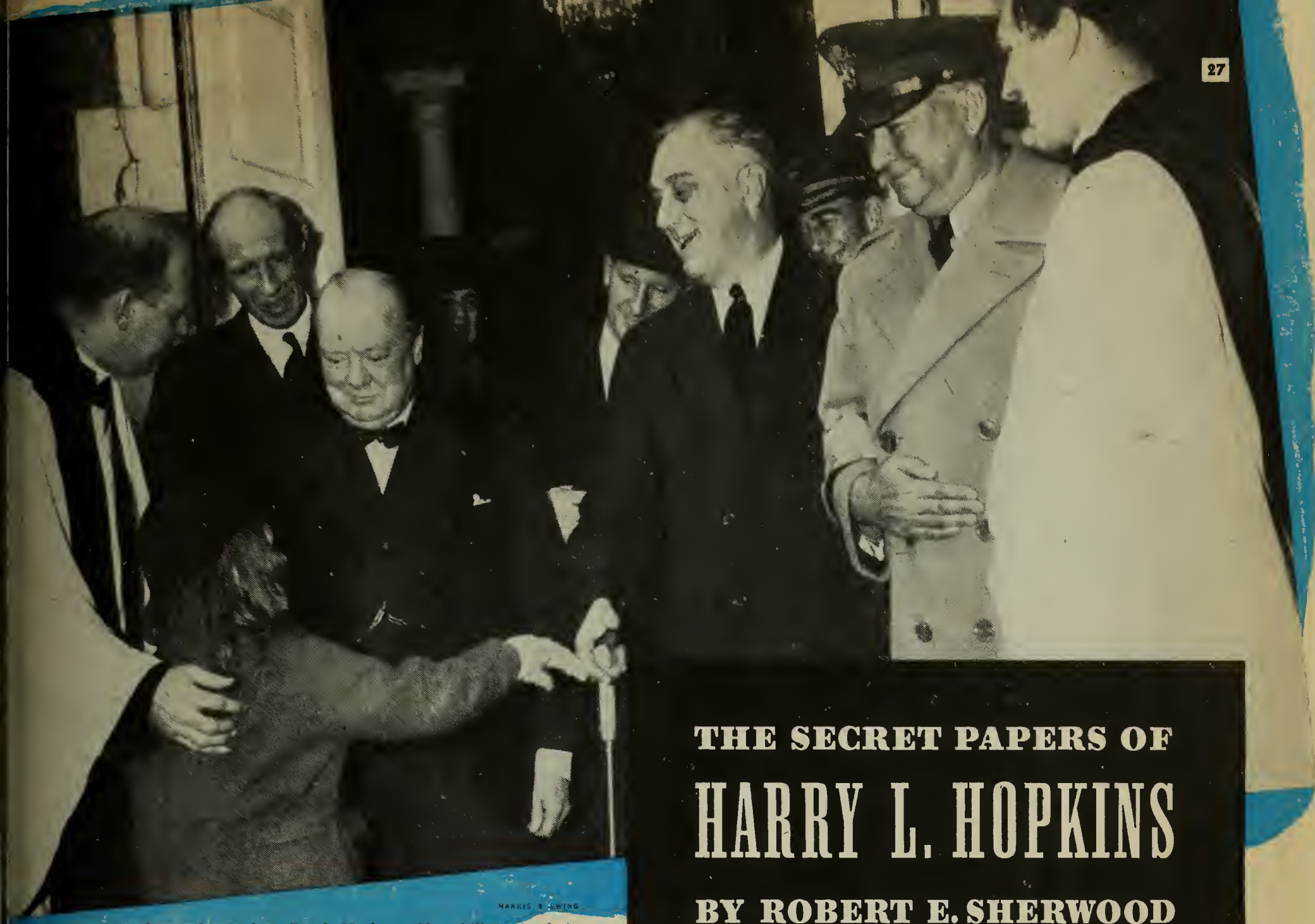
"Oh, scoundrel!" said my uncle ing his club. "It is bad enough t this small, helpless one, but yet yo smear his character, dirty the na the family and drag his small through the mud of false accusa He rapped Mr. Goncourt on th with the club.

The next day the piano was de to our house. My mother was ov with joy. I was let off from siftin for a month, and was given five to spend.

Only my Uncle Louis was n pressed. "A piano acquired earning it will do you no good,"

I did not pay much attention I was too excited. But he was, ala In three months I was taking pia sons—and in four I was wishing never won a prize.

ILLUSTRATED BY KATHERINE WIGGINS



HARRIS & EWING

Fifteen days after Pearl Harbor, Churchill arrived in Washington to discuss our war plans with Roosevelt. At Christmas services in Christ Church, Alexandria, they were greeted by the rector's daughter, Katrina Wells

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

Great decisions of the war were fought out in Washington soon after Pearl Harbor—and Roosevelt won most of them in sometimes bitter disagreements with Churchill

PART VII—THE GREAT COALITION

BOTH Ambassador Winant and Averell Harriman were at dinner with Winston urchill at Chequers on Sunday eve- ıg, December 7, 1941. The $15 nerican radio that Harry L. Hop- ıs had given the Prime Minister was the dining table, and from it came measured, emotionless tones of e B.B.C. newscaster, announcing at the Japanese had attacked Pearl ırbor. Churchill wanted to declare ır on Japan at once but Winant ıinted out that he could hardly do at on the strength of a radio broad- st—even from the B.B.C.—and he ggested that perhaps the Prime Min- er should telephone the White ouse for confirmation. Churchill did d Roosevelt immediately agreed at Churchill should come to Wash- gton with his Chiefs of Staff as soon possible.

The Prime Minister arrived in ashington with his entourage on ecember 22d for the series of con- rences which were known under the de name Arcadia. He was installed the big bedroom across the hall om Hopkins' room, and as the two of them walked back and forth to visit each other they had to pick their way through great piles of Christmas parcels.

That upstairs hall in the White House underwent an extraordinary change. Ordinarily quiet and usually deserted, it was now the headquarters of the British Empire, and various dignitaries and staff officers and secretaries were continually hurrying back and forth carrying the old, red-leather dispatch cases which make British officials look really official.

The food in the White House was always better when Churchill was there and, of course, the wine flowed more freely. Since Churchill knew of Roosevelt's habits of going to bed early, he made a pretense of retiring himself at a fairly reasonable hour, but Roosevelt knew that his tireless guest and Hopkins would go on talking and he did not want to miss any of it so he stayed up much later than usual. Churchill was one of the few people to whom Roosevelt cared to listen, and vice versa.

Hopkins told many times a story of Roosevelt being wheeled to his guest's room, and, as he entered, Churchill emerged from the bathroom stark naked and gleaming pink from his bath. Roosevelt started to apologize and started to leave, but Churchill protested it was quite all right. "The Prime Minister of Great Britain," he said, "has nothing to conceal from the President of the United States."

I asked Churchill if this story was factual. He replied firmly that it was nonsense—that he never received the President without at least a bath towel wrapped around him. And, he said, "I could not possibly have made such a statement as that. The President himself would have been well aware that it was not true."

From a Historian's Viewpoint

Churchill was in the White House because he was the King's First Minister, but he could not forget that he was also a professional historian who was most sensitive to the radiations of the past. He looked questioningly at the portraits of the Presidents and undoubtedly had more than a nodding acquaintance with all of them that mattered. After his return to London, he cabled Roosevelt, "I was terribly sorry to have to leave you and, what is more than those can say whose pictures are on the walls, there is not a moment of it that I did not enjoy."

During the fourteen days that Churchill was in the White House he and Roosevelt and Hopkins had lunch and dinner together every day but one. It was at the lunches that most of the major problems were thrashed out, so that when the President and the Prime Minister went into the full-dress meetings they were often already in agreement.

When the British gathered for the Arcadia Conference, they were fearful that Pearl Harbor might have produced a complete upheaval in American military thinking; it seemed probable that the previously agreed principle of "Germany first" might have been discarded in favor of all-out United States effort against Japan, leaving the British and Russians to handle the German enemy in Europe.

However, British apprehensions

(Continued on page 37)



HANS KNOPF

Willy Muth, left, leader of Baltimore veterans fighting shoddy construction of houses. Newsmen Bill Pyne, center, and Tom O'Donnell, have aided him

SCANDALS in VETERANS' HOUSING

BY ALBERT Q. MAISEL

Most federal agencies have failed the veteran in obtaining redress for his jerry-built homes. The best present means of getting definite action seems to lie in the local field. A tough-minded ex-lieutenant is leading the way in Baltimore

Shortly after this Baltimore house was occupied the subflooring buckled and began to break. It was quarter-inch plywood, not one-inch pine as specified

JOE DI PAOLA, JR.



THROUGHOUT the country tens of thousands of veterans have seen their postwar dream cottages turn to nightmarish cracker-boxes in a few months of occupancy. Jerry-built homes have opened at the seams, sagged at the ends and warped on their meager foundations. Federal agencies that were supposed to have helped have largely failed them. Funds for the Office of the Housing Expediter, for instance, were slashed to a fraction of the requested sum so that 15 field investigators instead of the original staff of 600 must suffice to serve the flood of complaints.

Twenty-six veterans bought houses in the Calhoun Lane Subdivision of Billings, Montana, for $8,000 apiece only to discover endless defects and omissions. They started complaining in September of 1947. They enlisted the help of their Veterans of Foreign Wars post which, in turn, rallied all the V.F.W. posts in Montana. The Legion and the Amvets, the Eagles and the Billings Trades and Labor Assembly joined in pushing their cause.

The first step was to seek an adjustment through the Federal Housing Authority. Effective results: none. Then they appealed to the Veterans Administration. Effective results: again, none.

In November the protesters wrote Montana's senators and representatives, asking them to try to spur someone into action. A few days later James J. Rudden, head of the Housing Expediter's regional office in San Francisco, telephoned, but all he could say was that since Billings is 850 miles from San Francisco he just did not have anyone to send up. He suggested seeing the U.S. Attorney.

There have been abuses in the construction of homes for veterans, and it is concerning these only that Collier's is publishing this article, the second of two on the subject. This article, and the one in last week's Collier's, must not be regarded as a criticism of the entire home-building industry.

By February the veterans in Billings were still seeking redress. Endless series of conferences had been held with Ben S. Hill, chief of the Montana branch of FHA, and with John McLaughlin, headman in Montana for the V.A. They had written and wired Tom Clark, U.S. Attorney General. Nothing was happening.

Finally, late in March the FHA sent S. L. Berg out from Helena to inspect the development. Here are just a of the deviations from plans specifications cited in Berg's rep

"All ribbon-type concrete dr ways varied in width over the ribb from six feet seven inches to six ten inches with center area betw these ribbons subsequently filled with concrete. The plans indi eight feet wide solid concrete dr ways.

"Furthermore, approximately properties . . . have their drivew level with the bottom of the st gutter, which permits street drain into the front yards . . .

"The foundation footing under houses extends approximately inches to eight inches below gr line instead of three feet as the p indicate.

"Many of the houses have asp roof shingles . . . of considerably weight per square than the type sp fied of the 210-pound weight.

"The detached garages have foundation whatsoever and the fr sill has one bolt on each side, b nut has never been applied. M have no wind bracing and show dence of leaning out of plumb.

"The private concrete walks w specified to extend from the stree the front entrance, but we w obliged to accept the walk to concrete driveway only."

Berg's comments on defects in dividual houses include the follow No storm windows. Asphalt floo breaking up along exterior walls. hall light or sw No towel close light switch in bathroom. The range not ve through the Door badly wa Electric wall ou not installed. ers 24 inches a instead of 16 in No attic bra Attic insulation inch thick ins of 2 inches as required. Soil was away from garage floor exposing der part of slab—no footings. electrical outlet in kitchen instea two; no rear doorbell. No swin door between kitchen and di room. Only one electric wall o instead of three, in dining r Front-porch floor settling away

(Continued on page 54)



Cutaway views to show "Mid Ship" Ride . . .



. . ."Hydra-Coil" Springs . . .

Any way you look... side and out...it's e Car of the Year!

We think you'll agree the '49 Ford has "the look of the year"! Many people say: "It looks like a custom-built automobile!" But the *inside* will thrill you, too! Seats are sofa-wide! Big "Picture Windows" all around! 57% more luggage space. Two *new* engines...V-8 and Six! Gasoline savings up to 10% . . . with new Overdrive, optional at extra cost up to 25%. 59% more rigid "Lifeguard" Body. New "Hydra-Coil" Springs. New "Mid Ship" Ride. See the new Ford. It's "the car of the year." At your Ford Dealer's now.



. . ."Deep Deck" Luggage Locker

White side wall tires available at extra cost.



There's a New Ford in your future!

'49 Ford

See it today at your Ford Dealers!

MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN MURDER

Continued from page 17

after ten o'clock—or at any other time during the night. That was it.

Garland wouldn't give up. "And you can't remember what happened to your gun?"

"We've been over all that," I reminded him. "I haven't noticed that gun for years. I didn't know it was gone until the police discovered that there had been a .38 registered to me long ago, and that I didn't have it when they nabbed me. Of course, if that gun were used to kill Nulty—the murderer took it. But when or how, I don't know."

Brian said thoughtfully, "I'll make a point of that, of course. Nulty was killed with a .38. Lots of people own .38s. Unless they have the gun, they can't do anything with ballistics."

"Pretty weak, isn't it?"

"Yes . . ." He shrugged. "I wish I could be more encouraging, Steve. But we haven't a thing to go on."

I got up. I said, "All right, Brian. Let me do the worrying. Tomorrow you can tell the judge that you haven't any witnesses. Maybe by tomorrow night the formalities will be over and the verdict in. No matter what it is, it'll be better than this strain."

He said good night, advised me to keep a stiff upper lip, repeated his hope that a miracle might happen, and walked out. They took me back to my cell.

I SURPRISED myself by sleeping well. I ate a breakfast that wasn't too bad, smoked several cigarettes and fixed myself up as well as I could under the circumstances. I understood the importance of looking innocent. I had a moment of regret that I wasn't a pretty boy. Football and boxing in college hadn't enhanced my beauty. I looked rugged enough to have done what I was accused of doing.

When they took me down to the superior court room where I was being tried, I caught a glimpse of the crowds in the hall. Some of my friends would be there, but mostly the spectators would be strangers, attracted by the somewhat natural, somewhat ghoulish desire to be in at the final curtain of a drama involving human life. My life.

The courtroom was humming when they took me in. Every seat was occupied. The press was there in force. George Walderson, the tall, distinguished, politically smooth district attorney, gave me a brief, impersonal glance. I felt no animosity. His job was to prove people guilty if they were guilty. In this case he'd stepped out of bounds; he'd done a hell of a job of proving the guilt of an innocent man. But I believed he had been conscientious.

Brian Garland was not among those present. I wasn't too concerned. He'd probably been up most of the night trying to pull an impossible rabbit out of a nonexistent hat. The jury filed in, looking worried. They weren't half as worried as I was. Then the judge appeared and everybody stood up while he settled himself.

The door at the back of the room opened and all heads turned in that direction. Brian Garland rushed up the aisle, through the little gate, and apologized to the court for being late. Judge Gaston magnanimously forgave him.

Something had happened to Brian. His pink cheeks were bright, his eyes were shining, and he oozed confidence. The court asked the defense to get under way, and so Brian had opportunity for only a few words. And those words amazed me: They brought the first faint hope I'd had since mid-October.

"It's happened," he said.

"What?"

"The miracle."

Judge Gaston's icy voice said, "If the defense will begin . . ." It was an order.

Garland was as easy to read as a neon sign. Last night I had known he was in the depths. This morning everything was different. I hadn't the faintest idea what it was all about, but I was willing to bet it was good.

He faced the bench. "The first witness for the defense," he said in a voice which was far from steady. "Will you please call Mrs. Patricia Kingsley."

THERE was another craning of necks. This time I turned, too. Walking slowly and steadily toward the witness stand was one of the most beautiful girls I had ever seen.

This was a moment of drama. And Brian Garland was making the most of it. I wasn't fooled by his cherubic countenance and baby-blue eyes. I knew he was right on the ball. He was standing beside me, beaming at the gentlemen and ladies of the jury with a wait-until-you-hear-this expression.

Mrs. Patricia Kingsley seated herself in the witness box. She seemed under a strain, but that was natural. Otherwise, she looked like someone it would be a pleasure to dream about.

She was in her early twenties. She had soft brown hair and hazel eyes. She was about five three and slender, but not so slender that you'd doubt she was a woman. She was wearing just the right amount of make-up—not too much, not too little. She had on a simple gray suit with a maroon scarf wrapped around her throat and tucked in at the right place. Her hat was maroon in color and simple in design. It looked inexpensive and probably had cost fifty dollars. Her legs were good.

I stared at her, naturally. She rang a bell. But only faintly. I knew I had seen her somewhere, but I couldn't remember where or when. I knew it must have been a casual meeting because I wouldn't forget something like that if I'd ever said more than a dozen words to it.

I touched Brian's sleeve and said, "Who is she?"

He gave me a reproving look, as though I'd cracked a joke at the wrong time. He said, "Don't be that way, Steve."

"Don't be what way?"

He said sternly, "You should have told me."

That made considerably less than no sense. I opened my lips to ask another question, but Brian had moved away from me. I had earned his disapproval in some unaccountable way, but he was still busting out all over with triumph.

In the witness box, Mrs. Kingsley was being required to swear that she would tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Silence settled over the room. Brian let it hold for a moment, then spoke in a gentle, reassuring voice which had an appealing, boyish quality.

"Your name?" he asked.

"Patricia Maxwell Kingsley."

I heard a sharp intake of breath from the spectators. I saw the reporters grow tense. The name meant plenty to almost everybody in the room. It meant something to me. It even made me remember where I had met the young lady.

I had met her in my own apartment on Saturday, October 4th. I was host at a cocktail party in my apartment. A couple of caterer's men were handling it, and I was paying off a handful of social obligations in one fell swoop. I had invited about twenty people. Knowing Hollywood, I had prepared for twice that number. I was right. Friends brought their friends. Wade Ramsay had brought Mr. and Mrs. Kingsley. Ramsay wasn't a particularly close friend—he was a good ten years older than I—but he owned a swanky apartment house where I'd been trying to get an apartment, and inviting him seemed like a smart move.

I vaguely remembered shaking hands with him and having him introduce me to somebody named Pat Kingsley. There were too many people milling around in crowded quarters for her to register very strongly. I met Mr. Kingsley, too, but what he looked like, I didn't remember. I had been too busy playing host.

I did remember that my chance of chatting with Mrs. Kingsley was cut short by the intrusion of a big, bull-like man with a granite face who already had had too many drinks. Ramsay mentioned that the man was Jeff Nulty.

Jeff Nulty didn't look as though he belonged at anybody's cocktail party. Yet he was probably the most famous person in that room; it was something that could happen only in southern (fornia. He was manager of a c night club, the Casa Linda, which on the ground floor of the ultra- Casa Linda Apartments. Wade Ra owned both the apartment house the club. I was surprised that he brought Jeff Nulty along, becaus reason Nulty was famous was tha erybody knew he was an ex-convic

I still couldn't figure where Pat K ley fitted in as a witness. I didn't l her—hadn't remembered her until given her full name on the witness s It was the middle name, Maxwell, did the work. It told all of us tha was the daughter of Carey Maxwell, was Mr. Real Estate around Los geles. He was a dozen firms, all bi important. He was supposed to be millions. The afternoon of my co party no one had told me that Kingsley had once been Miss Ma

Brian Garland let the witness' sink in—the simple but startling ment: "Patricia Maxwell King Then he asked, "Miss or Mrs.?"

"Mrs."

"Your husband's name?"

"Rex Kingsley."

"May I ask his profession?"

"He was a dancer. He is now ma of a night club. The Casa Linda."

Her voice was steady, but it pitched low, and she kept it focus Brian Garland. You couldn't m the fact that she didn't enjoy wha was doing, that she hated the public

"Where do you live, Mrs. King

"In the Casa Linda Apartments. ber 7-A."

"With your husband?"

"Yes."

"How long have you been mar

"Rex and I were married in 194

Brian paused before the next que

"Mrs. Kingsley, can you rememb afternoon of Saturday, October 4t

"Yes."

"May I ask where you were at a imately six o'clock that afternoon

"At a cocktail party in Steve E apartment."

"Can you tell me where his apa was?"

"On Franklin Avenue, east of F It is called The Collins."

"Did you attend the party alo

"No. I went with my husban Mr. Wade Ramsay and Jeff Nulty."

A MURMUR ran through the Brian repeated, "Jeff .Nulty? deceased?"

"Yes."

"He was a friend of yours?"

"An acquaintance. He was m of the Club Casa Linda. My h was at that time his assistant."

"And your husband became m after Mr. Nulty's death?"

"Yes."

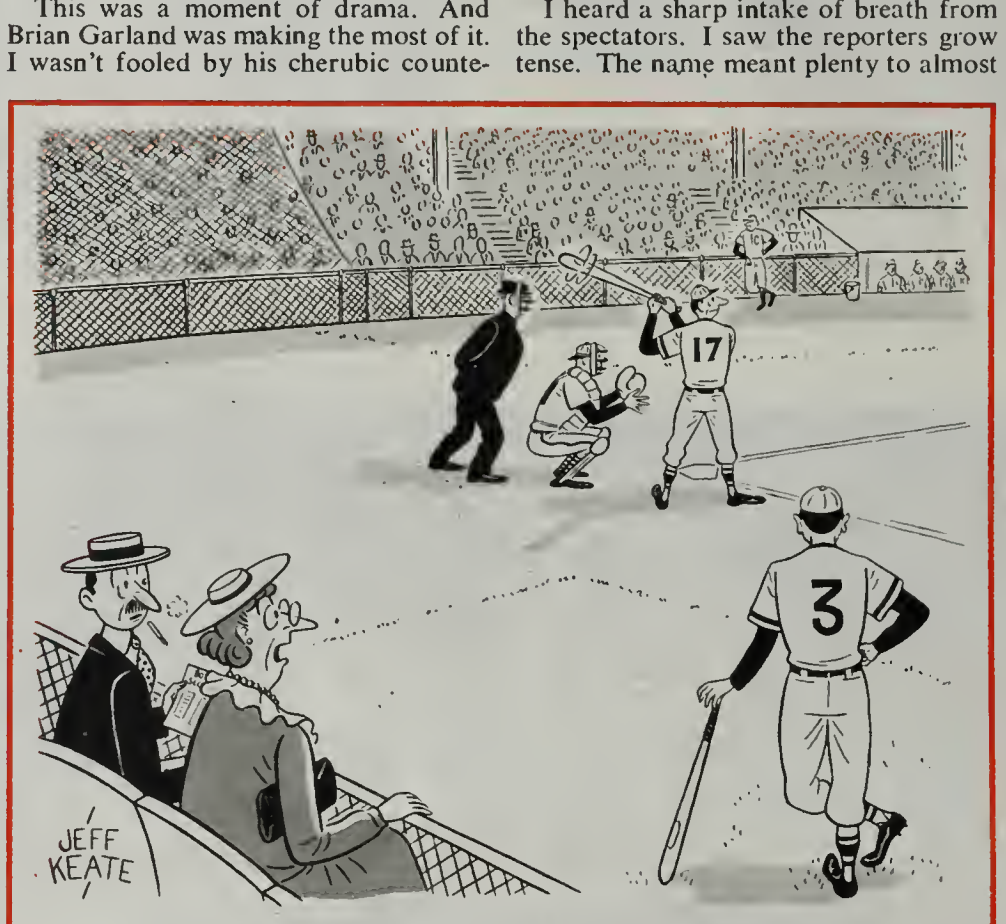
Brian glanced at some notes. an unnecessary gesture calculated to kill time, to let things sink i said, "There is no sense wasting t of this court. With the permission district attorney, I will put my nex tion this way . . ." He pause enough to glance at Walders though for encouragement. "The been considerable testimony abou went on at that party, Mrs. Ki that Jeff Nulty got drunk, that a were made to get him out of Mr. apartment, that eventually there fight between Nulty and the defe Were you there when that happ

"Yes."

"You saw the fight?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Kingsley—what did you mediately after the fight?"



"I hate to seem stupid about baseball, Fred, but shouldn't they give that pinch hitter an intentional pass, loading the bags, and play for a squeeze play at the plate?" JEFF KEATE

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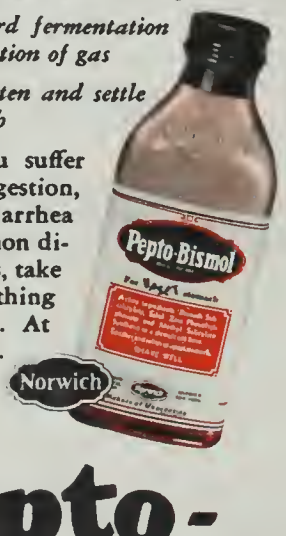


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For gentle yet fast relief

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"I went home."

"With whom?"

"My husband and Mr. Ramsay."

"I see . . ." Brian paused again. This had all been build-up to something. I knew it. The judge knew it and so did the district attorney. Now the time had come for the sixty-four-dollar question.

Brian's voice was soft as silk. He said, "I ask you to think carefully, Mrs. Kingsley. Can you state definitely where you were that night—that same night of October 4th—at nine o'clock?"

"Yes . . ." I saw spots of color appear on Pat Kingsley's cheeks. "Yes," she repeated, "I can."

"Where were you?"

"In Mr. Blake's apartment."

I blinked.

"The same apartment where the cocktail party had been held that afternoon, and where Mr. Blake and Jeff Nulty fought?"

"Yes."

"You were *in* Mr. Blake's apartment at nine o'clock?"

"Yes."

"Who was with you?"

"No one."

"Did Mr. Blake come in later?"

"Yes."

"At what time?"

"Nine twenty."

"What makes you so sure?"

"I had been watching the clock, waiting for him."

I started to get up, then thought better of it. My head was whirling. The girl on the witness stand was lying. She hadn't been there when I had returned at nine twenty. She hadn't been there at all that night. No one had.

I didn't like what was happening. This was perjury, pure and simple. It occurred to me that Brian Garland—believing in my innocence—had framed this thing. But something was wrong there. I had known Brian all my life. He wasn't the sort of man who would pull a fast one—even for a friend. I knew that he believed the witness.

He was continuing smoothly: "Mr. Blake came into his apartment at nine twenty. You were waiting there for him. No one else was there?"

"That's right."

"What time did you leave that apartment, Mrs. Kingsley?"

Her voice was scarcely more than a whisper, but it carried to every corner of the courtroom.

Pat Kingsley said, "About three o'clock in the morning."

A HUM rose from the spectators. The members of the press were writing like mad. A bailiff shouted for order.

I didn't get it. Lies were piling on lies; perjury on perjury. I should have felt elated, but I didn't. This was something I couldn't understand.

Garland resumed his questioning: "In other words, Mrs. Kingsley, you were with the defendant, Steve Blake, from 9:20 P.M., October 4th, until 3 A.M., October 5th?"

"Yes."

"Specifically—and this is of vital importance, Mrs. Kingsley—were you with Steve Blake in his apartment at ten o'clock that night, October 4th?"

"Yes."

"Of your own certain knowledge, did Mr. Blake leave that apartment at any time between 9:20 P.M. and 3 A.M.?"

"No."

"Another question, Mrs. Kingsley. You stated that you entered his apartment alone at nine o'clock, before he returned from his admitted visit to Jeff Nulty's apartment. How did you get into Mr. Blake's apartment?"

"With a key he had given me."

"When?"

"About two months previously."

"Were you in the habit of visiting him alone at night?"

"Yes."

"I regret having to embarrass you, Mrs. Kingsley—but a man's life is at stake. I must therefore ask this question: Am I correct in assuming that you were Mr. Blake's mistress?"

The spectators were seething. Pat Kingsley was nervously twisting a handkerchief between long, slender fingers.

"Yes," she said. "I was."

THERE it was: the perfect alibi, all tied up with pink ribbon, and handed to me on a golden platter. Only one thing was wrong with the picture. It wasn't true.

This was too fast and too bewildering for me. It wasn't as though my lawyer had picked a floozie out of a hat in a desperate attempt to clear me of a false murder charge; he'd come up with a gal who rated tops in the Los Angeles social world, whose father was prominent, wealthy and influential, whose face had been made familiar to millions through the society columns of the local papers.

By all outward appearances, this Pat Kingsley was a nice girl. She looked like a lady—even while she was telling the world that she was my mistress. She was properly embarrassed, properly brave. What I couldn't understand was the why of it. Why was she doing this? Why was she lying?

From next week's installment of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: When India was threatened and Mr. Churchill had Cabinet troubles he cabled Roosevelt: "I do not like these days of personal stress and I have found it difficult to keep my eye on the ball."

Some semblance of order had been restored in the courtroom. The judge made a little speech. In precise, judicial language he informed the spectators that if there were any further disorder, they'd all be pitched out on their ears. Then he motioned Brian to proceed.

Garland said, "Mrs. Kingsley. May I ask you to tell the jury whether I sought you as a witness, or whether you came to me?"

She did not look up. "I went to you."

"Voluntarily?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because I knew Steve was innocent. I had been with him at the time Jeff Nulty was killed. I waited and waited, hoping that someone else could and would clear him, hoping that my appearance here wouldn't be necessary. When I went to you, I asked first whether you had any such witness, and you said no. So I decided to tell the truth."

"Which I'm sure everyone here appreciates. And you had no reason other than that you did not want to see an innocent man convicted?"

"That was all. I didn't come forward before because . . . well, because what I've done has been rather difficult."

"I understand . . ." Brian turned to the prosecuting attorney. "Your witness," he said.

George Walderson went into a huddle with his two assistants. He was perhaps remembering one of the fundamental rules of cross-examination: "Unless it is necessary, don't!" He looked at Judge Gaston and said, "No questions."

So that was that. Walderson was letting bad enough alone. It was a smart move. Every person present knew that questioning would fail to shake the girl's story. Brian sat down beside me, and mopped his forehead. He said, "We got 'em, kid; we got 'em."

I'm human. My first reaction was one of infinite relief. For some unfathomable reason, a young and lovely girl had c forward with a lie which seemed ce to save my life. That meant a lot to It would mean a lot to anybody.

To be punished for a crime of w you're guilty is right and just. T branded a felon and executed for a c which you haven't committed is ap ingly different. If you're about to dr you grab at a straw, at anything, w offers you a chance. You don't que where the straw comes from or wh is there.

The trouble with me is that I'm addicted to thinking. I reach a sati tory conclusion and keep right on g That isn't always so good. Brian lo at me and asked, "What's eatin you, Steve?"

I said, frankly, "I don't know."

"You don't know *what?*"

"Whether or not I like it."

"Good Lord!" He was confuse most as confused as I was. "M you've taken too much of a bea You're not thinking straight. This is saving your life."

"I realize that. But . . ."

"But what?"

"I don't understand it."

He made a gesture of impati "What is there to understand, kid? done a courageous thing . . ."

"Granted. But she's lying."

"Don't give me that."

"I tell you, she is. And I'm not s want it this way."

MY OWN words gave direction t thoughts. I wasn't sure I like not sure at all. To be acquitted on jured testimony added up all wro wanted the acquittal, all right, but I want it on those terms. The case v supposed to be decided on such evi as this. I felt grateful to the girl—ever her reason—but that didn't m had to approve of her method.

The more I thought, the more tain it seemed to me that this cour entitled to the truth. Up to now trial had been fair. This develo wasn't fair.

It came to me suddenly what going to do—what I must do, to my own self-respect. I spoke o pulse, but the impulse was right. "Brian, I want to take the stand."

He stared at me incredulously said, "Are you crazy?"

"I don't know. But that's what I

Brian was losing his temper. ruin everything."

"Maybe. But I still want to ta stand."

The judge glanced inquiring Brian. My attorney asked for a recess. The judge instructed the j retire for a few minutes. The jur out. No one else left the room. and I went into whispered confere

It wasn't a pleasant conference more he argued against my takin stand, the more it seemed to me the only right and decent thing to d insisted that I was being guided by sense of decency; that method matter so long as the result was He argued that snap judgment was than no judgment at all.

I tried to see it his way. I cor the logic of his points, but that change the way I felt. I wasn't try be noble. According to Brian, I w ing like a full-fledged dope. Per was. But I became more and mo tain that my initial impulse was that—no matter what the conseq —it was the way I wanted thin only way I could know any pe mind. I was stubborn.

Brian Garland was downright His normally pink cheeks were red. Nothing I could say made h things my way. Finally he whi tensely, "Do this insane thing, a can count me out."

I knew him better than that. H

to beat me down for my own
he was too firm a friend to desert
said, "I'm sorry—but I've got to
my way."
said, bitterly, "You're on your
Steve."
w that I'd reached a decision, I was
ger confused. I got up. Instantly,
was a dead silence in the big, for-
om. I said, "Your Honor. . . ."
judge looked at me as though he
like what he saw. I was stepping
line, and that is something which
vned on in superior court.
shifted his gaze from me to Brian
nd, asking, without words, for the
ng of my outburst. Brian said,
client is insisting on doing some-
against my advice, Your Honor."
id quietly, "I wish to take the stand
own defense."
our counsel is able," the judge said.
as conducted this case competently.
would be well advised to do what-
e suggests."
ook my head. I said, "I believe the
ves any defendant the right to tes-
his own behalf, doesn't it?"
s. But . . ." Judge Gaston was
ant to go even that far.
at's the way I want it, sir."
ge Gaston said, "This court can-
revent you from taking the stand.
you do, it will be under oath, and
nly fair to warn you that you will
bject to cross-examination."
ught a glimpse of the D. A. and his
They were trying not to look smug.
s opening new vistas for them.
d won the case, then lost it, and
here I was, leading with my chin.
ouldn't have blamed Brian if he
alked out. He'd done a heroic job.
d worried almost as much as I had.
ow I was busting everything wide
and heading myself straight to-
San Quentin.

E judge rapped for order, and in-
ucted that the jury be returned.
settled themselves, but not so com-
ly that they failed to show sur-
when I walked toward the stand.
as sworn in. I was a witness. The
were down. The dice were rolling.
oked at Judge Gaston, and he nod-
He had a fine forehead and there
little frown on it now, as though
ght be worried about me. Well, that
the judge and myself all even.
id, "I'm not a lawyer. I don't know
les of evidence. I have taken the
voluntarily to tell my own story. I
the district attorney will be tolerant.
y name is Steven Blake. I am
-one years of age. Single. I am an
autical engineer. I do research
and aircraft designing for the Var-
Wilson Corporation. I have no war
record. I did the same work I'm doing now all through the war. That was at the request of the government. My job is a good one, and I'm in comfortable financial circumstances.

"Most of what I am about to tell you, you have heard from a parade of witnesses. With one exception, I believe they all have told the truth as they remember it. There are certain details, however, which could not be known to anyone except myself. I felt that you were entitled to hear those details.

"I have a two-room apartment in The Collins, on Franklin Avenue. That is about four blocks from the Casa Linda Apartments where Jeff Nulty was killed. I have dined frequently at the Casa Linda. For some time I've been trying to get an apartment there. In other words, I know the physical setup of the building, and also of the night club which is on the street floor.

"On Saturday afternoon, October 4th, I gave a cocktail party in my own place. As frequently happens at such affairs, people that I had invited brought friends along. One person who brought friends has already testified. That was Mr. Wade Ramsay, who owns the Casa Linda. He has been a casual friend of mine for years, although not an intimate. He brought with him Mr. and Mrs. Rex Kingsley and Jeff Nulty. As you know, Nulty was manager of the Club Casa Linda.

"I had met Nulty, but did not actually know him. I had met him only as any patron of a club might meet the manager. We had nothing in common and no other contacts.

"As host, I was worried about Jeff Nulty. He was loud, profane and obnoxious. I asked Mr. Ramsay why he had brought the man, and Ramsay said Nulty had just trailed along. I asked him to get Nulty out of there, and he said he had tried already but without any luck.

"Nulty got more and more boisterous. He was annoying the guests, particularly some of the ladies. Several of them left. I felt responsible for what was going on.

"I went to Nulty—that was a little after six o'clock—and asked him to leave. By that time he was thoroughly drunk and thoroughly nasty. He said he'd leave when he got damned good and ready. I insisted that he leave right then. I believe I called him a drunken bum.

"He swung at me. I don't remember whether or not his blow landed. I know mine did. I had had no idea of brawling in my own home with a drunken, uninvited guest—but lots of things happen that can't be foreseen.

"Nulty hit me then. Hard. I went down. He kicked me in the face, twice. A half-dozen men pulled him off.

"I was violently angry, as any man



t's get the Boston Red Sox—maybe we'll attract some high-class fellows!"

LLIER'S DAVE GERARD



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BETTER ROADS fo



America's Road Builders Pave the Wa

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

Americans enjoy travel and transport on almost 1,500,000 miles of surfaced roads—approximately one-third the world's total.

These lifelines to cities, towns and farms are vital to our economy and defense.

More roads are needed. Passenger cars and buses have greatly increased in number. Farm products and manufactured goods are transported by truck in greater volume than ever before.

In addition an enormous repair job must be done to exis g roads. During the war our roads took heavy punishm t Repairs had to wait.

New road construction and road repairs are under w Much will be accomplished this year. But many years ay be required to finish the job.

America's great road construction industry is work g energetically at the task of road construction and re r with giant tractors and rugged trucks:

INTERNATIONAL *Industrial Powe*

BETTER WORLD



lo Better, Safer Travel and Transport

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ernational Trucks — rugged haulers, expertly special- d to transport the materials that become smooth, safe id surfaces.

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Road construction men of America will assemble in Chicago July 16 to 24 for their 45th Annual Convention and Road Show. To them special tribute will be paid on International Harvester's radio program, "Harvest of Stars," featuring James Melton, over C.B.S. at 9:30 P.M. Eastern Daylight Time, Wednesday, July 21.

INTERNATIONAL

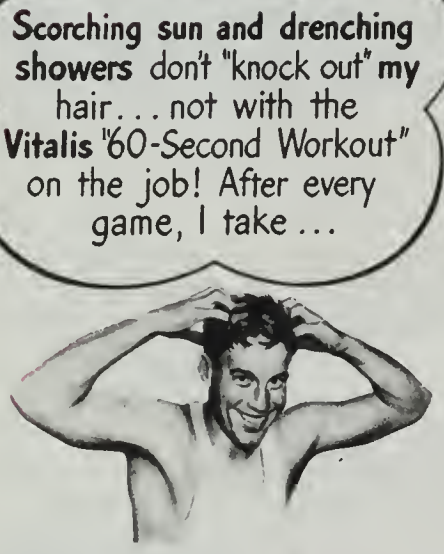
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"50 seconds to massage." Massaging Vitalis' pure vegetable oils on scalp protects hair from drying effects of sun, wind, water. Routs loose dandruff. Helps check excessive falling hair.



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would be. I am not, as you can see, a weakling. I got up—bleeding. My friends were holding me, too. It was then that I said I'd kill him. I don't remember the exact words—I was too mad to remember. But you may accept as fact that I did say I'd kill him. If I'd had a chance right then, I probably would have. But I didn't have that chance. They hustled him out of the apartment.

"The party broke up pretty soon after that," I went on. "Several people offered to stay with me, but I wasn't having any. I was still mad. When everyone had gone, I took a shower and changed my clothes.

"A little before eight o'clock that night I decided to see Nulty. I couldn't forget that he had kicked me in the face when I was down. I didn't like the idea of having things end there. I cannot truthfully tell you what I had in mind except that I did not intend to kill him. You have every right to believe that I went there looking for trouble.

"Nulty lived in a little apartment on the mezzanine floor of the Casa Linda, right over the club. I went through the lobby and walked up the stairs to his office. I did not carry a gun.

"The door of his apartment was unlocked. I walked in. Nulty was sitting in an easy chair. He looked as though he was in the throes of a bad hang-over.

"He looked up at me and said, 'So it's you. I know why you've come. Well, I don't blame you. If you want to take a poke at me, go ahead. I acted like a louse, and I've got it coming.'

"That took the wind out of my sails. I cooled off pretty fast. I still didn't like him, and I still resented what had happened at my apartment. But his attitude tied my hands. I told him a few things, and he took them all.

"There was no fight. There wasn't even a quarrel. I certainly did not kill him. By that time I was feeling rather silly. I left him, and walked out through the lobby. I didn't see anybody and don't know whether anyone saw me. However, I did notice the lobby clock. It was exactly nine.

"I did not go straight home. My head was beginning to clear and I wanted to give it a chance. At about nine twenty I got back to my apartment."

And now I had come to the important part—to the thing which had impelled me to take the stand. I was trembling.

I said, "I did not kill Jeff Nulty. I want to be acquitted. I want it more than I've ever wanted anything else in my life. But because it is so important, I'd rather not have it the wrong way. I want to be acquitted because you believe I'm innocent, and not on the strength of false testimony.

"The testimony you have just heard—the testimony of Mrs. Patricia Maxwell Kingsley—is not true. The only part of it that is true is that she came to my cocktail party with Mr. Ramsay and her husband.

"That was the first and only time I ever met the young lady. She was not in my apartment when I got home at nine twenty. She was not there at any time that night. There is not, and never has been, any love affair between us. She is not my mistress."

GEORGE WALDERSON, the district attorney, got up. He took his time doing it. He looked at me with a glance that was almost affectionate, just about the way a cat would look at a mouse which had been tricked into a bad strategic position.

He was a nice-looking man. Distinguished. His clothes were a trifle too well tailored, his shave a little too close, the faint suggestion of wave in his iron-gray hair a bit too calculated. He had a state-wide reputation as a shrewd prosecutor. His record was impressive. He was politically ambitious. He was kind—oh, exceedingly kind—to reporters.

He moved closer to where I was sitting. He took the spotlight right away from me. Well, I wished him luck. He could have it.

Mr. Walderson's voice was smooth as butter. I was probably the friendliest defendant he'd ever tried to send to the gas chamber. His smile was intended to show me that he had nothing against me, personally. I was a case, nothing more nor less. He appreciated my co-operation. I'd made it probable that he'd win a case which had collapsed under him.

He said, in a tone almost apologetic, "Just a few questions, Mr. Blake . . ."

I didn't say anything. I waited for him to clear his throat and flirt with the newspapermen.

"Mr. Blake," he asked, "have you ever owned a gun?"

I said, "Yes."

"What caliber?"

"Thirty-eight Special."

"Is there anything about that gun—except the serial number, of course—which would enable you to identify it?"

"Yes," I answered. "A small triangular piece was broken out of the grip."

"How long have you owned it, Mr. Blake?"

"Several years."

"Where is that gun now?"

"I don't know."

COMMON CARRIER

A boy can bring so much outdoors
Indoors, on clothes and hide,
It really is a wonder that
There's any left outside.

—Richard Armour

"Would you mind explaining that statement?"

"Not at all. I've never had any occasion to use the gun. I kept it in a dresser drawer. The last time I looked for it, it wasn't there."

"And when was the last time you looked for it?"

"When the detectives who were investigating Jeff Nulty's death asked me where it was."

"When was that?"

"The morning of October 5th, the day after Nulty's death."

"Did they tell you why they were interested?"

"They said they had established that a .38 revolver was registered to me. They said that Nulty had been killed with a .38. They wanted to make a comparison test."

"Did they?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because the gun wasn't where I thought it was."

"How long since you had seen the gun in your dresser drawer?"

"I don't know. It may have been gone for a matter of hours or months."

"Isn't it a fact, Mr. Blake, that you took that gun with you when you went to call on Jeff Nulty on the night of October 4th?"

"No."

"Isn't it a fact that Nulty had beaten you up that afternoon, that you had threatened to kill him, and that you actually took that gun with you with the intention of killing him?"

"No."

"Isn't it a fact that you entered his room and actually did kill him?"

"No."

"What did you do with the gun after that, Mr. Blake?"

"I had no gun with me."

"You planned to kill him with your bare hands?"

"I had no idea of killing him."

"Why did you go to his apartment?"

"To settle accounts."

"You are a man of violent ter are you not?"

"I get mad occasionally."

"You had been brutally beaten kicked in the face by Nulty, hadn't y

"Yes."

"You had stated that you intend kill him?"

"Not the way you make it sou was fighting mad. I said I'd kill th and-so."

THE district attorney shrugged. " thing. Did you know that Jeff was an ex-convict?"

"I had heard it."

"From whom?"

"From a dozen persons. Hollyw full of screwy characters. Nulty apparently one of them. A gradu San Quentin running a fashionable club doesn't seem quite as incong around here as it might in some parts of the country. I believe th made no effort to keep his record cret."

"He even helped publicize it, he?"

"So I've heard."

"Now then, Mr. Blake—it a that you were bitterly angry with who had beaten and kicked you. knew he was an ex-convict. You a .38-caliber revolver. You visite ex-convict. He was killed with caliber revolver. Your gun has tously disappeared. Have I stat facts correctly?"

"The facts, yes. The adjective your own idea."

He said, "Your attorney may at any time."

"I'd rather he didn't, Mr. Wald Though it was my understanding o procedure that you were supposed questions and not to testify."

Two or three of the jurymen s Someone in the courtroom sni audibly. Walderson didn't like it.

He said, "You're a pretty s young man, aren't you, Mr. Blake?

I let that one ride. He cont "You're certainly smart enough t disposed of the gun with which yo Jeff Nulty, aren't you?"

I said, "I didn't kill Nulty."

"Naturally, you'd say that . . ." Garland was on his feet this time to voice an objection, but Wal didn't give him a chance. He said will be all, Mr. Blake."

That was all. He was throug me. No questions about Patricia well Kingsley. No gilding that li respect for Mr. Walderson rose a had been his best witness. He did pose to take the edge off my testim

Brian put in a few seconds of trated thinking. Then he said, "I fe rests." Judge Gaston called a re lunch. Brian asked whether I wa talk with him and I said no. I t I was sorry I had upset his applec he said it was my funeral. We hands and I went to my cell.

I wasn't sorry I'd played it th I didn't even do too much spe about what would happen. So my thoughts stayed with Mrs. Maxwell Kingsley and her starting testimony.

Hers had been no altruistic gest could it be regarded as the mo publicity fanatic. She wasn't the court the public gaze; she hadn' up in that sort of environmen had looked like the kind of girl man would like to know provi were still single and not the on of a father who owned too many

The more I thought, the foggi came. She had done a heroic th or rather, it would have been he it been true. Actually, it adde absurdity—except for that insist that there was desperate calcula hind her move.

(To be continued next wee

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

Continued from page 27

ere quickly dispelled. When the Chiefs Staff first sat down together, General arshall and Admiral Stark immediately esented a basic statement saying: .. our view remains that Germany is ll the prime enemy and her defeat is e key to victory. Once Germany is de-ated, the collapse of Italy and the de-at of Japan must follow."

The accusation has been made, par-ularly by officers who were attached General MacArthur, that Churchill needled and cajoled Roosevelt into opting the Germany-first policy when e President should have dedicated him-lf to the conquest of America's real emy, Japan; but this assumption gives r too much credit to Churchill and too tle to Marshall, Stark and the Ameri-n staff planners, including Dwight D. senhower who had only recently been omoted from temporary colonel to igadier general.

The President and the Prime Minister lected as their first main business the rmation of the grand coalition of the llies. By Christmas Eve, each had pre-ared and blended together a draft of a eclaration of the "Associated Powers."

Urges Religious-Freedom Clause

Hopkins' comments on the draft, com-unicated to Roosevelt in a memoran-m on December 27th, remarked that f possible, you should make every ef-rt to get religious freedom in this docu-ent. I believe it will be necessary for u to talk to Litvinov this noon about is."

That day Litvinov lunched with the esident, Churchill and Hopkins at the hite House. Roosevelt urged on him e importance of including a reference religious freedom. (It will be remem-ered that the omission of this from the tlantic Charter had brought down a eat deal of criticism on that document d Roosevelt wanted to be sure to have in this one.)

Litvinov felt that his government, to which he had already cabled the text of the declaration, would not look with favor on this suggested change. He said that the Kremlin might possibly agree to the phrase "freedom of conscience" but Roosevelt assured him, and asked him to deliver this assurance to the Kremlin, that it was precisely the same thing. I do not know how Litvinov managed to convey this to Stalin, but the fact remains that the words "religious freedom" appeared in the final declaration.

Churchill asked that another change in wording be made. After the word "governments" in the phrase "the governments signatory hereto"—he wished to add the word "authorities." The purpose of this was to permit the inclusion either immediately or subsequently of the Free French. On this discussion Hopkins has written:

The President and Churchill both tried to get Litvinov to accept the amendment which had been urged by the British Cabinet so that the Free French might subscribe to the document.

Litvinov, however, told the President and Churchill that he had no power to agree. Churchill tried to argue that the change was inconsequential but it was perfectly clear that Litvinov did not believe this. . . .

At this point Churchill became quite angry and told Litvinov in effect that he wasn't much of an ambassador if he didn't have the power even to add a word like this; that we were in a war and there was no time for long-winded negotiations. He said that we had agreed to every change in the text that the Russians wanted and it seemed to him they could agree to this.

Litvinov stuck by his point, however, and the declaration was issued without the word "authorities."

Later I learned that Litvinov had cabled for approval to include the word "authorities" and his government had given it to him.

However, this agreement must have

TRANSPOSAGRAM

BY ALAN MURRAY

Precisely at ten every Thursday night Franz Knight entered some public place in the metropolis, checked his gray hat, danced, dined, had a drink or two, retrieved his hat and went home. At about the same time the courier, whom Franz knew but to whom he never spoke, did about the same thing. During the evening Franz and the courier passed each other and secretly exchanged hat checks and the courier retrieved Franz's hat, which contained in an inner lining Franz's report for the week. Each Thursday morning he found his instructions in the personals column of the want-ad sections of the leading local newspaper. Here is one of the messages:

BALL CHAMPION TOO FEEBLE YET

	E			■	I	N	■		O		B													
			■		A	L	A			■			T	E										

Instructions: When transposed, the letters of the Transposagram above form a message in one complete sentence. Change the order of the letters and insert them in the empty boxes to form the sentence. A number of letters have already been inserted in their correct boxes. The empty spaces show the length of the words in the message.

(Solution to Transposagram on page 70)



the modern plastic filter that replaces the cotton-waste filter



The sensational new Purolator *Micronic* Oil Filter was designed to save you more money by keeping your car engine free from the damaging wear caused by sludge and abrasives. If your car is *not* equipped with a Purolator *Micronic* Oil Filter, have one installed today. If it *is* equipped with an ordinary oil filter, make certain to change the filter element to a *genuine* Purolator *Micronic* Filter Element.



The sensational new Purolator *Micronic* Oil Filter was originally designed, developed and tested by Purolator engineers. The results of test after test were so amazing that our engineers knew at last they had developed a filtering material that proved superior to our cotton waste.

The new Purolator *Micronic* Filter employs a plastic filtering material which operates efficiently with mineral or additive oils. The special accordion pleated design provides 8 times more filtering area and, in fact, will trap 200% more dirt, dust, grime and abrasives than the old style cotton-waste type filter. This sensational filter is heat-proof, warp-proof, water-proof and unaffected by crankcase acids. Only Purolator makes the Purolator *Micronic* Oil Filter.

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COOL HI





P.S. Schenley's 94.8 Gin is back!

Now, you can enjoy its liqueur quality in your gin drinks. Always specify Schenley 94.8 gin. It's a worthy companion to America's most famous whiskey.

Distilled London Dry Gin, 94.8 proof, distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits.



• *Now avail e in the distin ve decanter as familiar rou bot In both, trac ional Schenley qua ty.*

Summertime is SCHENLEY *time...too!*

...because Sunny Morning Flavor makes your favorite summer drinks taste better



ENLEY COLLINS

...juice of ½ large lemon, 1 ...powdered sugar and 1 gen... ...jigger of mellow Schenley ...shaker. Add ice and shake. ...r into tall glass, add soda. If ...can put off sipping, trim with ...sit. If not—mmm—just enjoy it!

SCHENLEY MINT SOUR

Put juice of ½ lime, ¼ lemon and 1 tsp. powdered sugar in a sour glass. Add 2 dashes grenadine and 1 jigger—you guessed it!—of Schenley. Add 2 dashes carbonated water, fill glasses with crushed ice. Stir. It's deee-licious!

SCHENLEY HIGHBALL

America's most enjoyable highball starts with 1 generous jigger of Schenley—naturally!—in a tall, tall glass. Add 3 cubes ice—or amount of ice to suit your taste — and fill with carbonated water. Stir gently, enjoy greatly.

SCHENLEY MINT JULEP

Crush 4 sprigs fresh, dewy mint with ½ tsp. powdered sugar. Put half of mint in tall glass. Partly fill with crushed ice. Add remaining mint and sugar. Fill with ice. Add 1½ jiggers of Schenley. Stir till frosted — and sip!

A Schenley Mark of Merit Whiskey

ummer just isn't *official* until you've enjoyed one of these magnificent Schenley summer coolers . . . each one Mellow as a Sunny Morning! For greater luxury . . . enjoy the rare pre-war quality of today's Schenley.

re Pre-War Quality Blended Whiskey 86 proof. 65% grain neutral spirits. Copr. 1948, Schenley Distillers Corporation, N. Y. C.



come too late as the change did not appear. The changes in the text requested by the Kremlin were actually negligible. They were all due to Russian reluctance to indicate any commitment to join the war against Japan. All of the Russian revisions were accepted and Roosevelt wrote them on the draft in his own hand.

On New Year's Day, 1942, the representatives of 26 countries gathered in the White House and signed the document which gave birth to the United Nations.

It must be remembered that this prelude to a new world symphony was being composed against the reverberations of shocking defeats in the Pacific. The Japanese were sweeping ahead and American prestige was sinking rapidly.

Japan's Conquests Inspire Fear

It had been assumed, when the grand strategy was laid down, that the Japanese could be contained within the line bounded by the Aleutian and Hawaiian Islands, Samoa, Fiji, the Solomon Islands, the East Indies, Singapore, Thailand, and the maritime provinces of Siberia. Now it was becoming evident that they could not be thus contained, that they might sweep southward over the East Indies to Australia and westward through Burma into India and even on to the Middle East.

A new theater of war was accordingly and hastily established, known as the ABDA Area, the initials standing for American, British, Dutch, Australian. This covered the huge, confused area from the Bay of Bengal to Australasia. It was during the first discussion of this problem at a meeting of the British and American Chiefs of Staff on the afternoon of Christmas Day, that General Marshall made a proposal which was to assume utmost importance in the conduct of the second World War. These are his words as directly quoted in the official minutes:

I express these as my personal views and not those as a result of consultation with the Navy or with my own War Plans Division. As a result of what I saw in France and from following our own experience, I feel very strongly that the most important consideration is the question of unity of command. . . . I am convinced that there must be one man in command of the entire theater—air, ground and ships. We cannot manage by co-operation.

There was plenty of disagreement with that proposal. At a major meeting in the White House on December 26th, Roosevelt expressed his approval but Churchill took issue with it. The Prime Minister said that unity of command was all very well when there was a continuous line of battle, but that in the Far East some of the Allied forces were separated from each other by a thousand miles or more. He believed that these various forces, Army, Navy and Air, representing four different countries, should operate on their own with the individual commanders responsible only to the Supreme Command in Washington.

At this point, Beaverbrook jotted down a note on a White House memo pad and passed it to Hopkins. It read: "You should work on Churchill. He is being advised. He is open-minded and needs discussion." As a result of this, Hopkins arranged for a private meeting between Churchill and Marshall at which the latter was able to convince the Prime Minister of the soundness of his proposal and to gain his agreement to it. This was a demonstration of the peculiar role played by Hopkins at all the major conferences of the next three years. There were many more notes passed to Hopkins under conference tables and many more examples of his effective, off-the-record action. He was rarely confined by the customary "channels."

When the principle of unified command was accepted, Roosevelt suggested that General Sir Archibald Wavell be named for the unenviable post of Supreme Commander of the ABDA Area. The British Chiefs of Staff were vehement in their opposition. Suspecting that this was a Roosevelt trick to shift the ugly responsibility, they felt that the British delegation should insist that an American commander be given the post (and the blame).

Lord Halifax agreed with them, but when this attitude was conveyed to Churchill he exploded that this suspicious attitude implied doubt of the motives of the President of the United States and he would not stand for it. So far as he was concerned, Roosevelt's gesture was a friendly and a generous one. But Wavell never was given a chance to exercise this command.

The situation had gone to pieces before any forces could be assembled let alone deployed.

The records of the Arcadia Conference are too voluminous to be reproduced here but part of the minutes of one meeting held on January 12th gives an idea of the complexity of the problems. After a general discussion of plans to invade North Africa, General Marshall explained plans for:

. . . 21,800 American troops to sail from the East Coast on January 20th, to arrive in the ABDA Area approximately February 14th. This convoy to consist of 10,000 ground troops for New Caledonia, which with the artillery brigade now in Australia would furnish approximately a division for New Caledonia. . . .

General Marshall stated that a serious consideration was the fact that the proposed ABDA convoy would result in a 30 per cent reduction of Lend-Lease to Russia for a period of four months, and would also reduce the Lend-Lease matériel going to Basra. (This was due to transfer of shipping to the South Pacific convoy.)

The President stated that the plan sounded good. . . .

Mr. Churchill observed that the plan as prepared would result in some confusion, that a fact to be given consideration was the delay of shipments to Russia; that the Russians would undoubtedly be disappointed.

He asked if the plan had been the subject of joint discussion between the Chiefs of Staff.

General Marshall stated that it had. The President asked, if the occupation of New Caledonia was eliminated, could we carry out our Russian promises?

General Marshall stated that he could not be sure, but if anything was to be pared, the New Caledonia portion should be the first reduction.

Mr. Hopkins observed that 30 per cent of the shipping to Russia involves only seven ships, and that we should be able to find seven ships, even if it involved stopping the shipment of some reserve materials to England; that with the 1,200 merchant ships we have available, locating seven should not be too difficult.

Admiral Stark stated that the primary question was which was of the greater importance—the 30 per cent reduction of Lend-Lease to Russia or immediate reinforcements for the Far East.

Mr. Churchill observed that the fighting in the Far East and the fighti Russians are doing should take p over other things.

The President stated that he General Marshall's program (for sion of North Africa) if only some could be found to take care of th sians. . . .

Mr. Hopkins suggested that the dent and the Prime Minister tal responsibility of getting Lend material to Russia, and not ho General Marshall's plan on this ac

The President asked Mr. Hop he could get enough ships to tak of the Russians.

Mr. Hopkins stated that if the dent would get Admiral Land a Arthur Salter in and tell them the tion, he was sure it could be don

The President then stated, w prove General Marshall's plan. W make Beaverbrook and Hopkin ships and will work on Super-Gy (North Africa) at the earliest p date.

The seven ships that Hopkins should be kept on the supply ro Russia seem like a negligible quar a war of such dimensions; yet, wh meeting was held, for all anyone tell, those seven ships and their c might mean the difference to the Union between continuing the w making a separate peace.

On December 28th, Churchill cable to the Lord Privy Seal con the following paragraph:

It is intended that General should have a staff in the sort portion as Foch's High Control st to the great staffs of the Briti French armies in France. He wo ceive his orders from an appr joint body, who will be respons me as Minister of Defense and President of the United States, also commander in chief of all States forces.

The Lord Privy Seal, on behalf War Cabinet, replied, saying, "Sir and your advisers in Washingt convinced that scheme is a war the Cabinet thought it right to scheme in principle . . . the poin has given us most difficulty is c tion of joint body referred to . . .

Two Sides to a Controvers

On December 29th, the Chiefs drew up an outline of the system mand. This was sent to the White in the evening, and Roosevelt an kins worked over it. The Chiefs had recommended "that no speci should be set up for this purpose it would tend to clog the machi that "existing machinery sho used."

Roosevelt's revision of this w tic. The same passages as he r them proposed "that a special b set up for this purpose in Washi

The following day, Decemb Hopkins noted:

The suggestion of an "app joint body" has kicked up a h row.

As a matter of fact I sugges words to the Prime Minister found he was getting all set to the directions himself. It seeme so essential to get the unity of c through in the southwest Paci rather than try to define what propriate body" would be, I urg the Prime Minister and the Pres send it along and decide the of the "appropriate joint body"

It now develops that everyb his grandmother want to be joint body and it now looks as if end by having the joint Brit American staffs assist the Presi any rate they will run it.

The "appropriate joint body" organization which became kno

From next week's installment of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: Hopkins wrote: "This war can't be won with men who won't take great and bold risks, and Roosevelt has got a hatful of them in the Army and Navy that will have to be liquidated."

bined Chiefs of Staff and the refer- to "everybody and his grand- ner" reflected the desire of other d nations to be represented on it— not merely "for consultation and sory purposes."

hen the Combined Chiefs of Staff been agreed on, it was logical to eed to the establishment of com- d boards for all war activities: itions Assignment, Shipping Adjust- t, Raw Materials, Food, Production Resources. The first of these was by dds the most important, and the only vidual upon whom all elements could e as bearer of final responsible au- ity was Harry Hopkins.

here were long arguments over Muni- s Assignment, for it was obvious that sions affecting the distribution of lies as between one ally and another, ne neutral and another, might as- e considerable diplomatic signifi- e. This was one of the few subjects which a division appeared on nation- ic lines as between British and Amer- s, and it was never closed. For a time emed as if no agreement could be hed and the final resolution reached oosevelt was accepted by the British on a temporary, trial basis.

Lieutenant General G. N. Macready, stant Chief of the British Imperial eral Staff, had proposed a system of llocation whereby the world would ivided in effect into two spheres of in- nce, with the U.S. and Britain "each ng for the needs of the Allies for m it has accepted responsibility." proposal, which was strongly ed by the British Chiefs of Staff, was well received by the Americans, in- ing Hopkins. It would mean that allocation of American-produced riel for Europe, Africa, and the dle East would be directed from don.

hen it was presented at the Com- d Chiefs meeting on the next to last of the conference, the Americans k it out; they stated that this was a er for decision on the highest level. tly before the final formal session e Arcadia Conference in the White se, the President read to General shall the statement which he and umably Churchill and Lord Beaver- k had prepared concerning the e-up of the Munitions Assignment rd.

he board was to be divided into two ual parts, one in Washington, led by Hopkins, and the other in don, headed by Beaverbrook. Hop- and Beaverbrook were to report tly to the President and the Prime ister and thus be on a level with and pendent of the Combined Chiefs of . Marshall insisted that the MAB t be under the authority of the Com- d Chiefs of Staff.

Marshall felt so strongly on this subject that he informed the President that unless the conditions as he stated them were accepted he could not continue to assume the responsibilities of Chief of Staff. He advanced the unanswerable argument that neither he nor any other Chief of Staff could plan military operations and carry them through if some other authority, over which he had no control, could refuse to allocate the matériel required for such operations.

When Marshall completed the brief but vigorous and clear statement of his views, Roosevelt turned to Hopkins and asked for his opinion. Marshall assumed that Hopkins had participated in the arrangement as Roosevelt had stated it and would therefore oppose him, but, to his surprise, Hopkins supported him vociferously, even stating that if the organization were not established as Marshall said it should be, he could not assume any responsibility for or in it, either.

Pride Bows to Expediency

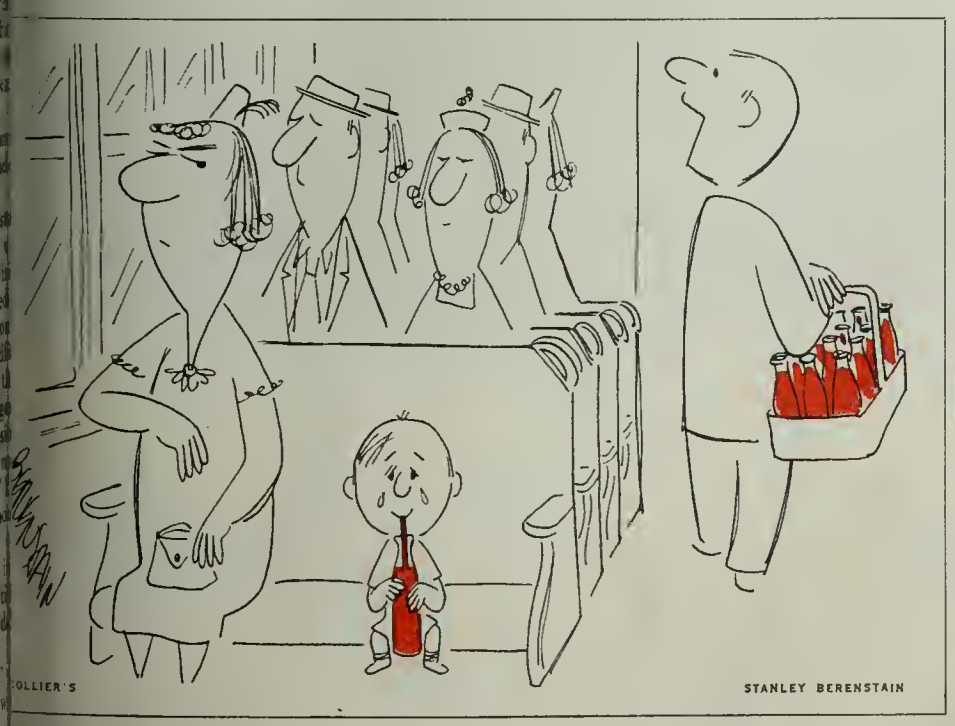
At this point Churchill, Beaverbrook, Stimson, Knox and the staffs arrived for the meeting, in the course of which Marshall again stated his positive opinions and Hopkins again supported them with vehemence. The formal records of this session give little indication of the tension and even embarrassment that prevailed; the historian must read a great deal between the lines to appreciate the fact that herein was the serving of notice on such proud men as Churchill and Beaverbrook that Roosevelt was the boss and Washington the headquarters of the joint war effort.

Hopkins became the head of the Munitions Assignment Board, but he himself at this meeting described the M.A.B. as a "subcommittee" of the Combined Chiefs of Staff who, if they "do not like the subcommittee's recommendations, can alter them or throw them out."

Both Churchill and Beaverbrook argued the point, but Roosevelt made it clear that he supported Marshall and Hopkins.

The war production goals announced in part by Roosevelt in his message to Congress early in 1942 were so astronomic that they were greeted with derision and, in some cases, despair by military and civilian authorities alike.

Some officers in the War Department were passing the remark, "The President has gone in for the 'numbers racket'!" Others could see nothing humorous in these impossible figures; believing that the goals could not possibly be realized, they foresaw grave criticism and probable injury to public morale when the failures became evident. Hopkins was freely blamed for deluding Roosevelt into propagating this dangerous fantasy. It was assumed that Hopkins, a notori-





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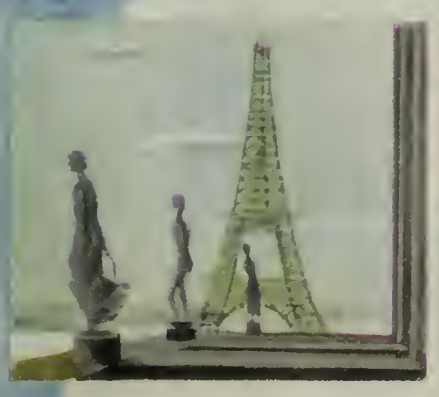
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ously free spender, had been misled by Beaverbrook and the reckless New Dealers.

However, Hopkins was no Svengali, and Roosevelt was in no trance when he proclaimed the Victory Program of production. It was in Roosevelt's nature to believe that the surest way to capture the imagination of the American people was to give them the greatest possible challenge. The total cost in money bothered him not at all; he always believed that it was far better to squander the taxpayers' money than to squander the taxpayers.

As a matter of fact Roosevelt arbitrarily revised some of the figures upward on the eve of his speech to Congress. When Hopkins questioned him on this, Roosevelt said, "Oh—they can do it if they really try."

Two sets of figures tell the story of the raising of the sights:

	Pre-Pearl Harbor Estimates for 1942	Post-Pearl Harbor 1942
Operational Aircraft	28,600	45,000
Tanks	20,400	45,000
Antiaircraft guns	6,300	20,000
Merchant ships (deadweight tons)	6,000,000	8,000,000
Antitank guns	7,000	14,900
Ground and tank machine guns	168,000	500,000
Airplane bombs (long tons)	84,000	720,000

When Churchill, who was in Washington, saw those final figures, he transmitted them to London in an exultant cable. He informed the War Cabinet that Beaverbrook had been "magnificent" and Hopkins a "godsend."

Notes on the Start of WPB

Roosevelt also announced at this time the formation of the War Production Board and the appointment of Donald Nelson as its chairman. This was described by Hopkins in notes, written January 14, 1942:

It was necessary to ask Henry Wallace to resign as Chairman of Supply Priorities and Allocations Board because the President had made up his mind to change the name of SPAB to the War Production Board and, hence, Wallace had to be seen prior to the announcement. The President decided to talk to none of the other interested parties.

The amusing part of the whole business was that everybody was a candidate. Wallace, I am sure, hoped the President would ask him. A great many of my friends were pushing Bill Douglas. Henry Morgenthau wanted it worse than anything in the world. So did Jesse Jones and, of course, Knudsen.

The hullabaloo in the press was in reality an attack on the President. President's enemies wanted him t to give up being President and let s body else exercise the power to w the people had elected him. . . . Army and Navy have been shortsig and Congress has never seen the of all-out production.

Two days later, Hopkins added th

In my conversation with Don N immediately prior to his appoint (January 13th) and, indeed, ov period of weeks when it became that Knudsen was not the man t production during the war . . . i occurred to me that the way to h Knudsen, who had great standing the American people and, indeed, abilities, was to put him in the Arm

I felt the President was not in hi form in dealing with Knudsen, alth he was very kind and generous i comments to Knudsen.

It had been arranged that the dent would offer him a job either officer or as a civilian. Knudsen s thought he could work more effec as an officer. There was a good d banter about Knudsen in a uniform the luncheon ended with Knudse ing he would do anything tha President wanted and accepting th pointment as lieutenant general i Army, in charge of production, to under Patterson.

When Churchill left the White H to return home on January 14, 19 knew that he must face some hostil icism in Parliament for having s away so long at a time when the E Empire seemed to be falling to pie the Far East. Roosevelt and Ho drove with him to the train to se off. Hopkins sent a letter to Mrs. Ch ill, saying:

You would have been quite pro your husband on this trip. Fir cause he was ever so good natur didn't see him take anybody's he and he eats and drinks with hi tomary vigor, and still dislikes the people. If he had half as good here as the President did havin about the White House he surel carry pleasant memories of the three weeks.

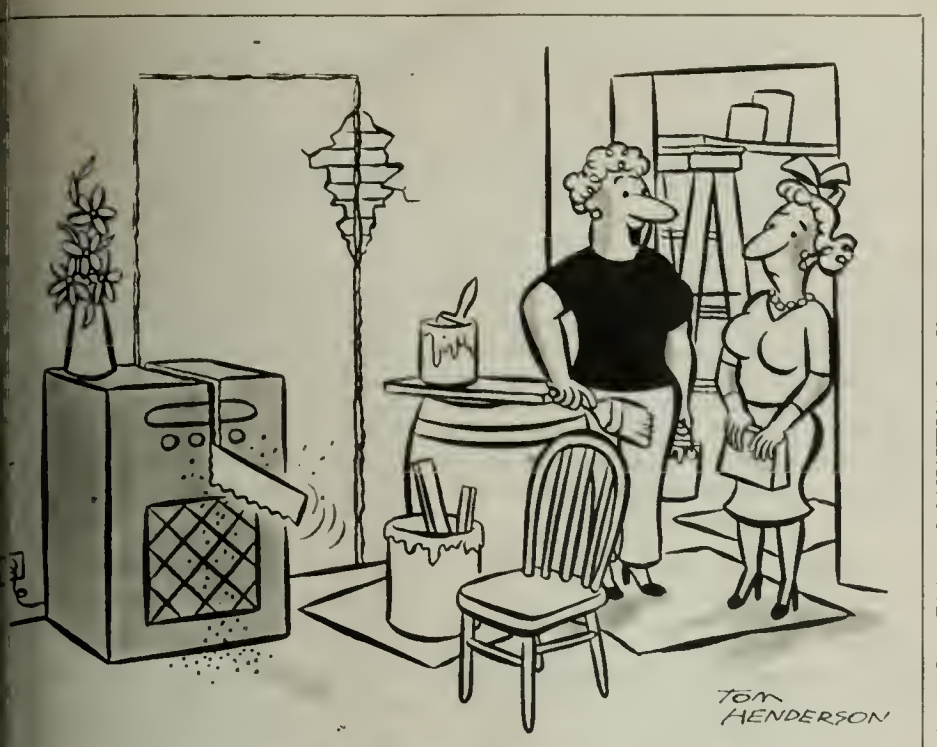
The day after Churchill's dep Hopkins went into the Naval H for a period of rest and rigorous ment to restore some semblance o ity to his frail frame. His sup strength was strictly limited, and were no reserves behind it, and that was exhausted he appeared t dying man.

(Next Week: We prepare for a front.)



"Davey doesn't seem like the same little boy since he was in the war and finished college and got married and had two children"

COLLIER'S JOHN MIL



"So, rather than pay the high prices carpenters are asking, we decided to remodel the house ourselves"

LIER'S TOM HENDERSON

BARRY GO BRAGH!

Continued from page 23

d hardly understand him." On the hand, he knows he lays it on for reen. When a producer told him xt role had been carefully written h dialect, he said, "You could have h it in Scandinavian, and it would me out Irish."

is an extremely quiet, dignified, le man at the studio. Everyone, his bosses, calls him Mr. Fitzgerald. Crosby calls him Pop.

ry Fitzgerald's actual circle of s is limited. In the house, besides hy, his part-time blond secretary he's employed for three years, e colored maid who comes in to house twice a week, there's only allon. Paramount originally hired o serve as Barry's stand-in. Even- Gus moved in with Barry, and to- return for room and board, serves con and eggs for breakfast and es over Beau Barry's wardrobe of old caps, two suits, eleven pairs of ls, three pairs of pajamas (loud), brown- and red-checked topcoat looks like the last blanket off cuit's back).

as after Gus had been with him l months that Barry learned his vas an Iroquois. Barry was shaken. told a friend, "I had read they were thirsty people given to all forms inds of torture." When it became t that Gus would not even toma- a fly, Barry relaxed.

others Can't Act in Same Film

ry is closest to his actor-brother, r Shields, who calls him Will and he calls Boss. Barry dines almost evening with his brother, his broth- ife, an Irish actress named Una. heir two children aged seventeen vo. Barry once appeared in a pic- ith his brother. It was called Easy . Easy Go. It was their first and ovie together. Their last because oices are almost identical. When phones his brother's wife, she in- ly thinks it is her husband. Now r Arthur works alone.

year, Barry persuaded his older sixty-five-year-old Biddie Mor- to leave Ireland for the first time y to Los Angeles. Biddie, who ike Barry with curls, proved to be character. When a friend asked how his sister took to his stardom, shook his head. "As you well know, a prophet is never honored in his own family. She thinks it was all a mistake, leaving my pension."

One afternoon Barry had an engagement at Gregory Peck's house, and he asked his sister if she would like to accompany him to Peck's. She said she certainly would. Barry and Gregory Peck talked for an hour, while the old girl sat munching crackers and occasionally smiling at Peck. When it was time to go, she turned to Peck. "You know, young man," she said, "I've seen you somewhere before."

Gregory Peck is one of Barry's few movie friends. Two others are Pat O'Brien and Alexander Knox. Barry never associates with Bing Crosby outside the studio. But he has great admiration for the groaner. "Crosby is really a unique person," Barry says. "He has a freak sense of co-ordination. I watched him one day on the set, hitting a baseball. Extraordinary control. I think it accounts for his ability to ad-lib."

Outside of Hollywood, Barry's best friend is John O'Leary, nicknamed Sir John. O'Leary is one of the rich men in Dublin, with money in British magazines, the Shannon Airport, sewing machines, penicillin. When Barry was last in Ireland he lived on O'Leary's yacht. However, since O'Leary is in Hollywood only infrequently, Barry will often have his next-door neighbor, a retired banker named Kelly, in for a quick snort. Or he will have a spontaneous stag. At the last one several weeks ago, Pat O'Brien brought over Jack Dempsey, Lawson Little, Gene Fowler and Grantland Rice. "It was enriching," Barry recalls. "Dempsey told about the battles of his youth, grand old stories, related without vanity."

Barry Fitzgerald is a less disciplined conversationalist. Once, stretched out on the sofa after dinner, he loosened his belt, unbuttoned his trouser waist, and began telling his guests a story. So engrossed did he become with the climactic scene, that he leaped to his feet to act it out. His trousers immediately fell to his ankles. Barry didn't even notice. He finished his story standing in the middle of the room in his shorts.

About women, Barry Fitzgerald is full of praise. But he has been a bachelor for sixty years and he expects to remain one to the end. When a studio press agent approached him about dating a delicious blond starlet, just for the pub-



licity, Barry almost burst a blood vessel. Undaunted, the press agent suggested Barry start escorting a character closer his own age.

"I'm not the type for such shenanigans!" Barry cried. "Go away and let me age in peace!"

This resistance was not unusual. At an earlier date, the night of the Academy Award, when even the most reluctant hermits put on their bibs and come out for air, the studio tactfully suggested to Barry that he appear with a date. It would look good in the roto sections. Barry made sounds like a wounded grebe, and said he would forfeit an Oscar rather than subject himself to female chatter and public gossip for an entire evening. Barry won.

Alibi of a Perennial Bachelor

As a matter of fact, he has nothing against the opposite sex. Asked to name his favorite glamor gal, he lighted up and replied, "Ah, my lad, they're all grand." Then why hadn't he married until now? "In Ireland there were many times I was almost wed. Every six months or so. Several times I barely got out of it. But perhaps it was that I admired the ladies so much in general that I could never settle down to one in particular. Anyway, bachelorhood was more common in Ireland than in America, and more accepted than here. Besides, there was the time element. Don't forget that until I was forty-two I was doing two men's jobs, which left little time for thinking seriously about women."

But while Barry Fitzgerald reveres bachelorhood, there is ample underground evidence that he is by no means in the same class with the 4,000 monks of the Grecian Mount Athos monastery who have not permitted a female on their premises since 1345 A.D. There is the story of Barry's recent location jaunt to Manhattan.

Instead of the bright lights, Barry happily amused himself evening after evening exchanging anecdotes and gin with two studio technicians who came up to his hotel rooms. One evening, at the last moment, Barry phoned these gentlemen and asked to be excused. "Headache," he complained. "I'm going right to sleep." Worried, the two studio technicians decided to look in on Barry anyway. Without announcement, they burst into his room, and found him with a harem of two women. Closer scrutiny proved both sirens were a half century beyond the age of consent. However, there were evidences of orgy—a decanter of celery tonic on the bureau.

Barry, his face a sunset, tried to make the introductions. "These women, women are friends," he gurgled, Ireland, friends of my sister Bi But what astonished the two studio nicians then, and continues to them to this day, was Barry's sh which would not allow him to say would be up in his suite, even t the women were friends of his who had surely seen Victoria's jub

Beyond such pleasures, Barry F ald has three varied forms of rela —piano, golf and motorcycle. piano he was strictly chopsticks the age of fifty-two, when he to first lesson. He continued taking a a week until he was fifty-five. when he isn't working, he practice hours daily. Recently friends su him at the instrument, and four off the stool, completely over th board, his eyes a half inch from the After a moment, he looked up. "J laxing," he explained sheepishly.

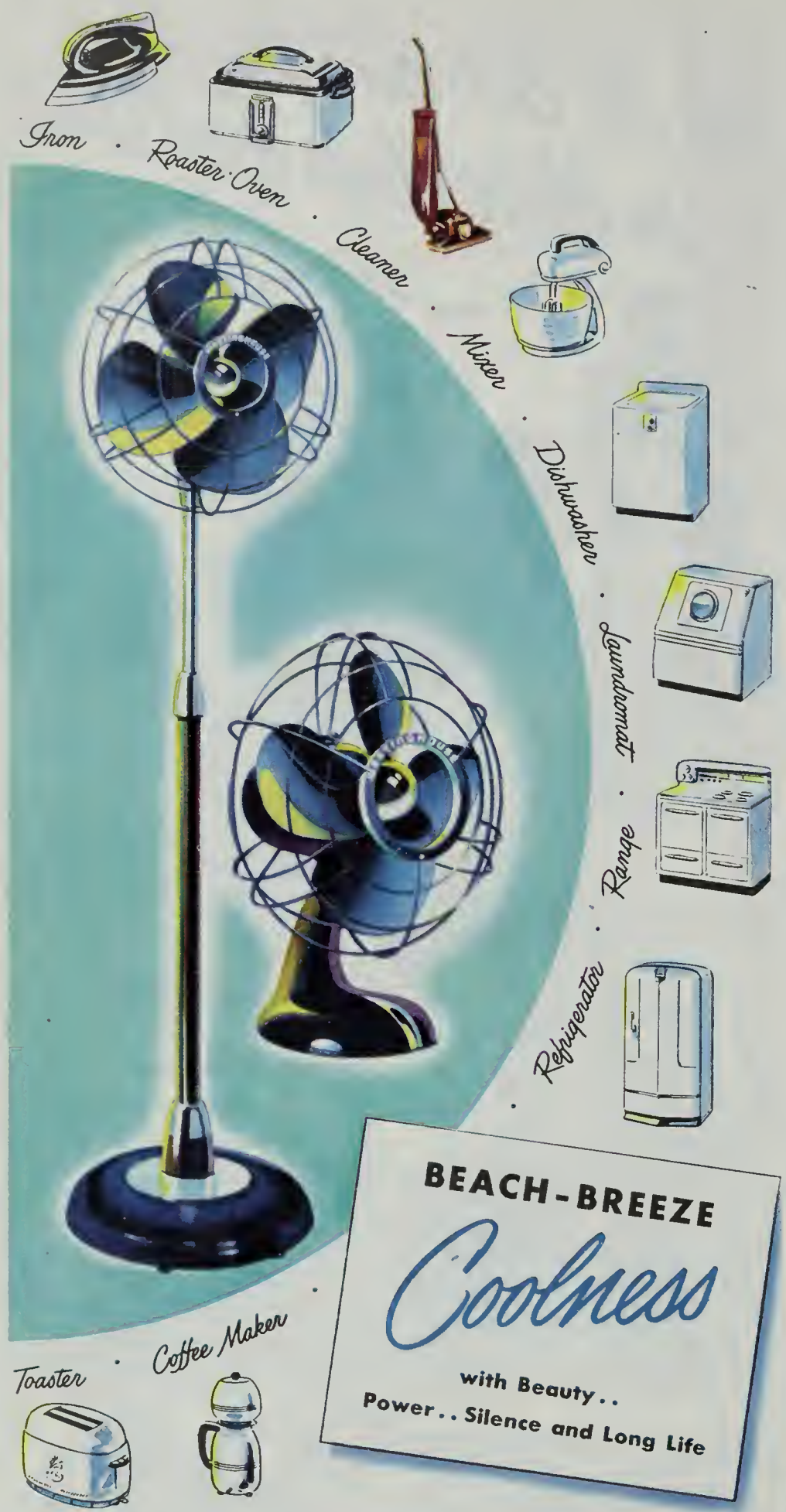
His golf is an even more seriou ter. He has been playing since his when he saw Ray and Vardon in He goes at it three times a week, a swank country club but at a course. Besides himself, his fo consists of an assistant director, a businessman, and Stubby Krug ex-swimming great who now doub Johnny Weissmuller. Before m Barry practices putting on his room rug, which now has a rut do middle. Barry shoots a grim, l eighteen holes in 90, and is third his foursome.

When people ask if he has ever golf against Bing Crosby, Barry his head. "Heavens, no! He's *go*

His other relaxation is an E made motorcycle, which he calls tor bike. Recently, Barry and his took the motorcycle apart for and when the parts were scattere couldn't put them together agai ry's secretary suggested that thi good excuse for getting rid of th nal machine. "All right," he rel agreed, "I'll sell it. Call a dea have him come over tomorrow eral days later, when the secreta to work, she found the remnant old motorcycle gone—and a shin one in its place.

When Hollywood big shots bot to appear at functions, to grab p to let himself be seen, he likes t deeper into his sofa with a boo mixed gin drink. The phone r rings, and Barry Fitzgerald is who doesn't answer it. "Why ca leave an old man alone?" he ask one more gulp of the good stuff

THE END



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WASHINGTON

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O sure bets on what will happen at pproaching Democratic convention: President Truman will not get a ma- y of the 1,234 votes on the first ot, and (2) if, in the end, he is nomi- d, it will not be by acclamation.

ILE Democratic chiefs carefully t talk about the matter out loud, their nish over the bleak state of party nces is second only to that on party y. The Democratic treasury is at its st ebb since the defeat of the late Al h in 1928. Until recently, the Na- al Committee was without a full- treasurer for more than a year, and months its expenses have exceeded me.

orse, the prospects are very dim for kind of sizable contributions neces- for the forthcoming national cam- n. Truman, simply, has not attracted kind of money—particularly from York, California and Texas, the cipal fund producers under Roose-

ehind the scenes, this hard-boiled re- is one of the toughest factors the dent has had to buck in lining up l leaders. Aside from any other vances they may hold against him, politicos have been bluntly asking e the money is coming from to elec- er under his banner.

convention will mark the passing vo local party chiefs who have long ed stellar roles in national Demo- c affairs. They are Edward J. Kelly, ayor of Chicago and Illinois Na- l Committeeman, and Edward J. n, Bronx boss and New York Na- l Committeeman. Both will disap- from the National Committee; n voluntarily, and Kelly by defeat. e Flynn, the former Cook County wants to retain his committeeship, robably hasn't the votes to win.

HIS recent sixty-fourth birthday, the dent received a gift containing the wing card, written by Major Gen- Harry H. Vaughan, bulky White se military aide, "From your stupid very loyal staff."

LIKE his three immediate predeces- Coolidge, Hoover and Roosevelt, rarely dined out, President Truman a lot of it. He is particularly fond timate dinner parties . . . General hower's chief relaxation is bridge. an ardent devotee of the game and pert player . . . Supreme Court Jus- William O. Douglas has a complete ction of original autographs of ev- President of the United States . . . ming's Senator Joe O'Mahoney, ng Democratic Vice-Presidential bility, and his wife once were news- r reporters. O'Mahoney is rated as eading authority on antitrust laws in gress . . . Southern liberals are boom- eorgia's former Governor Ellis Ar- or second place on a Truman ticket. her eager Southern aspirant is dap- enator Claude Pepper of Florida . . . result of the Southern revolt, this s Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner net- he Democratic National Committee $300,000 as compared to $750,000 evious years.

. strategists are quietly making significant changes in Operation , their big Southern organizing aign. Results of the first two years e drive were only fair. Van A. Bitt- ner, director of the campaign, claims 400,000 new members in 13 states, but admits this is far below expectations. As a result, plans are being revamped. Efforts will be more concentrated, tougher. Chief target will be the textile industry. So far, only about 20 per cent of Southern textile workers are unionized.

INTELLIGENCE reports from behind the Iron Curtain reveal a new squeeze is being put on Russian farmers. They have already had two jolts. The first was the drastic currency devaluation, which descended hardest on the growers. The second was the outlawing of homemade vodka. The latest squeeze is on livestock. Farmers are being required to give up a proportion of their cattle.

Reason for the levy is that while livestock on state and collective farms dropped off considerably last year, the number of privately owned cattle increased more than 20 per cent. To the Kremlin, that sort of enterprise called for a confiscatory crack-down.

FORMER Governor Coke Stevenson has the inside track in Texas' hot July 24th primary for the seat of ebullient Senator "Pappy" O'Daniel. But while leading, Stevenson may have to go through a runoff to nail down his claim. With other strong candidates in the race, an outright majority may be unobtainable in the primary. One significant aspect of the campaign is that none of the aspirants are running as Truman Democrats. All are carefully avoiding any mention of the President.

PROFOUND observation by Representative Max Schwabe of Missouri during a committee hearing on a bill to extend Social Security benefits: "Every man should try to stand on his own bottom."

SOME things *are* different on Capitol Hill. Time was when lower Pennsylvania Avenue was lined with saloons, and the flowing cup was the accepted adjunct of members of Congress. But no more. The day before Congress adjourned, a clerk dashed out of a meeting of the Senate Appropriations Committee and, rushing up to a guard, demanded, "Where can I get some candy, quick? One of my senators wants some gumdrops, and another a chocolate bar."

OUR Secretary of State George Marshall usually lunches at his desk on an apple and a bottle of milk . . . Odd capital hobbies: U.S. Solicitor General Philip Perlman (Baltimore) raises goldfish; and Representative Frank W. Boykin rescues dogs from the D. C. pound. The Alabaman has found homes for over 100 pooches . . . Washington now has 74 foreign diplomatic missions, the highest number in the history of the U.S. . . . Mrs. Parker West, capital social leader, is claimant of a unique distinction. She has entertained every Army Chief of Staff since World War I. . . . Ben Cohen, famed New Deal brain truster and counselor of the State Department under former Secretary James Byrnes, is assisting in the drafting of the constitution for the new Jewish State of Israel . . . The Army and Navy are giving Russian language courses to 200 hand-picked young officers . . . Mrs. Clark W. Thompson, wife of Galveston's (Texas) congressman, has set a new record for social calls. Since January, 1947, she has made over 1,400 such visits. . . .

ROBERT S. ALLEN



Athlete's Foot?

use time-proved, clinically tested

Absorbine Jr.

• To kill laboratory cultures of the organisms which cause painful Athlete's Foot is one thing. But to kill them on the *living tissues* of human feet is far more difficult. Because in some cases the organisms burrow so deeply under the skin that medication doesn't *reach* them!

When famous Absorbine Jr. was tested—under strictest clinical control!—3 out of 4 sufferers tested got relief from the painful symptoms of this stubborn skin condition!

Also, in addition to *killing the Athlete's Foot organisms that it contacts*, Absorbine Jr. benefits you 4 *other* important ways:

1. It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot organisms thrive. 2. It dries the skin between the toes, discouraging recurrent attacks of Athlete's Foot. 3. It relieves Athlete's Foot itching and pain. 4. It helps heal broken tissue.



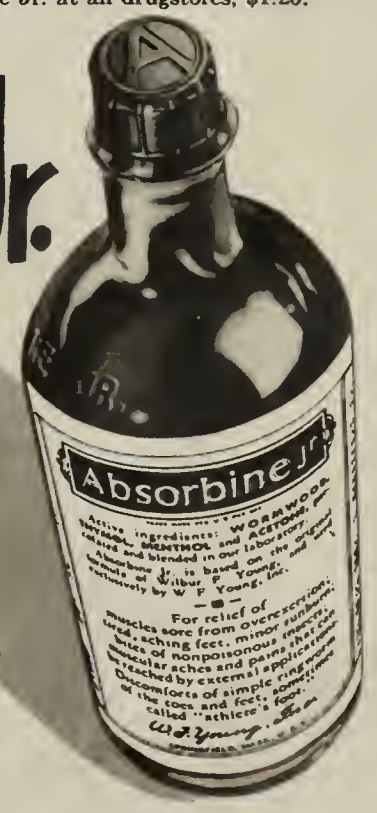
Examine the skin between your toes tonight! Is it cracked, raw? These signs often mean that your feet have been infected with the organisms that cause Athlete's Foot. Get busy!



Pour it on, full strength, night and morning. Guard against reinfection. Boil socks at least 15 minutes. Don't share towels or bath mats. In abnormally severe cases, consult your doctor. Get Absorbine Jr. at all drugstores, $1.25.

Absorbine Jr.

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.



Play Safe! Daily Hygiene!

Help ward off Athlete's Foot by applying Absorbine Jr. to your feet every day! It's also wonderfully cooling and refreshing after bathing.

"AROUND THE SWIMMING POOL," by John Gannam. Number 18 in the series "Home Life in America," by noted American illustrators.

Beer belongs...enjoy it



In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindliness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more "at home" on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

For beer is the kind of beverage Americans like. It belongs—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy it, this too belongs—to our own American heritage of personal freedom.

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION

MR. SPOFFORD ISN'T IN

Continued from page 13

Morgan resigned and came home. Ten months later found him sitting in the green-and-gold office on the Sunset Strip in Hollywood, California. He was still writing sensational stuff, and still suffering from his old malady of the disappearing buck.

He was sole owner and perpetrator of a magazine called Today. He had acquired something of a name locally as an aggressive young publisher and man about town, and his week ends were usually spent at Toyen Bay. But he had developed a curious custom of leaping lightly whenever his office door opened. His with his blond crew haircut and tortured expression gave him the look of someone plunging downward rapidly in a roller coaster. He was on first-name terms with several collectors, with whom he matched coins several times a week, and who liked him so much they could not bear to dun him.

IN a peculiar way, the phone call from the redhead gave him a sense of fate closing in.

He decided to act. For the next hour or so, between spasms of hitting his typewriter, he paused to pick up the phone and dial a number.

On the fourth try he got through to his man, the president of a bank controlling a billion in assets.

"Mr. Abernathy? This is Morgan Anders," Morgan said. "Do you remember me? Toyen Bay, two weeks ago. The Knox boat—"

"Certainly I remember," Mr. Abernathy came back cordially. "Are you engaged to Madge yet?"

"Not exactly engaged—"

"It won't be long," Mr. Abernathy said. "She's decided on you. She comes of a very determined female line. Her dear mother nearly had me roped to the finish line before I eloped with her dear sister. But what am I saying? How's that interesting little publication of yours coming on?"

Morgan took a firmer grasp on the receiver. "That's what I want to talk to you about, Mr. Abernathy."

"Drop in Thursday at one," Mr. Abernathy said finally. "You'll have to eat lunch off the desk with me."

Morgan set down the phone, feeling cheered. Sam, his photographer, came out of the back room looking worried, which was his only expression. He was small and low slung.

"Are we going to make the night-club circuit tonight, boss?" Sam asked. "We need a few glamor shots for the next issue."

"I'll tell you later."

"I don't like to leave it till too late," Sam said worriedly. "You never know when you're going to catch the wrong wife with the wrong husband, and have to do it over."

The phone rang, causing Morgan to start slightly. It was Madge's voice.

"Morgan?" she said. "Your phone's been busy for hours. Some woman?"

"Perish the thought, sugar!" Morgan said. "I have been devoting myself to ways of becoming rich enough to court you."

"Never mind that," Madge said. "Just give up that magazine so you'll be free to travel. That's all I ask."

"Honey, I hate traveling," Morgan said. "I like it here in California. I want to throw down a tap root."

"That's because you've got that magazine on your mind. Which do you want most, it or me?"

"Sugar pie," Morgan said sincerely, "you know I love you devotedly, but—"

"But nothing," Madge said firmly. "Look at yourself. You're no businessman. You weren't cut out for it. By the end of the month you'll be flat broke. But you're a very decorative man. You'll look wonderful in blue shorts and dark glasses on the beach at Monte Carlo. When do I see you?"

Morgan sighed. "I am waiting to be wooed," he said. "How about taking me to lunch at Serge's?"

"I'll pick you up in an hour. What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing a lobster amadine won't cure," Morgan said gloomily.

"You must have been talking to someone who has a depressive effect on you," Madge said. "Who was that on the phone?"

"Mr. Abernathy."

"Uncle Clement? Are you kidding? What would he want with you?"

"He took a fancy to me, sugar. Does that surprise you?"

"Profoundly. Listen, that man doesn't know how to carry on a conversation without figures in it. He isn't giving you a loan, is he?"

"Honey, I'm hungry," Morgan said. "If you know the way to a man's stomach, hop into something ravishing and hustle over here."

When he set down the phone the look of distress on his face was so acute that Sam, coming from the back room, pulled up.

"All this woman trouble ain't good for your work, boss," Sam said. "You narrow it down to one, it gets you nervous."

He was interrupted by the opening of the street door. A girl came in. She had red hair. She wore a bolero dress, and tortoise-rim glasses that gave her face a high-cheeked look. She was straight, slim and queenly. Except for the glasses, an uncompromising hair-do and a decidedly unfriendly manner, she might have been gorgeous. Morgan stood up.

"Good morning, honey," he said pleasantly. "May I help you?"

"I want to see Hiram O. Spofford," the redhead stated tersely.

Morgan regarded her with a blank face. "Undoubtedly you refer to Hiram Ogden Spofford," he said, "of our circulation department."

"Undoubtedly," the redhead replied, "if that's the jerk who's been writing me charming letters instead of remitting my refund to your defunct publication."

"Not defunct, honey. It's merely—"

"Please," the redhead interrupted. "My time is valuable. I've written six letters requesting my money, and phoned several times. I've received only evasions. This is a trifling financial adjustment which should be made without the slightest difficulty. I wouldn't bother with it at all except that it annoys me to have any account, however small, out of order."

"I see your point," Morgan said. "Unfortunately, Hiram Ogden Spofford isn't in. I'm Morgan Anders. Could I have your name, honey?"

The girl seemed to take Morgan in for the first time. She saw a huge, engaging young man wearing a brown-and-white hound's-tooth jacket, lemon-colored slacks, and a green-and-gold plaid shirt open at the neck. She seemed impressed.

"Edwina Grant," Edwina Grant said. "C. P. A."

"Well, well, well," Morgan said, looking impressed also. "C. P. A., eh, Red?"

Miss Grant resisted the invitation to chattiness. "I took over my father's business administration firm when he died," she stated.

"Maybe you'd like to go over my setup here," Morgan suggested. "Honest, Red, it's a mess."

"I'm afraid not," Miss Grant replied. "We handle only large corporations on a contract basis."

"Suit yourself, Red," Morgan said. "I thought I might toss you a little business. But come to think of it, all those figures must look pretty dull to a girl."

"On the contrary," Miss Grant said. "As a child, instead of playing with dolls, I used to amuse myself analyzing my father's confidential reports on ailing corporations. I could set up a trial balance sheet before I was ten."

"I'll be darned!" Morgan said. "What did you do with your nights, Red?"

Miss Grant flushed. Her beautiful green eyes regarded him coldly. "Do you always talk to strange women this way?"

"Red," Morgan sighed. "I apologize. Frankly, I thought that getup was a blind. I still look upon it as a crime against nature. But skip it. I will meet you on your own terms. We will talk man to man. Red, how can I help you?"

"You can refund my three dollars."

"Didn't you like the magazine?"

"I liked it very much," Miss Grant said. "You write wonderfully. Your coverage and analysis of current events were brilliant. But when the magazine skipped an issue it showed itself to be an unsound business enterprise. I prefer to have nothing to do with unsound business enterprises."

"Well," Morgan said. "I'm sorry you can't see your way to helping us out here, Red. Owing to my inability to hang onto a buck I seem destined to end a bum, unless I can find some rich dame. If you were me, and had a chance to marry money, would you do it?"

"If I were you, I would jump at it."

"Thank you for your prompt and candid opinion," Morgan said. "Sit down while I write you a check."

Somewhat reluctantly Edwina Grant moved to a chair and sat down. While Morgan wrote the check she watched him with a puzzled expression. When Morgan finished writing the check he found Edwina watching him fixedly. She made no move to take it.

"There's no such person as Hiram Ogden Spofford, is there?" she said.

Morgan's face got redder than its natural sunburn. "Honey," he said, "I don't like to hog the masthead."

"You wrote those letters yourself. Why?"

"Let me make amends," Morgan said. "Let me take you to lunch."

Miss Grant studied Morgan as if he were something under glass. "I suppose you wrote that article on deep-sea fishing signed by Wilbur Pritchett Schnee," she said. "And the one on postwar Roman society by Amadeo Umberto Lunit. And the summary of Egyptian—"

"I bow my head," Morgan said.

"They were very good," Miss Grant said. She was silent a moment. "I've changed my mind," she said suddenly. "If you still want me to analyze your business problems here, I will do it."

"I don't know if I can afford you."

"Please don't worry about that," Edwina said. "I will, of course, have to delve into every angle of your business."

"Delve?" Morgan said. "Oh, by all means. In the meantime, there's nothing like a Martini and a plate of half shells to take one's mind off the sordid side."

"That would be an unnecessary load on your expense account."

"It's my own swindle sheet, honey. Who's going to complain?"

"I am," Miss Grant said.

"No," Morgan said. "I feel we can work much more closely together with food in front of us."

AS HE led the beautiful brain toward the door, it swung open. The girl who came in had dark hair, a pale skin and gray eyes. A fur jacket hung from her shoulders. She was tall and darkly beautiful. Morgan pulled up, the smile frozen on his face.

The girl seemed to draw poise from Morgan's guilty confusion. She could scarcely have missed it, or the color which surged up from his collar and suffused his stricken features.

"Did you forget our luncheon date, Morgan?"

"Surely you jest, sugar," he protested. "Red and I were merely—"

"Merely nothing," Madge said. "It's written all over you."

Morgan swallowed dryly. "Miss Grant, C. P. A.," he said. "Red, Madge Knox."

"Hello," Madge said.

"Hello," Miss Grant said. "And quit calling me Red."

"A matter of business has come up, sugar," Morgan said. "I know you will be delighted if Red—Miss Grant, I mean—joins us."

"I couldn't be more delighted," Madge said. "Under the circumstances I know you'll excuse me."

"No, no, honey," Morgan said. "I assure you—"

"Thanks," Madge said, "but I just remembered I have a previous engagement doing something I'll think of in a minute."

"Please don't let me interfere with your luncheon date," Miss Grant said. "Mr. Anders and I can go into his affairs some other time."

"Not at all," Madge said. "You two must run along. Give me a ring sometime, Morgan, if I haven't left for Alaska." . . .

In the expensive gloom of a restaurant on Rodeo Drive, Morgan and Miss Grant regarded each other soberly over glasses of chilled pale amber stuff.

Miss Grant looked at him across the top of her cocktail glass. "That's it, isn't it?" Miss Grant said. "The rich dame."

"Yes," Morgan said. "She's good-looking too, isn't she?"



COLLIER'S "Another five minutes, and I'll really start worrying" GEORGE RECKAS

"And I've spoiled it," Edwina said. "Perhaps if I explained to her—"

"No," Morgan said. "You don't understand. Madge hates the magazine. And if I don't make a go of the magazine I can't ask her to marry me. She wants to travel and I want to settle down. I'm in a quandary, Red."

"That's an understatement," Edwina said.

"I've got to have a buck before I ask her to link her fate with mine," Morgan said. "Otherwise I'll be just a bum living on handouts from a rich wife."

"Perhaps she wouldn't mind."

"Well, I would," Morgan said. He stared at her with a queer, touching intensity. "Do you believe in destiny, Red?" he said. "Are you heaven-sent? Can you change the leopard's spots? In short, can you make a man of means of me?"

"I'll study the situation," Edwina said, "and give you a report, with recommendations, in due time."

"Bless you," Morgan said gratefully. "If financing is needed, I think I know where I can lay hands on some quick dough."

When they left the restaurant he tipped the waiter and the parking attendant far too much, and drove his old roadster into the street with an air of happy abandon. Edwina, frowning slightly, was pensive and silent beside him.

MORGAN parted from her in front of his office, where her car, a new black coupé, was parked. She gave him her card and promised to return on the morrow to launch her investigation.

Morgan marched jauntily into his office, sat down at his desk and phoned Madge.

"How was the lunch?" she asked in a chilly voice.

"First-rate," Morgan said. "You should have been there, sugar. Honest, the sherry sauce—"

"She's very attractive."

"Oh. Yes, she is, isn't she?" Morgan said. "I feel like celebrating tonight. How about picking me up at eight and taking me to a night club?"

"Sorry. I have a date."

"You'll never win a courtship that way, hon," Morgan said. "However, suit yourself. I'll see you around."

As he pensively set down the phone, Sam came in with a cut of a beach scene, showing a model with blowing blond hair, standing in the surf clad in a couple of wispies.

Sam laid the cut on the desk. "She's some tomato," he said.

"Yes, she is," Morgan said absently.

"The redhead," Sam said.

"Oh," Morgan said. "Yes." His joy had evaporated.

"You ought to get your mind off dames, boss," Sam said. "We ought to do the spots tonight and get them pictures."

For a minute Morgan seemed not to hear. Then he sat bolt upright, with an air of returning interest in life.

"Sam," he said, "you are right." He took a card out of his pocket, picked up the phone and dialed a number. After identifying himself to a couple of male secretaries, he was informed that Miss Grant had not yet returned.

She called him back an hour later.

"Red?" Morgan said. "Hurry home tonight, jump into something lovely, and stand by for eight bells."

"Why?"

"We cover the glamor front," Morgan said.

"Is that necessary?"

"Absolutely," Morgan said. "You wish to study every phase of my business. Getting pictures of the glitter trade is part of it."

"I'll be ready at eight," Miss Grant said.

"By the way, Red," Morgan said. "What would happen if you left your glasses at home? Would your teeth chatter?"

"No," Edwina said. "I don't need glasses. My eyes are perfect. I wear them to discourage fresh guys in business." . . .

At the appointed hour he left Sam and his camera in the car while he went to the door to pick up the business analyst. Miss Grant lived in a rather old-fashioned frame house on a lovely palm-lined street in Beverly Hills. A Swedish housekeeper opened the door and showed Morgan into an early American room with a fireplace.

Presently Miss Grant swam into his line of vision from the hall. Morgan stared, and hastily readjusted his sights. She was without glasses. She was also in a long black gown without straps. She had done something with her hair; it looked classic rather than severe.

"I should have brought you a white orchid," Morgan said.

"That would have been an unnecessary expense," Edwina said. "But thank you anyway."



COLLIER'S "You're sure the Army doesn't need it?" GARDNER REA

"I'd have put it on the expense account," Morgan said.

"I'll have to put you on a budget," Miss Grant said.

"Let's not talk about money," Morgan said. "I just want to look at you in that dress."

"Shall I put my glasses back on?"

"Leave them off a little while, honey," Morgan said. "The ventilation will do you good."

When they went downstairs Sam was waiting beside the car. He wore a brown suit and a spotted bow tie. He stared solemnly at Edwina while Morgan introduced him. They all piled into the front seat, Sam with his camera balanced on his knee, and drove to the night club.

"Isn't it difficult to get permission to take pictures?" Edwina asked.

"We won't have any trouble," Morgan said. "Henri, the headwaiter, is a pal of mine."

Henri led them to a table against the wall, with an excellent view of the door. The dance floor was well filled. The orchestra was playing, and a girl with an attractive voice was crooning the vocal.

They dined on cracked crab and champagne. Sam got pictures of two top-flight movie actresses with their respective escorts, a visiting member of British royalty, a local millionaire airplane manufacturer, a big-time politician from Washington, and Morgan and Miss Grant. He gathered up his equipment.

"I'll run along, boss," he said. "I can't wait to see what we got. Good night, Miss Grant."

Morgan summoned the waiter and ordered more drinks.

"All this is very interesting from an analytical point of view," Edwina said. "Obviously your work brings you in contact with glamorous personalities and a fascinating world of trivialities. However, this complicates your problem. To one in your situation it is the worst possible environment."

"Have you figured out why I'm always broke?" Morgan asked.

"You spend more than you've got."

"How can I overcome this, ma'am?"

"I'll make my recommendations at the proper time," Edwina said. "Your case may not be hopeless, though it's far from encouraging."

"I'll try not to give up before I know the worst," Morgan said.

From the way in which Morgan studied Miss Grant it was obvious that her case worried him.

"Have you ever thought of the future, Red?" he asked.

"Naturally," Miss Grant said. "My future is well secured with a variety of investments and old-age annuities."

"I mean," Morgan said, "has it occurred to you that someday you may want a home, a husband, and a cluster of little C.P.A.s clinging to your skirts?"

"I'm afraid I could only love a man who is my equal in business ability," Miss Grant said. "So far I haven't found one who isn't also bald, bulging or married. Since the days when my father used to take me camping as a child, and we spent fascinating hours discussing trends, futures and peak years, mere boyish males have seemed silly."

"I see," Morgan said. "Shall we have a dance while we brood on each other's shortcomings?"

The music was soothing. Edwina's head fitted nicely beneath Morgan's chin. He closed his eyes and gave himself up to the pleasant task of steering the light-footed financial wizard around the floor. Presently he opened them, and found himself looking across her shoulder into a familiar pair of gray eyes. He stiffened slightly, and lifted his chin off Miss Grant's head.

"Hello, chick," Morgan said. "Is this the long arm of coincidence or are you following me?"

"Sure you aren't following me?"

"I'm here on business, sugar," Morgan said. "You remember Miss Grant. Won't you join us at our table?"

Madge's dark good looks were set off with a white evening gown and a few jewels, and she was with a pale boy named Theodore. Somewhat grudgingly she accompanied them to their table.

Morgan ordered drinks for everybody and almost at once asked Madge to dance. She seemed curiously unyielding in his arms.

"Is this your idea of work?" she inquired, as soon as they were alone. "Dancing with beautiful redheaded bookkeepers?"

Morgan looked appreciatively toward the table where Edwina was sitting with Theodore. "Yes, she is, isn't she?" he said. "I wasn't absolutely sure until I saw her tonight without her cheaters. And if she's as smart as I think, sugar, in a few days you can pop the question. confident I'll make you the happiest girl on earth."

"What makes you think I want to pop the question?"

Morgan grinned innocently. "Go on, Knox, you're nuts about me."

"Aren't you a little confused? Isn't it you who hopes to marry me?"

"I'd be a chump not to," Morgan said. "You'll be a beautiful, diamond-studded ball and chain."

"You're insufferable. And anything but subtle. If you think you can make me give in about the magazine by making me jealous of that redhead, you're crazy. It will take a lot of money to keep you happy—more than she's got."

The dance ended unsatisfactorily. When they returned to their table Madge was in an irritable mood. She said rather abruptly that she was tired and wanted to go home. Morgan picked up the check.

"I'll take Red home too," he said. "I have to make sure she gets her sleep. I have a clear head for figures in the morning."

He took Edwina home in his rather air-conditioned open job, and kissed her good night outside her door. The excitements had blown some of her hair loose and her lips felt warm and surprised under his.

"I am looking forward to our further association, Red," Morgan said. "If anyone can make a substantial citizen out of one who is by nature a bum, you can."

"There are some jobs too hot to handle," Edwina said unsteadily. "This may be one of them. Good night."

SHE appeared promptly at ten next morning and went directly to work. The ledgers were piled on a table at the wall. It saddened Morgan to note that her loveliness had again been dimmed behind the breastwork of the glasses and the uncompromising hair-do was again in force. Throughout the morning he pecked away desultorily at an article in his typewriter, and Sam came out of the rear oftener than was necessary with cuts, layouts and caption suggestions. Miss Grant apparently took no notice of either of them.

"She photographs like a million, boss," Sam said. "Just look at this shot of her at the table with you. Why can't I get a cover portrait of her and—"

"Miss Grant lives by her brain," Morgan said. "I'm surprised at you, Sam. What you suggest is painfully trivial in connection with an intellect like hers."

"I'm sorry, boss. I only thought—"

"Your superficiality distresses me," Morgan said. "What is a beautiful face after all? You must learn to look for deeper values."

"Yes, boss," Sam said worriedly, and departed.

Shortly before noon Madge appeared. She was groomed to radiant perfection. She crossed to Morgan's desk with a possessive and invincible sweep.

"You're in luck today, Morgan," she said. "I'm going to let you take me to lunch."

Morgan stood up, smiling. "Thanks, sugar. But I'm afraid Miss Grant and I—"

"Miss Grant," Edwina said, closing the ledgers and rising, "has to leave. I'm afraid I can't spare you any more today, Mr. Anders." She opened

r and took out her purse and
. She looked fairly grim.
e you getting anywhere, Red?"
an said.
believe I am making satisfactory
ess," Edwina said. "Although it
e only an optical illusion."
on't hoist the white flag, honey,"
an said. "I'll see you tomorrow."
ead of taking him to a near-by
rant, Madge drove Morgan out
t Boulevard in the direction of the
. She kept her eyes on the road and
d preoccupied and rather on edge.
we keep this up, sugar," Morgan
ked presently, "we can be in Santa
ra by teatime. Not that I mind,

dge's foot pressed down on the
rator. "What are you up to, Mor-
she said, frowning a little. "To
with, why are you having lunch
Uncle Clement on Thursday? If
ink he's the man to risk a loan on
cat operator like you, you're mis-
"
n not counting on anything," Mor-
id. "Maybe I'll match him out of
bucks after lunch."
u'll lose. How long is that red-
going to be around your office?"
n not sure. You can't hurry an ex-

pert, my eye!" she said viciously.
y ended up at a Santa Monica café,

**m THE SECRET PAPERS OF
RRY L. HOPKINS next week:
osevelt to Churchill: "This
ll be very disheartening to
ler in my opinion."**

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following day, Wednesday, Madge
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use to be courted exclusively in
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take you to The Terrace."
y were still on good terms when
e dropped Morgan at the office at
irty, and she kissed him goodby.
ke a taxi tomorrow, Morgan," she
"I'll be waiting outside Uncle's
to pick you up after lunch."

XT morning Morgan arrived at his
lace of business wearing a conserv-
ie, a blue shirt, and a suit which
ted a substantial citizen rather
brass band approaching. He found
a at work, and her air of industry
ted that she had been there since
rly hour. He ordered a taxi, and
l up to find Edwina standing in
of the window.
n through with the preliminaries
she said.
at's the verdict, Red?"
u have no system for collecting on
ubscriptions, and no method for
g new circulation. A lot of your
ising bills are unpaid. You have
equate means of collection, and
been giving space on credit or
f-mouth agreements. Your rent
inting bills are unpaid. Your book-
g system is in chaos. And besides,
you."
e?"
om a business standpoint you are
own worst enemy," Edwina said.
value ideas. Money as such simply
mportant to you. Therefore you
ways be broke."

"What's the answer, Red?"

"Marry money," Edwina said grimly. "The sooner the better."

Morgan's face looked troubled under his peculiar short haircut. "Look," he said. "I'm having lunch with a banker—"

"You might as well skip it," Edwina said. "If you get a loan it will make your lady friend sore. Why should you run the risk with Fort—Miss, I mean—Knox practically waiting at the altar?"

They looked at each other. "Red—" Morgan said.

A taxi drew up at the curb outside. They went on looking at each other. "Oh, go on," Edwina said. "Do you want to be late?"

AT TWO o'clock Morgan emerged from Mr. Abernathy's office. He blinked against the hot sun after the churchlike dim of the banker's paneled suite. Madge's new tan roadster waited at the curb. Morgan got in beside her, his face blank.

"I know how you feel, Morgan," Madge said, when they were rolling down Beverly Drive. "But believe me, it's best this way. I told Uncle Clement not to give you the loan. It's much better for you to go broke now. We can get married right away and be in Cannes by May. You'll love Cannes in May. Are you happy, Morgan?"

"Yes," Morgan said. "Would you mind dropping me at my office, sugar? I have to clear up a couple of things."

Madge stopped the car in front of his office and put her arms around his neck. "I'll notify the papers. Kiss me, Morgan."

"It's a public place," Morgan protested.

"Good!" Madge kissed him. . . .

He found Edwina rummaging in a drawer. Somehow he wasn't surprised. "Hello, Red," he said. "Do you believe in gambling?"

"I forgot my compact," Edwina said. "Definitely not."

"Listen," he said. "A funny thing has happened to me—"

"Me too," Edwina said, "and it isn't funny."

"I love you," Morgan said.

"Shut up," Edwina said. "Darn you! I saw your farewell to golden girl just now. You didn't get the loan, and I can hear wedding bells. There's no fool like a redheaded fool."

"I'm not going to marry her," Morgan said. "That was just—"

"That's worse," Edwina said. "You're a menace. You've done something to me, and it scares me. I don't care if I never balance another book. I'd let you bribe the headwaiter with my last five bucks. You've upset a lifetime of intelligent planning, caution and foresight. You—"

"My gosh!" Morgan said. "Listen, Red—"

"Go away," Edwina said. "You are the worst business risk I ever met in my life, but I can't forget how I felt when you kissed me. When my dad warned me against unsound business propositions that's one angle he forgot to mention."

"For gracious sakes!" Morgan said. "Listen, Red—"

"Go away," she said.

He didn't, and they didn't speak for quite a while.

"I'm not experienced in handling lady C.P.A.s," Morgan said eventually; "and I got the loan. I told Mr. Abernathy I wasn't going to marry his niece—"

"Oh," Edwina said.

"It gave us something in common. He was broke too when he decided not to marry Madge's mother. Do you think you can curb my spending without making me too unhappy?"

"No," Edwina said.

"We'll probably be terribly happy," Morgan said. "How soon can we get married? There's a little church not far from where I live that seems to be run on a good sound business basis."

THE END





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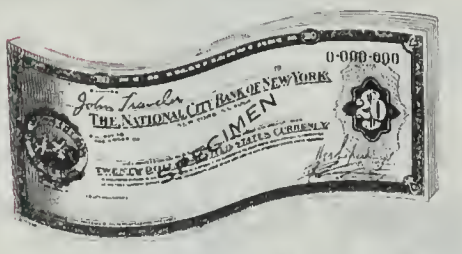
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SCANDALS IN VETERANS' HOUSING

Continued from page 28

house. Exterior stucco cracked in many places. Asphalt tile base falling from walls. Garage leaning out of plumb. Concrete steps crumbling. Fireplace vent extends into attic only instead of through the roof.

What the Billings veterans went through can best be described by quoting a news story which appeared in the Billings Herald under the headline "Vet Clears Up a Phenomenon."

Flowers Grew Through Floors

"Several weeks ago during a cold winter Sunday the owner of one of the veterans' homes in Calhoun Lane Subdivision decided to take a shovel and see what kind of a foundation his home actually had under it. Since morning-glory vines were pushing through the floors of his home, and his neighbors' homes, he wanted to investigate the phenomenon.

"He was surprised that it was easy to dig in the soil around his home as the soil out in his yard was frozen. He was still more surprised to dig up fishworms with the soil. (The day was so cold that the worms soon froze stiff.) His next surprise was to find that the foundation of his $8,000 home was resting on top of the soil.

"The fact that the foundation was resting on top of the soil soon cleared up the phenomena. The houses were heated with radiant-heat pipes set in the concrete floors. The heat from the floors keep the ground under and near the houses at summer temperature. This kept summer plant and worm life active.

"The grass was also green all winter for several feet around each of the 27 veterans' homes, according to the owners. Many of the Calhoun Lane Homes had morning-glory vines trailing through their rooms the past winter; a novel feature which was not specified in the approved plans."

Some weeks after the Berg inspection confirmed the existence of deviations from the plans and specifications that secured the V.A. and FHA "guarantees" for the Calhoun Lane houses, the Billings veterans had still achieved no redress.

As it has been in Billings so has it been in many another community throughout the country. The majority of veterans who have bought new homes or had them built are satisfied. Most builders, reputable and anxious to do service to the veterans and to their own reputations, have, in spite of material and labor shortages, followed the specifications upon which priorities and sales prices have been based. Under government regulations, builders were given priorities on materials, provided they agreed to preset, government-approved prices for homes veterans are to buy.

Federal officials who want to do a job for the veteran, as the men at OHE want to do, find themselves hamstrung by lack of personnel and money. Other agencies —the Veterans Administration and the Federal Housing Administration in instance after documented instance—seem less interested in helping the home-buying veterans.

The Department of Justice has a spotty record. In a relatively few cases U.S. attorneys have sought indictments or brought civil suits. In all too many jurisdictions, however, the branch offices of the Department of Justice have either done nothing or else contented themselves with pronouncements to the newspapers.

Yet some veterans have, in recent months, begun to obtain at least a measure of justice. The best present means of getting definite action seems to lie in the local field. Many a veterans' group, bogged down by red tape, might profitably study the experiences of veterans on a number of home-building projects in Baltimore.

Like war veterans all over the nation these men found themselves, in 1946 and 1947, in a mad scramble to buy whatever houses were offered them. Faced with the choice of continued doubling-up with in-laws, they usually bought houses from plans before the buildings were erected.

The vast majority who did so in Baltimore—some 40,000—either found no reason to complain or else were able amicably to settle their relatively minor complaints by negotiation with the builders from whom they bought.

But about 10 per cent of the houses put up in Baltimore for ex-G.I.s have provoked violent protests from their purchasers. When individual and private remonstrances to builders proved unavailing, veterans began to take their cases to the Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Protest meetings were held—meetings that might have degenerated into mere steam-blowing sessions had not the complaining homeowners received two lucky breaks.

The first came when the leadership of their campaign was assumed by a tough-minded ex-second lieutenant named Willy Muth. It happened that Muth was vice-president of the Baltimore City Council. Unlike many another public official, though, he felt his duties ran beyond speechmaking and vote seeking. When several groups of veterans put their complaints before him in July, 1947, the councilman got mad.

The veterans had bought $8,000 and $9,000 homes on the strength of the plans only to discover after they moved in that the houses were not what the specifications, and builders' promises, had called for. But they couldn't prove their suspicions. The official plans were nowhere to be found.

Muth got on the phone and called the V.A. He was told to call the FHA. The FHA cited an office rule that prevented him from seeing the plans. He was advised to call the loan association that was financing the houses. The loan association completed the circle by sending him back to the V.A.

With his temper at the boiling point Muth finally discovered the Office of the Housing Expediter. From Washington the OHE sent up an inspector who, armed with federal authority, quickly obtained what Muth wanted.

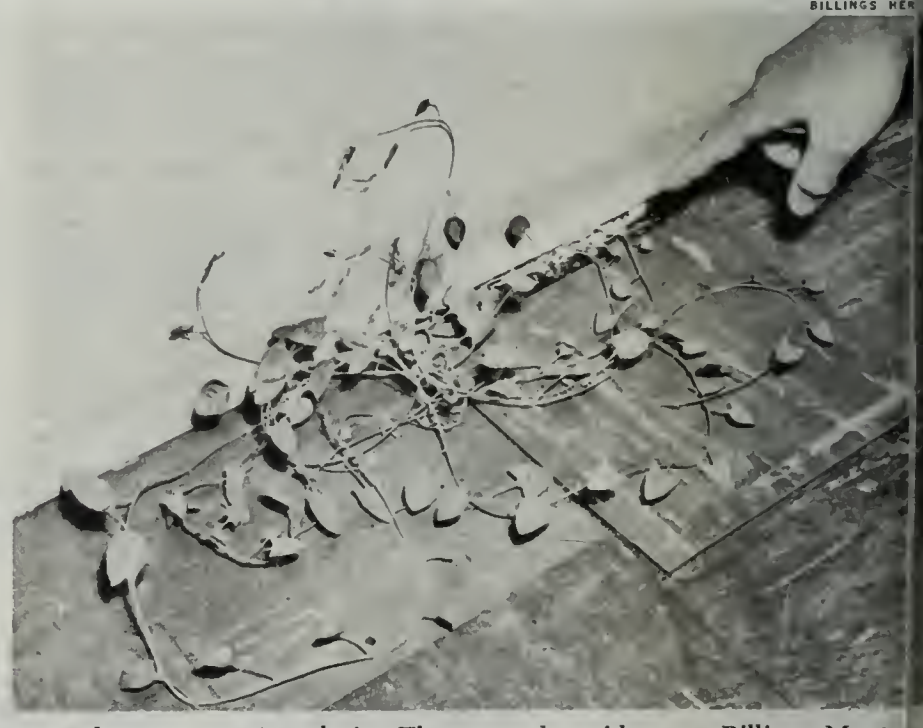
Then it was disclosed that the b had received authorization to co 90 houses on Hanlon and Mond Avenues. But he had actually bu To do it he shaved 60 of his t down a bit. Each turned out to be narrower than specified.

This was bad enough. But the b forgot about cutting down when it to selling the homes. He sold ni foot structures at the price set for t foot houses. Then, to top things omitted required items like w screens, screen doors, porch rai even gas ranges. Slate roofs ha specified, but cheaper asphalt roofs were used.

When Muth got the full st turned to the Baltimore Sun pape the veterans got their second brea porters Tom O'Donnell and Bil were assigned to the story. In a se nearly 200 news stories they to public the ugly details. When pub cials passed the buck they woke next morning to find their telepho jangling with the calls of angry Su ers. When the builders of shoddy shrugged their shoulders at ve complaints they found their printed in the papers beside pict their fancy work.

Constructors of the Hanlon homes eventually made cash res in the amount of $29,872.91 to 67 G.I. purchasers. In addition to t builders made repairs and furnish dow screens, screen doors, porc and gas ranges for some of the But Muth did not stop with that. city council he pressed for an in tion to discover whether shen among building inspectors had

BILLINGS HER

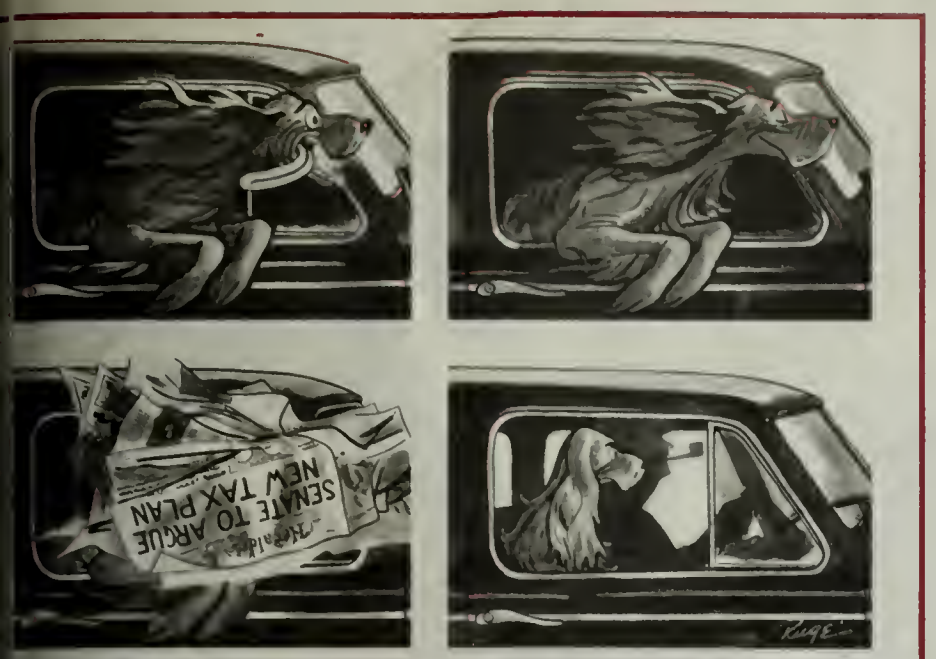


These are morning-glories. They started outside a new Billings, Monta home and shoved their way indoors between the walls and the floori

sulted in wholesale violations of t building code.

He interested State's Attorney Wells and Judge Herman Mos veterans' plight. The Baltimo jury began hearing a long serie nesses. Muth called on the F.B.I U.S. Attorney. He wrote a lon randum to the Department of J

Finally, when the number of complaints to the OHE from E had exceeded 2,000, Muth ph White House. He was promise He waited a couple of week early last February, he turned t cle, Congressman Meade of B Meade took him to see Attorney Clark. In the presence of Mut Bill O'Donnell (whom the co had not bothered to identify as



JOHN RUGE

nan) Clark promised to put the on the job. But when the two crusaders returned to Baltimore ound the local branch of the F.B.I. ot received orders to go ahead. nell then turned the heat on, h his paper, and the federal au- es began to move in.

e it was unethical," Willy Muth "unethical as all hell. But it has results and we are going to keep on it just this way—setting one against another until somebody stice for these boys."

Muth and his newspaper friends ing in their efforts to obtain re- or veteran owners of these homes ber of builders have begun to restitution and repairs.

situation at Panway Homes on rd Avenue is typical of the sort of uilders have started to do in Bal- . Plans for this group of houses for the installation of inch-thick bflooring under a top flooring of he subflooring had been entirely l on the second floor of sixteen . On the ground floor, where the e of subflooring would have been d because cellars had no finished quarter-inch plywood was used of the thick pine.

Not in the Specifications

r the houses had been occupied eral months, flooring on both the d second stories began to buckle rp. Muth called in the OHE and ction disclosed numerous other mings not specified in the plans. and beams that supported the had been pieced together instead g run in continuous lengths from o wall. Beams were often far than they were supposed to be. were as much as three inches on one side of a room than on the in some cases.

er constant pressure from news- and the OHE the builder of Pan- lomes spent more than $6,000 ; new, level oak floors over the ve ones. Unfortunately even air cannot bring the houses fully standard. In some instances the ors are so high they mask hot-air outlets. Braces and steel plates een installed to stiffen defective and joists. But many a veteran further settling of these houses. anway Homes and at a number of Baltimore projects the campaign Muth and the Sun papers, and the f the OHE, have produced at least al adjustment of veterans' com- But Muth and Pyne and O'Don- ow their job is not finished.

candal after scandal has come to roughout the country, the need mplete reform in the practices of federal agencies becomes ever more apparent. The OHE, the only agency that has consistently tried to enforce vetcrans' rights in the housing field, has been appealing for months to Congress to increase its inadequate staff of 15 investigators.

A request for a deficiency appropriation sufficient to put 300 agents back on the pay roll was put before the joint Congressional Committee on Housing in March but was not granted until the middle of May, less than six weeks before the beginning of the new fiscal year this month. Seventy-five thousand dollars was allowed, enough to hire 250 agents.

Other federal agencies could do a great deal to secure justice for the men who were promised so much when they were fighting in the foxholes of Europe and the Pacific. The Department of Justice has proved, in the few instances in which U.S. attorneys have taken vigorous action, that redress can be obtained for the veteran homeowner from builders who have overstepped the bounds in their profit grabbing.

But, until the federal government takes more interest, veterans will do well to follow the pattern set in Baltimore. That pattern can be boiled down to the following five points:

Careful organization of the veterans on each building project with detailed listing of all failures to comply with plans and specifications.

Enlistment of the aid of local veterans' organizations.

Presentation of documented evidence to newspapers and public officials of city and state.

A demand upon local district attorneys and U.S. attorneys for the right to bring witnesses and file affidavits with grand juries.

The hiring of attorneys—some are often willing to serve on a contingent fee basis—and the filing of civil suits for repairs and damages.

With more than 30,000 complaints already filed with the Office of the Housing Expediter, and with thousands more unfiled because veterans have secured so little action from that overworked and undermanned agency, the veterans' housing scandal threatens to assume billion-dollar proportions. It need never have occurred had public officials been diligent in enforcing the laws already on our books—not merely the special Housing Acts designed to encourage building for veterans, but the common, garden variety long ago passed to prevent building-code violations.

With millions of homes scheduled for construction in the next few years, failure to correct the practices of a small minority of unscrupulous builders will multiply many times over the poor conditions that have already been created.

THE END

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GENERAL ELECTRIC



THE BRAMBLE BUSH

BY DAVID DUNCAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIAKA

"Tell me the truth," I said. "Where did you g
these?" I held the car keys in front of her. T
changed tone of my voice made her open her ey

CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURES OF A MAN THEY COULDN'T KILL FOR LOVE OR MON

The Story:

The narrator, MIKE FINNEY, is being framed for the murder, ten years ago, of a San Francisco attorney named EARL CLARK. In on the frame-up are MRS. REBA TREMAINE, mother of the real murderer, and her son PHILIP.

Walking into the trap unaware of Tremaine's intentions, Finney had used a border permit made out in Tremaine's name to cross into the U.S. from Mexico; Finney didn't use his own name for fear the F.B.I. would question him about a passport he had forged when he went to fight in the Spanish Revolution. Finney had been in Spain at the time Tremaine murdered Clark.

As bait to lure the unsuspecting Finney into taking the rap for her son, Mrs. Tremaine used her beautiful daughter CATHERINE. Finney still doesn't know whether Catherine is an innocent dupe or a full-fledged accomplice.

After two attempts to get Finney identified as her son and to have him killed, Mrs. Tremaine convinces the police and even the family lawyer JOHN WICKERSHAM, that Finney is indeed her son. But Finney is still alive, and still unwilling to admit his real identity to the police. As the scene opens, Wickersham, an F.B.I. man, the two Tremaine women and Finney are sitting in the office of the district attorney.

Mrs. Tremaine listens grimly as Wickersham "proves" to the D.A. that the man before them is the long-missing Tremaine, and that he has been unjustly accused of two murders which were really committed by a mysterious man named Mike Finney.

"Finney must look very much like you," says District Attorney GROVER NILES to Finney.

"So I'm told," says Finney. "He's been sticking very close to me."

"Why did you try to commit suicide?" says Niles. "Atropine was pumped from your stomach. If you were innocent, why didn't you turn yourself in and collect your father's inheritance?"

"WELL," demanded Grover Niles. "It does need explanation."

"Atropine?" I said. I had to fight this thing. I had to know about Catherine. If I went under, she did too.

"Yes, atropine."

"You're sure it was atropine?"

"Positive," said Niles. Damn his pompous soul! I rubbed my brow.

"It was labeled atropine?"

"There was no container, but certainly the doctors know what they pumped from your stomach."

"That's strange," I said. "I remember being sick. I believe I lost consciousness."

"You most certainly did." The suspicion was heavy in his eyes now.

"I thought I had an attack of fever," I said. "I've suffered from malaria."

"You'll not tell me you treat your fever with atropine?"

"No," I said. My hands were cold and clammy. Everyone was watching me. Catherine looked as though were on the verge of crying out, telling the whole story. "No," I peated. "I treat my malaria w atabrine. I usually carry some."

"We know that," said Niles. " empty atabrine bottle was found your suitcase."

"Had you taken any of it?" pu Wickersham.

"I must have taken something, said. "It's hard to remember beca of the delirium afterward."

"You bought the atabrine in M ico?"

"Yes, of course."

John Wickersham laughed s denly. "Then it's perfectly logical," said. "The drug laws in Mexico ar nearly as rigid as ours. The w atabrine and atropine are very m alike. The way most doctors w prescriptions, you couldn't tell from the other. An inexperier

(*Continued on page* 66)



WHETHER YOU DRIVE A '48 ...A '38 ...OR A '28

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THE DEAR, DEAD PAST

BY A. A. MILNE

Sir Vernon knew that Scroope didn't like blackmailers—but would probably understand a youthful wild oat like murder



"Hayforth returned from his swim and saw the body on deck. 'What's this?' he asked. You told him. He agreed to help you. Is that right?"

A STOUT, old-young man of forty, Mr. Cedric Watherston of Watherston & Reeves, Solicitors, sat at his office table, knitting. He was not a good knitter, but he was proud of the fact that he could knit at all. He had learned when a prisoner of war in 1917, having walked straight into a German trench on his first journey up the line; and with the passage of years the circumstance of his capture had also become, in some odd way, a matter for pride. He liked sentences which began "I remember when I was a prisoner in Holzminden." When a client was announced he put the ball of wool, the needles and the unfinished sock in the top left-hand drawer, smoothed his hair with both hands and waited for the visitor to be shown in.

"Sir Vernon Filmer."

Mr. Watherston rose to shake hands with one of his most distinguished clients. "Glad to see you, Sir Vernon. You don't often give us the pleasure. On no unpleasant business, I trust?"

Sir Vernon did not look as if he were glad to see Mr. Watherston. He was a tall, fair, cold man, with pale-blue eyes, a prominent nose and a small prim mouth. He was one of those natural politicians who are always conveniently there when ministerial posts are being given out. If there were to be ten knighthoods on New Year's Day for what could only be described as "public services," and nine had been decided upon, his name would come irresistibly to the mind for the tenth place.

"Cigarette?"

Sir Vernon waved it away. Mr. Watherston lighted one for himself, leaned back in his chair, remembered to put his finger tips together.

"I am being blackmailed," Sir Vernon said.

"Dear, dear, we must do something about that," said Mr. Watherston with an exaggerated calm which hid most of his emotions. Surprise was the least of these, for he had a dislike of politicians.

"That is naturally what I am expecting."

Mr. Watherston tried over a few sentences in his mind until he got the right opening. "Blackmail," he said delicately, "implies the previous commission, or alleged commission, of some offense. Offenses can be classified as offenses against the law, offenses against morality, and offenses against the social code. Perhaps, in this case, one should add political offenses. Which class or classes of offense, Sir Vernon, does the threatened exposure allege?"

"Legal," said Sir Vernon, adding primly, "I have nothing whatever on my conscience."

Yes, yes, thought Mr. Watherston, but your conscience must be in pretty good training by now.

"To put it frankly, then, Sir Vernon, the blackmailer is threatening to reveal some action of yours which is punishable by law?"

"Yes. To put it with greater accuracy, if the truth had come out at the time, I might have been prosecuted, but need not necessarily have been convicted. I should think that today there was no possibility of conviction."

"When did this happen?"

"Nearly forty years ago. Nineteen-nine, to be exact."

"Ah! So it is the social and political consequences which really matter today."

"Obviously. As they did, to an overwhelming extent, at the time. Do you not think it would be illuminating if I told you about it?"

Mr. Watherston held up a hasty hand. He had had no experience of blackmail, and he disliked the idea of being accessory after the fact to an apparently undiscovered crime. His mind wandered vaguely back to 1909, trying to think of the sort of contemporary illegalities in which Sir Vernon, a young man of twenty-two, might have been mixed up. Having himself been a boy of twelve at the time, he came to no conclusion.

"Sir Vernon," he said, "It will be distressing for you to confide this story to anyone. Let us consider the matter on general lines for the moment. There are three ways of dealing with a blackmailer. The first is to submit to his demands."

Sir Vernon indicated what he thought of that.

"The second is to prosecute him. As you know, this can be done anonymously, under the disarming name of Mr. X."

Sir Vernon gave a short, unpleasant laugh.

"The only remaining method is to settle with the blackmailer out of court. I could pay his demands for you; I could instruct the prosecution for you. But frankly, Sir Vernon, I am not competent to get the better of a scoundrel whether by negotiation, threat or personal violence." He let this sink in for a moment and then added, "Fortunately I know the man who is."

"Private detective or shady solicitor?"

"Solicitor. A shady solicitor in the sense that he usually acts for the submerged classes, but entirely loyal to his clients, whether prostitutes or Prime Ministers. And a very able man."

"You knew him personally?"

"Oh, yes. The fortunes of war threw us together at Holzminden where we happened to be prisoners."

"H'm," said Sir Vernon doubtfully.

"I understand your dislike of confiding in a stranger. Perhaps I should have added that he has very strong feelings about the detestable crime of blackmail. It is the one charge which he has always refused to defend in court—which is more than can be said for the whole of the bar. To get the better of a blackmailer he would go to the extreme length of his purse, his time and—the law."

"Very well," said Sir Vernon. "I agree to accept your advice. I had better see this fellow in my own house at, say, nine o'clock this evening. Will you arrange that?"

Mr. Watherston made a note, saying, "His name is Scroope." He got up and held out his hand. "Perhaps you will let me know how the matter goes on. And if there is anything else I can do, Sir Vernon—"

They shook hands and went to the door together.

"Cold fish," thought Mr. Watherston, as he returned to his table. "One can't help disliking him. I wonder what he did."

He picked up the telephone. Afterward, there being nothing else to do, he went back to his knitting.

BEING asked by an interviewer to what he attributed his success in life, Mr. Scroope replied, "My eyebrows." These had a natural quirk which seemed to express a good-tempered amusement with the world, and to admit his companion of the moment to an equal share in that amus



nt. "You and I," they seemed to
, "*we* know." It is doubtful if any-
ly had ever had a private joke with
Vernon, nor was he the man to
h to be on confidential terms with
one less important than himself,
t of all a shady solicitor: but even
recognized the eyebrows as evi-
ce of a knowledge of the world.
Scroope obviously knew his way
ut.

A cigar, thanks," said Mr.
ope. "Nothing to drink. Now
n, Sir Vernon. Watherston tells me
you are being blackmailed. Who
you?"

I don't understand," said Sir Ver-
coldly.

Dammit, one doesn't wake up in
morning and say, 'I've a sort of
ing that there are blackmailers
ut.' Something must have given
the idea."

Naturally I had a letter," Sir Ver-
said.

Why 'naturally'? You might have
a telephone message. Is that the
r?"

ir Vernon released it. "It came this
rning through the post."

H'm. Typed. Signed. 'Well-
her.' Humorous. D'you know
o wrote it?"

Not with any certainty."

Five hundred in pound notes on
urday as a guarantee of good faith,
owed by five hundred every six
ks. Sounds as if he wanted to get
ried. Well, that gives us six weeks
ore the second payment. Six weeks
which to think of something."

You suggest that I should pay the
five hundred?"

Oh, certainly. At least, *you* won't,
ill. We'll keep you out of it."

Read the rest of the letter."

I have. You are given till Saturday to get the money; you are to communicate with nobody; you are to have your car waiting outside your door on Saturday morning, ready to drive yourself to a rendezvous which will be given you by letter before you start."

"Perhaps you are not aware that I am lunching at Chequers on Saturday?"

"Nobody tells me anything," said Mr. Scroope sadly. "But then, why shouldn't you? The food's quite good, I hear. And who could give you a better alibi than the Prime Minister?"

"You propose to keep the rendezvous yourself?"

"As Sir Vernon Filmer? Do I look like it? But I dare say I can find somebody who will pass for you at a distance. All you'll be asked to do, I fancy, is to leave the money in a certain spot, where the blackmailer will pick it up afterward. He's giving nothing away. Now then, he says, 'I have a letter written on board the Ladybird on September 15, 1909. Don't tell me you've forgotten it.' " He looked up. "Have you forgotten it?"

"No."

"Right. Then you'd better tell me."

"There were three of us on the Ladybird on that summer afternoon: Robert Hayforth the owner, myself and a local hand called Towers. We had been fishing close inshore. Hayforth, a powerful and devoted swimmer, had suggested a swim. The wind was freshening, the sea uninviting, and I stayed on board. Hayforth, whose idea of a swim was half a mile out and half a mile back, had been gone about ten minutes, when suddenly Towers came sidling up to me, his right hand behind his back. I'd never liked him, nobody in the place did, but he was a useful man in a boat, and Hayforth often took him on. He had a bottle in his hand, and he was holding it like a club. He—he accused me of"—Sir Vernon's face could still show disgust at the idea—" 'messing about with his wife.' "

"Were you?"

SIR VERNON looked at Scroope contemptuously, and went on: "I asked him what the devil he was talking about. I thought he was drunk. He said that when he had finished with me I'd have the sort of face that nobody's girl would want to mess about with. It was horrible. Such a foul weapon, and he was much more powerful than I. Hayforth was out of sight and hailing distance. I was at the man's mercy. It was his life or mine. I saw red."

He poured himself out a brandy and swallowed it quickly. In another moment, thought Scroope, all his past life will flash before his eyes. Why must politicians always talk in clichés?

"And you killed him," Scroope said. "How?"

"I don't know to this day how I did it. I seemed to be endowed with superhuman strength. Fear, I suppose, and furious indignation at that loathsome weapon."

"You killed him, and you went on killing him. Is that right?"

"Yes."

"And when you had finished, it didn't look like self-defense, it looked like deliberate, premeditated, brutal murder. Is that right?"

"Yes, but it wasn't."

"It's what things look like which matter to the law. Well, and then Hayforth yelled, 'Ship ahoy!' and you helped him on board, and he saw the body and said, 'Lawks a mussy, what's all this?' And you told him. And he agreed to help you. Is that right?"

"Agreed on conditions."

"Ah, yes, now I'm seeing it. That letter was to him. Exonerating him and admitting sole responsibility. Why a letter? Couldn't he trust you?"

"If anything had happened to me, if the body had been washed up—"

"It would have been damned awkward for him. Because—stop me if I'm wrong—*he* was the man who had been messing about."

"Yes. I had had no idea of it, but I suppose there were other people who had guessed."

"So, when he had got the letter safely in his pocket, you put out to sea—the wind was freshening, you said—and it sounded sufficiently plausible to say that Towers had been washed overboard. No attempt to save him?"

"It blew up into a gale, we didn't pick up our moorings until three o'clock next morning; we put the accident at just after midnight. In the dark, in that weather, only two of us to work the boat, what could we have done? We nearly followed him as it was. I never expected to see land again."

"Convincing. And no suspicions by anybody?"

"None that I heard of. He was a thoroughgoing rascal. Nobody missed him."

"Not even his wife?"

"She least of all." Sir Vernon cleared his throat and added, "I should explain that my whole career was in the balance at this time, and that I had no other course open to me. I had just left Oxford with unusually brilliant prospects—"

Scroope picked up the letter.

(Continued on page 62)

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INHUMAN NATURE

Continued from page 14

him a pretty good idea he's not welcome.

In heavily ticked areas it is advisable to get annual immunization against spotted fever. Always keep the kids out of high grass; then examine them for ticks twice daily in their birthday suits. As for Rover, although it hurts you as much as it hurts him, keep him tied up during the tick months. If he must run, pluck or have him shaved, and then comb and examine him daily as you do the kids.

Should you find any of the troublesome critters, don't remove them with your bare hands. Use a pair of rubber gloves and a pair of tweezers, and burn the tick, whose body fluid can be as dangerous as its bite. On livestock, old-timers used to say you had to "unscrew" the tick to capture it, because it screwed itself in. This is not true. Ticks merely attach themselves to you.

Old-timers used a tick wash made from three parts raw cottonseed or linseed oil, to one part pine-tar oil.

Lotions for Canines and Humans

An excellent, more modern wash for dogs can be made by dissolving an ounce of soap in a gallon of water and adding 2 ounces of a derris powder containing 3 per cent rotenone. Benzine hexachloride, developed for veterinarians, also shows promise in repelling and killing ticks on animals. Thanks to Dr. James M. Brennan, of the Rocky Mountain Laboratories, humans will find either phenyl cyclohexanol or butylacetanilide a great tick-discourager. It irritates only the tick, never the human.

The chances are several thousand to one that you will never be bitten by a tick, or even come face to face with one. Less can be said for your chances with the air wing of the formidable enough ground forces of the insect world—the mosquito, flea, fly, gnat, hornet, wasp.

Fortunately there is DDT. You can clear a room of practically any flying (and crawling) insect by a DDT spray. Now it is even possible to give a midsummer night lawn party outdoors free of pests by spraying DDT daily on all bushes, trees, fences, walls and grass several times before the event. If you use colored lanterns, place a citronella candle in it. Oil of citronella, incidentally, is an old-time favorite as a mosquito conker, but it's smelly. It has been largely replaced by new preparations which are odorless and harmless to fabrics.

Strongly recommended is a formula known as 6-2-2, containing three parts dimethyl phthalate, one part indalone, and one part Rutgers 612. It has been commercially packaged. A light application of 6-2-2 to the neck, forehead, arms and clothing will keep insects from blitzing you for most of a day. Alcohol, taken internally, is also said to insensitize the victim to mosquito bites.

Flying pests are apparently sensitive to colors. Experienced woodsmen have learned if they wear red and green shirts, they'll be less bothered by insects than the vacationist adorned in cool whites. On open porches, avoid white and blue light bulbs. Yellow, red and green bulbs will help keep out the nasty little party crashers. Those that do get in can be further discouraged by purchasing one of those ingenious porch lights which attracts them, then electrocutes them.

Insects, of course, have a way of crashing even the best-screened house. Fact, they take great pride in so doing. To discourage them, simply paint your screens with a special DDT paint (there are DDT house paints, too), and thereafter spray the screens from time to time, along with window frames, door bases, light fixtures, crevices, picture frames, with the new miraculous residual sprays with a DDT base. They last for weeks, and raise hock with the invading armies of ants, roaches, water bugs, centipedes, spiders, gnats and fleas. (Ever been up to your hips in fleas, transported indoors by Fido or Pussy?)

As for the resort owner who has an allergy to the use of DDT, and whose premises lurk with flics, nosee-ums, often known as punkies or sand fleas—great resort favorites—a squirt of DDT might well handle *him*.

Should the insect hordes fail to devour you, there are other summer hazards. Each year thousands of people accidentally or ignorantly expose themselves to poison ivy, poison oak or poison sumac. No state of the Union is free of at least one of these plants. While most people recognize poison ivy, many still think of poison oak as some sort of tree. Actually it's either a vine or bush with an oak-shaped leaf. Not everyone is susceptible to poison-ivy poisoning, but if poison ivy doesn't get you, possibly oak or sumac will. In fact, it may make you violently ill.

Poison ivy is by far the commonest of the unholy three. It thrives everywhere. Communities should root it out as a public service but don't. Birds may carry the seed to your lawns, and homeowners have unknowingly cultivated it up the sides of their houses.

But for every attack there is a counter-attack. Botanists recommend that poison ivy be ripped out, and a newly developed weed killer known as 2,4-D be applied to the ivy stumps, otherwise a new crop will spring up like Jack's beanstalk. Be careful about the cuttings—burn them in a furnace, and keep away from the smoke, as it is poisonous if inhaled or allowed to reach the eyes. Remember you can't scratch your insides. Decontaminate tools and clothes which have touched ivy, by soaking in a one per cent solution of calcium hypochlorite for 15 minutes. Fido and the cat can also carry ivy poisoning. Teach them to recognize the stuff.

There are several preventative ointments for ivy poisoning developed. The U.S. Public Health Service recommends a base of 10 per cent sodium perborate mixed in either a salve or alkaline vanishing cream. (Details available Reprint No. 2370 Public Health Reports, obtainable from the U.S.P.H.S.) Old-timers, after gardening, immediately wash with a coarse kitchen soap.

First Aid for Ivy Poisoning

However, if you do blunder into ivy, as soon as the first signs of inflammation appear, wash the exposed areas of the skin thoroughly and apply a 10 per cent solution of tannic acid dissolved in alcohol. Rub this on vigorously enough to rub off the tops of the blisters, and repeat the treatment at six-hour intervals. In the early stages of itching, some people find calamine lotion a good remedy. The addition of two per cent phenol to the lotion tends to relieve itching further. Mild cases of ivy ordinarily subside in a few days. If you go bustin' out all over, better see the doc.

Generally speaking, the poison-ivy remedies which flood the market work for some, don't for others. One of the oldest established remedies is a fresh solution of one five-grain tablet of potassium permanganate dissolved in one quart of water. Others use ferric chloride in combination; or photographer's hypo solution; gentian violet; salt water; and I have even heard of oil and vinegar dressing, liberally spread over ivy poisoning—the vinegar as an itch counter-irritant, the oil to sooth and heal.

No, mayonnaise hasn't come to attention, but it sounds as good as thing if you're really ivied up. Shane's prescription? Immerse the in the ocean, sleeping there if neces till itching disappears. Above all, scratch—this spreads and prolong agony. Then wait seven years, whe may become immune to ivy—or ma

Let us say you've killed all th sects, are impervious to poison p are quick enough to bite a copper before it does you, and you like to i lightning till it plays about your club head. You're thoroughly rel you lean back and take a big, deep b of that wonderful tonic-laden air. suddenly you sneeze. In no time eyes and head are running like a f and you are miserable.

What has happened is this. A va summer zephyr, passing idly o lovely patch of flowers, has pick some pollen and wafted it to your boscis and set an allergy working.

Simply stated, an allergy is an sensitivity to some foreign matter- len, powders, food, bacteria, and house dust. This invades the syste sets up a violent irritation, striki strange forms: skin inflammation matitis, migraine headaches, rheu fever—and, most commonly, hay Allergy attacks start in the spri their peak in pollen-laden July an gust and last till frost.

Inoculating for Allergy

Army doctors, who thoroughly i gated The Allergy during the war certain suggestions. Permanent reli be had by a long series of preseason ulations, designed to desensitize th tim to his pet allergy. Temporary is offered by any one of a number cently developed antihistamic which act to shrink the inflamed branes, and dry up the mucus, a available in pill, salve and liquid f

Let your physician be the judge. probably advise that treatment be systemic, not local, and that foods like chocolate, shelled fish ar are to be avoided in hot weathe above all, to take it easy. Hot w and excitement have a way of "t ing" allergics, making them irritab they in turn pass this on to you.

Thus far we have given you an for the known summer pests. Th ists another large body, immune to and for which we know no coun tant. We refer to the Social Inse *Rocking Chair Brigadibus*, an which infests resort porches, and ognizable by its stinging remarl monotonous yatata; the Overactiv who likes to take his guests off mile hikes on broiling afternoon many others. For such boors, an has prescribed DDTTT. "On enc ing such a pest," he says, "spray venomous DDTTT. Merely utter Dead Ten Thousand Times'—turn heel, and leave the vicinity hastil

Possibly we have given the imp that summer is a helluva seaso the best way to avoid its discom to leave for the high Himalaya blows over, or to encase one's s suit of armor (equipped with a li rod), then crawl into a tickpro conditioned, pollen-free closet w pooch, wife and Junior, from Ma tober. Nothing could be further fr intent. All we suggest, brother, you mix a little DDT in your natu tion and take it easy. You'll scra

Also if people were wise, they fighting each other and start figh insects. Before it's too late.

THE END

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THE DEAR, DEAD PAST

Continued from page 59

"D'you think this is Hayforth, Sir Vernon?" he asked.

"It might be, of course. Equally, I suppose, he might be dead, and somebody might have found my letter among his papers. I lost sight of him in the war, and haven't heard of him since."

"That sort of man?"

"Obviously not in those days," said Sir Vernon somewhat stiffly, "or he wouldn't have been my friend. But he was always a reckless fellow, and might have been knocked about by the war, have fallen on hard times, and slowly sunk to—this. The war," said Sir Vernon, who had fortunately missed it, "did not improve people's characters."

"Is there anything in this letter which indicates knowledge not contained in your letter to Hayforth?"

"I don't think so."

"For instance, why should it be taken for granted that you can drive your own car? Lots of people can't."

For the first time that evening Sir Vernon looked at Scroope with respect. "That's true," he said thoughtfully.

"Were you driving a car at that time?"

"My wife gave me a Rolls as a wedding present a few months later."

"I congratulate you. Driven Hayforth in it?"

"Probably. I saw something of him up to the war."

Scroope got up and threw the end of his cigar into the fire. "Obviously we must find the man first. I shall sleep here on Friday night, so as to be with you when your instructions come." He took a notebook and pencil from his pocket. "Turn your head to one side, I want the profile." He began to draw. "About five feet eleven inches, aren't you? I think I've got just the man. Muffled and goggled, of course, which is what anyone would be who was keeping a date with a blackmailer. My man—Dean is his name—will come in the back way at eight o'clock on Saturday morning. With a false mustache. This is going to be fun. There, that's not bad." He held the drawing up and admired it. "Thank God, it's money that he's after."

"What else are blackmailers ever after?" asked Sir Vernon contemptuously.

"Seats in the Cabinet," said Mr. Scroope. "The way I'm going to work, that would have made it more difficult."

ON SATURDAY morning at 8:30, Sir Vernon stepped nervously from his front door and walked across to his garage. It was a chilly February morning, and even for that short distance he thought it well to wear a thick, fawn traveling coat and a checked cap. He brought his car round to the front door and left it there. Mr. Scroope and breakfast were waiting for him in the morning room.

"Now then, Sir Vernon," Mr. Scroope said, his mouth full of omelette, "let's get down to it. You are to be at the fifth milestone between Wellborough and Chiselton at 12:30. You say you know the road. How?"

"It was near Chiselton that Hayforth kept his boat."

"Good. How long would it take you to get there?"

"Three hours."

"Then Dean must take three hours. He's just arrived; we'll have him in directly, and you can show him the place on the map. What's the country like?"

"Quite flat. No houses, no trees, no possibility of concealment, as I remember. A long, almost straight road."

"Dean will hide the money behind the milestone—nothing elaborate, just enough not to catch the eye of a passer-by. Then he'll drive on, turning off at Chiselton and coming back to London another way. Obviously the blackmailer will be a little way behind him up to the milestone. He may be outside the house now—he was in London last night to post the letter—in which case he'll follow your car down. Dean, in your coat and cap, will be good enough for him."

SIR VERNON had picked up the letter again, and was studying it. "You talk of 'him' all the time," he said. "Does it not occur to you that it is more likely to be the work of a gang?"

"With a mastermind at the center of the spider's web?" said Mr. Scroope hopefully.

"I gather," said Sir Vernon coldly, "that you think otherwise."

Scroope pushed the toast away, and spoke seriously. "I'll tell you what I think," he said, "and then I'll tell you my plans. You're paying for this treat, and you're entitled to know. I think that if two young men go out in a boat for a summer afternoon's offshore fishing and bathing, they will not be wearing oilskins. I think that if one of them has just had a desperate fight for his life, any letter which he writes immediately after, with a shaking hand and under the stress of great emotion, will be uncharacteristic and only just legible.

"I think that if a small boat, manned by two people in flannels, is fighting a gale for eight hours, the occupants will not merely be wet, but soaked literally to the skin. And I think that after it's all over, and now that the unexpected storm has removed all possibility of suspicion, Mr. Robert Hayforth will find a piece of sodden paper in his pocket with not a single decipherable word on it, will wonder what the devil it is, and then throw it away with a laugh at the ridiculous caution which inspired it. What that piece of paper would have looked like thirty years later baffles the imagination. In short, Sir Vernon, you may be quite certain that the blackmailer is Hayforth himself, and that it is only his word against yours."

Sir Vernon permitted himself a little enthusiasm. "But that is most satisfactory, Mr. Scroope. You relieve my mind considerably."

"Yes, but even so, he can be extremely mischievous. So, since blackmailers are better out of action, I propose, with your financial assistance, to put him out of action."

"Now that we know who he is—"

"We don't. We only know who he was: a face and a name of thirty years ago. That doesn't help. But this letter shows that he is sticking to familiar ground. It is probable that he is living in the district, and almost certain that he has a car. Ever studied history?"

"I got a first in history in my finals at Oxford," said Sir Vernon.

"Pooh, I don't mean that sort of dead-alive history. Real history. Criminal history. Ever studied the Lindbergh case?"

There was no need to wait for an answer, Sir Vernon's delicate shrug had given it.

"What it came to in the end was that they knew all about the man except who he was. However, he had the ransom notes—numbers taken, of course—and one day he would use them. That was their only hope of getting him. But how? Every gasoline station in the neighborhood was given a list of the notes, and told to write down secretly on the back of any ten-dollar bill paid in exchange for gas the number of the car which was filled. Then the list of ransom notes could be consulted at leisure in the evening."

"Most ingenious. And now you have taken the numbers of the notes?"

"Of course. And I shall go down to Wellborough this afternoon, and make arrangements. Not being official it will cost money. But by the time we've made the second payment to Hayforth, I shall know what he's calling himself and where he lives. I'll tell you something else. He says that he will give you the second rendezvous on March 25th, and that it will be in an entirely different part of the country. It won't. If his plan works successfully today, as I mean it to do, he will repeat it exactly. It leaves you just as uncertain until the last moment, and saves him the trouble of looking for an equally convenient place."

"And when you've found him?"

"Then," said Mr. Scroope with a happy smile, "the real fun begins."

WHEN a man calling himself Mr. Richard Hastings was arrested for possessing and passing forged notes, he did what all intelligent prisoners do. He sent for Mr. Scroope.

"Well," said Mr. Scroope, twinkling at him, "what's the story, Mr. Hastings?" He looked at the man with interest, summed him up as a gentleman gone to the bad, and offered him a cigarette.



"Better not go in the water for an hour or so. I've just finished a big lunch"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

"Thanks. I've been arrested, knows why, for—"

"Yes, I know the police story, nc want to know yours."

"I swear to you that I am—"

"—absolutely innocent. Naturally. we still need a story to explain wh quantity of forged notes was foun your safe, and why several others w had been passed in the neighborh were traced to you. What is that sto

"They were planted on me."

"By whom?"

"God knows. Some enemy, I suppo

"I see. What about the notes in c lation which have been through hands?"

"They must have gone through n hands. Why pick on me?"

"Obviously because you had su large store of them in your safe. want a better story than you're gi me, Mr. Hastings."

"I can't tell you anything better."

"Then," said Mr. Scroope politel will wish you good morning." He up. "Just one word of advice, if I The story which you will be tellir some other solicitor need not be but it must sound sufficiently like truth to allow him a temporary ha nation that it was possible." He out his hand with a smile.

RICHARD HASTINGS waved hand away. "Wait," he said. "Y better have it. I found the da things."

"That's better. Where?"

"Oh, hidden under a stone."

"You know, I don't think that will quite carry conviction—usin word 'conviction' in its less tech sense, of course. It must have rather a moment in your life whe found such a large packet of notes. would be expected to remember th toric spot."

"Oh, well, if you want the exact it was behind the fifth milestone o Wellborough-Chiselton road."

"You counted—and remembere

Richard Hastings looked up ar "What the devil do you mean? It 'Wellborough, 5 miles,' didn't it?"

"You were looking behind mile for something?"

"I happened to sit down there. venient to lean against for a few mi I noticed that the ground was distu and, idly, as anyone would, investig

"And said, 'Hallo, what's this?'

"Exactly."

"And what was it?"

"A parcel of one-pound Damned odd, I thought."

"And so you decided to steal the

"What's that?"

"You wish to plead guilty to ternative charge of stealing by fi Is that right?"

"Right!" Hastings said suddenl stole them. That's not very serious Well, now you've got the truth."

"It's odd," Mr. Scroope said, "a man, driving along the Wellbo Chiselton road on a cold and morning, should stop at precisely th milestone, lean against it rather against the cushions of his car."

Richard Hastings jumped to hi and said angrily, "What's all this? trying to trap me?"

"I'm trying to do," said S mildly, "what counsel for the pr tion will do much more thorough

"Sorry. I see the point; but nat —he gave an awkward little laugh a bit upset about the whole thing do absolutely swear, and it's gospe that I didn't know that the note forged, and that I found them pr where I said I did."

…h, come, we must tell them a little …. When you happened to find them."
…can't remember the exact date."
…Which date can't you remember?"
…r. Richard Hastings wiped his fore… with the back of his hand and said, …aven't the vaguest idea what you're …ng about."
…want the date which you can't ex… remember, when you got out of … car, leaned against the fifth mile…, and accidentally found a packet of …. Just a rough guess."
…he first week in February."
…bout seven weeks ago. The first …d note which came to hand was paid …e Lion Garage at Chiselton on …uary 18th. So that fits nicely. Now … about the second date? When you … got out of your car, leaned against … fifth milestone, and accidentally …d a second packet of notes."
…r. Richard Hastings licked his lips. …at makes you think I did that?"
…wo parcels were found in your safe. … opened, contained about 450 forged …. The other, unopened—or, possi…pened, examined and tied up again …ntained 500."
… can explain that. It's all coming … to me. The parcel which I found—"
… the first week in February?"
…es. It was really two parcels, done …gether. I counted the top one and …s 500, which was what made me …ive hundred just now. I was for…ng for the moment about the other …l, which I didn't open. Obviously … was another five hundred in that. …ing the thousand, as you were say… Silly of me."
…ot at all. Very natural. Then all … we have left to explain," said Mr. …pe cheerfully, "is why the inner …per of the second parcel was a … of The Western Morning News … March 24th—six weeks later."
…bert Hayforth banged the table with …hand, and cried, "Blast him, he's …ed me! The sniveling devil!"
…niveling—? Who is he?"
…he Right Honorable Sir Vernon …er." He dragged the words out …ingly. "All right, you've got it. It …hush money. He killed a man, …lered him; that's your smug, hypo…al Right Honorable. You want me …ll the truth in court. Right, I'll tell …nd we'll go down together."
…r. Scroope got up. "I have made it …exorable rule, Mr. Hastings, never …fend blackmail cases. Everything …u have told me is, of course, in …trictest confidence, and I now fade …f the case entirely. But I will just warn you in parting that the penalty for blackmail is, next to that for murder, the severest known to the law. Any written evidence which you may have had against Sir Vernon Filmer will be in possession of the police, and you will not be permitted to use it. An unsupported accusation made in your defense would only make your case worse and your punishment more severe. If you take my unprofessional advice, you will plead 'Not Guilty' to the present charge, give no evidence, and leave it to your counsel to suggest that in some way you are the innocent victim of a conspiracy."

He picked up his hat and went to the door. "Oh, by the way," he added, "if it gets about, though I don't see why it should, that I declined this case, it will not prejudice the court against you." The eyebrows went up in that humorous quirk of his. "It may even do you good. There is an absurd legend in legal circles that I defend only the guilty."

MR. CEDRIC WATHERSTON picked up the telephone and said, "Watherston here."

"Busy?"

"Just turning the heel."

"Anyone listening in?" the voice said.

"My dear fellow!"

"Right. Then I thought you would like to know that your honorable friend is relieved of all anxiety for five years."

"Fancy! I do congratulate you. I was reading an interesting case this morning, forging and passing and all that sort of thing, and oddly enough—but, of course, it's only a coincidence."

"I expect so. A respectable family lawyer shouldn't read criminal cases."

"It just caught the eye. Ah, what do you think will happen at the end of the five years?"

"I think that you will lose a distinguished client, and the country a distinguished servant. Quite suddenly."

"Ah! I was fearing the same thing myself." Mr. Watherston chuckled. "You know, you're a very naughty man. Here was a perfectly ordinary case of blackmail and there is hardly a crime in the calendar which you have not committed in order to bring the blackmailer to justice. If," he added, "you know what I mean by justice."

"Well, you see," the voice said apologetically, "I don't *like* blackmailers."

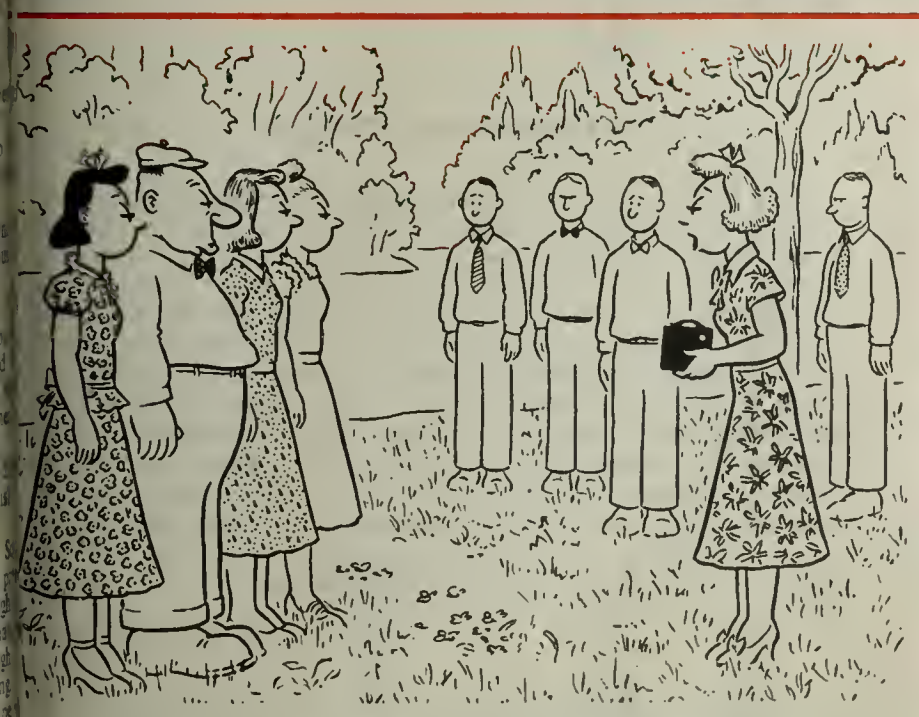
"Neither do I."

"Comes to that, I don't like Sir Vernon Filmer."

"How right you are," said Mr. Watherston cheerfully.

THE END

…FRED by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



"Even if it is your camera, Alfred, I think you might let the other fellows get into at least one picture"

…LLIER'S

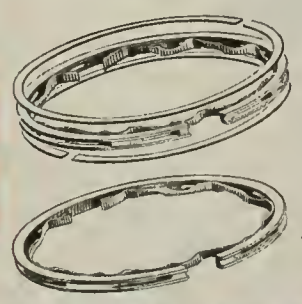


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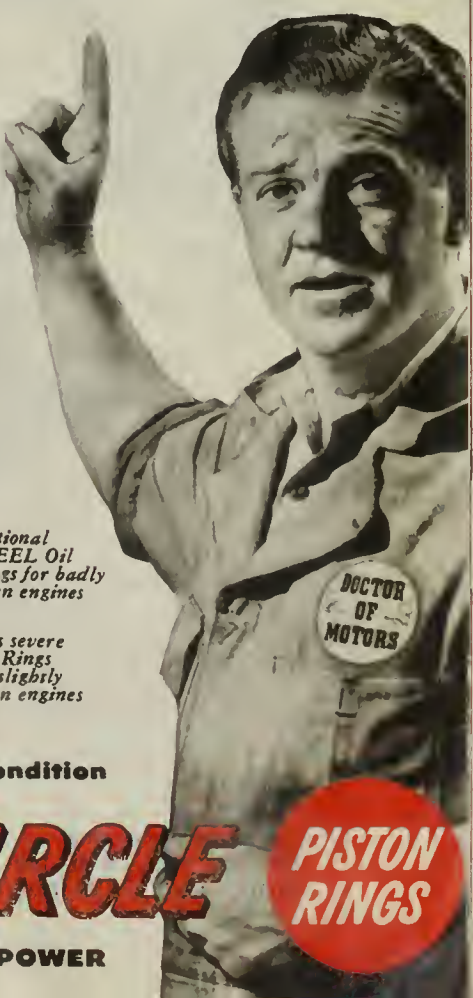
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THE UNDEFEATED HEART

Continued from page 21

tables here. The shelves of the beautiful bar crammed with famous brand names he hadn't seen for years. Our names, he thought. And he wished he were a profound man whose mind was bigger than the barriers of native pride so that he could see, clearly, the sum of all the differences.

Now the earnest man was reciting the history of the coming matches. A red sign beside the microphone said: ON THE AIR. Golf's big names appeared, brown and smiling, to say some warmly pleasant thing and vanish into the crowd. Bobby Jones, the greatest of them all was here. Hagen and Sarazen and Snead and Hogan—the game's top-drawer people, past and present. Then David Perry found himself on his feet, speaking.

"Tomorrow," he said, "the ancient battle is joined again. We are all fit and ready. May the better team win."

He went from the ballroom to the practice fairway with the newsreel men. He spent a quarter of an hour with them, working bareheaded in the rain, hitting iron shots for the impersonal eyes of the cameras. The cameramen were decent chaps, thorough and patient. "One more, please, sir. If you'll turn your head . . ."

"I'll be glad to," he said.

This was a simple task. There was no strain, no tension, and each shot had only to be a duplicate of the one preceding it. He saw the balls go out, hooked slightly to hold their course against the pressure of the wind; he heard the pleased murmuring of those who had gathered in the rain to watch. "A great stylist," someone said. Another, wiser voice said, "Very pretty, but the Americans also hit a pretty ball. And they've got what the long haul needs. Wait until tomorrow, man. You'll see."

Tomorrow, Perry thought.

THE practice rounds were done. The results of the drawing had been posted. Two-ball foursomes the first day. Four matches. David Perry and Sam Webb vs. Johnny Sands and Tom Farrar.

A voice came over the loud-speaker: "Your attention, please. David Perry, on the tee, now driving the first ball!" Gray mists of rain blew across the fairway. The flags around the clubhouse were limp.

Perry's drive was long and straight; Johnny Sands' drive was longer by fifteen yards. Sam Webb made a silent, whistling mouth, and they left the tee to plunge into a sea of umbrellas. Voices were all around them then. Perry listened; he could not help but listen. The gallery was American and strongly for the Americans. He had expected that. But they were a cheerful lot, and they applauded skill with a brisk impartiality. They did not seem to mind the rain. They bunched behind the ropes around the green, groaning when Farrar's putt curled across twenty feet of soggy turf to die on the lip of the cup.

The match was all square on the fourth, and again on the sixth. The seventh was a hillside tee. Perry turned to look back over the green and rolling land. The other matches were on the course now: on the fourth, the second, and just leaving the first tee. He found time in the instant before he addressed his ball to wish his countrymen greater skill and a better chance than he and Sam Webb had. Voices in the gallery were asking, "Where's that five-to-one money now?" The voices of the casuals, the holiday crowd, the Sunday duffers who apparently thought a sound knowledge of the game was sold with each and every ticket at the gate.

But there were those in the crowd, the thoughtful and quiet men, who had correctly read the signs. These were the professionals, the journeymen who'd learned their trade over a thousand such courses. They knew and the knowledge could be plainly seen in the quick averting of their eyes, in heads bent and turned away. Luck and a desperate scrambling had kept the match even thus far, but luck and scrambling weren't enough. The Americans made fewer mistakes in judgment of distance. They were longer off the tee; their pitch shots fell closer to the pin. Not important on one hole, or two, but rolled up over the long, long route the smallest edge is multiplied enormously. The Americans had that edge and were going to win.

Perry and Webb were two down at noon, the midway point. The crowded dining room buzzed with news of the matches still on the course. The Americans were ahead in one, trailing in two. Lynch, the quiet and angry man, had holed his approach on the fifteenth.

"A good lad," Sam Webb said quietly.

Webb knew what was ahead of them; he was a veteran, old in the game. He knew they'd had every break on the morning round: the bad hop that had put a drive of Sands' behind a tree; the freakish gust of wind that had pushed a superb wood of Farrar's into a water-filled trap; Sands' perfectly stroked putt that had stubbornly clung to the lip of the cup, refusing to drop. Webb knew that luck must average out; that presently the tide would turn and run the other way.

"Just a game," he said, in a voice of wonder. "Ten of us sweating blood trying to win a piece of crockery. Silly."

"It's important," Perry said, "because they're not."

They went out into the rain and booming wind. Again, voices wer around them. They walked the so turf and hit their shots. And now the gallery knew what the end woul "No chance," the whispers said. chance at all." And, oddly, there less laughter in the crowd as wor American gains in other matches sp across the course. "We'll take all f the gallery voices said. "It's a shame couldn't put up a better fight."

THEY were on the thirty-second watching Farrar's long iron bo and run for the pin. The match e there—six and four—and the whi newsreel cameras recorded the h shakes and the smiles. The crowd b and scattered. Perry and Webb w back to the clubhouse in the rain. showered and changed. Their t mates came in as the other ma ended. Lynch, the angry man, was s ing still; the rest had a numbed loo

"A proper drubbing," Fowler sai

Sam Webb said, "We can still wi

It was possible, mathematically. Americans had won four of the t points at stake. There were eight ma yet to be decided—twosomes, thir holes, match play. We need six t Perry thought. Seven to win. Seve of eight, and the men who beat us will be out there tomorrow.

Sam Webb said to Perry, "Who play tomorrow?"

"Sands. I drew Pete Muntz." . . .

Perry was first off the tee, the s day. The worst of the storm had p



SPORTING ODDS

RED HILTON

Early in the spring of 1917, Little Rock was playing Mobile in the Southern League ball park at Mobile. Johnny Bates, the old Cincinnati Red outfielder stepped to the plate just as a biplane, operated by a "ride-five-minutes-for-five-dollars" barnstormer took off from the Gulf Coast Fair Grounds immediately behind the ball park. Bates knocked a high fly over second base and it hit the fuselage of the biplane, which was only a snappy 200 feet off the ground. The ball stuck and the plane continued in a straight line over center field. Umpire Ted Breitenstein waved the runner on, and allowed the hit to score as a home run. When Norman "Tabasco Kid" Elberfeld, the Little Rock manager, screamed for a ground-rule two-bagger, the umpire pulled the rule book on him—and the first home run was scored with an assist from an airplane. The rule? "When last seen the ball was traveling out of the park in fair territory."

—Earle Ferris, New York City

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in the far sky a patch of blue
ised sunshine later on. Just now,
was wind and a thin, stinging rain.
id Perry," the announcer said, and
the titles he'd won. The announcer
ery kind, omitting mention of the
go dates. The voice went on.
Muntz. American Open; Chicago
; Pensacola . . ." And Pete Muntz
out and hit his drive—Muntz. the
brown man who seemed as awk-
as a bear until you saw the fluid
of his perfect swing.
is day was a blurred duplicate of
ay before, save that Sam Webb's
strength was not at Perry's elbow.
ame gallery voices whispered, "No
e . . ." The same bumbling air-
s circled the course; the same loco-
e whistled hoarsely in the distance.
as the hours fled and he tried with-
ccess to stay abreast of the power-
Iuntz, he found himself wondering
Americans did get stronger with
hole. But that was as absurd as
egend of the dragon's teeth. The
icans were men; they tired, too.
t not as fast as we do, Perry thought.
added the factors of exhaustion:

om next week's installment
THE SECRET PAPERS OF
ARRY L. HOPKINS: After
ngapore fell, Roosevelt cabled
urchill: "The back-seat driv-
s are now given a field day."

liet, the long boat ride, the long train
he strange land, the strange course,
ever-ending rain, the partisan gal-
. How large a part did diet play?
ream-thick milk, the yellow butter,
ch, red meat, the eggs? And how
was born of his desperate desire to
and the knowledge that he could
Too much, he thought.
stood aside, somehow, and watched
atch move on. He watched David
, Captain, International Team,
badly, recover and falter again. He
pressure and tension warp a man's
-his soul—until every thought was
fair as the roll of loaded dice. And
Pete Muntz conceded a putt that
have been missed, he wondered if
merican would be as casually gen-
if he were four down, instead of
up.

THE next instant he knew, in his
rt, that Pete Muntz, golfer and
sman, would have knocked that putt
if it had cost him the match.
ou know," Perry said. "I might
missed that putt."
e Muntz smiled. "You've given
a few yourself."
e sun came out; the clouds were
Perry heard the voices of the
d again, softly pitched now, and
l with genuine regret. He heard
bered word of the other matches and
ot surprised to learn that only Sam
o, of all his team, had managed to
ahead of his opponent. He saw his
and curving putt go wide, and heard
oice of the referee: "Mr. Muntz wins
cle . . . and the match!"
walked back to the clubhouse
. He saw the American flag go up
ast again. Another match was over;
er of his team had lost. And now he
l admit that he had known from
ery first what the end would be.
ere was just one task left—one
h to make. As captain, he would
to be on the platform in an hour
the cup was given to the Americans
ld until it should be at stake again.
nwhile, a new awareness came in
of strain. It was as if a blindfold
dropped away and he could see
road and noisy land clearly for the
first time. The crowd around the clubhouse scoreboard was no longer a whispering, faceless mass. They were people: men and women, an old chap with a pipe and stick, a pair of youngsters holding hands, a little girl.

He watched the American flag go up again, and yet again. Fowler and Lynch came to stand beside him in the crowd.

"Such golf," Lynch said. "It had been so long, I'd forgotten people could do the things they do." And then he almost smiled; he was no longer angry.

THE results were posted on the board. The Americans had taken every match but one. Sam Webb and Johnny Sands were still fighting somewhere out on the course. They waited; and heard the dim sound of cheering in the distance. Presently, a flag soared up the slender mast.

"Ours!" Lynch said. "It's ours!"

"Yes." Bill Ekstrom was standing beside them then. "Sam Webb wore that Johnny down to a nub. He took him, three and two." He smiled at David Perry. "If you're ready, Dave."

David Perry said, "Of course."

He stood on the hillside platform where the cup, slender and fragile and golden, waited to be handed into the keeping of the Americans. The officials and the celebrated names were there. A brisk young man, stop watch in hand, spoke into a bank of microphones. David Perry looked out over the crowd. Cold sweat started on his palms. That was strange, for the quick and graceful exit line should be an easy task.

But it was not. There were only the shopworn words that skipped across the surface, saying nothing. He felt he should explain why they had come, knowing they could not win.

He saw the faces of his teammates in the throng as he walked toward the microphone. Lynch tipped his head and grinned. Fowler raised his hand in half salute. In that instant of time, David Perry felt the warmth that comes when all of envy and bitterness are gone. He looked out over the massed Americans. This was the one place in the bedeviled world where the middle crop of men whose skill and strength were still reaching for the crest could play at games. We have no middle crop of golfers at home, Perry thought, only the battered old, and the very young. But one day—

"Mr. David Perry," the announcer said.

"We were beaten by a better team," David Perry said. The loud-speakers made his voice a giant's voice.

The girl with the yellow hair and the fountain pen that wrote forever was in the front rank of the crowd, close to the platform edge. "Defeat," he said, "is never pleasant. Particularly, when victory would have meant so much at home." Her eyes held a look of sorrow now. She was sorry for him, his team, his country. He wanted quite suddenly and desperately to speak to her alone, to say that figures posted on a scoreboard are not important. A wasted thought, for how could he expect her to understand what he had realized only a few moments ago? Lynch, the angry man, had understood when he put aside his rage to say. "Such golf!" Defeat did not matter when you knew there was a land that could train and field such a team.

David Perry smiled at the girl with the yellow hair. He spoke to the microphone. "The cup stays here," he said. "As it should. Our best was not, this time, good enough. But we'll be back, a younger and a stronger lot, to have another go at you."

He saw Bill Ekstrom waiting on the path. He lifted his hand. "Till next time—goodby." He walked across the platform and down the stairs to have a drink with an old and valued friend—an American.

THE END



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MENNEN QUINSANA
FOOT POWDER

THE BRAMBLE BUSH

Continued from page 56

pharmacist could easily make such an error. There've been similar cases in our own country."

Niles' face cleared. "Why, yes," he said. "That might be an explanation. And you took this poison before the police arrived?"

"I certainly had no opportunity after."

"So where's your suicide?" asked Wickersham.

"There is none," said Niles. "Everything is clear." A first-year toxicologist would have told him differently, but there was no toxicologist present. "That's all now, Mr. Tremaine. There'll be more later, but since you have no further reason to remain in hiding I suppose you'll be easy to find from now on."

I STOOD up. It had to work now. There was no other way. "Do I understand all charges against me are withdrawn?"

"Absolutely," said Niles. "You're a free man. How does it feel?"

"Fine," I said. "Then I'd like to rejoin my mother and sister." I looked at Mrs. Tremaine and at Catherine. Catherine pushed herself slowly to her feet and started toward me. About four feet from me her knees began to buckle and I caught her just as she crumpled toward the floor. While I held her Wickersham pushed a glass of water against her lips.

"I'm all right," she mumbled. "Please, may we leave?"

Wickersham chuckled. "Too much good news all at once."

"Yes," she whispered, pulling away from me. "Can we go now?"

"Of course," boomed Niles heartily. "Get some fresh air. This has been a terrible strain." Catherine caught my arm and we started for the door. Wickersham helped Reba Tremaine to her feet and followed. The door was no more than fifteen feet away but we seemed an eternity getting there. When the door finally opened, Niles detained me again.

"Just one thing before you go, Philip. Do you believe Mike Finney is still in San Francisco?"

"I'm certain of it."

"You couldn't give us a clue as to his present whereabouts?"

"I would be very foolish to try."

"I see."

"But I can tell you this. As soon as he learns I'm free, he'll attempt to leave town immediately."

"You mean he'll know the police are after him?"

"He'll make that connection."

"Good. We'll notify all authorities to be on the watch for him. He won't get far. Goodby, Philip." He shook my hand. Over his shoulder I could see that the F.B.I. man, Ferratti, had finally had his bright idea. He was bending over the table at the place where I'd been sitting; he was looking for fingerprints. He wasn't going to find any though, not there. Someplace else, maybe, but it was going to take him a little time.

"Goodby, Mr. Niles," I said. The four of us stepped through the door and started down the hall. The door closed behind us.

Wickersham flagged down a cab, and the four of us crawled in. I pulled down a drop seat so I could sit facing the others. Wickersham was beaming, but the two women didn't share his enthusiasm. Catherine had made a rapid recovery from her faint, so rapid that I decided the faint had never been real. It had cut Grover Niles' speech short though, so I had no complaints. She was silent, waiting for me to call the next direction. Reba Tremaine was silent, her jaws clenched. The cab left the curb.

"Now," said Wickersham, "where to? Personally I think this calls for something really gay. Catherine, you need a drink the first thing. Mrs. Tremaine, you could stand one too. Why is everyone so glum? Philip is free!"

"It's the shock," I said.

"Well, cheer up," he ordered. "There's not a thing in the world to worry about." He leaned forward and called out the name of a bar to the driver.

"Look," I said. "I don't want a drink right now."

"Well, name it, then. I'm sorry. I keep forgetting what you've been through. I'll bet you're dead on your feet."

"Not yet," I said. "But within thirty minutes the newspapers are going to hit the streets. Niles can't keep this story from them. My picture will be all over town again and dozens of reporters will be trying to find me."

"We'll fix that," he said. "I'll have my secretary reserve a room at some quiet hotel where you can hide for a few days."

"It won't do. I must get out of town."

"That can be taken care of too." He looked at me soberly for a moment. "You're still sore at me, aren't you? I said some pretty nasty things to you. I'm sorry. I've tried to help all I could. I know now that you'd have done all right without my help; this Finney thing had to break anyhow, but I haven't hurt you any. I wish you'd forget about that sock on the jaw I handed you."

"That just evened the score," I said. "It's all right. But I've got to get out of town, and I'm broke."

"Broke?" He waved his hand expansively. "Good Lord, man, don't you realize you're worth about a million bucks? You've cleared yourself of the crime, and under your father's will the money is all yours."

"Yes," I said. The two women stared straight ahead. "Is any of it available? I mean right now?"

"Well," he said, "there'll be a little red tape—papers to be signed and notarized. And you'll have to submit proper identification to your bank. It can all be taken care of the first part of next week."

"I don't want to wait that long," I said. "Isn't there anything available right now? I'm flat, and I'm sure my mother has nothing to spare. She's gone to considerable expense on my account already."

"H'm, well, I can loan you what you want within reason." He snapped his fingers. "I've got it!" He spoke to the driver again, giving a Montgomery Street address. "I can get you all you need for the time being. The will set aside twenty thousand for your defense. It can't be paid over to anyone except your lawyer, but there's no reason why you can't make me your lawyer. I'll draw that amount on the estate and then turn it over to you. Nothing to it."

"What time is it?"

He pulled out a watch. "A little past two. Nearly an hour before banks close. We'll take care of this and then have something to eat. I'm starved."

THE cab stopped before a building in the Montgomery Street canyon and we all got out. Wickersham gave his arm to Reba Tremaine, and I secured Catherine again. There were going to be bruises on her arm where I held her. I walked fast and she kept up. She seemed almost to be pulling me forward. I held her close until we were in Wickersham's office.

"Several calls," his secretary told him. "One about five minutes ago that sounded very urgent."

"Who was it?"

"A man named Ferratti. He said he must speak with you at once."

"Oh, hell!" muttered Wickersham, glancing at me. "He probably wants us to help him find Mr. Finney. It can wait a while. If he calls again, tell him y expect us in about an hour."

We followed him into his private off where he waved us into chairs while dug into a filing cabinet. He brou out a folder and spent about five m utes going through its contents. On desk was a clock, a small electric c which made no sound, but by watchi I could see the almost impercepti movement of the minute hand. All time it was tracing its slow course, otl things were happening. When I'd Niles' office, the crystal had dissolv Ferratti was free to talk, free to voice ideas. Once he did that, Niles would member a thousand additional questi he should have asked me before lett me go. He might have asked why I stayed out of the country for ten yea why hadn't I asserted my innocence lo ago? Why hadn't I given myself up Wickersham when I first met him? Th were hundreds of them, and I could answer a one without giving mys away. By now Ferratti had proba called the jail to make sure the checked my fingerprints against the ones of Tremaine. He'd find out that fingerprints had never been taken at jail. That would put him in a state high excitement. He'd see the full po bilities. He still needed my physical p ence to prove his idea.

"Don't forget about the banks," I sa

"Plenty of time," drawled Wi ersham. "I just wanted to make cert this is in order. I'll draw a check agai it for twenty thousand payable to me your attorney. Then you can take cash—or is that more than you wan

"I'll take the cash. Perhaps I owe something?"

He smiled. "I'll be well paid for t ing care of the other aspects of the v As you insisted throughout, I wasn't ing as your counsel, so I don't dese any of this." He wrote out the ch finally and called his secretary. "F down to the bank with this," he t her. "Give it to Mr. Gowan. I'll him and tell him you're coming."

HIS secretary took the check and parted. Wickersham dialed the b and explained the situation bri When he hung up, he looked at me grinned.

"The newspapers have the story ready. Mr. Gowan has just finished re ing about it, so there'll be no ques about the check."

."That's fine," I said. Sweat was be ning to trickle down my back again w I waited. I had to have the money. few dollars were no good to me no needed a lot. Meanwhile the news out, and somewhere in San Francisco real Philip Tremaine would read story. If he saw his name given a c bill of health, what would he do? I knew all the facts, he'd stay in hiding, he couldn't know the full facts. couldn't possibly know I'd been Wickersham at the time Tuttle was ki All he'd see would be the big chanc walk in, prove his identity and take a fortune. It would land him in a n but it would land me there too. then there was Ferratti. The minute h crawled around the clock.

"May I use your phone?" I asked want to make a reservation."

"Of course," said Wickersham. gave me the desk. I called Southern cific and tried to make a reservatio the next eastbound train. The next t turned out to be a streamlined sp with all seats sold out two weeks ah I pleaded urgency and finally got a g antee of permission to sit in the n smoking room as far as Reno whe could be given a seat in a chair car. I

ntion whatsoever of using the res-
n. I simply wanted to keep Wick-
's phone busy a few minutes in
meone tried to call in. And it kept
k of conversation between Cath-
nd me and Mrs. Tremaine from
ing too noticeable. I dragged the
out for as long as possible and
p.
you're going clear to New York?"
rsham said.
ay stop off before then. I'd rather
y where."
u ought to have a forwarding ad-
o I can mail the necessary papers
verything is straightened out."
let you know."
ay," he said. There was silence
and that was all wrong. We should
een whooping it up for joy. Wick-
noticed the tension and frowned.
e was beginning to wonder about
His damned secretary must have
d somewhere.

minute hand moved a couple
re notches, and then the phone
It rang in the outer office, but
rsham thumped a button on his
hone and answered it. Ferratti, I
t.
s," said Wickersham. "Oh, yes,
r. Man by the name of Larsen,
y? Uh-huh. What time was that?
t seem possible but I'll ask Tre-
about it. Oh, yes, he's still here.
be long though, so if you're going
him for anything, you'd better
fast. Thanks for keeping me in-
." He hung up and looked at me.
t Niles," he said. "He thinks he
nething. Some man named Larsen
ns a filling station down the penin-
s reported in that a man answer-
ney's description walked into his
about seven o'clock this morning.
is fellow was all bloody and had
n a car wreck. If it was Finney,
he get back to San Francisco in
shoot Tuttle at eight thirty?"
ouldn't say."
t that it's impossible. Only real
f interest is that a man who an-
o Tuttle's description dropped this
off at the service station in the
ace. They're taking Larsen over
morgue to see if he can make the
cation."
Finney?"
, Tuttle, of course. Niles wanted
w if you'd care to meet him there."
the morgue? No, I wouldn't."
t's what I thought. He said he'd
s posted."
's being damned obliging."
u're a big citizen in this town now.
ouldn't he be obliging?"

"I keep forgetting." The door opened and the secretary came in. She had the money in a sealed envelope which she gave to Wickersham. He handed it over without breaking the seal.

"Better check it."

I ripped a corner off the envelope and ran a thumb across the protruding edges of the crisp bills. They fluttered like a deck of playing cards. I didn't need to count the money. There was plenty. It was in two clips, one containing thousand-dollar bills and the other holding bills of smaller denomination. I put it in my pocket.

"Thanks," I said. "Thanks for everything. And now I'm going to take Catherine and Mother and run along. We've got a lot to say to each other."

"I'll bet you have," said Wickersham, brightening at this first indication of family affection. "You go ahead. If anything comes up that you need to know about, I can always catch you at the station before your train leaves."

"Right." I steered Catherine and Reba Tremaine out Wickersham's private door into the hallway. As we started for the elevator, I heard the phone ring again and heard Wickersham answering it.

"Mr. Ferratti? Oh, yes. No, he just left. Hang on a minute. I may be able to catch him for you."

I urged the women into a run. Reba Tremaine was ponderous, but neither of them needed much urging. No elevator was waiting nor was there time to ring for one. If Ferratti wanted me at all, he wanted me in person. The men with the handcuffs might be on their way now.

I opened the door to the stairway by the elevator shaft and pushed the women through it. I stepped down beside them and let the door shut. A moment later I heard brisk footsteps along the corridor outside. They could belong only to Wickersham. The footsteps stopped about halfway to the elevator shaft where Wickersham was able to see that no one was waiting. Then they receded at a more leisurely pace.

"All right," I said. "Start down." They said nothing. I had each of them by the arm now, keeping them both ahead of me. We left the stairway after descending one flight, rang for the elevator and stood in silence until it came. We were silent going down, and silent until we'd found another cab. On the street newsboys were hawking the afternoon papers, yelling their lungs out about Tremaine's being cleared. I caught a glimpse of The Evening Register with both my pictures spread all over the front page. One was labeled Tremaine, the other Finney. It wouldn't be long before a lot of people started insisting that both pictures were of one individual instead of two. The driver of our cab wasn't one of the suspicious ones. He didn't look at us twice.

"Where to?" he barked.

"Just start driving somewhere until I make up my mind." He liked that. I closed the glass partition and let him go. He turned and headed for Broadway where he could get out of the heavy traffic and run up some mileage. With the glass between us and the driver I faced the two women. Catherine was crumpled into the corner of her seat, her eyes closed with what looked like pure exhaustion. Reba Tremaine, however, still maintained a rigid posture. Her face was set.

"There's not a thing you can do," I told her. "It's too late to kill me now. Ferratti will insist upon absolute identification of the body. Your word won't be enough." She didn't say anything, so I continued. "Your son is quite safe so long as he doesn't make the mistake of showing himself, and he probably won't do that in view of my pictures being in the paper. He really doesn't look like me at all. He's wearing a nice disguise in his own face. And if you're afraid that by some remote possibility I might actually collect his inheritance, you can forget that too. I can't. I wouldn't if I could." In the corner of the seat Catherine stirred and opened her eyes.

"Do you have to talk?" she asked huskily. "There's so little time."

"I'm not wasting any." I slid the glass aside and spoke to the driver. "Take us out to the Legion of Honor." I slid the glass back. "It occurred to me that one of you might want to make a last try without realizing that it's too late. Even if you were successful, it wouldn't do any good. This time you're really interested in my escape."

"What do you expect of me?" snapped Reba Tremaine.

"Nothing, now that I'm sure you recognize the facts. Nothing at all."

WE MADE it out to the Legion of Honor in about fifteen minutes. The driver got out and opened the door.

"Goodby," I said. Mrs. Tremaine stepped to the sidewalk and Catherine started to follow. She turned and looked at me just as she was about to leave the cab. "Goodby, Mike Finney," she whispered.

I caught her by the wrist and pulled her back to the seat beside me. The driver gave me a big wink and slammed the door. Mrs. Tremaine stood on the sidewalk by herself. Beyond and above her right shoulder I could see Rodin's statue of The Thinker sitting on its pedestal in front of the Legion of Honor gallery. There was something strangely similar in the deep contemplation on the face of the statue and the grim determination on the face of Mrs. Tremaine.

"Back to town," I told the driver, "and the faster the better." Whatever it was he fancied he saw in the situation made him enter into it joyously. He drove with sweet abandon.

"Why did you keep me?" said Catherine. "You must go quickly now."

"Because I feel safer with you and your mother separated. I'm a poor match for you even one at a time." That wasn't my reason, however. The reason had nothing to do with logic. She had called me Mike Finney, and no one had used that name to me in a long time.

"I see," she said.

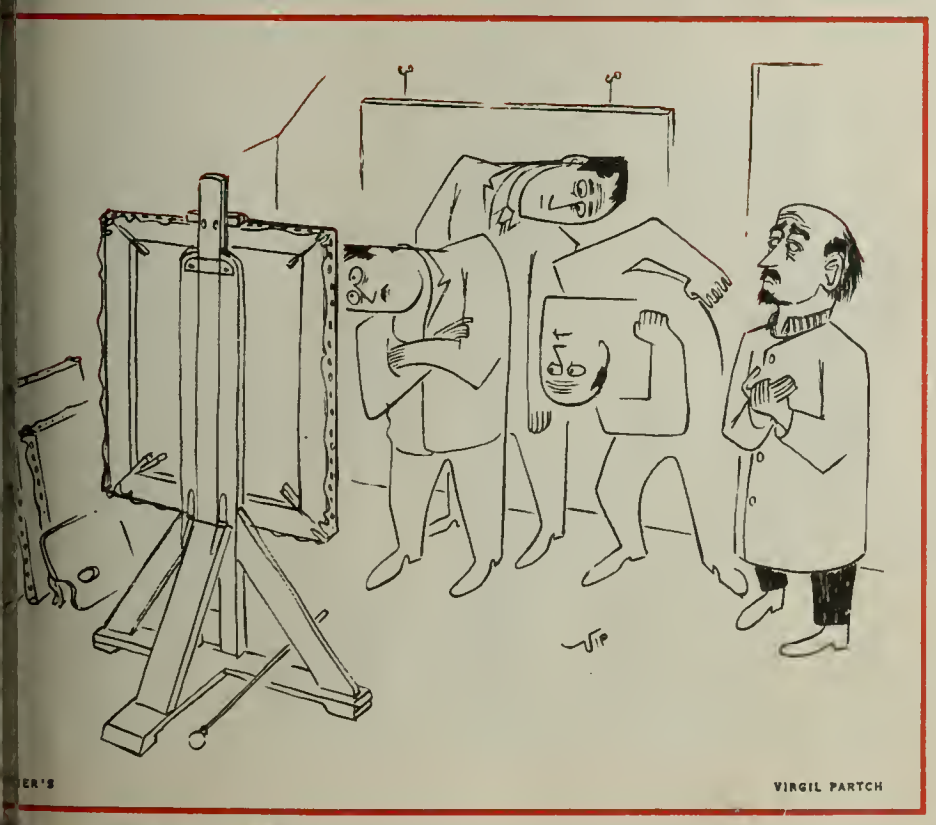
"So I'll leave you at separate places. Your mother might be more considerate of me as long as she knows you're in my care."

"It would make no difference to her, but there's nothing she can do. She'll try to find Philip and tell him to escape while he has the chance. That's all." She spoke with an air of finality.

"And you?"

"I told you about myself last night. There's nothing to add."

I laughed at her. "But you left out a



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few details, like the minor fact that I was poisoned at your house. Otherwise your story wasn't bad."

She turned her head away and looked out the car window. "I didn't tell you that because I wasn't sure until today that you were poisoned."

"Quite likely," I said bitterly.

"You didn't die," she said softly.

"Through no fault of yours. Someone merely miscalculated the dose."

"There was no miscalculation," she said quietly. She wasn't arguing at all. "It was in your coffee. If you had drunk it all, you'd have died. That's why I took it away from you and spilled it."

"So now you're trying to tell me you saved my life."

"I did save your life."

"Very sweet of you. Why didn't you mention that last night? Generally when a person performs such a heroic act, there isn't such reticence."

"Because I wasn't sure then. And because I couldn't tell you I had saved you from being poisoned without telling you who tried to poison you. One murderer in our family is enough."

"And who administered the dose?"

"Mother," she said simply. "I knew by the way she looked at me at dinner that night that she hadn't told me the whole truth. I've told you before how much I was already regretting my part in bringing you to the house. Then when she insisted on going for the coffee, I became frightened. I finally went to the kitchen myself and got there just in time to see her put something into one of the cups—your cup. I didn't know what it was, but I was afraid. You started drinking it, and I simply couldn't stand it. I couldn't accuse my mother of poisoning you without proof, so I spilled the coffee instead. And today for the first time I learned that I was right." She spoke without emotion. "Now you know just how wicked is the environment in which I've lived. I don't care whether you believe me or not. Please let me out and go on. Go on to your snow fields."

"I'd waste time letting you out. The driver is doing pretty well."

"You're in greater danger than ever."

"And my danger is your danger. Because if I'm taken, it will be simple to prove that I had nothing to do with the death of Rex Tuttle. I was with Wickersham when Tuttle was shot. It's a matter of record."

"Thank God for that!" she breathed.

"So that leaves you holding the gun which killed him. Very clever of you to tell the police you'd picked the gun up after finding it. You couldn't have wiped your own fingerprints off without destroying mine."

"Do you believe I killed Tuttle?"

"Yes, I believe it." I said it coldly, but I wanted to hear her deny it.

I WANTED to hear her prove I was wrong. I kept remembering her as she was when I left her in the hotel room. I had trusted her then. I wanted to know the trust wasn't misplaced.

"I came close to admitting it," she said.

"Oh?" Then it was true?

"Because I thought that you had killed him. I thought that finally you'd had to kill someone to escape, and I was really to blame. I'd caused it all to happen. Then John Wickersham said you'd been with him at the time Tuttle was killed, and I knew you were innocent. It was one of the happiest moments in my life. You don't have to believe that either."

"No," I said, "and the chances are I won't believe it. You're a genius at explaining things, but some things can't be explained except by the truth. Let me tell you a few truths. Do you know that in the hotel room last night I almost loved you? Do you know that I believed every word you said, that your tortured face was beautiful to me and that I hated the moment when the door shut between us? Do you know that I almost went back and asked you to come with me, thinking that together we could escape from the past which haunted us both? Do you know any of those things?" Her face flushed. It wasn't possible, I thought. People can blush with shame, but murder isn't an act to be ashamed of. Anyone who has gone that far is beyond shame. But her face was blushing.

"That isn't true," she said. "Don't say such things when they can't be true!"

"It was true at the time. But emotions are fickle, you know. So you saved me from poison, and now you tell me you were on the point of admitting the killing of Tuttle in order to save me from a murder charge. Quite a sacrifice." I taunted her. I remembered that blow on the skull at the foot of the hotel stairway. She put her hands to her face.

"Please let me out. You'll never believe me. Why should you believe anything any more? I only want you to get away and be happy somewhere."

"So you thought I killed Tuttle."

"But your fingerprints were on his car. You were with him at some time."

"You bet I was in his car. He knew everything that had happened to me and somebody killed him to shut him up. I remember quite well. A blow on the head

From next week's installment of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: Hopkins wrote: "Churchill told us that the Singapore business was a mess . . . they let him and the British army down very badly."

isn't quite as bad as poison where memory is concerned. At least I remember events up to the time I was hit and after I came to."

"I don't even know what you'd talking about," she cried.

"It was I, not you, who was hit. If I remember, you can. I left you, looking lost and beautiful . . ."

"Stop calling me beautiful! I'm not!"

"Shall I say desirable then? In your flowing blue gown? With your hair loose and your eyes full of tears? Quite a picture. Quite a thing to leave behind in that hotel room. But I didn't leave you behind. You followed me right down the stairs of the hotel. You came up behind me in the entrance. What the hell did you hit me with?"

"I didn't hit you at all!"

"In her trailing ghostlike garments drifting down the stairs. Silent as poison. Was it a piece of loose pipe or a spindle you'd torn from the balustrade?" I finally had her in tears, and I didn't care. She'd been glib enough at explaining everything else, but now she could only cry her denial.

"It isn't true!" she sobbed. "No, no!"

"It doesn't work," I said. "You went through this act once already. I'm just trying to find out how it feels to be a carefree killer. The absence of anything human inside you must give you a terrific sense of freedom. How did it feel when I went over the cliff? You really thought I'd gone. Did you and your brother gloat over it all the way home?"

"I've never even seen my brother!" she cried. "I didn't know he was within a thousand miles until this afternoon."

I laughed at her again. She was choking up beautifully, her body heaving, her head trying to find a place to hide. I was mauling her, but not with my hands so I didn't have to be gentle. I was mauling myself too. I'd wanted her to explain that blow on the head. She couldn't because she had delivered it. I hated her.

"So then you parted. You to your home, and your brother—where did he go?"

"I tell you I've never seen him!"

"And I tell you you have! You him and went on home where you un John Wickersham. Did you cry for too? Did you beg him not to say y gone away with me?"

"I told him only what you asked to!"

"I gave perfect directions, didn' Everything was rosy. You were all to collect a fortune when Tuttle ha appear and tell you he knew all al it. He must have forgotten to tell I wasn't really dead or you woul have been so quick with the gun. cry about it now? You're safe enc with me. I don't dare tell what I k Or are the tears hiding a new atter Go ahead. I'm watching."

SHE rolled away from me, fumblir her purse and finally getting it o It was only a handkerchief she was a She pulled it out and let the purse to the seat beside her. It was still and some of the contents spilled ou pencil, a lipstick, a pack of cigar and one other thing which I looke silently for several seconds befo picked it up. It was a set of car l They were in a grained leather case a brass snap on it.

I suddenly felt dizzy with relief. L ing out of the cab I saw that we back in the business district. The t slowed our speed. In the rearview ror I caught a glimpse of his eyes pe anxiously at the pantomime of emo in the back seat. This was wher meant to leave her, and now I cou Not yet. I pushed the partition a

"Go south," I said. He nodde shot the slide into place once r Catherine leaned away from me i seat, mopping her eyes. I caught arms and pulled the hands away her face, then spun her around to me. She wouldn't look. Her eyes shut fast and her whole expression one of a person who has been b beyond ability to feel anything I held her in my arms for several sec It isn't easy to be utterly wrong. Th no way to swallow words once th been said. And I had been u wrong. She had saved me from po she'd been ready to save me by co ing to the killing of Tuttle; she nothing to do with the attempt to r over the cliff. Everything she sai true. All my accusations were fals

"Can you hear me?" I said.

"Haven't you said enough?" whispered.

"Almost. Tell me one thing. God's sake, tell me the truth. did you get these?" I held the car in front of her. The changed to my voice made her open her eyes. looked at the object in my hand bl

"But you left them with me a hotel. You said you didn't wan car."

"I know," I said. "Are there keys?"

"Wouldn't there be? Mother a carried a set."

She didn't know anything ab then—not a thing. My words had a complete garble to her. It had Philip Tremaine who waited for the foot of the stairs, and it had Reba Tremaine who furnished th keys. That's why Reba Tremain been dressed at so early an hour morning. She'd just got home. why she'd tried to kill me right in of Wickersham. Because she tho knew. The world was giddy. Catherine close.

"Please forgive me," I whispere was your car that went over th I thought you must have helped."

"It's I who still need forgiveness said. She lay against me limply.

"I'm going to leave you again," "Do you remember what I tol about the last time I left you? wanted to come back?"

se don't," she said.
I almost loved you?"
n't stand any more," she whis-
"Don't say things you don't
ust say you don't hate me. Then
o quickly so I can never hurt you

n't hate you. I love you. Re-
that always." I touched her
It wasn't a kiss but it had to do.
ght at my hand a moment, then
it. I pushed back the driver's
for the last time.
can stop here," I said. The
rew the cab to a halt at the curb
ushed a bill into his hand. I
the door open and got out.
y," I called.
dby," she said, and her lips
ormed the words. Then she sank
the seat again and turned her
ay as the cab started up again.
as no time left at all. The papers
ied my picture and the old docu-
ill carried my name. Mike Fin-
was still running. If Ferratti and
d Wickersham didn't know the
eady, they'd know in a matter
tes.
ere was a big difference between
and the last time I'd found my-
ning. I had twenty thousand
n my pocket. You can do things
enty thousand. I hailed a cab.
isphere Airlines. And fast."
twenty thousand bucks you can
rter a plane.

LED in a hammock under the
of Calisto and listened to
surf explode along the shore.
ts were on over the terrace of
lor's hotel.
en back four days. It was nec-
o come: I had to get the papers
n the bank at Acapulco. Those
dentified me as Mike Finney and
be destroyed, although I hadn't
d them yet. I was waiting for
spapers from San Francisco to
what the situation was. Possibly
e had been captured, or some
urn of events had developed
would change my plans. Not
plans were important. When
to the bank at Acapulco to get
ers, Manuel Ruiz's greeting had
nething of a shock.
d said, "Well, Señor Fitzgerald,
ecided not to go away after all."
on the envelope he returned to
of the first week in September,
calendar on the wall showed the
nth not yet gone.
I told him. "I decided it was
stay here." It could have been
hought. After I had my papers,
ack to Calisto—I think, perhaps,
because I wanted to see Paquita. I thought that her dark body, her quick laughter and her almost incomprehensible innocence would help me forget a girl whose laughter I'd never heard.

Paquita wasn't at Calisto when I arrived. When I asked for her at the village, the usual smiles were absent and information was lacking. The Hotel Taylor, at least, was glad to see the return of a paying customer, but Cayetano, who had taken over full duties as bar boy, met my questions regarding Paquita with the same dignified reserve as the people in the village. He told me that she had gone up the lagoon in a rowboat to another little village called Aquilango and was expected back the next day. The wait wasn't helpful. It gave me time to formulate all the rational reasons I had to forget about Catherine Tremaine.

Paquita came the next day. It was in the afternoon, and I was on the beach with my trousers rolled, wading in the surf. I could see her coming for about two hundred yards, not running—as she once would have done—but walking at a dignified pace. I shortened the distance by going to meet her. She wore a shawl over her head. She looked at me in silence a few moments.

"Then it is true what they told me," she said. "You are back, Roberto?"

"As you see, Paquita." It wasn't what I expected. She shook her head sadly.

"Almost before you go away, you are back. I think you lied to me, Roberto, about San Francisco and the cold country. What you wanted was only to go to Mexico City for a few days to see the bullfights. Isn't that right?"

"Perhaps that's it. And now I'm back." I felt ill at ease. She smiled at my frown.

"I am not angry with you, Roberto." The smile became a tinkling laugh—the laugh I remembered. "But I was so angry with you when you went away! I could have scratched you. Even though you gave me all that money." She was suddenly serious again. "Ah, Roberto, you shouldn't have done that."

"It was a present, Paquita."

"The present, yes, that is all right. But what happens when you give me such a present? Suddenly I am rich. Sixty pesos from you, twenty pesos from Señor Temple which you gave me, a few pesos of my own which I had saved. I make the mistake of telling the village about it and then what happens?"

"Don't tell me someone stole it?"

"Oh, no, nothing so bad as that. But people talk, and the next thing my husband comes home. He hears about it and comes for the money."

"I see," I said.

"So now he is here, and I have a hus-



"What am I going to say in my thank-you note?" PERRY BARLOW

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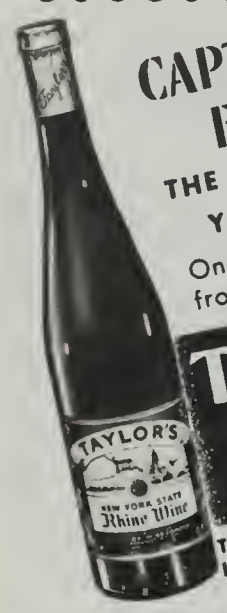
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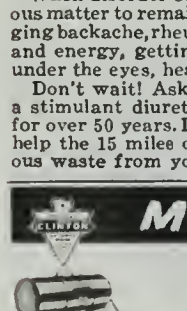
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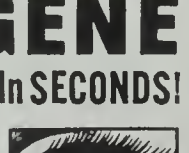
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band. Can I do anything about it, Roberto? Right now he is here."

"I see," I said. I was somehow tremendously relieved.

"You are not angry then, Roberto?"

"No, I'm not angry. If you have a husband, you must behave like a wife."

"That's right," she said thoughtfully. "But I heard you were back and wanted you to know." She smiled at me. "Maybe the husband is a good thing because now we have gone into business together. With all our money we have bought four burros, and once each month we will take things to Acapulco for the vendors in the stalls of the market to sell to the tourists. I have just been to Aguilango buying shellwork, and we will also take hammocks and mats and the pretty pictures old Hernandez makes from fish scales. There are many tourists now, and business should be very good. Maybe someday we will have many burros and can go as far as Guadalajara and Taxco for glass and silver." Her eyes danced with pleasure.

"That's fine, Paquita. I'm very glad."

"Really, Roberto? I was afraid you might be angry that I had a husband."

"A husband is a good thing to have."

"I think so," she said. "And you? Pretty soon you'll go away again?"

"I believe so."

"That is the way it is. But I will remember you and the good times we had. And I will remember the last joke. I was angry with you then too."

"What was that, Paquita?"

"When you stole Señor Temple's billfold. He wanted to play a little joke, that Señor Temple. He gave me his billfold and bet me you would keep it if I gave it to you. I told him he was wrong because you were such an honest man. I was supposed to bring it to the hotel and tell you I found it. And then you kept it, and it made me so angry because it meant he was right. How he did laugh at me the next day."

"Then he hadn't gone that night?"

"I think maybe he went up the road a little way with those tourists. The next day I saw him and he wanted to know who won the bet."

"You told him?"

"Yes, but I felt wrong about it, because I didn't tell him you had given me all the money in the billfold. So it was really I who was dishonest." She smiled. "But it was a good joke."

"Yes," I said, "it was a fine joke. There'll never be a joke like it." But I was glad to know her part in it had been innocent. Catherine Tremaine had played an innocent part too. And Catherine had no husband.

I told Paquita goodby and bowed to her to show that I knew she was a *señora* with prospects of fortune. She curtsied very prettily and went away. . . .

THESE recollections, among others, were with me as I watched the palms sway back and forth above my hammock. I finished my beer and went to my room. Cayetano had laid the newspapers on the table by the bed.

Reading them was a strange experience, like watching blind men put together a jigsaw puzzle with a picture on it which they couldn't see even after all the pieces were assembled. They were still looking for Mike Finney, but by now they were also making efforts to locate Philip Tremaine who had disappeared without a trace. The latest development concerned the discovery of a tattered and bloodstained overcoat found in a culvert near Larsen's filling station. Larsen testified that this overcoat had been worn by a man answering Finney's description who had been left at the service station by Rex Tuttle whom Larsen had identified several days previously at the morgue. The F.B.I. was hinting at sensational revelations.

According to the newspapers Tremaine had never picked up certain train reservations which he made from his lawyer's office. He hadn't been seen since leaving his mother and sister.

That part would stay a mystery, I decided. The manager of the Hemisphere Airlines possibly realized by now why the man he thought was Tremaine had been in so great a hurry to hire a plane, but the manager had taken such a big tip for his services that the police might consider it a bribe. He wouldn't talk. The pilot wasn't likely to talk either. Presumably he'd taken a private passenger to Tucson. The police wouldn't consider a one-thousand-dollar bill sufficient excuse for his making an error of several hundred miles in his course.

One other article in the paper interested me. It concerned Catherine Tremaine and was date-lined Santa Rosa, California, where, according to the article, she was living in a small apartment by herself. She could give the reporter no information regarding her brother's whereabouts. The reporter had advanced the theory that Philip Tremaine might be dead, in which case she was in a position to inherit the Tremaine fortune. Her reply was formal.

"I do not want it and shall make no effort to secure it. If it should come to me anyway, I'll turn it back to my trustee to dispose of in support of whatever charities or endowments he thinks are best qualified to receive it."

The reporter pushed his inquiry further and suggested that Philip Tremaine might have fallen victim to Mike Finney, upon whom the police had as yet never laid eyes. Her quoted reply was:

"I cannot believe it. My brother left me in a cab in San Francisco and told me he was going away. I can't blame him for not coming back, but I pray to hear someday that he is safe."

I read the article through several times, wondering about it. The other newspapers had nothing to add, so I folded them together and tossed them on the bed. At least they had told me clearly what I had to do. I went to the closet and got a packet from my coat pocket. It was the one I'd recovered from Manuel Ruiz; it still had the wax seal on it. I broke the seal. The contents evoked some memories which I wasn't going to remember any more. I couldn't. As Mike Finney I was wanted for murder, and you can be extradited for murder. I looked at my passport, the legal one with which I'd entered Mexico from Europe. It had my name on it, my picture, my fingerprints. I read through my citations again. Then I restored everything to its place and left the room.

I walked across the terrace again and into the shadows of the trees. I went on through them until I hit the open beach where the sand lay yellow in the light of a quarter moon. I could see the moonlight glistening on the concave surfaces of the gigantic breakers before they toppled and fell. I followed the beach for about half a mile to a place where the bedrock jabbed through the layer of sand and shouldered its way out toward the boiling surf. I stepped on to the rock and followed its course toward the water. At its seaward end was a drop of about eight feet to a rocky floor that sloped outward in a series of knifelike edges. At low tide this rocky floor was bare and made a good place to hunt for shells and bits of sea moss that grew in the crevices. But now the tide was coming in so that after the waves broke, the heavy surf rushed forward until it struck the face of the higher outcropping itself where it spouted upward in a fount warm spray. When the waves re I could see the rocky floor bene black and gleaming in the moonlig

I sat down and let the spray over me. The night was hot, and pleasant. The waves pounded o immovable shore. For a while I wa thinking this was as fitting a tim place as any to bring an end to Finney. Then I took the envelope my pocket and removed the citat received during the war. I folded together and slowly tore the pape fine bits, dropping the bits over th of the promontory where they we in the incoming waves. I'd fi with the citations and was reachi the envelope again when a shado across the rock beside me. The sl of a man.

I ROLLED sideways, turning same time, but no one jumped Instead I heard a low laugh of tempt and looked up to see the ma self silhouetted against the moonl He had a gun in his hand. It seeme always had a gun in his hand. Th was Philip Tremaine. I couldn't face clearly, because the moonligh behind him. I made out the hollo his eyes. He kept the gun pointed

"Don't move, Finney," he sa suppose you thought you were th with me?"

"I only hoped so," I said.

"Well, your hopes will soon b ized because you're going to be th with everything in just a minute sat down on a ledge of rock abo feet from me. "Just stay the wa are on your hands and knees. It's tion I like to see you in." There vicious edge to his voice.

"It might have been kinder," h tinued, "to let you have it without you it was coming, but then I thinking about that evening at th when you knocked me down. So cided not to be kind to you. W you know about that?"

"Suppose you tell me about it," Behind me I could hear the pounding against the rocks.

"Sure," he said, and laughed "I'll tell you all about it. First I w congratulate you on your job. Y a lot better than I expected. A were supposed to do was die s Catherine could collect my mon me. But she queered things. You me entirely, so now I can colle money myself. Nice, eh?"

"You'd better have your changed," I said.

"Oh, not much need to worry that. I've always got my own sig and my own fingerprints to pro Philip Tremaine. I won't need t my face. I've even got a few pict you left, and it will be easy eno find people who'll swear they're p of me. With the money I'm g collect, I can buy anything." His ter took on a note of anticipatory ment at the thought. "Nothing to about except you." He adjusted t in his hand. "So easy. No on knows I'm here."

"There's still a little matter murder."

"Murder?" he said. "But the Mike Finney's murders. Both of

"Both of them?"

"Sure. Tuttle too. You didn' that? I went to the house that m to tell Catherine you were dead you weren't is more than I can stand. I had the gun with me tha Clark, the same gun you'd so kin your fingerprints on. I was going t it where the police would be sure it. And then Tuttle had to com and tell me he knew who I wa wouldn't do at all, so I shot him. else could I do? I thought they that one on to Catherine and g

Answer to Transposagram on page 37

BALL CHAMPION TOO FEEBLE YET MEET IN LOBBY OF PALACE HOTEL

nce to claim self-defense, but in-
they pinned it on you."
ien you were the man she saw?"
aybe she did. Thank God she
see much of me. It's lucky for
uttle showed up, or I'd have shown
ist what kind of brother she has."
hink she knows," I said.
eah?" he sneered. "Got any more
vords?" He lifted the gun.
re. How would it be if I told you
ready signed all the documents re-
g your signature?"
iat's a damned lie!"
Wickersham's office, maybe. I
here, you know."
u crumb!"
you might have trouble even yet."
t not with you!" He got to his
A wave hit below us and a sheet
ay looped over our heads. "Not
you, by God!" He held out the
Below me I heard the silence of
receding. I shot my legs out be-
ne and pushed with all the strength
arms. My body went backward,
rst over the end of the promontory.
d the explosion of the gun and felt
ing of shattered rock piercing the
of my face. Then I hit bedrock.
s a jar but I kept my feet. The
was about ten inches deep, flowing
meet another onrushing wave. I
see it towering above me about
yards off shore. I splashed along
rd surface, hugging the shadow of
romontory until I was clear of it
the sand. I ran up the beach and
back to the rocks again. He was
somewhere. Among the broken
es the shadows made dark tunnels.
bered through them, watching for
ofile against the night. I heard him
I saw him.

WAS standing at the spot from
vhich I'd leaped, threatening the
and surf below with a swinging
While I watched, he fired at some
w which he must have fancied was
I crouched low, letting my fingers
long the rough surface of the rock,
ving the crevices until they found
se stone. I weighed it in my hand
ose to my feet and moved forward.
er threw it. Before I could get
to him, he lowered himself over the edge and dropped from view. The man must have finally lost his reason.

Even as he disappeared, I heard the thunder of a giant breaker rolling in, driving the surf like a band of sheep before it. I leaped along the rocks until I was standing where I could look down. For an instant I saw him. He floundered on his knees in the shallow water, his arms upraised against the liquid weight that bore down against him. It was a quick way to end. The water lifted him like a cork and dashed him against the rocks. Then the water receded and he floated with it a few yards until his clothing caught on the rough surface beneath. When the water had run out, he lay limp on the black surface.

I lowered myself as far as I could without being washed into the sea and waited. The waves carried him in and out, each one ramming him against the rocks. The foam below me took on a tinge of pink that was visible even by moonlight. About the ninth wave I caught him by the arm and held on against the pull of the water, sliding out to sea again. Then I heaved him up beside me. Already his face had been beaten so much as to be unrecognizable.

I stretched him out and went through his pockets. There was nothing in them except a pipe and an oilskin tobacco pouch. The pouch looked as though it would do for my purpose. I shook the tobacco out and then took the envelope from my pocket. Into the pouch went Mike Finney's passport and the few cards and receipts which had been made out in the name of Mike Finney.

When I was finished, I zipped the pouch shut and buttoned it back in his pocket. Then I picked him up and carried him back along the rocks to a gentler section of the beach where I dumped him. I was glad that the waves and rocks had done for me what I'd intended to do for myself.

In the morning some native would find him and report his death. By then there'd be little left except the pouch by which to identify him. The news would go through to the Mexican authorities. Mike Finney was dead. Tremaine had finally succeeded in killing him. Curiously enough the money which had been the cause of it all was going to lie on the books unclaimed. Catherine had said she didn't want it, and Reba Tremaine would live out her life hoping to hear from a son who was all through talking. For myself I still had a large part of the twenty thousand. I'd earned it.

I walked back along the beach through the hot moonlit night. At Taylor's bar I ordered a double bourbon, drank it and went on to my room. I opened the newspaper and read the little article again.

I pray to hear someday that he is safe.

It wasn't her brother Catherine had meant. I was the one who had left her in the cab in San Francisco. I was the only person in the world who would understand what her statement to the reporter meant. It was a message to me. I read it several times, then went out on the terrace and had more bourbon. Around me was the tropical night.

I pray to hear someday that he is safe.

Instead she would hear that I was dead. That would be the final sentence from the past, but it was a sentence I could suspend very simply. I was quite safe now so long as I stayed in exile.

WHICH was what I told her in a letter I wrote a few days later from Mexico City. I told her that Mike Finney was indeed dead, but that the man who had left her in the cab in San Francisco was alive and well, although lonely. I told her I loved her, and I signed the letter Robert Fitzgerald. The letter was sent air mail, and I received a reply a few days later.

Dear Robert Fitzgerald:

I was greatly relieved to get your letter. The situation here is little better than when you left—at least where I am concerned, so I plan to come south. My plane reservation will put me in Mexico City October 20th. I don't know what lies ahead after that, and in view of the past, I can't expect too much. Still, I have believed you before and believe you now when you tell me you love me. If we can gradually forget the past, perhaps life has something yet to offer us.

Catherine

Life, I thought, was going to offer a great deal.

THE END

GOODBY, WILDERNESS

Continued from page 6

is general agreement that National
ie strategists have not always made
num use of available strength.
t year, for example, when outfielder
avarretta was kicked in the head on
21st, National League planners had
reason and opportunity to substi-
alph Kiner, the Pittsburgh slugger,
idn't bother. (Kiner slammed 15
omers, including four in three days
icago's Wrigley Field, where the
ars clashed, July 8th.)
arretta, who hadn't swung a bat in
etition for 17 days, subbed for
Edwards in the eighth. Phil struck
Then in the ninth, when Manager
Dyer needed another pinch hitter,
nch was bare. Dyer's desperation
was Schoolboy Rowe, an Ameri-
eague castoff. Admittedly, Kiner's
nce would not have guaranteed a
nal League triumph, but Ralph
nly would have made a more formi-
clutch swinger than the injured
retta or the aged Rowe, who bats
for the Phillies.
, the National League's 1947 per-
nce was a big improvement over
when pregame drills were curtailed
se nobody thought to bring any
alls or fungo bats. There is a report
President Ford Frick's office has
all hands to try extra hard in the
ent All Star struggle in St. Louis.
If true, it's about time. Nothing would improve All Star competition quite so much as a few National League victories.

Of course, the spectacle of Leo Durocher managing Eddie Stanky again may be diversion enough for National League fans. Eddie and Leo have been cutting each other up into little verbal pieces since Eddie departed Brooklyn for Boston. Eddie undoubtedly will be a National League nominee, even though Manager Durocher claims Brooklyn has three young gentlemen who play a better second base. Indeed, Leo often uses all three of them the same afternoon.

HARD-LUCK PORKY

Ed (Porky) Oliver finished second in the Tam O'Shanter, Canadian and Western opens last year. It was downright discouraging, even though Porky did accumulate $17,941.15 for fourth place among the fairway financiers. Once Porky carded 271—17 under par. Five minutes later, young Johnny Palmer blazed in, 18 under.

When Porky retired from the runner-up business to settle down as a teaching pro in Seattle, there was considerable locker-room speculation on what regular home cooking would do to his aggressive waistline. Surprisingly, Porky dwindled from 225 to 211.

"You been sick?" Jim Ferrier inquired solicitously when Porky vacationed at the P.G.A.

"Nope, been teein' 'em up like this." Porky illustrated with a grunt. "I tell the members they ought to work on their irons, but they always want a lesson on the driver. You give six straight half-hour drivin' lessons and you never want to bend over again."

Porky says the biggest fault of the average golfer is tenseness. "That's why Joe Louis learned so quickly. He's loose as ashes."

Louis played Porky in numerous Army exhibitions. When Porky's small side-bet earnings reached $90, Louis suggested a five-hole play-off, double or nothing. Joe wanted a hole-and-a-half handicap but settled for 1 up.

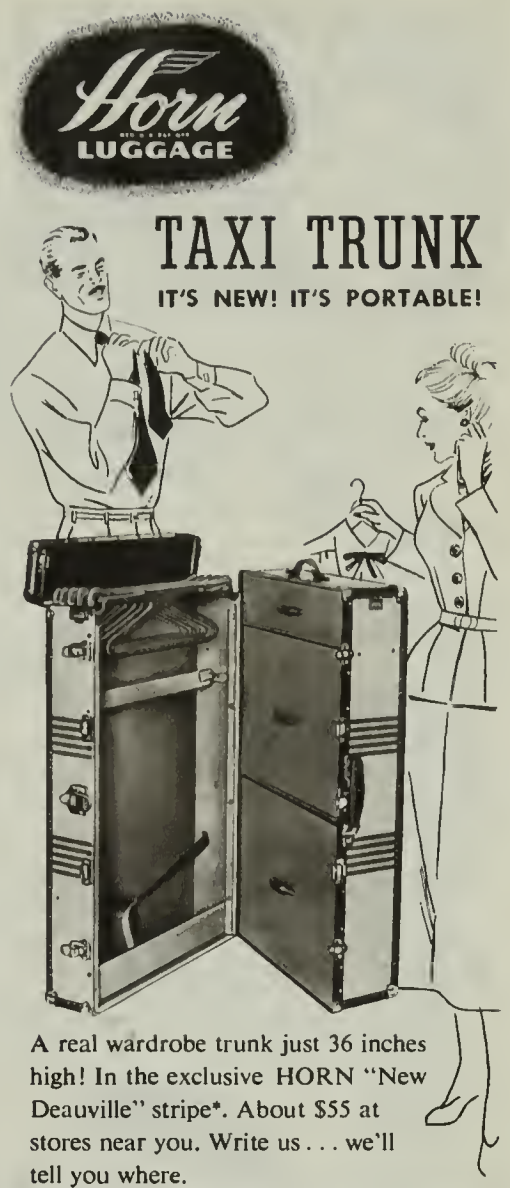
Porky was one under for the five holes. So was Louis. As Joe reclaimed his currency, Porky griped, "That's plain murder, Joe. I can't spot you one hole any more than I can spot you one round."

"One round ain't so much," Louis said. "Tell you what, Porkchop. We box five rounds. I spot you the first four —but you gotta win the fifth."

Blackwell bumped into a locker the other day and got a bloody nose.

Who loaned him the blood?

THE END



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OSTRICHES AREN'T SO DUMB

Continued from page 25

all birds, ostriches have no teeth and need stones in their crops to grind up their food. Being several hundred times as big as ordinary birds, the ostrich naturally swallows larger stones. But even Francis Earnest admits that ostriches carry this natural habit to extremes.

"An ostrich can swallow anything that will fit in his beak, even if it bulges his neck out to twice its ordinary size," says Earnest. "The motion pictures often want a gag shot of an ostrich swallowing some crazy object and the birds only let us down once. We had a little ostrich named Rudy that used to work in the old Barney Google comedies and the director wanted him to swallow an alarm clock. That was too much even for Rudy, so we had him hold the clock in his beak and then we cut to a shot of his neck after he had swallowed a grapefruit."

A tame ostrich on one of the old farms probably established some sort of swallowing record by eating several red-hot bullets while a hunter was taking them out of the molds. Ostriches seldom show any bad effects from the junk they eat, but Earnest knows of one bird that was killed by some humorous visitors who fed him four golf balls. Being perfectly round, they simply revolved in the crop like ball bearings, refusing to wear away, until finally they stuck and the bird died.

"Ostriches will grab at anything that is brightly colored," Earnest explains. "They're very color-conscious. I'm often asked if the birds know me. Of course they do. But if I come out wearing different-colored clothes—clothes that the birds haven't seen before—they don't recognize me at first. My wife sometimes goes past the pens carrying my old clothes and they'll run after her."

Christmas Gift Causes Trouble

For many years, Earnest's head ostrich man was an old-timer named Dick Carner who had trained Thundercloud, a big cock bird, to pull a light wagon around the farm. Dick rode around in the wagon to do his daily chores and was positive that the cock knew him as well as a horse knows his rider. One Christmas, Dick's wife managed to throw away the old green sweater her husband always wore and presented him with a new brown one. The next day Earnest saw Dick wearing the new sweater while he hitched Thundercloud to the cart. Thundercloud always wore a bag over his head to keep him quiet during hitching.

"You'd better look out when you take the hood off," Earnest called.

"This bird knows me better than my wife does," Dick replied confidently as he climbed into the seat and pulled off the bag.

Thundercloud started off in great shape. Suddenly the bird happened to glance behind him. The next second, there was a feathered explosion. The big cock tore the harness loose, kicked the cart to pieces and then started after Dick. The ostrich handler managed to tear off his new sweater just in time. Thundercloud stopped, hesitated, and then lowered his head and made an apologetic, cooing noise. Dick accepted the apology, but he made his wife unearth the old green sweater.

"People think ostriches are stupid because the birds don't think the way we do," Earnest claims. "Take that old story about an ostrich sticking his head in the sand. Ostriches won't do that, but they will lay their heads flat on the ground when they see an enemy coming. There's a very good reason for it, too. An ostrich's neck is so long that he can see for miles over the desert but an enemy can also see him. So as soon as an ostrich spots anything coming, he lowers his neck like a submarine pulling down her periscope. After a while he takes another quick look. If the enemy is still headed his way, the bird starts to run."

Like many game birds, a hen ostrich tries to decoy enemies away from her nest by pretending to be crippled and limping over the ground uttering painful cries. She keeps this up until she is well away from her eggs or until the powerful cock can come to her assistance.

"Sometimes I wish the birds weren't so darned smart," says Earnest bitterly. "One of the big attractions on the farm is Nubie, our famous riding ostrich. My wife used to ride him around the ranch and he let Freddie Bartholomew get on his back in Swiss Family Robinson. Then the directors started putting cowboys on him who tried to ride Nubie as though he were a bronco.

"Nubie worked out a system that will get rid of any rider. Ostriches' legs are hinged so that they bend forward instead of backward and as soon as a rider got on his back, Nubie would begin to kneel. Naturally, his rider always grabbed for Nubie's long neck. That would be just what Nubie wanted. Ostriches have very powerful necks, and Nubie would give a terrific jerk forward that sent the man flying over his head. Then Nubie would walk back and forth over his prostrate rider a few times before trotting away. We don't ride Nubie any more."

Ostrich farming first started in this country in 1883 when a young Californian named Edwin Cawston went to South Africa and bought two hundred birds. At that time, selling ostrich feathers was Cape Colony's main business and when the authorities saw their monopoly about to be broken, they refused to allow the birds to be loaded on shipboard. Cawston rushed his ostriches to Natal and, chartering a Swedish freighter that happened to be in the harbor, set sail for America.

Most of the birds died during the voyage but Cawston managed to get twenty pairs alive to his ranch. These birds were the ancestors of 75 per cent of all California's ostriches which once numbered over ten thousand. Within two years the young speculator made over thirty thousand dollars from the sales of feathers, eggs and young of his flock. After that, the ostrich panic was on. Men from all over the country hurried to southern California to open ostrich farms.

Ladies gladly paid eight dollars e for the beautiful plumes and a fan m of ostrich feathers might bring as m as two hundred dollars. A whole l language was invented to describe plumes: "spadones" were chick feath "boos" were tail feathers and "byoc were feathers from the cock's wings.

Collecting the feathers was ca "plucking" but actually the feathers w cut, not plucked, from the bird and process was painless although the ost usually objected.

Plumes Clipped by Experts

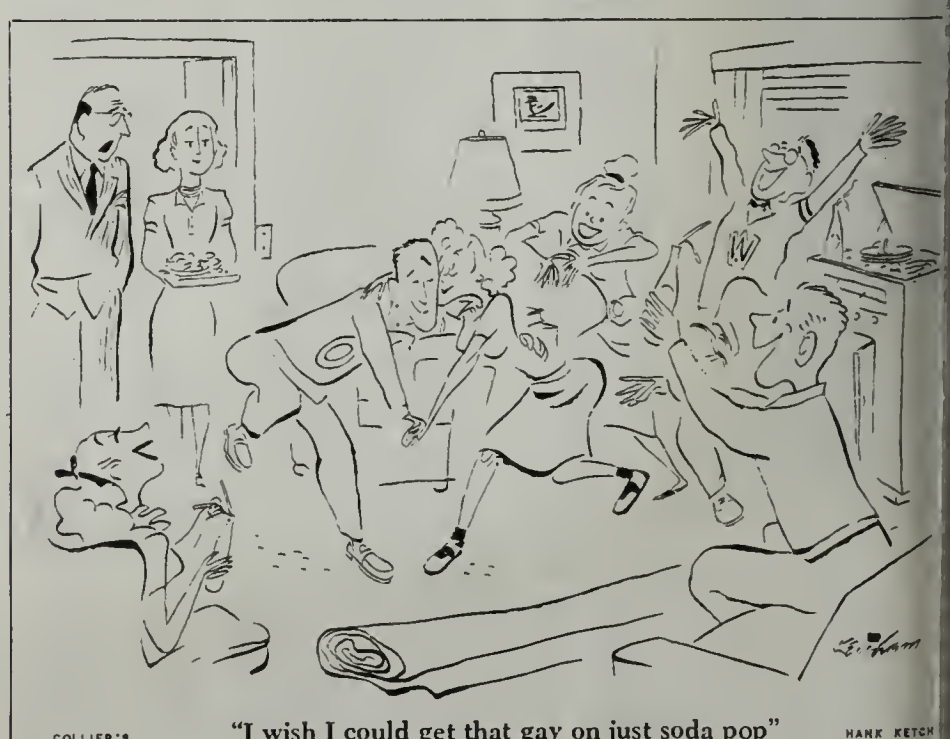
The bird was driven into a chute blindfolded while expert pluckers clip off the plumes. The birds natur molted every year, but the drop feathers were so frayed as to be wo less commercially so the plumes w "plucked" before the molting season

Ranchers made their big money sel young birds and even eggs to speculat A male ostrich was worth about thousand dollars (now they are w about three hundred and fifty for adult and seventy-five for a baby) even the eggs were bringing fancy pr The Los Angeles Farm had over thousand birds, covered most of wh now South Pasadena, and operate own factory to clean, dye and pro the feathers.

A financial expert from Cou Calendar in 1905 declared that the f was taking in "nearly a million dolla year, of which at least 25 per cent is c profit." Suddenly, shortly before W War I, women stopped wearing ost feathers. The bottom dropped out o industry. Today the Los Angeles F needs less than a hundred birds to su the national demand, although feat are still being shipped in from S Africa.

But Francis Earnest, who inherited farm from his father, is not discoura "Of course, it's not like it was in old days," he admits. "It was qui sight to see those hundreds of birds ro ing almost free over the hills—the c stopping to display their feathers challenge one another, the big br hens with their broods of babies sc pering after them—and the old mule that used to wander across the fi picking up the big white eggs by dozen for incubation. But who kn It may still all come back. They said that long skirts could neve popular again, didn't they?

THE END



COLLIER'S "I wish I could get that gay on just soda pop" HANK KETCH

THE WEEK'S MAIN

Continued from page 4

ing by mail to the hobby- and air-
d who seek the know-how of build-
arge military-type kites for aerial
graphy work.
e value of this grand sport should not
erlooked by our educators and civic-
d groups in combating juvenile de-
ency.
FORREST JONES,
Chestertown, N. Y.

HEALING POWER OF COLLIER'S

MR. DAVENPORT: I want to tell you
hankful I am for Dickson Hartwell's
Miracles of Dr. Spies (Jan. 31st). That
practically saved my life, for
gh it I found Dr. Rolf Alexander,
as worked with Dr. Spies. I was al-
dying with pellagra and had been to
different doctors in San Francisco
one of them was able to recognize
isease or know how to treat it.
m so thankful for Dr. Alexander
I want everyone to know about his
acles," for with his help I am now
nd happy. Of course I don't expect
o publish this letter or you would
all the S.F. doctors gunning for me.
D. W., San Francisco, Cal.

IN YOUR HATOFF

EDITOR: Would
the New Look
ts:—the Borsa-
la Russe or the
to-dora?
ARLES S. COBB,
Pasadena, Cal.



Did someone sit
d Mollie? Who
it have been?
? Would he

ENT GIANNONE,
N. Y. C., N. Y.

BEST OFFENSE IS NO DEFENSE

Paul Schubert's article How America
Defend Herself (May 22d) is inter-
and timely—but inadequate! The
ophy of belligerency per the offen-
obsolete.
body can win in an offensive war.
we can no longer afford wars. Sec-
he rate of scientific progress is now
t and furious that we will bankrupt
lves in any quest to keep pace with
ead of our enemies. I foresee bombs
g from where via the power of the
tial forces generated by the extreme
nd cold of high altitudes. The driv-
rce will be the sun and the guiding
he same. What can any country do
n unknown enemy—and if this is ac-
and really here what good will it do
e such a thing? You can't fight an
if you don't know where he is! My
argument is that now we have got
ake hands with GOD and return to
berties on our nickels—"In God We
!"
en we throw away our guns and
c bombs and make ourselves into the
ry that every people on the face of
rth can love and admire, then we will
e with the simple forces.
BYRON D. ALLBAUGH, Hemet, Cal.

Will you please have Mr. Schubert
one on How the United States Will
d Herself?
Schubert invariably uses the term
rica," when the term "United States"
be used. The United States is defi-
not America. He says that, "Here
erica we have never had an empire."
Canada is a part of an empire, and it
nly is in America.
The United States of America is prob-
he only nation in the world without a
for its inhabitants. Natives of all
ountries which constitute America
Americans. Cannot you suggest a
name for "us U.S.ers"? Get it right, the United States is *not* America.
L. A. CLARK, Detroit, Mich.

MEDALS FOR THE VFW

GENTLEMEN: Some years ago a group of young men, at Princeton I believe, dubbed themselves Veterans of Future Wars and demanded the usual rewards and prerogatives accruing to veterans.

Well, they were prophetic at any rate and they are now veterans in the full sense of the word. Then they were the subjects of a great deal of ridicule and worse.

I have wished someone would dig out these boys and present them anew to the public. In their new colors and dignity is to be found a new respect for youth of the present age.
G. E. JOHNSON, Greensboro, N. C.

UNPHONY FEAR

DEAR SIR: By chance and, frankly, because of the attractive cover, I picked up your issue of May 15th, and want to compliment you on your timely, courageous editorial Most Fears Are Phony. "Phony" is right but fraught with danger for us all. Keep plugging at it!
CECILE R. HOWES, State Line, Mass.

FISH TALE

DEAR SIRS: When I got the May 22d issue I was almost taken in as you were by that "most amazing fish" on the cover. However, before reading the Silver Scrapper in the same issue I discovered that the cover was the result of a "nature faking" trick photography. Neither of the two fishermen nor the boatman on the cover is showing any interest in that large tarpon in the air above them which might fall into the boat, damaging it or injuring them, so I assume that the tarpon was superimposed on a previous photograph.

After satisfying myself that the cover was faked, I examined the other pictures and would not be surprised if the other unusual picture of two tarpon in the air at once had also been tampered with, since I see no lines or leaders for them nor for the cover fish, though three other pictures on pages 20 and 21 show them.

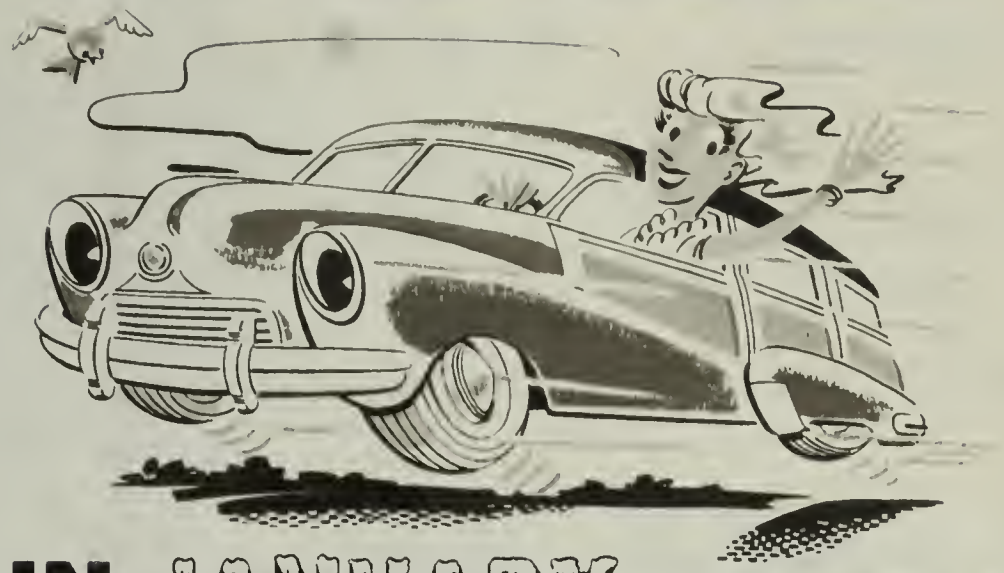
I think that Artist Dave Peskin owes a public apology to Collier's and its readers.
LLOYD S. LOURIE, Punta Gorda, Fla.

. . . You could have made two separate covers out of it, one "Tarpon in Air," the other "Motorboat and People," and I'm sure no one would have suspected a thing.
Or am I wrong?
FRANK HEROLD, Jacksonville, Fla.



The occupants of the boat are old hands at tarpon fishing. They are looking directly at the fish in mid-air. They take it as calmly as the Yankees do another DiMaggio home run. As for the faked photography, our negatives are open to public inspection.

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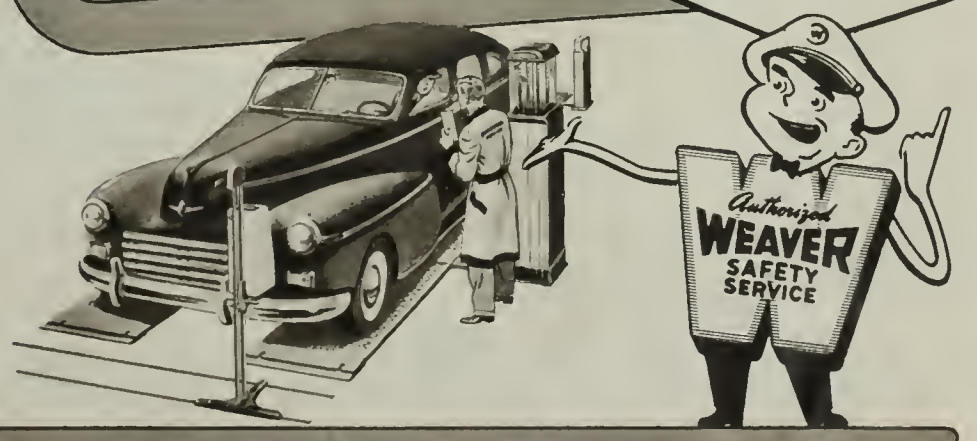
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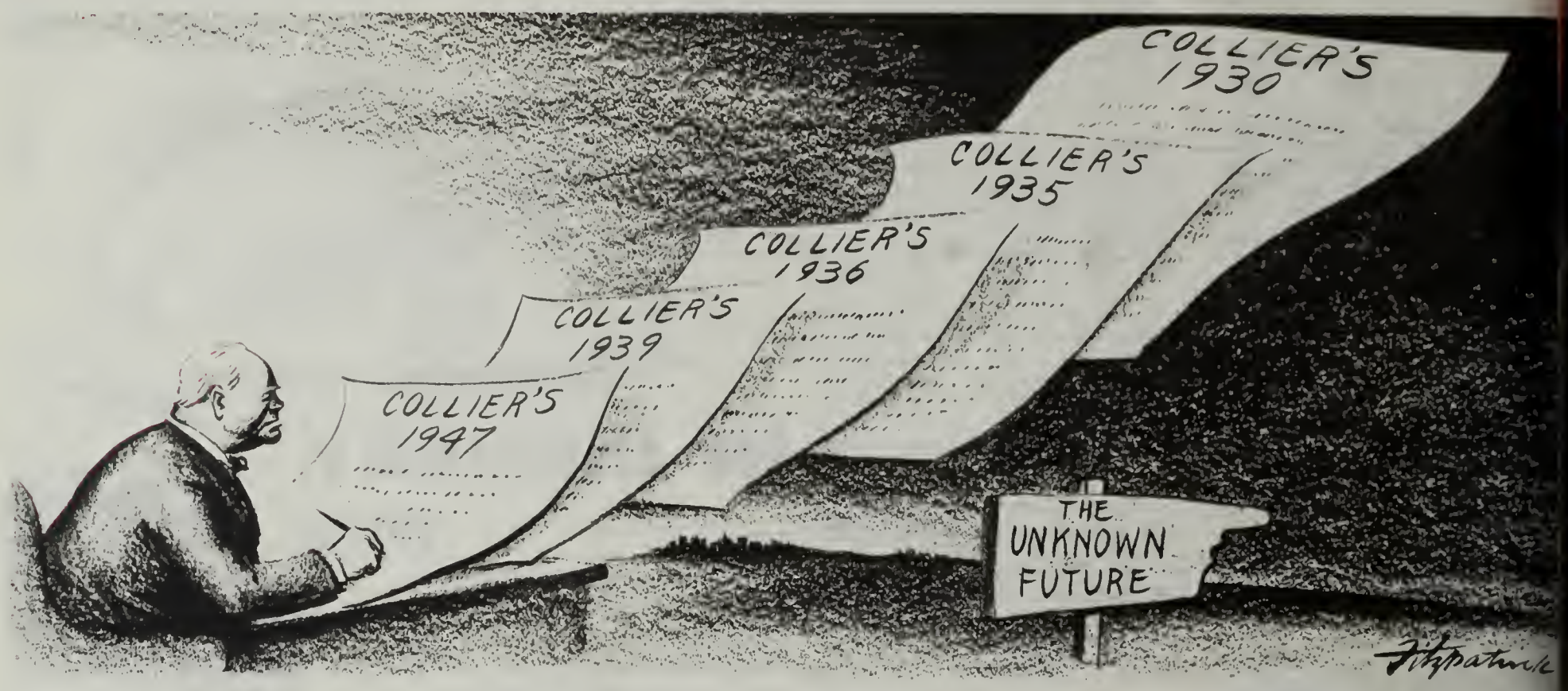
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Collier's believes...



...MR. CHURCHILL IS QUITE A PROPHET

THE war-period memoirs of Winston Churchill, British Prime Minister 1940-45 and one of the great figures of world history, are being serialized in full by the New York Times and in abridged form elsewhere.

This literary event reminds us that Collier's since 1930 has had the pleasure and privilege of publishing a total of 44 articles from Mr. Churchill's pen. Looking back over that record, we find that the first Duke of Marlborough's most distinguished descendant to date has been quite a prophet on various occasions.

We quote from his To End War, in Collier's for June 29, 1935:

> Imagine a world of this weak and undecided character smitten by the sledge-hammer blows which dented and broke the hard armor plate forged in the 19th century. It would dissolve under the flail of war into a squalid, hopeless, senseless, poverty-stricken welter of distracted individuals who would speedily cling together under the drear yoke of Communistic or militaristic dictatorships, or, more likely still, under the worst evils of both combined.

Not a bad picture, that, of large areas of Europe today.

Under the title Soapbox Messiahs, in Collier's for June 20, 1936, Mr. Churchill averred:

> I adhere to the school of those who believe that governments cannot make nations rich; that wealth is gathered only by individual exertion and enterprise; that state expenditure is almost always profligate and wasteful; and that the more freedom enjoyed by the citizen and the less the interference of the state the higher will be the standard of the public well-being.

A Socialist government, believing just the opposite of the above, is now trying to make Great Britain rich—and in its desperation has recently come to a capital levy.

Of course, no prophet rings up a batting average of 1,000. In Collier's for January 14, 1939, Mr. Churchill said:

> It would seem to follow, therefore, that sea power . . . still ruled on salt water. . . . The command of the seas would appear to rest unimpaired with either the navies of Great Britain or the United States. It may be added that the undoubted obsolescence of the submarine as a decisive war weapon should give further confidence to the English-speaking democracies.

There, Mr. Churchill seriously underestimated the deadliness of the airplane in the war which was then only nine months away, and he made a similar mistake about the submarine. And it should be noted that Mr. Churchill did try his best to persuade the Baldwin and Chamberlain governments, in the last two or three years before the outbreak of the war, to keep British air power at least abreast of German.

In his June 3, 1939, Collier's article, War—Now or Never, the prophet was back on the beam; as witness his closing paragraph:

> To sum up the argument, it seems that unless some change of regime takes place in Germany in the near future she will deem it in her interest to make war, and this is more likely to occur in the present year than later on. The summer and autumn months must be a period of intense strain and anxiety to all countries.

World War II began just three months later.

Meanwhile, in mid-June of 1939, under the title Bombs Don't Scare Us Now, Mr. Churchill analyzed for Collier's readers the possibility of indiscriminate bombing of big-city populations if war should come. He stated flatly that Great Britain never would be beaten by that means. How right he was the world now knows.

Thus far in the postwar period, we've printed only one Churchill article: The Highroad of the Future (Jan. 4, 1947), a powerful plea for a United States of Europe, or at least of Western Europe. That one, too, is now in process of coming true.

As remarked above, it has been a pleasure and a privilege to print all these Churchill productions down the years.

To the numerous Collier's readers who read them, not all the material in the currently appearing memoirs is new. Collier's, if you'll forgive the brag, got there first with a goodish bit of it.

●

. . . YOU GET NOTHING FOR NOTHING: This month the City of New York loses something which New Yorkers have bragged about for decades—the 5-cent fare on the subways, elevated railroads, trolleys and busses. By order of Mayor William O'Dwyer under a legislative enabling act, subway and elevated fares are going to 10 cents, city-owned bus and trolley rates to 7 cents.

What forced the step was that New York City had been losing enormous sums yearly on its transportation system, and that these deficits were cutting badly into its hospital, sanitation, and other services, and were preventing deserved pay increases for city employees. Finally, the 5-cent fare had to go.

Thus, a superstition still held by far too many Americans takes another dramatic sock in the nose. We mean the superstition that you can get something for nothing, or for less than the something is worth.

You can't. You never could. The something has to be paid for, directly or indirectly, and in full, and it always is paid for. In the case of public services, the gent who ultimately pays the full price, no matter how the politicians disguise the fact, is the user of those services. If all of us could get the simple but essential fact of life permanently into our heads, we'd be far better off, and we'd have a more stable nation than we've ever had yet.

●

. . . IN GOOD WILL FOR AIR LINES: Americans are patient people as a rule; but they lose their patience pretty copiously when a plane, train, bus or boat is late. That gripes the average American to the bottom of his soul or thereabout, and we think properly so.

Northwest Airlines, taking shrewd cognizance of this fact of U.S. human nature, has put in what we believe to be a smart innovation. Northwest has taken to refunding 5 per cent of the fare to passengers on planes that reach destination 30 minutes or more behind time. In the first 15 days under the new plan, the line had a reported 328 of such late arrivals out of 3,128 flights, and paid back about $3,000 to passengers.

The power of this scheme to build good will for the line seems obvious. If any other company feels like trying it, that's okay by us. We're strong for these concerns; but, what with the hard luck and sour service some of them have had since the war, it's no secret that they can use all the good will they can rub up.

Collier's

JULY 17, 1948 TEN CENTS

F.D.R. gives Churchill free advice on India. Churchill is furious

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

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MEET PRINCESS MARGARET

PAGE 16





Who's Tops in Telephones? It's U. S.

There are more telephones in this country than in all the rest of the world put together. The United States has one telephone for about every four people, compared to one telephone for every ninety people for the rest of the world.

Sweden comes closest with one telephone for every five people. In the British Isles there's one telephone for every eleven people. In Russia the estimate is about one in a hundred.

New York leads the world's cities with the most telephones. It has 2,600,000—more than in all of France. In relation to population, San Francisco is on top with about one telephone for every two people. Washington ranks a close second.

And we're still building and expanding at the fastest rate in history. The value of telephone service is increasing constantly.

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"Cabaose," straight stem, (#98) nat shawn. Both models, plain or antique finish. ALSO IN PUREX PREFERRED, $5.

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COLLIER'S

July 17, 1948

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

OLYMPICS FORECAST!

DEAR EDITOR: I recently came across an old copy of Collier's (July 5, 1947) in which Bill Davidson made predictions for the Olympics of 1948. Davidson's predictions have stood up surprisingly well—or else he was surprisingly lucky.

He made three major mistakes or omissions: Olympic coach, javelin throw and the discus throw. But in every other event, the Collier's article seems to have been correct. I consider this pretty good long-range prognostication. What is Davidson's *short-range* forecast for the Olympics? FRANK MILLER, Chicago, Ill.

"To stick my neck out again," says Bill Davidson, "it still looks as if the United States will win by amassing a crushing number of points in the 100-meter dash, the 200-meter dash, the high hurdles, the high jump, the shot-put, the pole vault and the broad jump. Conversely, the Swedes and the Finns both have their *strength—the 800, 1,500, 5,000 and 10,000 meters, the marathon, javelin, hammer, 400-meter hurdles and the hop, step and jump—so that they will tend to cancel each other out in the point score. The Swedes should end up second to the U.S., with the Finns third.*

"If Mel Patton's brittle legs do not hold up, we may be challenged in the sprints by Panama, Australia and Trinidad. Besides we may lose points to Great Britain and Sweden in the high jump, and to the Russians (if they compete) in the shot-put.

"Fortune Gordien's prodigious discus heaves certainly make him a potential scorer; and so does the 52.2-second, 400-meter hurdles time turned in by converted quarter miler Roy Cochrane. If the U.S. can place in the javelin, hammer and discus, and can break in for points in the 400 and 800 meters—then the Wembley Stadium doings in London should be a runaway for Uncle Sam."

SLEEP, BLESSED SLEEP!

MY DEAR MR. DUGAN: Re your Go to Sleep article, May 29th:

One day when I was a very young girl, a group of us went to Proctor's (vaudeville) to see a hypnotist. He called a number of teen-age boys to the stage and told them that as he placed his fingers upon a boy's eyelids, that boy was to roll his eyes upward and back. He rubbed the temples a little, and each boy as he did so was almost immediately hypnotized.

I got to wondering and found that if

(Continued on page 53)

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These laws are complicated . . . vary from state to state . . . change from year to year. The average driver can't hope to be familiar with all of them. But—all these states will accept adequate automobile insurance as proof that you are financially responsible.

In *every* state you can, of course, be sued for damages, which might mean the loss of your home, your property, your savings. The most practical and economical way to comply with requirements of the law and protect yourself against shattering losses is to carry the right insurance.

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Get the details from your State Farm representative today. If you are a responsible driver, you can qualify for membership in State Farm Mutual.



The states are cracking down!
The 40 states, and the District of Columbia, (shaded on map), have financial responsibility laws requiring you, under certain circumstances, to prove you can pay for injury to people or damage to property you do with your car. A similar law has already been passed by Pennsylvania but is not yet in effect.

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Pitcher George Munger (left) a
Manager Eddie Dyer of the St. Lo
Cardinals. Both like night ga

NIGHT LIFE OF THE CARDS

BY BILL FAY

GEORGE MUNGER sat down in the St. Louis dugout. A reporter asked, "How's the arm?"

"Fine." Munger obligingly rolled up the right sleeve of his sweat shirt. "Almost gone," he said, pointing to the little straight scars from his winter elbow operation.

"So's your sunburn," another reporter observed.

"We only let George pitch at night," Marty Marion explained.

Marty was close to the truth. Munger won 12 of his 16 victories last year after dark. His fast ball—which, in artificial light, looks faster than it really is—scored five shutouts and four three-hitters.

The Cardinals have a hunch the 1948 National League pennant will be won at night and they are counting heavily on the arc-light artistry of Munger and Harry Brecheen to win it for them. While the Cards scrimmage 64 times after supper, the New York Giants engage in only 30 night games; the Brooklyn Dodgers, 34; and the Boston Braves, 54.

"The extra night games may be a big help," Manager Eddie Dyer admits. "Everybody says the Cards play better at night. Maybe we do. Last year we won 47 and lost 46 day games, while we were winning 42 against 19 losses at night."

Good pitchers are better at night, and the Cards have five good pitchers behind Munger and Brecheen: Pollet, Dickson, Brazle, Hearn and Wilks. Another big factor behind the Cards' nocturnal success is the psychological. They like night baseball because Dyer has convinced them it is healthy financial exercise.

"Don't waste time grousing about missed suppers and late hours and glaring lights," Dyer told them. "Start liking it, because it brings out the crowds that make your big salaries possible. True to Eddie's prediction, Cardinal home attendance soared over 1,000,000 in 1946 (previous high was 770,000 in 1928). Last year the home attendance was 1,250,000 and the club pay roll was the biggest in the National League. Last month, the Cards scheduled 14 of their 17 weekday games at night. Two of the three day games were listed for Chicago's Wrigley Field, the only unlighted park in the major leagues.

A Cardinal pennant would be something of a personal triumph for Dyer. Most of the Cardinals played for Eddie somewhere in the minors. At Houston, Eddie bought Brecheen for $3,000 despite protests from Branch Rickey, then St. Louis general manager. Rickey claimed Brecheen wasn't big enough. At Columbus, Georgia, Eddie talked a despondent young outfielder with a .220 batting average into staying with the team one more month. "Stop swinging at bad pitches and you'll be a big-leaguer in three years," Eddie promised Enos Slaughter.

Dyer's reputation for treating pl
ers fairly held the Cardinals toget
when the Pasquels tempted Te
Moore, Slaughter and Stan Mu
with fabulous Mexican League s
aries. Dyer said he would talk
president Sam Breadon, but told
players bluntly, "I won't hold a g
to the man's head if a bonus is
only way to keep you from jump
contracts to which you already h
agreed."

Max Lanier, Fred Martin and L
Klein leaped into Mexican Lea
oblivion, but at season's end the st
who stuck with Dyer received bonu
ranging from $1,000 to $5,000.

Typical of Dyer's ruthless hone
is a decision Eddie made as play
manager of the Cardinal farm
Scottdale, Pennsylvania, in 19
When Breadon requested a report
a rookie infielder, who was to recei
$1,000 bonus if retained after M
15th, Dyer wired the rookie had
big-league future and recommen
his release.

The rookie (who lost the $1,0
was Eddie's brother.

TOO-TOO GORGEOUS

As Gorgeous George, the marce
rassler, undulates down the aisl
lackey sprays his corner with perfu
and the London Symphony Orche
plays Pomp and Circumstance
courtesy of the public-address syst
Everything is quiet, refined and in
peccable taste. Like a Lana Tu
wedding.

SPLIT-SECOND SPLIT DECISION

Three of the five officials who ti
Mel Patton's world-record-breal
100-yard dash caught the Soutl
California sprinter in 0:09.3.
judges snapped 0:09.4. It was a
preme Court decision, three wat
to two.

Dink Templeton, former Stan
coach, stood near the judges and
a minority opinion. Dink's w
showed 0:09.5. "It didn't look li
0:09.3 hundred to me," Dink decla
"Lloyd La Beach was slow off
blocks, but he picked up two yard
Patton in the middle of the race.
body does that to Patton when
on the way to a record."

Probably the controversy over
ton's record will continue until
or somebody else runs 0:09.2. A
ments are inevitable when split
ond timing is done by human ha
Did Patton really run faster than
Owens, who shared the 0:09.4 re
with three other sprinters? Ma
Maybe not. Mel and Jesse race
different tracks, with different sta
different judges, different watches
ferent guns, different shells. Eye
and reflexes vary. Some judges
their watches with the gun flash;
ers wait for the smoke puff.
with extra heavy charges gi
quicker, brighter flash.

The timing of dash events sh
be done electrically in fiftieths or
dredths of a second to be concl

(Continued on page 52)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

Exclusive...

These Twin Triumphs in Tone Found *Only* in Zenith

THE ONE AND ONLY *Cobra Tone Arm...*

Millions have listened—compared—and found that this sensational new way to play records has no equal. Invented by Zenith, perfected by Zenith, the Cobra is yours in *no* other radio, at *any* price! Reproduces tones on a Radionic Wave. So superior that over 700 AM and FM radio stations use the Cobra to broadcast records. Brings out tone beauty never heard before, without a *trace* of annoying scratch or vibration. Keeps your favorites sounding like new for over 2,000 plays, by actual test!

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"... **GOOD-LOOKING ENOUGH** to catch a gal's eye . . . until she notices his hair. Summer sun and drying breezes sure make it dry and lifeless looking . . . loose dandruff, too! He's got Dry Scalp . . . and how! I'd better tell him right now about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic."

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp



HIS HAIR looks better, now that he uses 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic! You, too, can have better-looking hair by using just a few drops a day. It checks loose dandruff and other signs of Dry Scalp. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic supplements natural scalp oils . . . contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care . . . to both scalp and hair . . . and is more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
TRADE MARK ®

More bottles sold today than any other hair tonic

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD



GEORGE

BY FRELING FOSTER

Of the hundreds of elephants that have been exhibited in the United States by zoos, carnivals and circuses during the past 150 years, approximately 30 were born in this country. Among them, no more than six are known to have been conceived here and, therefore, it is presumed that the mothers of the other 24 were pregnant at the time of their capture.

On Bali, an island of the Dutch East Indies, a strange two-sided belief prevails concerning the twin birth of a boy and a girl. Among the nobility, it is considered a joyous event, a reincarnation of a once noble couple who are still happily married. Among the common people, however, it is regarded as a calamity, as the infants are believed to be guilty of prenatal incest and they and their parents have to undergo a long and costly purifying process.

No proper name equals that of Elizabeth in the number of variant forms and spellings, of which more than 50 are known. Among them in the English language are Bess, Bessy, Beth, Betsey, Betty, Eliza, Elsie, Libby, Lisa and Lizzie.

The expression "to show the white feather," meaning to betray cowardice, came from cockfighting and originated in the old belief that a mongrel gamecock, unlike a purebred, lacked courage and had a white feather in its tail, which would show when the bird, fearful of its life, turned and attempted to escape from the pit.

Many historians have accepted as true claims that various individuals have lived for generations beyond the normal life-span, some of the most famous, with their reputed age at death, being Parr (152), Agha (156), Jenkins (169), and Czarten (185). Yet, authenticated reports of persons living over a century are virtually unknown. In fact, an examination of nearly 1,000,000 cases of alleged unusual longevity revealed none who had lived more than 100 years and only 30 who had reached that age.

The value of the photo-finish era in horse racing is proved fact that in 1935, before its ad only 20 dead heats were ac edged by the judges; whereas i when most tracks were using cameras, 264 dead heats we corded. This shows that in th thousands of these close finishe have been misjudged.—*By Fr Eckert, Denver, Colo.*

After cracking a large office Poland recently, a gang of cr unwittingly left behind a sing extremely unusual clue. Wh safe door was ripped apart, its packing released a fine dust settled on near-by objects, in the ripping tool of the safec that was lying on a table. T silhouette of the tool was made dust and left on the table w was found and photographed actual size by detectives. La gang was caught and identi means of this picture as its p outline was the same as that ripping tool in their possession.

The world's worst railroad and one so appalling that its story was suppressed for 20 ye curred near Modane, France, night of December 12, 1917. dane the train was boarded by 1,200 French soldiers and, quently, became so overload the engineer refused to p claiming that the brakes wo hold the heavy cars on the slopes beyond the town. Be dered to carry on, at the poi gun, the engineer began the j Within a short time, the train ing down a steep grade, out trol and with the car floors afi the sparks of the slipping brak denly the train hit a sharp cu the rails and piled up in a heap, killing 543 and injuring these soldiers who were ho bound on Christmas leave.

Ten dollars will be paid for each cepted for this column. Contribut be accompanied by their source of tion. Address Keep Up With th Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New Yo N. Y. This column is copyrighte items may be reproduced without



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The safest, softest-riding Master of them all!

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NEW LOW-PRESSURE COMFORT! This spectacular U. S. Rubber development provides far more air at less pressure. You "float" over the road on bigger, softer cushions of air that *smother* bumps. Your tires take the jolts—your car rides softly, evenly, smoother than ever!



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SAYS ART LINKLETTER, *GENIAL M.C. OF "THE GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUSE PARTY"***

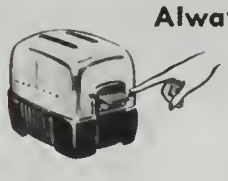
It's a toaster with a *conscience* . . . this General Electric Automatic Toaster that pops up your toast or keeps it warm.

Simply can't serve up a piece of toast that's not exactly to your taste.



See the General Electric Automatic Toaster at your retailer's.

Always warm, even if you wait!



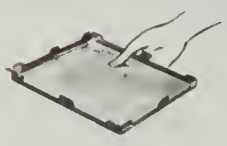
Want your toast now? This G-E pops it up. Or just set the control knob, and a special built-in device will keep it warm and waiting.

Makes toast your way!



This toaster serves up toast *your way* . . . light, dark, or medium. Just set the knob on this new General Electric. Toast for two or twelve, and every slice is perfect every time.

And what a snap to clean!



Never, never do you have to turn this toaster upside down to shake out the crumbs. Snap out the crumb tray, brush it clean, snap it back in. It takes 10 seconds. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

* Listen to General Electric's hilarious House Party, Monday through Friday, CBS., 3:30 p.m., E.D.S.T.

GENERAL ELECTRIC



THE WEEK'S WORK

Gibbs chats wi... Ranger Judge, ... Grand Teton Par...

RAFE GIBBS says that writing about our great Western National Parks as he does in Trail of the Leaning S (p. 48) was a labor of love, even if he did visit them in the unrecommended month of April. "This gives me something in common with President T.R.," Rafe claims. "Against all advice he insisted on seeing Yellowstone in April of 1903, preferring to travel by horseback and sleigh instead of stagecoach. T.R. said he liked to rough it. It's rough—and also snowy—in April all right."

Rafe says it was eerie to watch Old Faithful perform for him alone—a show without an audience. It was also tough to break the road through eight inches of new snow (remember snow?) over Wyoming's Twogwotee Pass. It was even tougher to get his first gold-panning demonstration in the mountain country east of Butte—and not even strike silver.

WE ARE pleased to announce a collection of that famous Collier's capsuled story invention, the Short Short, has been put together by Barthold Fles, from our very rich story files. The Best Short Short Stories from Collier's contains mystery, love, adventure, suspense, humor and a long, long measure of pleasure.

THE nostalgics of On Bakeoven Grade (p. 24) got Ernest Haycox recalling it was 18 years ago that Fiction Editor Littauer bought his first Haycox. "He's a pretty old horse himself," observes Mr. Haycox. "I think he can remember back to the day they brought movable type into the shop, straight from Gutenberg's factory. Much sound and fury has passed since. Somebody's always popping up with a new notion which, on close inspection, proves to be something Pericles thought of—he borrowing it from some chap who forgot to have it copyrighted a couple of thousand years earlier.

"It doesn't seem to make any difference: The redheaded girl on the beach, waiting for the handsome (but shy) lad to find a plausible way of tripping over her sun lotion is new every day of the century; and so is the wonderful sensation of a bean sandwich and cold water to a hungry man in the hills."

Mr. Haycox says Bakeoven (which we looked up and couldn't find in Pericles) came to him without the usual writer's anguish. "This one more or less lighted on the brim of my hat when I passed through Deschutes Canyon, Oregon, where the early freighters pitched camp and the stages rolled through, creating a moment of excitement for the lonely Deschuteans," he confides.

"In the sixties a trader, on his way to Canyon City with a pack string... flour, was raided by the Indians at... spot and lost his horses. So he bui... clay oven, baked the flour into br... and sold it to the passing prospect... That was Bakeoven—and it was... named for the local heat. Today Ba... oven is a house, barn and row of p... lars lying halfway up the long cl... from the bottom of Deschutes C... yon to the tableland of the wh... country. The private-venture sys... is a hardy thing."

THIS week's Short Short S... Laughter Must Be Shared (p.... comes to us all the way from Dur... in, as they say, Brighter Africa. ... the product of William Chadw... who was born in 1910 in Ixopo, N... one of the world's smaller, and n... unpronounceably named villag... for non-Zulu speakers. "You ... 'Eee,' then add a click as if encou... ing a horse, then end off with 'or... Most people just say Ikopo."

Zulu was the first language ... Chadwick spoke; but at eight he ... gan writing in English, breaking ... print at thirteen with a poem a ... love. "The journal folded up sh... afterward," he says. "Ah well, ... remains!"

At seventeen Mr. Chadwick ... summer vacation job on a small N... newspaper and never went bac... school. Today he's a couple of ... tors on The Natal Sunday Post. ... done every sort of newspaper wo... possible, including running an ... Hannah Says column. He is also ... known in Africa for his short st... and articles.

Mr. Chadwick's short short ... to him one night at his home at ... kle Spruit on the south coast of N... His wife was asleep, and he g... thinking about writing some... about his Pekingese, Ah Chu. In... he got round to remembering a... figure he'd seen on leave in a sh... Cairo when he was serving as c... officer with the South Africa... Force. "I woke my wife at mid... and read the finished product... says. "I seem to have an un... wife. She didn't shoot me but sa... me to send it to Collier's. I did... my first sale in America."

This week's cover: Lobster ... Maine. Toni Frissell captured the... Down East scene at the Roc... Lobster Fishery, Rockport, M... The girl is Arline Daucett, fi... Rockport High student, descend... two generations of French-Am... clipper sailors. Her companion i... Robins, worker in a lobster ca... renowned for his "fish yarns." ... fresh-caught lobsters are red be... they are boiled right in the facto... the dock for immediate cannin... please don't write in. . . . TED SH...

Why "Stepping Down" so important to you

Hudson amazes motor-car world by using vital "step-down" zone—not available in any other car—to bring you riding qualities and safety beyond anything known before!

Word's going 'round—and fast, too—that the sensational Hudson, the only car you step down into, gives you a "sweet," smooth, safe ride that is a new high mark in motor-car performance!

Perhaps you've heard pleased and proud Hudson owners talking about this exciting new motoring experience, but here's something you may have missed hearing:

The key to this amazing new ride lies in that area just under the floor of the average car, which in the New Hudson becomes the "step-down" zone —as illustrated in the sketches below.

This "step-down" zone is all-important, because experience has shown that the *lower to the ground* a car can be built, the better it will handle, the more stability it will have, the safer it will be, and thus the more enjoyable and comfortable will be your ride.

Hudson, and Hudson alone, has accomplished a near miracle of low-built streamlining and smooth, safe, comfortable riding with an ingenious foundation frame and "step-down" zone. This new type of base frame surrounds the passenger compartment, and thus permits the floor to be lowered *down* within it. Recessing the floor creates the "step-down" zone and a center of gravity that is the *lowest in any American stock car*—yet road clearance is ample!

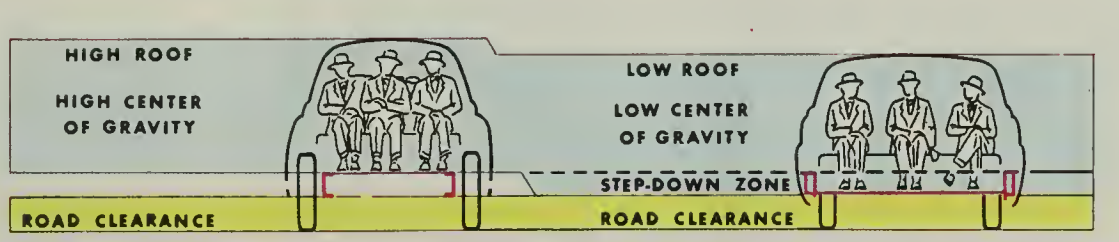
That's why Hudson has a hug-the-road way of going, even in cross-winds, and on every conceivable kind of highway. *When you see how this car takes even the sharpest curves, it will spoil you for any other type of automobile!* You sense this delightful conformity to the road the minute you begin your ride; and this stability, plus the protection of riding encircled by a sturdy box-section steel frame, gives you a grand feeling of *safe well being.*

Then, as you get out in the open spaces, the rest of the story unfolds.

Sitting in this car is as downright satisfying as stretching out in your favorite easy chair. You ride on seats that are lowered and cradled ahead of the rear wheels, and even with its low silhouette, this breathtakingly beautiful motor car gives you *more head room* than any other mass-produced car built today! The remarkable roadability and comfort of the New Hudson bring you to the end of even your longest trips pleasantly relaxed.

Hudson's use of the vital "step-down" zone in its exclusive, all steel Monobilt body-and-frame* is a development that required years of engineering work, the perfection of new production techniques, and millions of dollars in highly specialized *new* plant investment. Perhaps this explains why Hudson alone offers this new design principle today.

"Stepping down" is the most thrilling motor-car story in years, and the nearest Hudson dealer has a booklet—yours for the asking—which more fully explains how "stepping down" brings you riding qualities and safety—as well as beauty, roominess and comfort—beyond anything you've known before! Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit 14. *Trade-mark and patents pending.



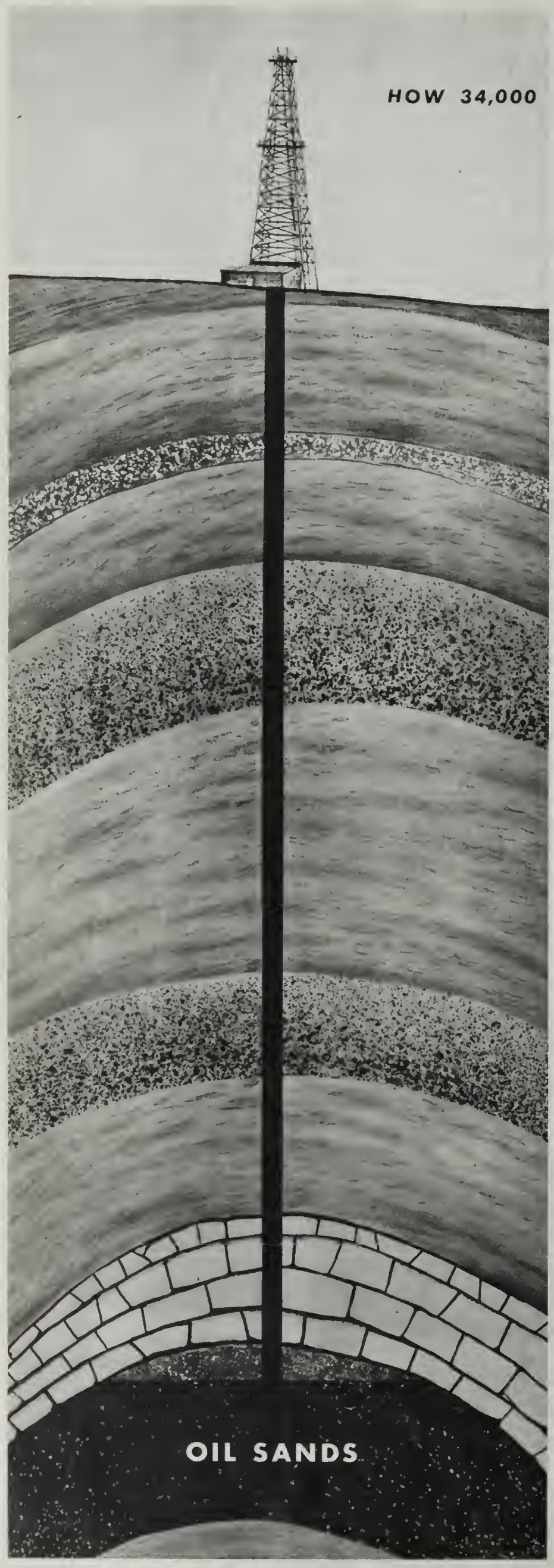
OTHER CARS—Here you can see that any car with floor on top of the frame, as shown in red above, fails to utilize that all-important space between frame members (heretofore wasted by placing floor on top of the frame). This results in a high center of gravity, and either a high roof line or insufficient head room.

NEW HUDSON—Here the important space between frame members, shown in red above, becomes the "step-down" zone—a highly useful addition to interior passenger roominess that creates a new, lower center of gravity, which in turn permits greater safety, improved roadability and ride, a low, streamlined silhouette.



dy styles in Super Series, and Commodore Cus- ies, with luxuriously panelled, beautifully fitted s. Your choice, 121 h.p. all-new Super-Six or 128 terful Super-Eight engine. Super-Cushion tires. h body colors. Two special colors or five two- mbinations—white sidewall tires—at extra cost.

This time it's Hudson



HOW 34,000 OIL COMPANIES SERVE THE NATION AS...

Oil Breaks Production Records Again

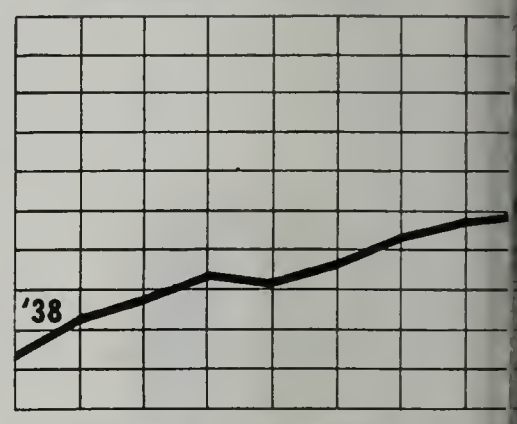
• Never before has America used so much oil—not even in the peak year of the war. In the face of this enormous demand, the 34,000 companies in the oil industry—firms engaged in producing, refining, transporting and distribution—are breaking records that seemed beyond reach.

In the production field, for example, 33,098 new wells were drilled in 1947. The total footage was the greatest in history.

Total production of crude oil reached an all-time high of over 77 billion gallons. A vast new expansion p now under way will make 1948 another record-breaking year.

A proved reserve of a trillion gallons of oil is available in the ground to b the current supply for cars and trucks, for planes, for heat in homes and p industry, for farming, trains and ships . . . oil is the liquid energy that keeps A constantly forging ahead.

More petroleum products will be delivered this year. Be sure to use th *ciently*. Oil is energy for America. Oil means more comfort, better living, convenience—for *you*.

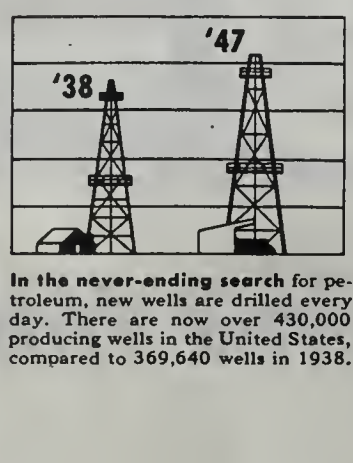


HERE'S HOW OIL CONSUMPTION HAS INC

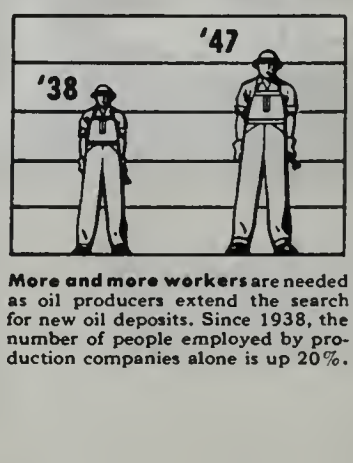
To meet increased demand for more cars, more pl diesel trains, more farm machinery—America's tion of oil has increased greatly with the years. million gallons were produced daily last year your ever-growing needs.

OIL INDUSTRY INFORMATION COMMIT

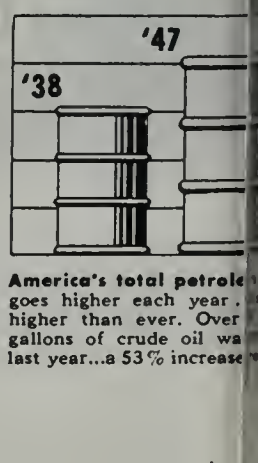
670 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.



In the never-ending search for petroleum, new wells are drilled every day. There are now over 430,000 producing wells in the United States, compared to 369,640 wells in 1938.



More and more workers are needed as oil producers extend the search for new oil deposits. Since 1938, the number of people employed by production companies alone is up 20%.



America's total petrole goes higher each year higher than ever. Over gallons of crude oil wa last year...a 53% increase

ONE DAY, ONE LIFE

The story of Eleanor Huntington, who married for money—which could buy her neither forgetfulness nor release from the conditions of her bargain



BY FREDERICK BORG

SHORTLY after she was married, Eleanor had Cartier design an appointment book for It was like a businessman's ement pad except that it was ller and of course more elegant, g bound in lizard with gold trim, had a facsimile of her signature gold plate set in the cover. Inside, s a little different, too; for, though day began the same time as a day e office—at nine—it did not end ve but went right on, past midt, to one in the morning. A little pencil, no bigger than a wooden match, went into a leather sheath at the edge of the book, and with it she jotted down the things that kept her busy. Occasionally there were blank spaces, but not very often, for besides being beautiful and rich she was one of the most active young women in New York.

This is how, with the aid of her little book, she spent the thirteenth of November, 1947. . . .

Promptly at nine, after having been awake for nearly an hour, she arose and did her exercises. These lasted the usual ten minutes, and as usual they were strenuous. When she was finished she stood glowing and panting before the full-length mirror, searching her body for signs of fat. There were none. At twenty-eight she had the figure of a dryad, with flat hips and stomach, long legs, and a small, enchanting bosom. Satisfied with what she saw, she got back into bed and closed her eyes, and then, to take the place of the unpleasant thoughts that had been scurrying through her mind, began reciting memory selections she had learned as a child.

Halfway through Thanatopsis, at nine fifteen exactly, she was interrupted by Angela, her English maid, with breakfast—half a grapefruit, two slices of Melba toast, and a small pot of coffee. Also on the tray were the Times and the Herald Tribune.

At nine thirty, nourished and informed, she got up again and bathed, allowing herself the customary ten minutes; dried herself with long, brisk strokes to stimulate the circulation, and was dressed and waiting for the elevator with Papa Moreau at one minute before ten. Papa Moreau was a French poodle with a long, sad face

and the wise and patient eyes of one who has seen and done everything the world can offer. He was a birthday gift from Clay, her husband.

Joseph, the old elevator operator, opened the door and said, "Good morning, Mrs. Huntington." On the way down he took out his watch and said, "You're late, Mrs. Huntington, it's one minute past ten." It was an old joke between them, for everyone knew Eleanor was as reliable as the bells of the Church of the Redemption, which were chiming as she stepped out into the lobby.

HAVING walked Papa Moreau down the waterfront to Fifty-third, and north again as far as the bridge, she was back in her bedroom at ten thirty, looking over her appointments for the day. These she knew as well as she knew her own name, but it gave her a certain satisfaction to see them in black and white. At eleven, she saw, she was due at the church to help make up packages for the poor in Europe; at one she was having lunch at the Colony with Mildred Stahle; at three there was a lecture by Tetsuo Fujihara at the Feinstein Galleries on Eighth Street . . . and so on, hour after hour, till one in the morning, where, as usual, she had printed in extra-large letters the word BED. That was one entry she could always be sure of. She was always in bed by one.

She walked the six blocks to the Church of the Redemption and arrived at one minute to eleven. In the parish hall the Reverend Doctor Standfast was at the bulletin board, putting up an announcement. He turned at the sound of her heels, and a broad smile appeared on his round, red, innocent face.

"Right on time," he said, as the bells began their metallic conversation. "You know, Mrs. Huntington, if all our ladies were as prompt as you, we'd really *hum,*" and the marble walls echoed the word. "How's your husband?" he asked, as they started toward the assembly room.

"Fine," said Eleanor. "Very busy, of course."

"I can imagine. Captains of finance." He sighed. "And their wives, too. Sometimes I wonder how you manage to stay so fresh and young-looking, keeping yourself geared to such a frantic schedule." He paused. "Which brings me to another matter . . . ah . . . You remember last week my mentioning our projected drive for completing the orphanage? Well, I was wondering—of course I know how busy you are—but I was wondering if you could possibly spare next Thursday afternoon to gather with the trustees and myself . . ."

"What time?" asked Eleanor, getting the book out of her bag. She turned to *Thursday 20 November* and saw she had no engagements for the afternoon at all, and only one—*Pick up Lowestoft teapot at Fix-It Shop*—for eleven in the morning. She held the book at such an angle that the Reverend Doctor Standfast could not see how empty the page was.

"Would four be convenient?"

"Four," said Eleanor, frowning a little as she consulted the book again. "Four—yes, I believe I can just sandwich it in. It won't be long, will it? I have to be home by five."

"Half an hour at the most."

Together they entered the assembly room, where long tables had been set up on trestles. Against the walls were hundreds of cartons of canned goods, pyramids of sugar in cotton bags, and boxes of surgical supplies and vitamin tablets; while on the tables were the cardboard containers in which these articles were going to Europe.

"The other ladies seem to be a little late," the Reverend Doctor Standfast said.

"They'll be here."

"Well . . . I'll just be running along, then. Thank you, Mrs. Huntington. I only wish they were all as prompt and energetic as you."

After a while, in twos and threes, chattering, laughing, the rest of the volunteers came in—sleek young women like herself, mostly, though there were a few exceptions like Mrs. Vandercamp, the chairman, who was over sixty; and Eleanor's mother-in-law, Mrs. Douglas Huntington, who was nearly eighty and who did not choose to arrive till nearly one, just as Eleanor was getting ready to leave.

Ordinarily the old woman spoke to her daughter-in-law only when it was absolutely necessary, for she had never become reconciled to her son's marriage; but now she came straight to her and in her harsh voice demanded: "What's the matter *now?*"

Eleanor wedged a can of coffee into a corner of the container, closed the cover and sealed it with gummed tape. She looked up and said, "What do you mean?"

"What's wrong with you and Clay?"

"What makes you think—"

"He probably told you I had lunch with him yesterday."

"Yes."

"Of course he didn't *say* anything—he never does—but I didn't think he looked particularly happy. You two haven't been quarreling, have you?"

"Of course not."

"I know this sounds silly, coming from an old woman, but after all he's my only son, and I don't think I could bear it if I thought he'd made a mess of things. He's always been so successful in everything else . . ." Her voice trailed off. She was tall and very lean, with a nose like a scimitar and bright brown eyes that glittered with an almost feverish intensity. She was one of the wealthiest women in New York, with vast holdings on upper Fifth Avenue, where her father's sheep had once roamed.

Eleanor put a hand on her arm.

"I'm very happy," she said.

"Well, I'm glad to hear it. I was just thinking last night, when I should've been asleep, that Clay's exactly twice your age. Did you ever realize that? You're twenty-eight and he'll be fifty-six next month. It came as quite a shock—"

"Age doesn't mean a thing."

"I suppose not, if people love each other. Well . . . How about lunch?"

"Today?"

"Of course."

Eleanor picked up her bag and jerked at the zipper. Perversely, the little leather tab came off in her hand, and she uttered a soft exclamation. Then, with sudden clarity, as if the book were already open, she saw the page for tomorrow, Thursday, and that annoying gap in the afternoon between *Lunch with Duncan—Waldorf* and *Bendel, for fitting;* and she smiled, for now she knew how she would fill that gap. She would take the bag to the Fix-It Shop, and while she was at it she would drop into that little French bookstore on the corner and pick up a few of those paper-backed novels that looked so effective on the library table. Still smiling, she dropped the tab into the bag, took out the little book and opened it to *Thursday 13 November.*

"Look what I'm up against," she said, tapping the page with a sharp red nail; and then, trying to keep the triumph out of her voice, for it was seldom she got the best of the old woman, she went on: "Some other time, perhaps? Tomorrow, say?" and turned the page.

"All right."

"Oh, sorry," said Eleanor, as though she had just discovered what she had known for the past three days. "Tomorrow I'm having lunch with Duncan Strove."

"Who?"

"You know, the decorator. I was thinking of having Clay's room done over—something a little lighter, perhaps, than all that Jacobean stuff."

"You just had it redecorated last year."

"I thought he might want a change."

"He might, at that." The old woman sighed, and the cords in her thin neck stood out. "I'll call you one of these days," she said. "Maybe I can catch you when you're not so busy."

"You do that," said Eleanor, and went down to the end of the table, where Mrs. Vandercamp was working. "Terribly sorry," she said, "but I'm afraid I'll have to run along. I'm supposed to be at the Colony at one and I've only got ten minutes to make it." Abruptly, unconsciously, her hand went toward the evidence in the bag; but Mrs. Vandercamp was smiling that easy smile of hers, and Eleanor changed her mind. Poised and serene, she completed her excuses, knowing the others were taking her in, tabulating the cost of her outfit, from the smart hat to the snakeskin shoes that a little man on Madison Avenue had made for her; and inwardly she smiled, because she knew there was no one in the room who did not envy her.

"Thanks, Eleanor," said Mrs. Vandercamp.

"I'll be around next week."

"I really appreciate it. I know how busy you are. Give my regards to Clay and tell him I think he's got a wonderful little wife."

ELEANOR arrived at the Colony punctually at one. She went up the steps and through the door, and there was Mildred waiting for her.

"Darling."

"Hello, Eleanor. My, don't *you* look swell!"

"Thanks, dear. Shall we go in?"

Following the headwaiter to their table, Eleanor was conscious of a change in the rhythm of the eating and the talking around them; it was like a split-second break in a power line, when the lights go dim but do not go out, or when a motor slows down but does not stop. A few yards away she saw Frances Benham and Martha Giovanni. Martha had stopped her everlasting chatter right in the middle of a sentence, apparently, with her mouth still open, and Frances was holding a forkful of salad an inch above her plate. They were appraising her, as were the others in this small, elegant, and somehow formidable room, those who knew her and those who did not know her but remembered seeing her pictures in the fifty-cent magazines—photographs of Eleanor at her dressing table and Eleanor standing at the Adam mantel, under the Gainsborough, and Eleanor, like a naiad, letting the breeze blow her hair back as she posed on the terrace looking at a fuzzy bridge and a still more fuzzy shore line on the other side of the river. They were appraising her hat which two weeks hence would blossom by the hundreds down in Union Square, and her man-tailored suit and the amusing scarf she had picked up in a little Korean shop on Second Avenue. A smile tucked up the corners of Eleanor's mouth. She knew what she looked like: she looked proud and beautiful and essential all at the same time; a woman who, despite a schedule that would drive a man to drink, still managed to achieve the serenity of a Renaissance madonna.

She watched Mildred slide into her seat—collapse was more like it, for Mildred, never particularly graceful, was going to have another baby, and her movements, governed by consideration for the little life so obviously burgeoning within her, were slow and awkward. There was no glamor about Mildred. Her hat, under the exuberant hat she had probably purchased in a White Plains department store, was dull and discouraged-looking, with strands emerging here and there and waving with each turn of her head as if they were endowed with independent motion. Her skin was good, but it had been too long in the sun—after all, this was November, when the summer tan has yielded to the pallor of autumn—and her hands were rough. As for her eyes—well, they were bright, all right, but it was the brightness of a little girl with a new doll, or of the traditional yokel on first seeing the Empire State Building. She could not help turning around, for example, to stare at Ilona Case, who was lunching two tables away with a well-known dress designer; she was breathless with the realization that she was sitting with immortals. Eleanor felt sorry for her.

Over their cocktails—Mildred had an old-fashioned and Eleanor a dry sherry—they talked about what had happened in the six years since graduation.

Mildred said, "Remember Alice Koestler?"

"No," said Eleanor, putting her glass down. "I don't believe I do." But she did. Alice was the class poet, the class intellectual, a short, dumpy girl with a face like an unbaked pie and thick glasses that made nightmares of her eyes. She came from somewhere in the West, and her father was several times a millionaire. Eleanor did not even speak to her. She was afraid to, because every time she thought of how rich Alice was—fat, dumpy Alice—and how poor she herself was, her throat grew tight and her nails dug into her palms and she wanted to scream.

Well, she could speak to her now without screaming. "What about her?" she asked.

"My dear, she's married. I ran into her a couple of weeks ago in the Bronx more. That was the day I called you—remember?—and you couldn't make it because you were rolling bandages or something."

"Packing clothes for China."

"Well, anyway, she married this instructor from Columbia. You know she took a postgraduate there, didn't you?"

"No, I didn't."

"Her husband teaches political history and I guess he gets his orders from the Kremlin; but they did seem terribly happy. First thing she did was take me upstairs, and, my dear, the way living in a suite that must set them back fifty dollars a day—set *her* back, I mean—and the pay-off, the absolute pay-off . . ." She plucked the cha

(Continued on page 62)

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY



In the mirror she could see that he was regarding her with a speculative eye. "You need any help?" he asked

The Blooming of Margaret Ro

BY COLLIE SMALL

Elizabeth is safely married. The spotlight in England turns on her little sister. Here is a close-up of the 17-year-old girl whose chances of becoming queen are very slight

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, the Princess Margaret Rose, has been described at various times as beautiful, not beautiful, tall, short, slim and graceful, narrow-shouldered and bandy-legged, excruciatingly witty, unbearably precocious, and both delighted and dismayed at the fate that cast her as the kid sister of Princess Elizabeth, Duchess of Edinburgh and heiress presumptive to the throne of England.

The confusion generated by this sort of reporting is naturally very disconcerting to the average Englishman, who likes to keep a steady eye on the royal family, but until recently, of course, hardly anyone had bothered to describe Margaret at all except as an afterthought. The architects of the royal legend were too busy concentrating on Elizabeth.

Now, with Elizabeth safely married to the Duke of Edinburgh, the microscope has been trained on Margaret. Margaret is the new *idée fixe*, and whether she enjoys it or not (there being no overwhelming evidence that she doesn't), she has suddenly become Britain's number-one item for public scrutiny. At the moment, in the realm of controversial subjects, Princess Margaret is running miles ahead of Commons, the Prime Minister and the hard-currency question.

Opinion, naturally, is divided. A youth leader in Kent, although she has never been any closer to Princess Margaret than a newspaper clipping, thinks her eyes are too close together and suspects that she may be bad-tempered because of it. A civil servant in Harrow is sure she is charming and unspoiled. A miner in Newcastle, representing a definite minority but exercising what is undoubtedly an inalienable right, refuses to pay any attention to Margaret whatsoever, on grounds that princesses belong in fairy tales.

Everyone feels obliged to pass his own judgment on Margaret and to a young American naval officer has fallen the distinction of supplying the crowning absurdity. Having been introduced to the young British princess at a royal garden party, he concluded patriotically, "Why, she's cute as a button—just like an American girl!"

If there is anything that Princess Margaret is *not* like, of course, it is an American girl. Although she will be eighteen in August, Margaret has never sat anywhere at the movies except in the specially constructed royal box. She has never hailed a taxi, and, so far as is known, she has never been caught out in the rain.

She has never mixed with crowds except on V-E Night, when she and Elizabeth walked with two detectives from Buckingham Palace to Charing Cross, a distance of about two miles. She has had only one subway ride, a ten-minute jump from St. James's Park to Tottenham Court Road, and even then she was reprimanded by the ticket collector for failing to hand in her ticket, which she tried unsuccessfully to keep for a souvenir.

As for her other characteristics, they are mostly human instead of British, American or anything else.

Physically, Margaret is shorter than Elizabeth, being only a shade over five feet. Her hair, which distresses her because it is not naturally curly, is darker than her sister's. By the usual standards she is not beautiful but she is blessed with intense blue eyes, impossibly lovely skin, and an engaging smile. Margaret actually *is* bandy-legged and narrow-shouldered. She tends to be witty, but her audiences are exceedingly indulgent and in their haste to applaud they sometimes fail to distinguish between Margaret's "wit" and what is simply native exuberance.

Fortunately, Margaret is aware that this sort of acclaim accrues to her because of her royal station as much as for her own legitimate conquests. She has known it, in fact, ever since she and Elizabeth won prizes at the Windsor Horse Show some years ago.

"Were the prizes for us just because we are princesses?" they asked their governess.

"Well, partly," the governess conceded.

"Oh," the princesses said, the dawn breaking over their heads. "We see."

Not Eager for the Cares of Empire

According to palace intimates, Margaret is not disposed to brood over the fact that, barring almost total disaster, she can never be queen. In this connection, a rather moth-eaten anecdote is frequently trotted out to illustrate Margaret's lack of concern with the throne. According to most versions, Princess Elizabeth, acting as councilor of state in the temporary absence of King George, was required one day to reprimand Margaret rather sharply for some breach of court etiquette. In her anger, Margaret is supposed to have snapped, "Oh, go mind your empire and leave me alone!"

This anecdote, of course, can also be used—and sometimes is—to illustrate exactly the opposite: that Margaret is actually jealous of Elizabeth's position and gives herself away by occasional fits of temper. Most people who have entry to Buckingham Palace, however, believe Margaret is sincerely not interested. The only thing that she seriously objects to is the tendency of people to look upon her as Elizabeth's little sister.

In any case, she could ascend to the throne as Queen Margaret I, only if her father (the king) a a childless Princess Elizabeth should both expi One thing seems fairly sure, though: Should the unhappily, die, their demises would probably n occur simultaneously, since the royal family tak special precautions not to tax the laws of chan and probability.

The king and Princess Elizabeth, for examp never fly in the same aircraft together if they c help it. The usual arrangement is for the king a Princess Margaret to go in one, with the Queen a Princess Elizabeth in the other. When Elizabe has her expected baby, this arrangement will harc be necessary since Margaret will then be demot even further down the line of succession to ma room for the newcomer.

Margaret's life inside the plush, red-carpeted p ace is anything but easy. For a seventeen-year-c girl, her days are full to overflowing, and or narily by eight, she is up and dressed and at brea fast, which she sometimes has alone and sometin shares with the king before proceeding to t business at hand. The queen is reputed to hav notoriously difficult time getting up early, and c sequently she seldom appears at breakfast.

Lunch is usually a family affair. If the king a queen are away, Princess Margaret lunches w the Lord Chamberlain, the king's equerry, a other members of the royal household in *th* dining room. Elizabeth was different. If the fam was gone, she ate alone. Until recently, Marga was considered too young to appear at the fam dinner table and was required to eat a so-cal "nursery dinner" in her rooms. Now, however, has been promoted.

Margaret is still studying under special tut and spends most of her mornings in close comm ion with constitutional history, taught her by provost of Eton; French, in which she excells; ge raphy, with special reference to Australia and N Zealand in anticipation of the royal visit next ye the English novel as exemplified by Jane Aus and the Brontë sisters, her favorite authors; and piano.

Margaret's talent for music is considerable, a while in the eyes of her teacher she appears to h less real feeling for music than Elizabeth, her te nique is superior, a fact which Elizabeth is graci in acknowledging. Margaret plays for the qu nearly every morning about eleven, and also ta a leading part in promoting the regular Thursd night madrigal sessions.

The palace has a list of about thirty-five pe who can carry their weight in madrigals, which Elizabethan part songs, and a different group eight or ten is invited each Thursday night to



Here is Princess Margaret Rose (right) with her sister Elizabeth, who'll be England's next queen, and Elizabeth's husband, the Duke of Edinburgh

BRITISH COMBINE

palace to participate. Margaret is also fond of the conga and recently led a wildly squirming conga line through the state rooms of Buckingham without apparent damage to either the furniture or the royal atmosphere.

Outside of $80,000 left her by Mrs. Ronald Greville, a onetime family friend and famous hostess who died not long ago, and an unspecified sum left her by the late King George V in his private will, Margaret has no money of her own. She is not the beneficiary of any state grants, and consequently must depend on her father for whatever allowance she receives, the exact amount being a palace secret. Elizabeth, of course, receives $160,000 a year as heiress presumptive, while the king receives $1,640,000 annually to provide for his personal needs and the upkeep of such royal establishments as Buckingham Palace, Sandringham and Windsor Castle.

Taboo on Gifts to Royalty

It goes without saying that Margaret's possessions are beautiful and costly, as befits a princess, but she is not permitted to supplement them with gifts from the "outside." Though people frequently try to press even their most prized possessions on the king and queen or one of the princesses, no member of the royal family accepts presents except on special occasions, and usually then only from such sources as national bodies, Cabinet members, or close friends.

Margaret does not have her own staff. She has a bedroom, sitting room and study overlooking the palace gardens and is attended only by her governess, her maid and a footman who is available to her on request. When she appears in public, she borrows a lady in waiting from either the queen or Princess Elizabeth. Elizabeth, by contrast, has now succeeded to a full staff comprising, among other people, a comptroller, a private secretary, three ladies in waiting and an equerry.

The Palace servants call Margaret "Your Royal Highness," but most people are instructed simply to call her "Ma'am." Her governess, Mrs. Buthley, who is still boss, calls her "Princess." To her intimate friends, she is simply Margaret, which she prefers to Margaret Rose, her full name.

Margaret, like Elizabeth, is a stickler for form, but she does not go to the extremes that Elizabeth has been known to reach in demanding strict observance of the rules of royal etiquette. Elizabeth, for example, once passed a sentry box at Windsor Castle with her dog, who promptly rushed at the sentry and got tangled in his feet as the harassed young man stepped forward to salute. The unfortunate result was that he got his bayonet stuck in the ceiling of the sentry box and nearly fell on his face. Though the fault lay with the frisky dog, Elizabeth looked him up and down severely and said coolly, "I'll overlook it this time." Margaret would undoubtedly have collapsed, laughing.

At Windsor, young officers on duty are frequently invited to dine at the

(Continued on page 58)

TRAVELING COMPANION

BY ELEANOR HARRIS

From its 139 offices scattered over the world, the American Express Company finds lost relatives, attends weddings and provides a touch of America for the American tourist or businessman away from home



PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY PHIL STERN

ONE day last summer the Lo
don office of the Americ
Express Company open
for business and found a cablegra
waiting. A New York businessm
believed his daughter was being m
ried at eleven o'clock that morning
St. Martin's Church in London a
he wanted to be positive she was
gally wed. "Please have Americ
Express witness the ceremony," t
cable ended.

The American Express Compa
which is not supposed to be a daug
ter-sitting agency, took this unus
request in its usual no-comment sty
Two men were assigned to witness t
ceremony. They rang up St. Marti
Church in London. "There is no su
wedding scheduled here this mo
ing," said a clipped English voice
the other end of the wire. Calls
every other church in London
vealed no trace of the wedding—a
finally it was 15 minutes before
romantic deadline. Desperately th
called the dean of Westminster A
bey for advice.

"I think you're looking for St. M
tin's registry, not a church," said t
official. The two wedding env
seized their hats, a bouquet of ro
and rushed to the registry office. Th
they duly witnessed the ceremo
presented the roses and then cab
the worried father that all was le
Cost? Nothing—to the father.

"We're still slightly dazed over
way our fellow Americans expect
to lend the helping hand," said
official of the company wryly. "
started out strictly as a travel ager
you see."

Forced on them by the public,
guardian-angel role is an establis
fact. Every few days the Londor
Paris office gets a standard fra
cable from America: "PLEASE L
CATE MY RELATIVE MISSI
SOMEWHERE IN EUROPE L
OR DEATH," it invariably sta
Amexco then telephones all its 39
fices dotting Europe, and usually f
the missing Yank in two or th
hours. Then it cables its reply: "R
ATIVE LOCATED IN MOU
TAIN CABIN ABOVE SW
TOWN ASCONA NOTIFIED
CABLE YOU." Again the cos
nothing—to the customers.

Often the problems of trave
Americans seem insolvable. In Ro
a suddenly orphaned baby had t
flown back to its relatives in
United States with an escort—An
can Express Company found
woman who, flying home her
agreed to care for the baby on
way. In Peru, an elderly man h
heart attack crossing the And
Amexco pulled him off the reg
train, hired a special locomo
freight car and nurse, and rushed
down to doctors at sea level.

In Calcutta, a young man
stricken with malignant malaria
had to be sent home at on
Amexco talked a freighter into
ing half its load on the dock, in o
to hasten the sick man to a
bound steamer at Panang. In all
of these emergency cases, the ha
traveler originally had bought a t
through the American Express C
pany. But the ride-to-the-rescue
free—including the Peruvian loco
tive. Why?

"What else can we do?"

An American Express "sitter"
an anxious mother arriving by
train at Gare St. Lazare,

mexco plaintively. "Our customers pect it, so we do it. It's like the time sick man on one of our Oriental uises asked if he could see Mt. Fuji-ma from his cabin window. The ly way he could see it was if the ip was turned around—so we rned it around. Just because he emed to *expect* it!"

Amexco, with 139 far-flung offices, an invisible giant whose services are ed by an estimated 90 per cent of l traveling Americans, as well as reigners of every nationality. From world-coverage standpoint, it is the rgest shipping agency in the world. countries such as Italy, Switzer-nd, England, France and Germany is a bank of no mean proportions; in ermany the official American bank U.S. Army contract. It is the big-st private mail service in the world. And behind all of this, strong as a anite rock, flutters a small piece of per known as the American Ex-ess Travelers Cheque, one of the eatest inventions since the electric ht bulb.

The travelers cheque appeared hen Amexco was middle-aged. The mpany was born in 1850, the year ter the California gold rush; it was e name given to a combine of e famous horse-and-buggy express mpanies. The Wells-Fargo pony press was bought a year later. mexco was still a simple domestic eight company in 1891, when its esident, James C. Fargo, went on harrowing trip to Europe and in-nted the travelers cheque in a spell sheer rage.

He started for Europe armed with a tle money and a large letter of edit, with which he tried in a series angry arguments to wrest some oney out of the countries he wanted travel through. He returned to the nited States sadder, wiser, and far orer. He also returned convinced at some new medium of exchange for travelers ought to be invented.

"A paper that would represent solid dollars, and would therefore be easily converted into francs, lire, rubles, pounds, or whatever," he ruminated. "Furthermore it should be better than cash, so that if it were lost or stolen the owner could get his money refunded."

Thus he designed the travelers cheque which has the simple but superb device of a double signature by the owner. He signs his name when he buys the cheque under the watchful eye of the seller, and signs it again when he cashes it—this time under the eye of the person who cashes it. A further check on the cheque is an identification number in the upper right-hand corner.

Since few thieves run the risk of forging a signature, that worry is almost entirely eliminated.

Refunds for Lost Cheques

As for the owner, if he loses his cheques he always gets his money refunded by Amexco. Purchasers pay 75 cents for every $100 worth of cheques bought. By this time, several million Americans a year buy the cheques in most banks in the country, in Western Union offices, Railway Express offices and some hotels.

They bought the cheques right from the start in 1891, and then set about forcing the structure of Amexco into what it is today. When they went to Europe, they demanded Amexco offices in which to cash their cheques. Once the dazed company had opened offices—the first being a cubbyhole in Paris in 1895—the public bustled in and demanded travel information while the cash register jingled. "What trains leave on Monday morning for Switzerland?" they asked. "What's a good hotel in Florence?"

And so the American Express Company became a travel agency, pushed into it by the public. In 1918 it gave up its original destiny by presenting all its domestic express business to the Railway Express Agency in exchange for that company's foreign shipping. (Although they are often confused, there is no actual connection between these two. The railroads own Railway Express; 30,000 stockholders own Amexco.)

By this time, Amexco's Paris cubbyhole has grown into a six-story landmark for all tourists. Beyond those 139 offices straddling the globe, there are thousands of "bureaus" or representative offices in every byway of the world. The cubbyhole has become a colossus . . . by public demand.

The traveling public had become a colossus too, at exactly the same time. By 1900, tourism had developed such importance it was a department in most European governments, and tagged by Europeans "the great invisible export." Until then, only the very rich had traveled, but toward the beginning of the 20th century, with the aid of the industrial revolution and the steam engine, the great middle classes began to move. The result was that the end of World War I brought the greatest era of international travel in history. Between the two wars, traveling Americans spent a cool $8,000,000,000 in foreign countries.

"Foreign nations gained more money from traveling Americans than from any other source during that period—more than by the sales of coffee, rubber, sugar, copper or tin," says Ralph T. Reed, president of American Express. "And as soon as the recent war was over, they began doing it again. The State Department only let down the bars on postwar European pleasure travel this last June; yet even on such short notice about their favorite vacation place, Americans spent $600,000,000 traveling there and elsewhere in 1947."

Like cats after catnip, traveling Yanks search out American ground away from America . . . with their first love still their favorite: Paris. In Paris, as many as 12,000 Americans a day tell one another, "Meet me at American Express!"—and rush to the world-famous Amexco office at 11 Rue Scribe. Here they bustle up to the mail desk to collect mail from home, make out forwarding slips to have future mail follow them to their next stop, and scream greetings to one another. Here they scan the registry book on the desk to see where other American friends are staying in Paris.

At the cashier's cages they cash their travelers cheques into francs. At the information desks they go wild. They have French messages translated, they want trunks and furniture put in storage, and they machine-gun questions. They ask about sight-seeing tours, about hotels, boats, doctors, dentists, hairdressers, and where to buy perfume.

In the big Paris office—the largest outside of New York City—15 clerks work all day long giving free information. Upstairs in the huge fourth-floor mail room, more clerks turn over the 20,000 letters that arrive in a single day. This too is free.

One of Amexco's firmest policies (usually aided by the laws of the country) is to employ the citizens of each country in which they open offices. In the big Paris office, for instance, out of the 220 employees only four are American. The rest are English-speaking French. Ordinarily, the sole American in an office is the manager. "All we try to do is keep a touch of America in each office," explains President Reed.

Even away from the offices Amexco has created an American atmosphere—every international train and plane all over the globe finds an Amexco "sitter" awaiting its arrival. He wears a navy-blue uniform and he speaks four languages, one being English. There are 140 such sitters in the airports, stations and harbors of the world, ready to rush up to any overexcited stranger and help him past customs, through the mysteries of baggage and tipping, and finally into a taxi headed for his hotel. Again this is a free service. On New York's piers, newly arrived Europeans treat American Express Company sitters like human reference books.

Group Tours Are Popular

The estimated 90 per cent of traveling Americans who use Amexco offices can be explained by the fact that Amexco handles not only thousands of individual globe-trotters a year, but also endless cruises—and dozens of big groups. In 1947 they handled the British movie magnate J. Arthur Rank's entourage on its triumphal tour of America, as well as fifty America-bound groups of French, Swiss and Italian businessmen.

Meanwhile, they were further responsible for all the seals, gorillas, Shetland ponies, chimpanzees, polar bears and elephants that were sent from a dozen ports to America for the Ringling Brothers Barnum and Bailey Circus.

Corpses are an irregular but steady part of their shipping department. Americans die everywhere, but always want to be buried in America. Amexco does everything: witnesses the funeral service if there is one abroad, obtains the undertaker's certificate and the doctor's death

(Continued on page 61)

weden, a two-month-old tiger cub, had her passage arranged by Amexco from Malmö, Sweden, to a U.S. circus



MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN MURDER



I reached inside the door and snapped on the light. At first glance I saw what had brought that look into Patricia's eyes. It was Conchita

CONTINUING A NOVEL OF A TENDER LOVE AND CRIMINAL INTRIGUE

The Story:

STEVE BLAKE, young aeronautical engineer, is on trial for the murder of JEFF NULTY, ex-convict, who had managed the Casa Linda night club. Testimony has shown that on the afternoon of October 4th, Nulty barged in on Steve's cocktail party, already drunk. When Steve asked him to leave, Nulty became ugly, knocked Steve down and kicked him in the face. Blake, violently angry, threatened to kill him, but other guests hustled Nulty out.

That night, Nulty was found in his apartment, shot to death with a .38 which the police can't find. Neighbors fixed the time of the shot at 10 P.M.

Blake's defense is that he went to see Nulty that evening to settle accounts, but found him docile and apologetic. Blake also says that he left Nulty at 9 P.M. and arrived home at 9:20 P.M. [illegible] says he didn't leave his apartment [illegible] night, he does not know where his [illegible] .38 is. But he has no proof of his sta[illegible] ments.

Suddenly BRIAN GARLAND, Blak[illegible] chubby attorney, produces a MRS. [illegible] TRICIA KINGSLEY, whom Blake can[illegible] place. Under oath, she testifies that [illegible] knows Blake was in his apartment at [illegible]

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN



on the fourth, because she spent the
t with him. She frankly admits to
g Steve's mistress. Only Blake, sit-
there stunned, knows her statements
utterly false.
e is at first relieved to be provided
an alibi, but then, on impulse, not
ting his acquittal through perjury, he
s the stand himself and flatly denies
statements.

COURT reconvened at two o'clock. Noon editions of the papers had blazoned the news to an eager public. I knew all the lurid details had been on the air.

The state and the defense did their summing up. Both Walderson and Garland played it cagey. Neither ranted, neither raved. They were like two poker players, each of whom thinks he has the winning hand. For my money, Walderson made the better showing—he had more to go on.

Simply and graphically, he dwelt on me. He lauded my fearless honesty—which was a smart move. He established me as a man to whom lying was an impossibility, except perhaps on the little matter of claiming that I hadn't killed Jeff Nulty. He stated that he rarely had seen such courage, or heard such unequivocal truth. Voluntarily—without guidance or coercion—I had sworn that Pat Kingsley's testimony was false.

Garland played it the other way. He ignored my testimony and dwelt on Mrs. Kingsley's story. He drew a graphic picture of Mrs. Kingsley's social position and reputation; he reminded the jury that she was so obviously a lady. And, he claimed, her testimony must therefore be believed.

The jury retired. The guards trotted me back to my cell, but came back for me shortly before five o'clock.

The expressions of the seven men and five women in the jury box told me nothing. The quiet was something you could cut with a knife.

Judge Gaston said that the verdict would now be read by the clerk. He warned against any demonstration. Every muscle in my body was rigid. My head was throbbing.

The foreman of the jury handed an envelope to the clerk. The clerk opened it. Veteran though he was, his fingers were unsteady. He started to speak and his voice cracked. He gulped some water and started again. He read the preamble . . . he reminded everybody that this was the case of the People of the State of California versus Steven Blake. He said, "We, the jury, find the defendant . . ."

He paused again. He drew a deep breath, and then he said, "Not guilty!"

I didn't move. Not even when an incredulous Brian Garland started pumping my hand, not when George Walderson came over to congratulate me. The strength had drained from my body.

Photographers' flash bulbs were popping all over the place. One young man shoved a microphone at me and asked me to say something to my millions of well-wishers. I shoved the microphone away.

"Not guilty!" The sheer surprise of it drained me, left me flat.

An ample-bosomed lady shoved through the crowd and took one of my hands in both of hers. I recognized her as a member of the jury. She was crying.

She said, "I'm so happy, Mr. Blake; so very, very happy. Your effort to save that woman's reputation was the most heroic thing I've ever heard."

FREE. Now I could do what I wanted, when I wanted, how I wanted. I was amazed that there wasn't any red tape. The jury said, "Not guilty," and I was as free as anybody. No papers to be signed, no formalities, no nothing. I could answer questions if I chose, and refuse to answer them if I didn't choose.

I got through the crowd somehow, although dozens of people tried to talk to me. I felt like a fighter who had been awarded a close decision. I thanked Brian Garland for what he'd done and left him standing by the elevator looking as dazed as I felt.

Down on the ground floor there were a lot of people. Nobody knew me. Nobody cared about me. I was just someone walking out of the Hall of Justice. I went down Temple Street to Spring. I looked up at the magnificent white city hall, stretching high up into the clear dusk. I walked up the wide steps and stood between two of the massive pillars near the bronze entrance doors and smoked two cigarettes. I was thinking about what I intended to do, about what I had to do. Maybe it made sense—and maybe it didn't.

I went inside the building. I walked down a long, impressive corridor that angled off to the right through an archway. Leaning against the wall was a painted sign informing Mr. John Q. Public that he might proceed only if he wished to transact police business.

I went ahead, because that was what I wanted to do.

I HAD been in this corridor before, but not alone. I'd been brought here for questioning. I could turn around now and walk right out. The other time had been different.

Down the hall was a door marked "Homicide Division 43 Entrance in Room 42." I went to Room 42 and walked in.

I stood just inside the entrance and looked around. Conversation eased off. The Homicide detectives all looked at me. I had a feeling that they recognized me. They didn't say so, but I knew. They looked neither hostile nor friendly. I asked whether Lieutenant Marty Walsh was in, and a heavy-set detective with a slight Spanish accent motioned toward a larger room on the north side of the one in which I was standing.

That was the room where the big shots of Homicide had their desks. It was the same size as the reception room, and the desks were newer and neater, but the calendars on the walls were still advertisements for morticians.

The skipper—the captain of Homicide Division—was at his desk. Two men were talking to him. One was Marty Walsh.

Walsh had given my case his personal attention. He was slender, but that slenderness was deceptive. He was wiry as a coiled spring of tempered steel. He was one of the conservative dressers. He had brown hair and cold brown eyes. He was the smallest man in the room.

As I walked in, another man got up from a desk in the corner and moved forward. I recognized him, too. He was Sergeant Vic Tremont, who had been the partner of Lieutenant Walsh on my case. He was a big man, as straight up and down as six o'clock. He had a face like granite and a deceptively soft voice.

Obviously the skipper recognized me. He jerked his head in my direction and started reading a memorandum on his desk, which was the same as saying to Marty Walsh that he wasn't butting in. I noticed that the next room had quieted down, as though the detectives there were all humanly curious about what had brought me over to Homicide fifteen minutes after having been turned out of superior court.

Walsh straightened up. That still left him shorter than I was. He looked straight at me, but his eyes told me nothing. He said, in a flat voice, "You played that mighty cute, Blake."

"How?" I asked.

"Taking the stand. Defending a woman's honor. I didn't know you were that smart."

I shook my head. "You get hold of an idea, Marty—you never let go, do you?"

"It was very nice. On Mrs. Kingsley's testimony alone, they might still have convicted you. There wasn't any rule they had to believe her. But when you made your pitch, fella, that slew 'em. You handed 'em so much reasonable doubt they couldn't ignore it."

Two or three of the boys drifted in from the next room. They were as curious as a bunch of women. I said, "You don't agree with the jury, do you, Marty?"

"There's lots of things I don't have to agree with."

I said, "You and Tremont here rode me pretty hard."

"That's our job. We try to be smart. But we ain't ever half as smart as a slick lawyer."

I smiled. It was the first time I'd smiled in a long while. I said, "Why do you think I'm here?"

"To gloat. You got the right. You're just a citizen again. You can laugh at cops all you want."

"I came for something else, Marty." I looked around. "Could it be just you and me and Tremont?"

"Sure." He shooed most of the others out of the room and closed the door. The nice-looking man with the prematurely gray hair remained seated behind the desk. "You can't object to him, Blake," said Marty Walsh. "He's the skipper. Meet Captain Carnes."

I shook hands with Captain Carnes. He had a hard grip, but he didn't overdo it. I took the chair that Tremont shoved forward. I said, "I've come here to find out whether you're willing to help me."

Marty looked puzzled. He said, "You seem to be doing all right. Why do you need help now?"

I spoke carefully, "As I understand the law, I could confess to the murder of Jeff Nulty and you couldn't touch me."

"Right. You thinking of doing it?"

"No. What I wanted to tell you is that you've still got an unsolved murder on your hands. Jeff Nulty was murdered. I didn't do it. I'd like to know who did."

MARTY and the skipper glanced briefly at each other. Then Lieutenant Walsh faced me. He said, "Maybe you ain't as bright as I thought. Look, fella—you're clean. They washed you and hung you out to dry. Even if it's true you didn't knock Jeff Nulty off, what's it to you who did?"

"Can't you figure that one, Marty? Let me diagram it for you. My statement to the jury was the truth: nothing added, nothing held back. I've heard of Patricia Kingsley, but I never saw her before, except casually at my cocktail party. But fully half the citizens of this town are going to think your way. I'll always have the feeling that I'm suspected of murder, whether I'm technically free or not. It's a feeling I don't like."

"Just the same, it looks as though you're stuck with it."

"Not quite. You did a lot of talking about your job. Well, isn't it your job to find out who killed Jeff Nulty?"

"*That* again. I still think you did."

"Would I be here if that were true?

(Continued on page 30)

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

Ella was an old hand at worrying. She'd always worry more about less—and twice as often



Are You SURE?

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

He was trying to go to sleep when she said, "Clyde, did I pull out the iron cord, or—"

ONE thing you can say about Clyde and Ella Harris. They certainly are a source of contentment for others. After an evening at Clyde and Ella's, you notice couples leaving arm in arm, feeling pretty good about each other. And in the street during the short pause while men get out their car keys and the women remind one another of next Wednesday afternoon at three, somebody will say, "Poor Clyde." A wife will remind her husband, "You think *you've* got it rough." He will grin and admit he could have done worse. "He was always such an easygoing guy," somebody will say. The answer to that is that that's why he takes it. And generally there will be the old prediction about the redheaded stenographer: "You just wait. He'll take off with some dumb babe one of these days. There's a limit." Then somebody always mentions that trip to L.A., which is good for a laugh as we drive off.

Personally, I think Clyde and Ella are a very happy couple. But I've learned not to argue the point. All I get is that knowing look. Well, okay, Clyde did beat me out with Ella. She married him instead of me. But that's over, and so is what I felt for Ella. And it's not merely a case of taking fiendish pleasure in seeing Clyde on the rack. I'm just saying there's a Jill for every Jack.

Okay, *take* that trip to L.A. I know something about that. I got involved in it.

That was shortly after they'd moved into the new house. Over the long week end—Monday was a holiday—they'd planned to get the lawn in. But when Clyde called up Friday afternoon to arrange for renting a power tiller and a roller, he found that the equipment had already been reserved for the week end.

"Clyde, I *told* you to arrange for that stuff early this week," Ella said. "I should have done it myself, and made sure."

Clyde shrugged. He wasn't one to worry. "Why do we have to put the lawn in this week, anyhow?"

"What's more important?"

"We've been tied down to the place. Why don't we just take off and go someplace?"

"Where?"

"How about dropping in on Bill and Elaine in L.A.?"

So they packed up that night and got off in good time next morning, nothing planned ahead, the sort of trip you always have the most fun on.

They stopped in Gilroy for breakfast. As they ate, Ella said, "Clyde, did you lock up the house?"

"You watched me do it."

"As long as we're sure." Presently she looked about. "My purse! Did I leave it in the car? Did you lock the car?" Almost immediately she found the purse beside her on the bench. She looked through it, making sure she hadn't forgotten her sun glasses and address book, the credit card, the extra car key she always carried in case Clyde lost his, and other things she'd made sure of a dozen times before. "Clyde, we ought to do this oftener. Just take off. It does something to you."

"We had a grind with the house. But n we're in."

"Just pick up and go and forget everything fo couple of days. Clyde—"

"What?"

"You know, we could lose everything. I've hea of people who watch. Particularly with new hous before you get to know the neighbors. They w until you're out, and then back up a truck a simply strip everything to the bare walls. It's ha pened while people have just stepped out to go the grocery store."

"We've got the best locks money can buy."

"Yes; but did you lock up? Are you sure?"

"You were right there when I locked the do You looked up and down the street to make sure r body was watching while I dropped the key in t mailbox."

"But that was the front door, Clyde. What abo the back?"

"I locked it from inside. Then I went throu the house checking the windows, and locked t front door as I came out."

She said, "I wonder if we'd ought to give Bill a Elaine a ring. Maybe they'll have company, or away, or have something else planned. There's phone right over there. We could just say he and tell them we'll be dropping in."

"And put them to a lot of fuss getting ready a planning ahead," he said. "We'll just pop in. Ta things as they are. You always have more fun t way."

(Continued on page

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

The Secret Papers of HARRY L. HOPKINS

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

The war in the Pacific becomes desperate. Roosevelt's suggestions on India arouse Churchill. The British agree to 1943 invasion of Europe

PART VIII—WE PREPARE FOR A SECOND FRONT

RESIDENT ROOSEVELT and Winston Churchill announced at the beginning of that the United Nations had ed a great coalition against the but within one month there were ning evidences that it was about knocked to pieces. The danger from blows delivered by the re- ced Germans in Africa and the ering procession of Japanese uests southward and westward. e most dreadful of all prospects, h came perilously close to reali- n, was that of a German break- gh into the Middle East and a nese march through India, which d have enabled the two powerful partners to join up and pool re- es. This, of course, did not hap- but there were many moments bsequent months when the "best informed sources" would not dare to bet against it.

Harry L. Hopkins was very much worried about public morale. (He always worried a lot more than Roosevelt did.) He was afraid that the flood of bad news would produce a resurgence of isolationist sentiment.

Hopkins at this time was virtually hospitalized, but on January 24th, he drove to the White House for an evening with the President and subsequently noted:

It is perfectly clear that the President is going to have to go through just what Lincoln had to go through with this Senate committee on the war and I fancy he is going to do it with the same imperturbability as did Lincoln.

He is going to have many of the same problems that Lincoln had with generals and admirals whose records look awfully good but who well may turn out to be the McClellans of this war. The only difference between Lincoln and Roosevelt is that I think Roosevelt will act much faster in replacing these fellows.

This war can't be won with . . . men who are thinking only about retiring to farms somewhere and who won't take great and bold risks, and Roosevelt has got a whole hatful of them in the Army and Navy that will have to be liquidated before we really get on with our fighting.

Fortunately he has got in King, Marshall and Arnold three people who really like to fight.

At this time the Russian front provided almost the only good news of a military nature and Roosevelt kept pressing to get supplies to the Red Army. In mid-January, he wrote to Admiral Land saying:

I am still terribly disturbed about the fact that an adequate number of ships are not available for Russia. . . . This government has made a firm pledge to Russia and we simply cannot go back on it. . . . You simply must find some ships that can be diverted at once for this Russian business.

Roosevelt cabled Stalin as to progress and added:

Our reports suggest that you are getting on well in pushing back the enemy. I believe that despite our Far East difficulties, we will have that area reinforced in the near future to such an extent that we can stop the Japs, but we are prepared for some further setbacks.

(Continued on page 54)

ACME



When President Roosevelt brought MacArthur (shown arriving in Melbourne) from Corregidor it was like ordering the captain to be the first to leave a sinking ship, but Roosevelt did it to bolster the morale of the people of Australia and New Zealand

ON BAKEOVEN GRADE

BY ERNEST HAYCOX



Web Gordon had the common disease of the country: He thought old. But Ellen had the cure: She acted young

AT ELEVEN o'clock, with September's aromatic heat full upon the land, the Antelope stage appeared on the bench rim five miles above John Whitman's ranch and swept along the loops of Bakeoven Grade.

John Whitman stood in the barn's doorway and felt a puff of hay-fragrant air come from the loft. Every driver has his own style and, noting the reckless way the stage traveled, Whitman guessed it would be Ek Long at the ribbons; someday Ek would turn a stage over on that grade and kill his passengers. The road, leaving the hairpin curves, traveled beside Bakeoven Creek—meager waters now, moistening a rocky bottom—and split the yard of John Whitman's ranch, separating the barn from a long, low house weathered into the universal tan-gray of the country. He saw his wife's face at the kitchen window and he called, "Stage in sight."

She gave him a short glance from a face more thoughtful than usual. Something worked on her mind and would come out when it suited her to let it out. His daughter Ellen stood in the young orchard with Web Gordon, who had come from his father's ranch two miles away; in the last few months Web had done a lot of aimless riding in this direction, and rather suddenly it occurred to John Whitman that his daughter was nineteen and ready to have men on her heels. He thought to himself: Hard to think time's gone that fast, and returned his attention to the stage and to the land, which, rising bench on bench, knew no flatness till it reached the high, rolling desert ten miles away.

That was eastward. To the west, it pitched down over other successive benches until it reached the deep canyon of the Deschutes twenty miles distant. In any direction from this ranch the land was up or down, never level, and though John Whitman had lived here for ten years he still had the occasional feeling that he walked with one leg braced against a tilted earth.

When the stage was two miles away he observed that nobody rode on the boot with Ek Long. He called to his wife, "Light load today," and went into the barn to water and harness the fresh relay horses.

Ellen said in her quietest, gentlest voice, "I wish for the rain to come," and looked beyond Web Gordon to the parched row of fruit trees jammed like spikes into the iron-dry ground. They needed water soon, she thought; it was a quick thought that broke into her other thoughts and went away, leaving her discontented with herself and with Web. What had begun with such rising excitement three months earlier had settled into something silent, something desperate. Everything turned old too soon in this country; the sun and the wind dried out the grass and the trees and every living thing. Nothing happened on the grade; it was a thousand miles from anywhere. The earth was forever brown and dusty; the ridges lay frozen in shapes that would never change. Even people got frozen into their shapes and lost the power to grow.

Web said, "Never wish for rain. It can drive people crazy."

She knew him, but of late she was uncertain about him. He wasn't talkative. He was a young man with a round hard body and a face made deeper than amber by the sun. It was a restful, easy, healthy face; his eyes had a powdery-blue depth in the sunlight. He looked at her with his honest concern; he felt the change between them, too, and couldn't understand it.

She said, "When we stop wishing, we stop exp ing anything—and then we're old."

"No use wishing for things you can't do anyth about. Better to keep your mind on things that know we can get."

"No. People get in a rut by just being pract You've got to want a lot of things, and want th hard."

His smile came as he watched her with his t bled wonder. "Well," he said, and he had no ma in his voice, "wish for the moon, but you w get it."

His fingers sought his shirt pocket for cigar pouch and papers; he rolled a smoke, his calm not as good a thing to her as it had been before. liked his life, he endured the monotony and work and the heat and the dust; he took it all v out complaint. She waited for him to say the



ng she wanted to hear, and at last she knew he ildn't say it. She decided to prompt him.

"There's a dance at Antelope tomorrow night."

He drew in a breath of smoke and expelled it. looked down at the hard earth. "Dad and I have to light out for the mountains tomorrow and t hauling wood." He raised his head and caught guarded disappointment. "It's getting late in year," he added.

he said in her lightest tone, "There was a dance week, too."

I was down in the canyon working fences for nin. I'd have lost two days' wages, coming back the dance."

he stage turned the last loop of the road, a mile ant. She said, "Time to dish up for the passen-," and walked away. He stood still, not able to tify the trouble between them. He rubbed a film of sweat from his face and looked at the dull brass sky. . .

The stage rolled into the yard and came to a tearing stop. Ek Long threw down the reins to John Whitman and dropped from the seat, all legs and torso and rangy arms. He was a redheaded young man with a hard bright smile, and an assurance that rushed out of every feature and expressed itself in every gesture. He grinned at Whitman and walked into the house for dinner, preceding the passengers who crawled stiffly from the coach. Whitman unhitched the old horses, ran them into the corral and led out the fresh set. The sudden racket of dishes and people's voices came out of the house, and from the barn's arch he saw Ellen standing beside Ek Long at the head of the table, Ek smiling at her and she smiling at him. Web Gordon strolled forward and stood a moment in the barn's opening

"You're too easy with other men's girls," Web Gordon said. "I've got to teach you better." But Ek Long jabbed Web's face three times

with John Whitman. He said nothing but he, too, saw Ellen's smile for Ek Long, and presently he went to his horse and rode out through the hard sunshine toward the Gordon ranch.

These meal stops were always short and hurried things. In twenty minutes the passengers returned to the coach while Ek Long paused in the house doorway to say one last word to Ellen and to receive her nod; then he climbed the boot, caught the reins which John Whitman tossed to him and kicked off the brake in a single motion, breaking the horses from a standstill *(Continued on page 66)*

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

Laughter MUST BE SHARED

BY WILLIAM CHADWICK



"May you have happiness," Mr. Li said. "I have saved a special incense cone for this important occasion"

THE evening that my beautiful, slender, black-haired mother went with me to Mr. Li Fu's shop the clouds were hanging black and swollen over the city, threatening snow. I had been to the shop often before. But only to look. This evening I had come to buy.

My mother halted at the door of Mr. Li's shop. I went forward into the yellow lamplight, then paused and looked back at her, expectantly.

"I'll wait here, Bud," she said.

But I could not go the rest of the way inside. Remorse prevented me, even though I still kept my two dollars clenched in my fist. For in the last year I had become money-wise. The nickels and dimes which my father used to give me casually to spend just as casually belonged now to the past. There had been no talk between my mother and me about money since he had died, but I had become conscious of the lack of security.

For months Mother and I had discussed my birthday. She had promised me two dollars. And now two dollars I had. At first in my imagination I had spent it easily on a thousand things. But then a selective instinct had developed in me which changed to a heavy doubt. And it was doubt that had first led me into the side street and at last to Mr. Li's shop.

I had realized at once that Mr. Li was no ordinary shopkeeper. For as I had peered in his door he had said, "You must come in, for it is only from the center that one sees the whole."

"I'm only looking," I had said. "I'm not buying *yet*."

"That is wise," Mr. Li had said. "Before one buys, one should search diligently." Then he showed me the wonders of his shop, the rose jade and crystal, the fans and carved chests and heavy silks.

I told of my approaching birthday and promised, "I shall spend all my birthday money here."

"In which case," he had replied gravely, "you must come here frequently to see all that I have and take note of anything new that has come from China."

But now as I stood at the threshold of Mr. Li's shop the lump of coins in my hand seemed enormous. It was one thing to spend it only in imagination, and another to part with it recklessly. My mother had saved this vast sum. Now was the time to return it to her, for I knew she needed it. Then I recalled my promise to Mr. Li. And my face must have shown my anxiety for my mother bent over me and whispered:

"Hurry, honey. I'm so excited I just can't wait to see your present."

I TOOK a deep breath and with beating heart marched to the far end of the shop where Mr. Li in his yellow robe sat patiently watching me. Carefully I placed my two dollars on the counter and said, "I have come to buy my birthday present."

"May you have happiness," he said. "I have saved a special incense cone for this occasion. It is only once in a lifetime that a man may celebrate his eighth birthday and himself select the present which he desires. Would you, little Bud, like to see one more thing from China before you decide?"

My heart had been set on one of those wonderful boxes. You opened it and found another box inside: and inside that, another little box; and another and another until at last you came to the final box and inside that you would find, carved out of ivory, a miniature figure of a man in a peasant's straw hat. quite perfect and beautiful. I hesitated. Then with my eyes on the money I nodded.

"Do you like to laugh?" Mr. Li said, and with the gesture of an Oriental magician reached under the counter and put before me the queerest little ivory man I have ever seen. He was fat. His head was bent to one side. His mouth was wide open and his two teeth were showing as his hands clasped his belly in a paroxysm of mirth. He looked as if he were sore from so much laughing. And I began to laugh, too, until tears squeezed from my eyes. "Laughter is like good wine," Mr. Li said. "It must be shared."

"I want to buy him," I said. "How much is he?"

"Let me see," Mr. Li said. His head sank in thought. "Two dollars. The price includes his box."

"Just what I have! I'll take him."

"Just a moment," my mother said from behind me. "You are good and thoughtful, Mr. Li, but this is a collector's piece. You must have had high offers for it. Bud only has two dollars. You must sell him something worth two dollars. Nothing more."

Mr. Li folded his hands into the sleeves of his robe. "It is true that I have had many offers for this ivory figure. But not one was as high as the offer I have had from little Bud this evening. He has offered all he has and that is a great price."

From beneath his counter he produced a sandalwood box and in it he plac little man and round it he wrapped a of white paper stenciled with green ons. With one of his rare smi handed the box to me and saic Tungp'o, a great Chinese poet wr single hour in an evening of sp worth a fortune of gold. Let him k Laughter is the balm which eas pain of life."

I looked doubtfully at my moth

"It's yours, Bud," she said. "' Mr. Li for his goodness."

AT THE door of Mr. Li's shop I parcel under my coat. We pass into the darkness and as I caug mother's hand the first snowflake my shoulder. I looked up at my er's face and it was set and strai we hurried through the snow. I b head down and pressed my nose the parcel. Through the paper I the faint scent of warm sandalwo I thought of the little man inside felt the laughter bubbling in me spring of water.

I stumbled. My mother jerk arm.

"Bud! What on earth are you d

"I'm laughing!" I spluttered. "I laughing with my little man!"

At the thought of him my mirth and I laughed until I shouted. darkness I glanced at my moth saw the gleam of her teeth and he sudden rush of her own laughter. we were walking home through th York snow, laughing and laughing next to my heart the little man sandalwood box was doubled u mirth.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCIS CHASE



UNWANTED

BY W. B. COURTNEY

oved about like pawns in a game of high international politics are a million and a f desperate people, Europe's DPs. Their only crime was that they were brave ough to hold out for liberty; their only desire is to become useful citizens

he first boatload of Displaced Persons and ngees landed in America on the 21st of Decem- 1620; some 100 women and children and men umble means and simple crafts. They were not first permanent colonists here. But they are the t venerated in our history because they were the arrivals who had been displaced by political pression and made fugitives by religious perse- ion—and in that sense remain a foundation mbol of the United States of America.

NE day, 327 years after the Mayflower, I talked with a man in a camp near Munich, Germany, sardine-packed with 6,000 dern Displaced Persons and Refugees. The n had been a professor in a Baltic university il the Reds gobbled it.

He quoted an item he had read in an American spaper describing objections by a patriotic anral society in the United States to the admission re of Displaced Persons. Then he added, gently: Perhaps if we all were Anglo-Saxons and Episalians we'd be welcomed in the United States dily enough!"

Though it stung, I liked him for saying it. And ked him for how he said it: without either timidor ill feeling, but as one quietly trying to figure what a thing really meant.

For what it really meant to me, I recalled a day, n Yanks were dying so that people like the proor could have freedom and homes again and own could be secure. In what had been a Normdy meadow I watched identification squads do ir bookkeeping in the human debris of battle. haps some of these poor fragments were in dit line from the Pilgrims; but more, far more, nmed from ancestors who had flocked much r through America's Open Gate.

Amid the stench of quick decay in that summer t, and the commotion of near-by fighting, I ught there could be nothing worse about war. re was its Last Mile, the end of a boy's progress m school and family to a quaking slot of earth. nought, also, that in a fresh military cemetery like s, and not in palaces, the makers of peace should compelled to hold their wranglings.

But that was maudlin nonsense of course. There longer and worse Last Miles of war for the nded, the maimed, the bereaved. And there is other, seldom remembered; but measureless and gic because it is trod by *whole* and *living* people. One and a half million such people are drifting ng that sort of Last Mile now—Displaced Pers and Refugees for whom there is no Plymouth Rock anywhere. Human beings who are nothing more than "Official Statistics." One million and a half men, women and children dutifully checked, identified, sifted for spies, catalogued, stamped and filed away by the International Refugee Organization. Impersonal columns of figures, expressionless thumbtacks, faceless circles on the charts of a vague and distant "problem."

Absolute precision in human records, as in those of any perishable and expendable goods, is not possible—varying from hour to hour with deaths, births, desertions. Actually, the number is somewhat larger: about 1,100,000 in Europe and nearly 600,000 elsewhere. But 1,500,000 is a nice round, impressive statistic—easy to remember: It's equal to the population of Detroit, for example.

"Statistics" begin to break down when you leave IRO headquarters and visit the camps. Visit many in a rush, and they, at least, break down into persons. Visit a few, more leisurely, and persons break down into people like those you see in the pictures on these pages. Visit just one camp; see its folks crowded like goldfish in a pet-shop globe; inspect their handicrafts; watch their native dances; listen to their haunting old-country songs—or the thin and wistful laughter that sweeps a room when they hear an American Forces Network broadcast that deals with the pleasures of life in the United States or extols the virtues of the American system. Then statistics at last break down into individual human beings. Like the professor you have already met.

But they break down into something else, too: 1,500,000 broken promises.

Camps Are Hotbeds of Future Wars

Here is a place for the holding of a peace conference! Any one of these camps in which the living human debris of war is dumped. In such camps lie more seeds of future wars than in fields where the killed in action are finished with pain and suffering. Because it is not what is done in war, but what is left *undone* after war, that corrodes the years of peace.

Nowadays the wealth, power and voice of the United States are fully extended to convince what's left of Europe that democracy's way of life is better. Yet in these camps you find refugees from the Communist way of life who are:

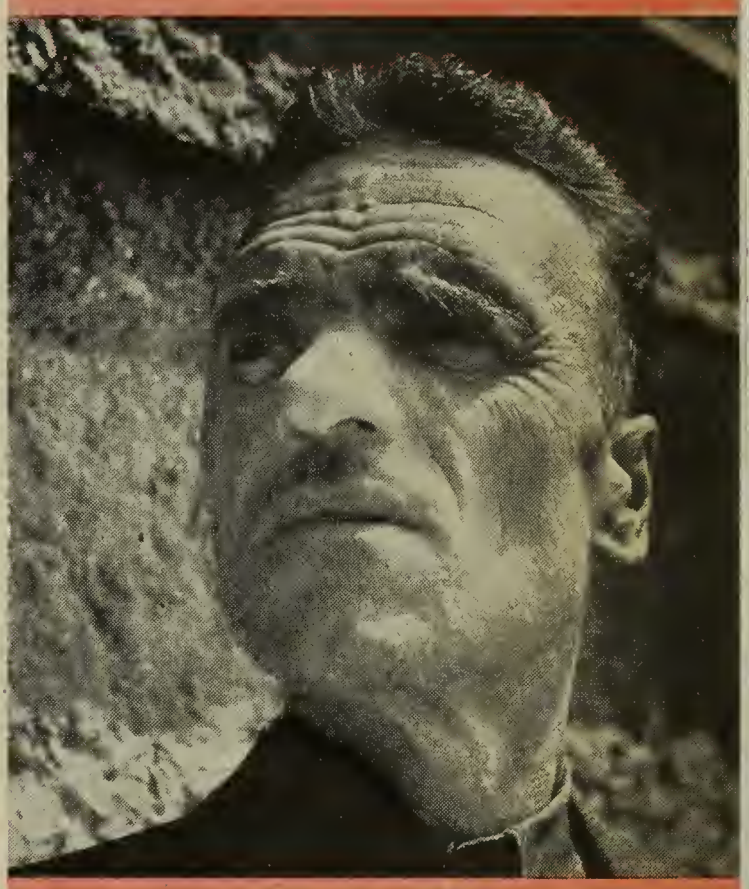
1. Bereft of human dignity by the sordid nickname which callousness and nonchalance have added to commonplace daily usage in our language—"DPs."

2. Pawed, selected, bargained for, swapped

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY A. L. ZEGART



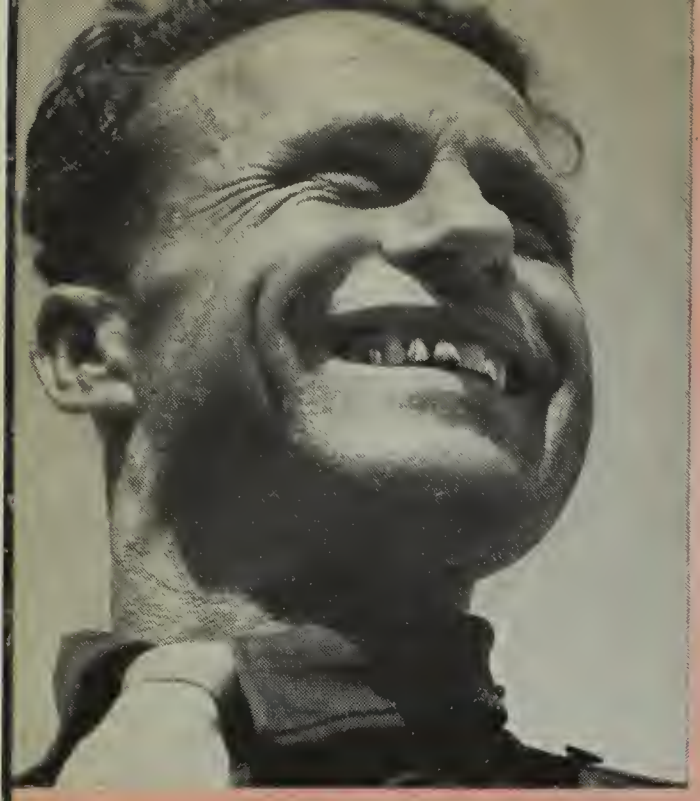
RUSSIAN: TATIANA PRONIN



POLE: ROBERT WALS

LATVIAN: ROLAND KALNINS

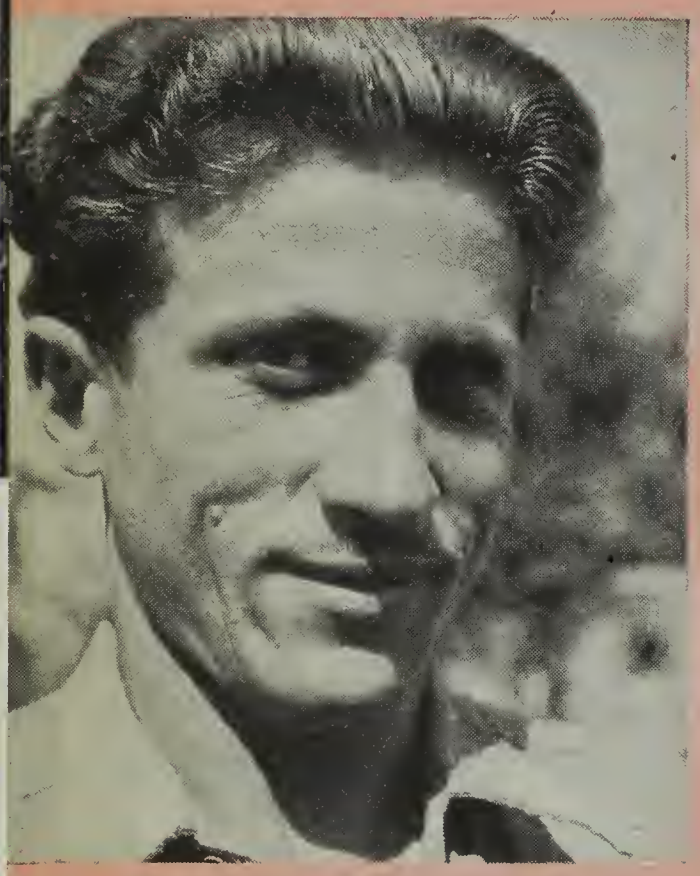




YUGOSLAV: WITOMIR MITROWITSCH



ESTONIAN: SAK MAJ



LITHUANIAN: HERMAN SERKAS

Mr. Walter Davenport
Editor of Collier's
250 Park Avenue
New York 17, New York

Dear Mr. Davenport:

I have read the article entitled "Unwanted" by W. B. Courtney. It is a fine presentation of the Displaced Persons problem.

We Americans cannot dismiss this topic as one represented by statistics only, we must think of it in terms of human beings. Articles such as yours will most certainly result in a more sympathetic understanding of this situation.

Sincerely,

William G. Stratton

William G. Stratton
Congressman at Large

around—in what is virtually a "refined" slave mart.

3. Cared for at a cost of about 30 cents a day each—the price of a hamburger and a cup of coffee in an American drugstore.

4. Listed in, and picked from, a human mail-order catalogue.

5. Shuffled out like cards in resettlement schemes; families often torn apart.

6. Bullied with threats of redeportation to Germany as the price of refusing forced labor contrary to agreements under which they were resettled.

7. Used as a means by some countries to build up dollar credits.

8. Shoved around like pawns in a game of high international politics.

9. Reviled and subtly persecuted—alike by the natives of the late enemy countries in which they are confined and by some of the occupation personnel of the Western armies that "liberated" them.

10. Eager, with fervor akin to religious exaltation, to be useful citizens of free Western society; but slowly being churned into 1,500,000 potential human political time bombs, whose final disillusionment could explode them into its sourest enemies.

The mockery of their situation makes the DPs immensely useful to the propaganda of the nation that hates them most—Russia. The Soviet and satellite radio and press incessantly point to them as evidence of American philosophy that dollars alone are the world's cure-all; that America's wallet is bigger than its reason; that America's mouth is bigger than its mind.

When it became apparent that UNRRA would expire, leaving many loose threads in the universal misery, the United Nations formed an International Refugee Organization to handle the human ravelings. That was in December, 1946.

To date, of the almost 60 United Nations less than one third have shown interest enough in this human salvage problem to join IRO; and not all of these have paid their pledged dues.

Seventy-five per cent of the budget was barely reached. IRO has available for this year $117,000,000, or $78 per DP. The situation is partially saved because many DPs manage supplementary earnings outside the camps; otherwise there wouldn't be even 30 cents a day for their average care.

From the outset the humanitarian mission IRO was hamstrung by military autocracy and stuff international politics. The British forced agreement cutting IRO staff permitted in their to nearly zero; and gave the bulk of jobs pertaining to its work to British soldiers and military ernment officials. Their salaries must be paid IRO (which has nothing to do with selecting workers) to the British government in London dollars. The government, in turn, pays the personnel in occupation currency.

Lack of Tough Leadership a Drawback

IRO, meanwhile, profited neither from UNR few mistakes nor huge successes and experi Working among 50-odd nations is like worki the midst of 50 loaded rifles held by 50 tri happy marksmen. The chief reason for IRO's of momentum is lack of tough leadership; a clination to cry out the scandal of the DPs t forgetful citizens of all countries in fear of step on nationalistic corns.

When DP administration got under way, al pedals were down with respect to Russia. Th viet Union has always insisted that the only DPs in Europe are the 200,000 Spanish Re cans now sheltered in France. For others, rep tion (and not resettlement) was the only thing considered. So—we bribed the hesitant wit day rations and other pressure devices to get to submit to disappearing behind the Iron Cu Even today, IRO's Russian-appeasing constit still insists upon the ugly fiction that its chie is to persuade DPs to go home—although it is known and established that 100 per cent are gees from Communism and that return for could only mean torture and murder.

Over the DP camps hovers the air of a m for what Hugo E. Rogers, Borough Preside Manhattan, has called "refined slave labor." ernments may thumb through IRO's DP logue" like farmers through a Sears Ro annual; their representatives prowl in the can if in department-store bargain basements, the marked-down price tags feature race, size ily status, age, skill, muscles.

IRO workers have cynical military puns fo shopping for humans. "Operation Maidenl to describe a Canadian millowner's picking Polish girls with the stipulation all must be lies and virgins; "Operation Blondie," to Australia's search for blue-eyed Nordics.

Some countries offer to take single men or w but not families. Others will admit only DP ing relatives or friends already citizens wh sponsor and pay for them. Some dip into th in carefully timed and keyed proportions by and skills, to replace native workers they are by emigration.

The score? Three years after "liberation": 115,000 DPs actually resettled. Another 3 "on order" to 15 member nations of IRO United States is the only member nation th ordered—0. Lack of shipping and funds, a terminable wrangles over visas and contract g scant hope the "orders" will be filled soon.

Most Europeans believe that the lion's sh blame for the DPs' continuing homelessne hopelessness falls squarely upon the United This may jar Americans who remember how and how freely we have always given of o tional substance to lighten Europe's trouble know also that America's 46 per cent allotm IRO's budget amounts to 80 per cent of the money the organization has available.

However, our aid is usually given with toc emphasis on *policies* involved, and not enou *peoples* involved. While we have given mo all other nations combined to support DPs, w done less than the smallest and poorest n nation of IRO to give them what they want *hands out* rather than handouts.

To understand the DPs and judge our obligations, if any, toward them, it is necessa to know who and what they are *not*—in ans the misconceptions oftenest expressed to m at home. Namely:

(A) That all, or most, DPs are Jews. Even that is not true, it seems discreditable a American not to be able merely to reto what?" Actually, more than 61 per cent are lics; the second highest sect is Lutheran. Mo be it noted, world Jewry *(Continued on pa*

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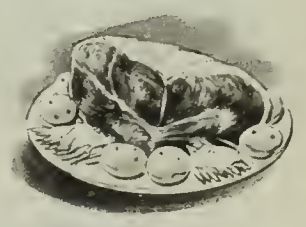
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MORE MEALS FROM A BEEF RUMP ROAST



DEVELOP TENDERNESS AND FLAVOR by braising this way: Brown meat in a little fat. Add a small amount of liquid and seasonings. Cover; cook slowly until meat is tender.



CARVE ONLY NEEDED SLICES. Leftover meat keeps better if unsliced. Keep in the refrigerator, of course. Suggested accompaniments for the roast: Cooked green beans and clove-spiced whole peaches.



SERVE LEFTOVER ROAST in different ways—as meat pie with biscuit top; slices heated in gravy; ground beef in Spanish sauce on rice; sandwiches.



CLEVER HOMEMAKERS keep a file of interesting ways to use cooked meat and plan on several meals from one roast. A ready fund of what-to-do ideas saves time, makes it easy to use every delicious remnant!

MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN MURDER

Continued from page 21

Wouldn't I be content to let well enough alone?"

"Look," he said patiently, "why don't you lay off? What's the percentage in probing any deeper?"

I said, "I figure I'm in the middle of something. Don't ask me what, because I haven't even got a theory. But no girl of Mrs. Kingsley's character is going to do what she did without a pretty strong reason. Somehow I'm mixed up in that reason. There's an angle that's puzzled me ever since I heard her lying on the stand. If she merely wanted to cover someone, she'd have kept her mouth shut. It was easy enough to stay away. But she went voluntarily to Brian Garland and offered to testify. On the other hand, if she knew who killed Nulty, there was plenty of opportunity to say so. So why did she wreck her own reputation—and tie horns on her husband's head?"

I turned to Captain Carnes. I said, "Just for a moment, Captain, put yourself in my place. Try to believe I'm telling the truth—even if only because this play would be idiotic if it weren't the truth. After what I've been through, it seems I'm entitled to a little help."

Carnes said gently, "You intend to try to find the murderer?"

"Yes. But I'm not a detective. I haven't the ability or the authority."

He said, "Maybe if you keep this thing stirred up, it wouldn't be so healthy. If you're telling the truth, maybe the person who killed Nulty wouldn't like you messing around."

"I've thought of that. It's still not the danger I was in until a few minutes ago."

Carnes turned to Walsh and Tremont. "He's got a point. Nobody could be as crazy as he sounds. Maybe it wouldn't do any harm to string along with him."

Marty Walsh turned to me. "How?" he asked.

"The newspapers have been trying to get me to make a statement. So far I haven't. It's my idea to let them know—for publication—that I have no intention of letting the matter drop."

"You'll be leading with your chin, Steve."

I glanced sharply at Marty Walsh. It was the first time he'd used my given name. Maybe that meant something, maybe it meant that he was coming over on my side. I said, "I can't figure any other way out. I'd never have a comfortable minute the way things stand now."

Someone opened the door. A mountainous detective said, "The newspaper boys are here. They know you got Blake. They're asking why."

I said, "I'll tell them."

Marty got up. "Better think twice."

"I've thought twice." I walked into the main office. I started telling the reporters what I'd been telling Marty. Behind my back I heard Captain Carnes say something to Walsh and Tremont.

"I know just how he feels," said Carnes. "I'd suggest that you fellows play along with him. I got a hunch he might be in a pretty tough spot."

I PICKED up a taxi on First Street and gave the driver the name and address of my apartment building in Hollywood. My taxi made good time and I added a fifty-cent tip to the fare.

The lobby of the Collins was small and neat, the sort of lobby you'd expect to find in a building which was lived in by a young aeronautical engineer who could afford something better, but hadn't succeeded in finding it. Off to the left there was an alcove containing a cabinet which was cut up into little boxes, one for each apartment. That was where the mail was put twice a day. There were two chairs in the lobby and one in the alcove. I went in to see whether there was anything in my box and someone got up from the chair.

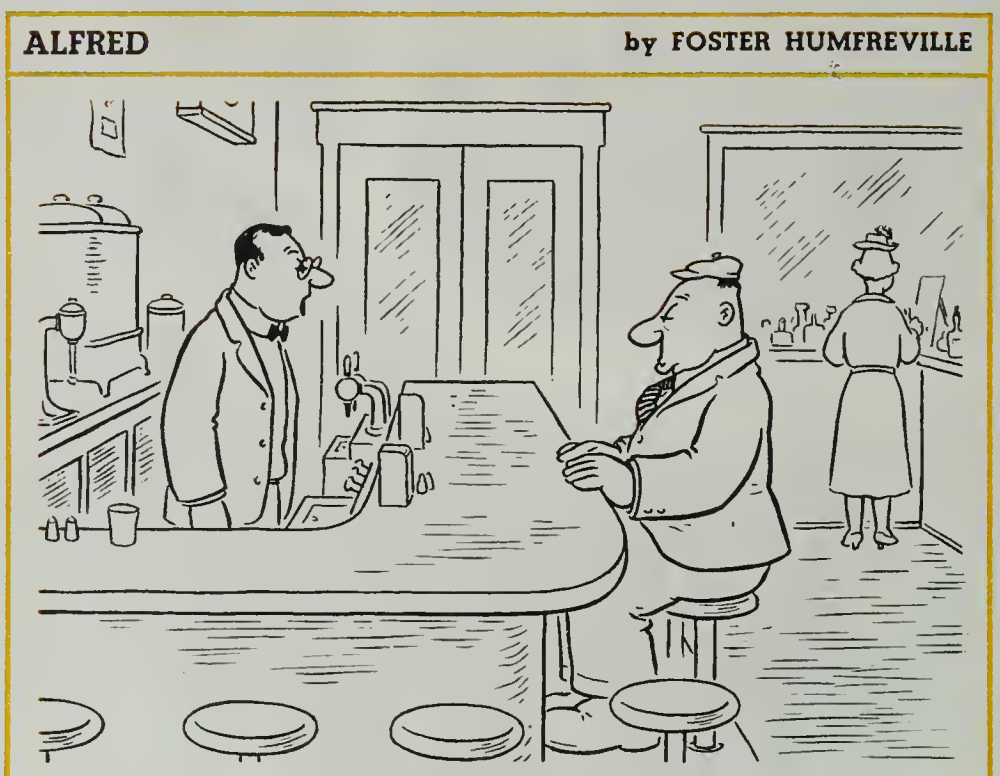
Mrs. Patricia Maxwell Kingsley said, "I've been waiting a long time."

I stared at her. She still looked like a lady. She didn't look like someone who would publicly proclaim that she was having an affair with me or with anybody else.

She was still wearing the gray and maroon outfit which she had worn on the witness stand. She was smiling, but with her lips only—not with her eyes. She was nervous and ill at ease.

I took two envelopes out of my mailbox and turned back to her. I said, "Well . . . ?" and left it dangling. I wasn't cordial.

She said, slowly, "You don't have to make it more difficult than it is."



"That depends," I said, "on why you're here."

Obviously, she'd been expecting more co-operation. She said, "It's important that I talk to you. Alone. Would it be possible to go to your apartment?"

I said it was possible. Then I said, "Why didn't you let yourself in? You testified that you've got a key."

"Oh, that!" She gave me a tiny little smile. "I'm afraid I lost it."

Studying her, the situation made even less sense than it had in court. She wasn't someone to be brushed off; she wasn't a person to whom it was easy to be discourteous.

I did some fast thinking. My mind had been trained to work logically. I had made a statement to the press. I had announced that I wanted to find out what was behind all this. Well, here was my chance. Why not talk to the girl?

We walked upstairs and I unlocked the door of my apartment. I had a fair-sized living room with a nice view, a tiny bedroom, a little kitchen complete with dinette, and a tiled bath. She seated herself in an easy chair and watched me walk around, opening windows to rid the place of that musty odor which accumulates along with dust and disuse.

I said, "I'm fixing myself a drink. Will you have one?"

She said, "Thanks." I went into the kitchen and wrestled with a refrigerator which hadn't been defrosted for much too long. That's the trouble with being in jail: You lose out on your housework. I fixed two Scotch and sodas, putting a double dose in mine. She took the glass I handed her and sipped it gratefully. I sat down, gave her a cigarette, and took one myself. I held a match for her. Then I waited. But not long.

She said, "You didn't seem too surprised to find me downstairs."

I shrugged. "I've become hardened to surprises today."

"I came, Mr. Blake, because I felt there would be things we should discuss . . ."

This wasn't the way it should be. Not at all. I felt a sudden unreasoning surge of anger. I said, "Isn't that 'Mister' a trifle formal from one's mistress?"

She said steadily, "Must you be brutal?"

"I never used to be. What happened in the last couple of months may have changed me. But one thing has remained the same. I've never enjoyed being pushed around. I've never liked things I didn't understand. The position I'm in now is both awkward and ridiculous."

"How so? You're clear of a murder charge. You could admit killing Jeff Nulty and they couldn't touch you."

"I'm afraid that doesn't enthuse me much, Mrs. Kingsley—or should it be 'Pat'? Up to the time you testified for me, things were running by the book. The police were wrong about me, but they were doing their duty. That was something I understood, whether or not I liked it. It could turn out well or turn out badly. What I don't understand is you."

"That's what I'm here for: to explain."

"All right." I blew a cloud of smoke at the ceiling. "I don't know why I'm telling you this, except perhaps I feel you have a right to know. I'm in the middle of something I don't like. I have no intention of staying there."

"What does that mean?"

"If possible, I'm going to find out who killed Jeff Nulty and why. You're in it somewhere. In the course of my probing, you might get hurt."

She took her time about answering. Then she said, "So might you."

"Is that a threat?"

"No. You might call it a suggestion. Why not let well enough alone, Steve?"

"Because it isn't well enough. I don't feel that I've been acquitted. I feel I've been turned loose under the Scotch verdict, 'Not proven.' Half people who've been reading about case still think I'm guilty."

She said, "Arriving at the truth wrong way doesn't make it any less truth, does it?"

I got up and walked to the windo could see all the garish neon glitte Hollywood Boulevard, hear the roa impatient traffic. Off to the right I c see the austere architectural beaut the Casa Linda Apartments stretc upward into the night. That was w Jeff Nulty had been murdered. By so one.

UNFINISHED business. A h stubborn streak in me made me v to know. It was a deeply personal th something you couldn't expect ano person to understand. I turned and f a question at my visitor, "Why did come here?"

She hesitated. "I thought you migh willing to help."

"How?"

"Testifying as I did wasn't easy. F lot of reasons. When I went on the st I took a calculated risk. I committed jury. By doing that, I exposed mysel the possibility of a term in the s prison of from one to fourteen years

I shook my head. "Somebody has l giving you false ideas."

"What do you mean?"

"The perjury laws are written into penal code to frighten people—to h them from doing what you have done. But they don't often prosecute perjury."

"They would in this case."

"Why?"

"Because they believe you're gu If they could prove that by perjuring self I had caused a guilty man to be quitted they'd get sore. They'd throw book at me."

I studied her. She was frightene could understand that. I'd been pr badly frightened myself recently.

I still didn't believe that they'd pr cute her for what she'd done, but I r ized that she believed it. That was important thing. I tried to convince that she had nothing to fear, but my guments didn't get me to first base. was scared all the way through. said, "You see, I've got a guilty c science. I'm not basically a coward, I'm afraid of this. Your assurance it isn't customary to prosecute for jury doesn't make me any less fri ened."

I saw her point, all right, even tho I disagreed with her premise. It wa unnatural that even the remote poss ity of a fourteen-year stretch in the p tentiary would frighten her.

But there were other factors to be sidered. I asked abruptly, "Do you t I'm guilty?"

"I know you're not."

She made the statement simply, w out emphasis or adornment. But it carried a wallop. I asked, "How do know?"

"I can't answer that."

"You mean you won't?"

"Perhaps."

"Who are you covering for?"

"I haven't said I was protecting one."

"Did you kill Nulty?"

"No."

"Then you must know who You're too sure about everything. shook my head. "You know, even doesn't make sense. If you were me trying to protect a person you knew guilty, you could have stayed on side lines. If I'd been convicted, the

The pick of the Portables



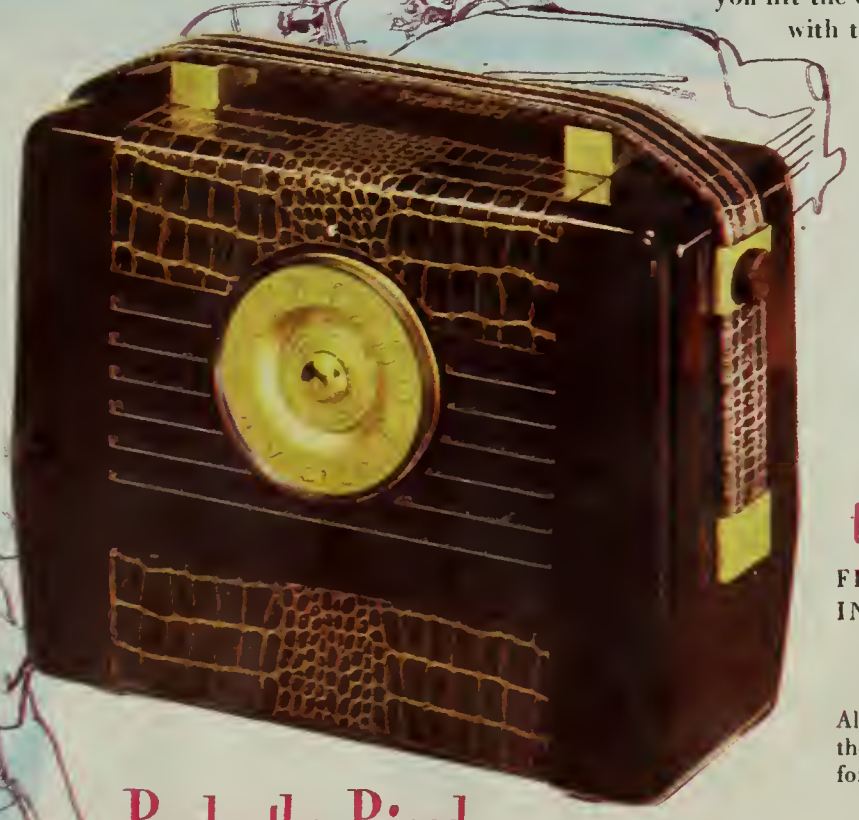
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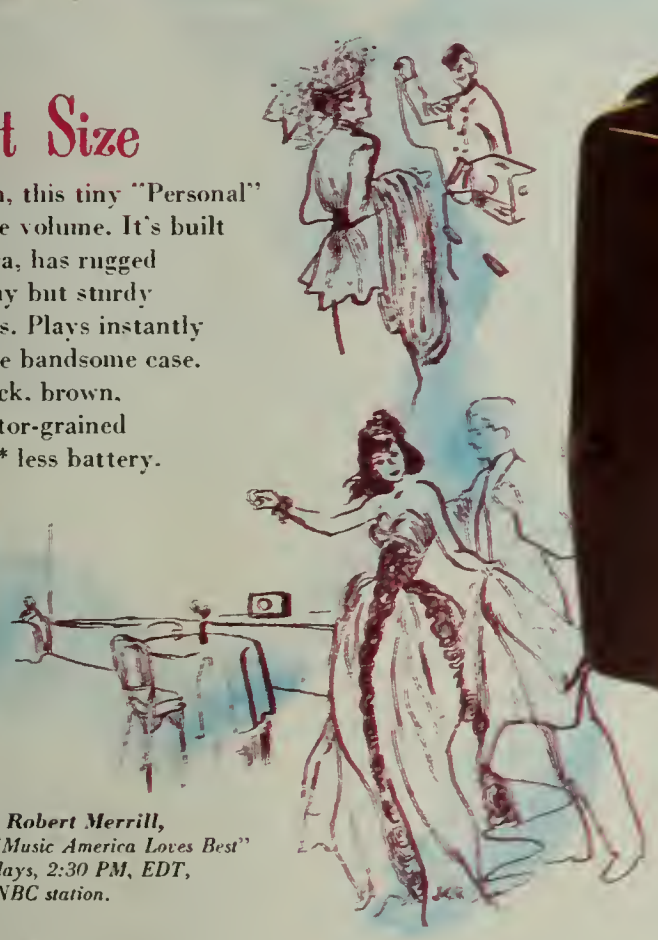
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son you were protecting would have been safe."

"I hoped you'd see that point."

"Sure, I see it. But that doesn't mean I understand. Your testimony got me off, but it didn't solve anything. Doesn't that make you understand why I can't drop it? What's this thing I'm in the middle of? What's the next move, and who makes it?"

She said, "I've never met anyone just like you, Steve. I suppose there *is* such a thing as compulsion. So I won't press the point. But I'm still going to ask the favor I came here to ask."

"Which is . . . ?"

"I'm not as brave—or as foolhardy—as you are. I loathed what I had to do on the stand. I'd hate even more being prosecuted for perjury. I'd like to give the impression that I had told the truth."

"That's reasonable enough. But where do I fit?"

She seemed to have difficulty putting it into words. "I wish we could act as we would if my story had been true. For a while at least I'd like to be seen in public with you."

THAT set me back on my heels. I said, "You and me? Playing the role of lovebirds?"

"I didn't put it quite that strongly."

"Suppose I did what you ask. Do you understand clearly that it wouldn't put me on your team? If I find the right answer, I'm turning it over to the police."

"That's a chance I'll have to take."

"There's one other chance. What about your husband?"

She said quietly, "I don't think we need worry about Rex."

"If he wanted to make trouble, he'd have a lot of unwritten law behind him."

"He won't make trouble."

"Do you intend to leave him?"

"Not now. No."

"Will he kick you out?"

"No."

She was sure of herself. Too sure.

I thought as hard as I could. She let me do it. Just sat there, and watched me. For some reason, my answer was important.

Then a thought came to me. It was simple, it was logical, and—in view of the little I knew—it seemed to be the only answer.

This girl's husband—Rex Kingsley—must have killed Jeff Nulty. She knew it. Being her husband, she couldn't quite bring herself to the point of turning him over to the police, but she also was too fine and too decent to let an innocent man be convicted.

It had to be that way. She looked like the sort of girl who could make a heroic gesture if she were pressed hard enough. And it explained why she wasn't afraid her husband would cause trouble, why she was so sure he wouldn't throw her out.

I had wanted to learn things. Well, I was learning them. My theory looked pretty neat. I thought Lieutenant Marty Walsh would see it that way, too.

I said, "Going around publicly with me won't help your reputation much."

"It won't be hurt, either. After today, it couldn't be."

"How do we start?"

"We might dine at the Club Casa Linda. Soon."

I blinked. She was throwing 'em fast. "Isn't your husband the manager there now?"

"Yes."

"Lovely setup. Family dinner. You, me and the third inglorious member of the trio."

"It'll accomplish what I want in the shortest time."

I took time out to fix a couple more drinks. She looked like she needed one, and I know I did. I had more time for thinking while I was in the kitchen.

Right or wrong, her position was understandable, her request reasonable. She had gone to bat for me for reasons of her own, reasons which she wasn't divulging. But the point remained that because of what she'd done, I was a free man—free to go and come as I pleased, free to seek my own peace of mind in whatever way I chose. For that, it was only natural that I should feel a certain degree of gratitude.

The setup was out of line, so far out as to be intriguing. I was honest enough to admit that it was no less intriguing by reason of the fact that she was young and beautiful. Forgetting the perjury element entirely, her position was not an enviable one. It would be even less pleasant if the man who had been publicly declared to be her lover should abandon her summarily after accepting the courageous sacrifice of her reputation.

I questioned myself. I inquired of me whether I'd been honest in saying I intended to follow through regardless, or whether I'd merely blown my top too impulsively. I could still back out. But if I *had* been sincere, I couldn't ask a better chance.

I handed her a drink. I raised my glass. I said, "Here's to the Great Lovers."

"Your answer is yes?"

I nodded. I started to sip my drink, then put it down abruptly.

She had placed her glass on the little end table. Quite suddenly, her poise had vanished. She covered her face with her hands. She was crying.

I liked her better this way. I liked her a lot better.

THERE'S one thing about having been acquitted of a murder charge—it puts you and your friends in a silly position. They want to say something but they can't figure what. Especially when a rich, beautiful girl—who happens to be another man's wife—is involved.

I found out all about that at the plant Friday. I went into the designing department, and everything looked about as I had left it the day before Jeff Nulty was killed. The same faces, the same routine, the same scientific ideas. The boys all looked me over and said, "Hiya, keed!" and other bright things. All eyes were full of unasked questions.

Word must have gotten around that I was there because lots of people drifted into the room who ordinarily wouldn't have come in. Even the Old Man showed up. He walked over to me and said, "Nice going, old man," without explaining just what he meant. He said he was glad to have me back, and I said I was happy to be back. That kind of stuff. It was okay coming from the Old Man because it was his way of reassuring me about my job. I'm fond of my work. I wanted to go on with it. Besides, if they'd pitched me out on my ear, I wondered what my references would be like: "Mr. Blake is an excellent aeronautical engineer except that he is slightly addicted to murder and married women."...

I wasn't supposed to work Saturday, but I had a lot of catching up to do. I had bathed, shaved, dressed and had coffee, and was about to shove off for the plant, when the telephone rang. I picked up the receiver and said, "Hello?"

A woman's voice said, "Mr. Blake?" It was quite a voice. Warm and vibrant. I said, "This is Blake."

"I'm Wilma Mason, Wade Ramsay's secretary. I'm calling for Mr. Ramsay. He wonders whether it would be convenient for you to drop by his office at the Casa Linda this morning about eleven."

"Anything special?"

"Oh, yes. I think you'll like it."

I said I'd be there. Miss Mason—provided it was "Miss"—sounded interesting. Also, there were possibilities tied up in a call from Wade Ramsay.

Ramsay was a nice guy. He had inherited the Casa Linda from his father. He wasn't in my league. He was older and he had a barrel of money. But I had known him for several years, and I'd been working on him in the effort to get an apartment in his building. They were the nicest apartments in Hollywood. Not the most expensive, but the nicest. Realizing that apartments are best obtained by pitching curves, I'd gone out of my way to be cordial to Wade Ramsay. I'd managed to establish what passed for friendship. I had invited him to my cocktail party on October 4th. That had been a good idea when I thought of it, but it hadn't worked out so well. He had brought Jeff Nulty with him. Also Pat Kingsley and her husband.

I drove to the Casa Linda. It was a truly beautiful building in the Hollywood area of Los Angeles, just east of the county line. It was at the corner of Sunset and Calzada. It was all white and plate-glass and chromium. It was twelve stories high, and from almost any apartment, except those right on the front, you could get a breath-taking view of the city.

On the street level, an awning stretched from doorway to curb. On the awning was a sign which said "Club Casa Linda." A neon sign facing Sunset verified the statement.

The lobby itself was immaculate and chaste. There were the usual sofas chairs and smoking stands and ta and lamps: everything expensive, ev thing simple, everything in the best t There was a desk, backed by a mail grille. There was a clerk behind desk. I said I had an appointment Mr. Ramsay, and the clerk told m walk right up to the office, which wa the mezzanine, just over the club.

The stairway was located at the r of the two elevators. I came out balcony which contained a couple writing tables and a few chairs. T was a hallway to my left, and sev doors. Sticking out in the hall though not intrusively, was a little which said "Office." I went there knocked on the panel which was ma with the word "Entrance." The s sultry voice I'd heard over the teleph told me to come in.

I paid little attention to the o itself; to its big desk and little c its swivel chair and two club chairs two storage closets, its row of filing inets. Those things were all there, a saw them; but when Miss Wilma M was in the picture, the average wasn't supposed to take inventory o furnishings.

She was probably on the near sid thirty, though not by much. She radiantly blond, with lots of light c colored hair which looked as thou had grown that way and had not subjected to retouching. There was than a hint of red in it, too. She deep violet eyes, a dimple and a ma as friendly as a Boston bull terrier.

MY FIRST thought was compli tary to Wade Ramsay. If this his secretary, I'd better revise my opi of him. Here was the sort of girl e wife thinks her husband prefers to ploy . . . except that Ramsay was si But I had never regarded him as the He was about forty-one, was natu stocky and had the beginnings paunch; he was also rather fussy and tidious, and definitely not the wolf ty figured maybe I was doing him injustice.

I said, "Miss Mason . . . ?"

"You're Mr. Blake?"

"Yes."

"You're early. Mr. Ramsay is tie Won't you have a seat?"

She motioned me to a chair which strategically placed so that I coul the half of her which I hadn't see fore. It exceeded expectations.

She turned her dimple in my direc and said, "You seem surprised."

"I am. I'm sorry I never visited l say in his office before."

That seemed to amuse her. She "I think you're going to like this."

"You mean I'm getting an apart here?"

"Well, I suppose Mr. Ramsay w rather tell you . . ."

I said, "Don't raise false hopes, Mason—please."

"I'm sure I'm not. And my fr call me Rusty."

I said, "There's hardly any red in hair."

"There's more than you think." tapped the ash off the end of her rette. Then she looked straight a "You know," she said, "I think y pretty wonderful."

"Huh?"

"What you did. The other day."

"Oh, *that!*"

"I probably shouldn't have ment it . . ."

"Why not? Everybody else has."

"Well, it's so personal. Of course seen lots of pictures of you . . . but didn't do you justice. Now I under Mrs. Kingsley better."

This was coming fast. Too fast. saw I was startled and said, qu "I shouldn't have said that, should mean it, anyway. There are so few



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"I mean I've done something that makes me feel like a millionaire, because it puts a big chunk of our money worries behind us. Now you and the children can always count on a steady income, even if I'm not around. And what's more, if all goes well, you and I will be able to retire on a comfortable income some day."

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* * *

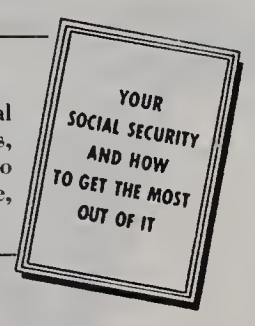
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like you nowadays. A girl gets to think chivalry died out long ago."

I was embarrassed. I said, "You'd be disappointed if things weren't really that way, wouldn't you?"

"A hundred people could tell me, and I'd never believe 'em. I guess I know a real gentleman when I see one."

The smile she gave me was full of invitation. "I hope things work out all right for you, Mr. Blake. And I don't care if you think I'm forward, I'm going to say it: If you move in here, I hope you let me see something of you. I think you're swell."

"Thanks, Rusty . . ." I didn't know how to go on. I didn't have to.

The door opened. Ramsay was personally conducting his visitor out of the office. He said, "Right with you, Steve."

He fairly shoved the man through the door and closed it after him. Then he came across the room and shook hands. He said, "Come on in, Steve."

I followed him into the room marked "Private." It wasn't as large as the outer office, but it was warmer and more relaxing. I took a chair and sat facing him, but my mind was elsewhere. I looked at the door through which we had just come and said, "Wow!"

He chuckled. "Rusty? She been working on you?"

"I don't know. But whatever it was, I liked it."

Ramsay said, "She's nice. And I mean exactly that. Enthusiastic, intelligent and friendly."

"How friendly?"

"Not that way. She's been with me for two years, and believe me, she's the most efficient secretary I ever had."

I said, "She was certainly giving me the business. Wants to see more of me. Thinks I'm chivalrous."

He said, "That's your business, Steve. And the thing I wanted to see you about is your business, too. It'll require a bit of thinking."

I waited.

"I've had you at the head of the tenant list for some time," he went on. "Apartment 7-B has just become vacant. One bedroom, kitchen and dinette, and bath. You can have it if you want."

"What makes you think I wouldn't?"

RAMSAY regarded me steadily, an older man who was willing to explain something, but who avoided giving advice. "You shouldn't jump too quickly, Steve. Things are different."

"I know. Jeff Nulty was killed here. The Kingsleys live here."

"That's the idea. After what Pat Kingsley testified—well, there'd be talk if you moved in."

"There's talk anyway."

"You'd probably run into them occasionally." He leaned forward earnestly. "I'll be frank with you, Steve. I'd hate to have anything else unpleasant happen here. There's always that chance if Rex Kingsley should decide that he is an outraged husband."

I said, "But you didn't have to tell me about the vacancy, did you?"

"No. Except it seemed fair. I know you, Steve. I know you're a gentleman. That you wouldn't provoke trouble."

"You're a little wrong on that last count, Wade. I'll probably be seeing Pat occasionally from now on. Publicly. Perhaps right downstairs in the Club Casa Linda."

"You're not serious!"

"Yes, I am. What damage might be done has been done already. If we ever had a secret, it's not secret any more."

He said, "There's something about this I don't understand."

"There are a lot more things that I don't understand. I told the truth in court. I stated afterward that I wasn't going to drop it there."

"Why not let well enough alone?"

"I don't believe I could. No matter what I did, or didn't do, I believe I'll hear more of this. Maybe someday I'll get answer."

He shrugged. "If you intend to be with Pat—here—I don't see what difference it would make whether you here or not. But I still say you shou jump too fast."

"You're right, of course. Can hold your offer open for twenty hours?"

"Certainly." He looked at me ously. "You've got something in r haven't you?"

"Yes." I told him briefly abou talk with Lieutenant Marty Walsh d town at Homicide. "I'd like to t over with him."

Ramsay got up, which was a sign me to do the same thing. He said, "W ever you do, Steve—I'm wishing luck. But watch out for Rex King

"He's dangerous?"

"Not basically. But he's a prime He's acutely sensitive to public opi Being a husband, he could get the that he was being shoved too hard. *that* would make him dangerous."

THAT afternoon I saw Marty Wa told him I had a chance to mov the Casa Linda, and I wanted his on it. He took his time about answ and then stated emphatically that I screwball.

"What's in it for you?" he asked

"A nice apartment—maybe a c to learn something. Jeff Nulty was there. The Kingsleys live there. If thing else is in the cards, it's liab break there."

"You ain't scared?"

"I scare as easily as anybody perhaps easier. But there are some t you do whether you're scared or no

"Yes. But you're leading with chin. You're inviting trouble. Y flushing the covey, provided there i covey."

I smiled. "Of which you're sti quite sure."

"Something like that. Except it d make sense any other way." He s chuckling. "Cozy," he said. "Yo the gal friend and her husband."

"I'm not particularly worried Kingsley. If he'd been the sort to d thing, he'd have done it before this

"You haven't shoved yourself a till now. Maybe that would be the he wouldn't like." He shook his he though reluctantly becoming reco to something. "In my work you lots of guys off the beam. They g gles; maybe good ones, maybe bad. I'll say for yours, it's different. ahead. Move in. It's your neck."

I got up and started for the d said, "Thanks, Marty. Come up a me sometime."

"You ain't kidding, Steve. I around. Maybe just socially."

Darkness was settling over th when I went back to the Casa Wade Ramsay wasn't in. Rusty was. She gave me a welcome of a bomb quality, and said Mr. Ramsa gone to play golf—his regular Sat afternoon foursome, but that he'd any minute—or maybe not until later. She said she'd call me or I have dinner downstairs and cat show, and if she were with me, she check every so often to see whether say had returned.

I got the idea. I said I hated alone and asked whether she'd c join me. She would, and did.

It was about eight-thirty when tered the club. Rusty knew everyb almost everybody—and the few who didn't already know her s eager to remedy that oversight. Sh ded with the dapper headwaiter, she called Mario, and we found ou at a ringside table. "You've se show?" she asked.

I said I probably hadn't, unless the same one they'd had before

il. "It's all new," she told me. "Ex-
Conchita."
he cute little Cuban number?"
es. She was out of the show for a
just about the time you got into
ble. But she's been back ever since
Kingsley took the reins. The public
s her."
had a vague recollection of Con-
. Tiny, shapely, raven hair, flashing
c eyes. Cute as a bug. Her act was a
e: She sang Cuban numbers in Span-
then one or two in delightfully ac-
d English. And then did what she
do best: her rumba. She did it
, a little whirling flame, an eyeful
ductiveness. Yes, I remembered. It
something no one could forget, or
d want to.
talked enthusiastically to Rusty
t Conchita. The big blond girl
d across the table and said, "You'd
to meet her?"
was something I hadn't thought
t. I'd always been strictly audi-
. I'd never been afflicted with back-
mania. But the man wasn't
an who wouldn't enjoy meeting
chita. I said I'd like to, and then did
le more wondering about Rusty.
e had forced herself on me as a din-
companion. She was still taking the
e that I was something special. And
along with it, she was offering to
duce me to someone who was really
ial. I didn't understand Rusty or the
hita angle. Both girls had the at-
tes which tend to make optimists
e most gentlemanly gentlemen.
e had dry Martinis and a nice din-
We got extra-special service. I told
y I'd be moving in as soon as they
7-B ready for me. She asked about
lace at The Collins; she had a friend
had been looking all over for that
of an apartment, and maybe I'd be
ng to sublet. I said I would, and
d her whether that was the angle.
On what?" she asked.
Being so nice to me? Can it be that
don't love me for myself alone, but
you're merely interested in my beau-
apartment?"
e thought that was very funny. I
't, but I helped her laugh. She said,
st like you, that's all."
ou embarrass me, Rusty."
e look she gave me embarrassed me
more. It said a lot of things which
the greatest egoist among men
dn't expect to have said to him on
brief acquaintance. I didn't get it.
said, "There aren't many men like
Steve. I'm glad you're moving in
. Maybe you'll take pity on a lonely
de and look in on me occasionally."
said maybe I would. I started to say
thing else, but we were interrupted.
Someone bore down on us and banged me on the shoulder. It was Brian Garland, my friend and lawyer. He'd had maybe one too many. He wasn't drunk, but he wasn't feeling any pain, either. He said, "Freedom—it's wonderful!"

I introduced him to Rusty and invited him to pull up a chair. He was genial and expansive. He said to Rusty, "You know about this guy?"

"Oh, yes."

"He's lucky. He gets the smartest lawyer in the world—that's me. Then he double-crosses him. And he still goes free. That makes one of us something. I can't figure what."

"Steve is a wonderful person," stated Rusty; "the most wonderful man I've ever met."

I saw a question in Brian's eyes. He wasn't as far gone as he seemed. He looked from Rusty to me and back again.

I told him about getting an apartment here in the Casa Linda. About that time Rusty said she'd give the penthouse a buzz to see whether Wade Ramsay had come in yet.

BRIAN sobered up the minute she swayed across the room. He looked at me sharply and asked, "What gives?"

"With her?"

"Yes. You're a charming fellow, Steve. You have good looks and wit and strength of character . . . but not that much of any of 'em. Why is she making a pitch for you?"

"So you caught it?"

"Hell, a blind man couldn't miss. What's the gimmick? And who is she?"

"Wade Ramsay's secretary. Her attitude—what we might call her excessive cordiality—started the moment she met me."

He said, "That's where I've seen her. Around here." He drummed on the table with his fingers and looked worried. He said, "I wonder how well she knew Jeff Nulty? Or how friendly she is with Rex Kingsley?"

"I'd like to find out," I said. "I've got a hunch she isn't doing all this for free."

"Check." He spoke seriously: "Maybe you're smart to move into the hornets' nest, Steve. I don't think so, but I know you too well to argue when your mind's made up. But you might watch your step."

I was just promising I would when Rusty returned to say that she hadn't gotten any answer from the penthouse. I ordered liqueurs for Rusty and myself and a highball for Brian. I wasn't worried about his sobriety any more; he was strictly among those present.

• The orchestra returned to the rostrum after a brief rest. The lights went down,



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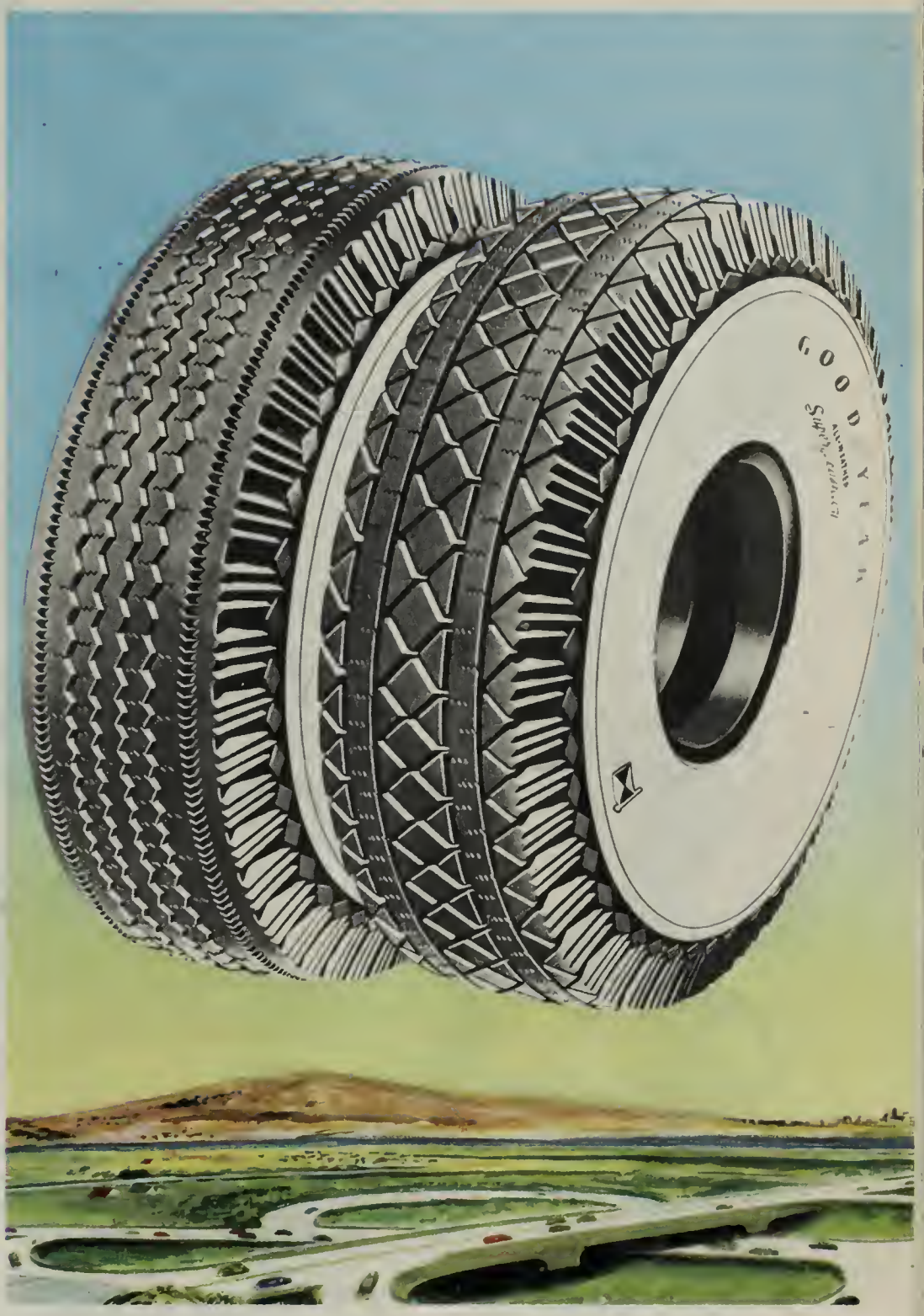
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a spotlight made a bright circle in the middle of the floor. The master of ceremonies walked out.

This wasn't the first time I'd seen Rex Kingsley, but it was the first time I'd ever noticed him. He came out into the spotlight, walking with a slight limp, and waited patiently—happily even—for complete silence.

Rex Kingsley was a tall young man. He was lithe and dark and handsome. He was dressed in immaculate and conservative dinner clothes, and when he smiled he showed a lot of shiny white teeth.

He wasn't more than twenty-eight. He had been one of the best tap dancers in the world. He'd had one shot at a big picture and hadn't done badly. Some enthusiasts had pegged him as a second Fred Astaire. Now—as Rusty explained to me in a whisper—he was all washed up. He had injured his foot in an automobile accident, and that had ended his career. He'd been a mediocre actor, just good enough to get by on the perfection of his dancing. Take the dancing away from him and he had nothing left except what he was doing—running a night club and filling in as master of ceremonies. I felt sorry for him. I wondered what it must feel like to be slapped off the top of the ladder, to lose the only thing that made you different from any Joe Blow in the world.

I felt sorry for him, but I didn't like him. The fact that he was oddly involved in my life right now had nothing to do with that. From the minute he started announcing the show certain things became obvious. In show business they'd call it lack of personality . . . the inability to establish that necessary subtle contact which flows between first-rate performers and audience.

I tried to avoid analyzing. I kept my thoughts to myself. Anything I might say would sound wrong. Brian Garland said softly, "If the guy can't dance, he ought to stay off the floor. As an m.c., he's repulsive."

I asked why he thought so.

"Ego," he snapped. "It sticks out all over him. Smugness. An extra-special brand of conceit."

REX KINGSLEY took a long time to say very little. Then he made way for the first act, which consisted of two comely young ladies with fresh, youthful figures. They did amazing acrobatic feats. Or maybe the stunts were only amazing because the girls didn't look as though they'd be able to do them.

Then came a group of three men. The waiters trundled out a tiny piano, and the trio started a zany act, kidding radio. It was clever and funny. It drew a lot of applause.

Then there was another dose of Rex Kingsley. He made quite a talk about the Cuban sensation who thus far had appeared exclusively at the Club Casa Linda, and who seemed destined for great things. He gave Conchita such a build-up that he made it tough for her to live up to it.

The crowd quieted. You could feel its warmth and its welcome. There probably weren't a dozen people in the room who hadn't caught her act before.

She looked tinier than I remembered her. She was the friendliest, brightest, most dynamic little trick I'd seen in years. She sang with an eager breathlessness, with just enough shyness and self-consciousnes to make the crowd love her. Her Spanish was nice; her English was charming.

And then she danced. Alone. Vince Mabry's band furnished a marvelous background.

Conchita was fire when she danced. The shyness was gone. She was the personification of uninhibited youth. She swayed and whirled and spun. She finished with mad, savage gyrations of her young body, and then vanished. When she came back into the thunder o plause, she was again the shy, a childlike, demure youngster who surprised and grateful.

The lights went on. The show over. Rusty said, "I'll bring her ov soon as she's had a chance to ch You'll like her, Steve."

Brian Garland caught it. He "More and more I understand les less."

That made Brian and myself all

WHEN some person stares enough at the back of your you can feel it. You get uncomfor you fidget, then you look around. find a pair of eyes boring into maybe friendly, maybe hostile, n curious. The starer usually looks and you look away and you both embarrassed. But this man didn't away. He didn't seem embarrasse didn't seem to give three hoots wh or not I knew he was staring at me

He was sitting alone at a table was up against the wall. He was a lad, perhaps thirty-four years old weighing about one-eighty. His ha a nondescript shade of light brow was brushed carefully over an encr ing baldness. The eyes which steadily into mine were of some color: blue or gray.

There was nothing insolent in the and—oddly enough—nothing th could peg as simple curiosity. He look like the curious type. He look like a man who thought it wo fun to stare at another fellow ju cause he'd recently been acquitt murder.

He was dressed in a conservativ business suit, gray shirt and a gr that was flecked with red. He rugged face and a square jaw. We at each other a long time. It was looked away.

Rusty Mason reappeared with chita in tow. Patrons turned to and a few bright remarks were in their direction.

They were in startling contrast t other. Rusty was a pretty good-siz but until this moment I hadn't th of her as tall. I did now. She to over Conchita like Pikes Peak ov ant hill; she was radiantly blond Conchita was dark as midnight. came straight to our table and Bria I stood up. Rusty did the honors:

"Conchita, may I present Mr. land and Mr. Blake? Boys, this is ita Conchita Montero."

Conchita said she was delight meet us. She seated herself and, swer to my invitation, said yes, she to have a drink: an orange juice.

Little Miss Montero had a pers that bubbled. There was nothing cial about it. I had an idea that sh always this way: bright, eager, fr and astonishingly naïve. She smi me and said, "I know all about fro Señor Blake. I see your picture time in the newspaper."

"And I've seen yours. I enjoye act."

"Poof!" She gave an expressive "Is nothing. Only I sing and I d

Rusty and Brian seemed to be it off nicely. The waiter brough drinks, and I raised my glass.

"To Havana," I said.

Her eyes sparked. "You have b Cuba, Meester Blake?"

"Yes. It's a wonderful country

"Ah, *si.* So wonderful. So much tiful weather! So easy the life and s cult to earn the money."

"And such a beautiful harbor," tributed. "And wonderful food. Morro crabs—"

"—And *caldo gallego.* And cians—"

"—And *jai alai.*"

"Si! The *jai alai.* You see that Steve?"

ent every night I was in Havana. w that they've opened a *frontón* uana, I'm going to see some more

ut her hand over mine in a child- ct gesture . . . or perhaps it wasn't and direct. She said, "You will to see the *jai alai* in Tia Juana?" ink so."

take me with you. We go to- We have mooch fun."

ok my head, like a man who has en a hard punch on the jaw.

Garland said, "What is this power you've suddenly devel- teve?"

d, "Conchita's kidding."

keeding, Steve. We go together Juana."

hout a chaperon?"

laughed. "Gennelmans like you need a chaperon. I trust you, no?"

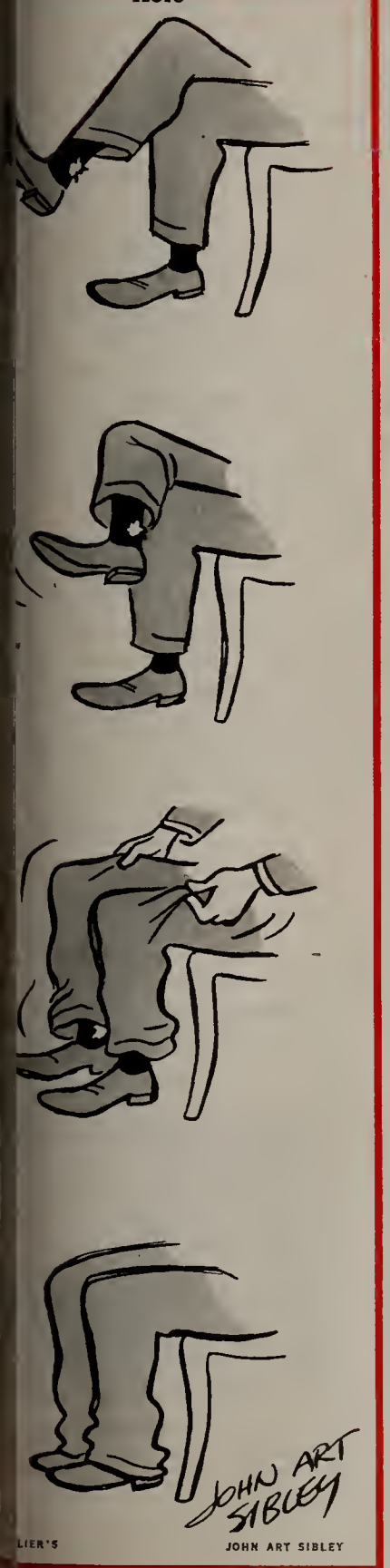
" I said.

made a little embracing gesture included Brian and Rusty. "Is a funny man, thees Steve Blake. nk he made me escared."

e Mabry and his boys went into a

ET FIRST

Hole



LIER'S JOHN ART SIBLEY

rumba. Conchita said, "You dance, Steve?"

"That? I'm not awfully good at it."

"I show you. Come!" She got up and waited, vivid, vibrant, eager. I put my right hand on her slender waist, placed my left palm against her right one, and grinned down into her laughing eyes.

"I'll try to remember," I said. "How'm I doing?"

She said something in Spanish. It sounded nice. I caught a glimpse of Brian and Rusty. They were laughing about something and looking at us. Rusty made a little circle of her thumb and forefinger. Then she wrinkled her nose as though to inform me that she was jealous.

It was all over my head. I was being snowed under, and I didn't know why. I hadn't been taking magic pills or overcharging myself with vitamins; I wore the same homely mug that had been mine since birth; I hadn't acquired any bright line of repartee, and my personality was just as dull as it always had been.

But in an incredibly short space of time, three women had barged into my life. Pat Kingsley had appeared from nowhere to clear me of a murder charge. A gorgeous blonde named Rusty Mason had openly declared herself interested in me. And now this little Conchita Montero was making a much too obvious play.

There was only one possible answer: None of it was spontaneous; all of it was calculated.

I quit worrying and devoted myself to the rumba. Conchita bubbled with enthusiasm. She continued to deluge me with compliments, and I made a gallant effort to pay her back in kind.

If you dance the rumba with anything approaching correctness, you don't travel very far. We'd got only halfway around the floor when again I felt someone staring at me. This time I knew where to look. It was the man in gray, the man with the sparse, sandy hair. His gaze was still unwavering, unyielding. I still didn't like it. And other things were about to happen that I disliked even more.

THERE were two main entrances to the Club Casa Linda, one from the street and the other through the lobby. I saw Mario bustling toward the latter.

Wade Ramsay was standing there. With him was a girl, a very lovely girl with brown hair and hazel eyes—a girl who was wearing a smart suit and no hat. A girl named Patricia Maxwell Kingsley.

I was sure that I had been recognized and commented upon by some of the guests. I was also sure that not many of them would fail to recognize Pat Kingsley.

I watched what was going on near the entrance. Pat Kingsley was apparently insisting on something, and Wade Ramsay was shaking his head. Whatever the argument, Pat apparently won just as the rumba music stopped abruptly and the floor commenced to clear. By the time I got Conchita back to our table, Ramsay and Pat Kingsley were there.

Over Pat's shoulder, Ramsay arched his eyebrows, shook his head and shrugged. That was to tell me that he would have preferred to avoid this, but that Pat had insisted. He looked ill at ease, and I didn't blame him. I felt that way myself.

But Pat didn't share my embarrassment. She smiled and held out her hand. "Steve!" she said. "What a surprise!"

I flashed a quick glance at my gentleman in gray. He was still staring. But he seemed surprised, too. Everybody was surprised. That made everything just ducky.

Brian Garland said, "All we need to make this perfect is the judge and jury."

The comment sounded funnier than it was. Mario shoved two more chairs up

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DU PONT SPEEDY WAX

to the table, and Ramsay and Pat seated themselves. Curious conversation was buzzing all around us. Well, I had asked for it, and I was getting it—though perhaps sooner, and in a larger dose, than I had anticipated.

Wade Ramsay said, "I got a message that you were down here, Steve. The telephone operator said you wanted to see me. I met Mrs. Kingsley in the lobby."

"I forced myself on him," said Pat. "It was quite a job. And he protested violently when I insisted that he bring me over to your table."

I said, "That's understandable."

She looked at me quickly, and frowned just a little. I started telling Ramsay that I was taking the apartment and asking when I could move in.

Conchita interrupted: "You have the apartment in thees place now, Steve?"

"Yes."

"Oh!" she said. "How very . . ." she groped for the word. "How very convenient!"

Rusty was in the act of sipping her drink when Conchita crashed through with that dilly. She swallowed it the wrong way, and choked. We worked her over, and we all laughed. It was funny, really. The only person who didn't think it was funny was Conchita herself—and she didn't know what she had said.

When we had quieted down, Pat said, "Do we dance, Steve?"

I shook my head and said that I was tired. But she got up and stood there waiting. I started dancing with her; but I was angry. I said, "Aren't you playing this a bit too strong, Pat?"

She looked up at me, her eyes troubled. "Ever go swimming in cold water, Steve? A quick plunge is the best."

"But not so deep."

"I understood you wanted it this way. Or have you decided you were wrong?"

I said, "I'm not accustomed to the spotlight, not even after the trial."

She said, "It wasn't very sporting of me to put Mr. Ramsay right in the middle, was it?"

"No."

"But I didn't have quite enough courage to do it alone. And I did want to make my first public appearance with you as soon as possible."

"You've done it," I said.

"You're angry?"

"No. Puzzled."

"About what?"

I didn't answer. What I was thinking right then was something I didn't care to put into words.

I'd been thinking that there might be another answer to Pat Kingsley's inexplicable attitude. My theory about covering for her husband might be sound. But there was an additional idea that kept intruding.

How did I know that Pat herself had not killed Jeff Nulty? I didn't know anything about motive or opportunity, but those were things I might find out. But suppose she had?

It would hit her pretty hard to see an innocent man take the rap for a killing she had done. And if she had murdered Jeff Nulty, her testimony wouldn't assay quite so shockingly. Or would it?

She stopped dancing. She said, "Let's go back to the table. I won't bother you any more tonight."

THE next several days I found that Pat Kingsley was constantly in my thoughts. For a while I figured it was because of the spectacular way she had entered my life. But by now I'd accustomed myself to that, and I thought of her more, rather than less.

It wasn't that she was pretty. In Hollywood pretty girls are a dime a dozen. Maybe curiosity played a large part in it, but I was beginning to suspect that the ancient and ubiquitous biological urge wasn't entirely missing from my make-up.

Up to midnight Tuesday I did my packing. Wednesday a huge van appeared and my stuff was carted out, leaving the old homestead looking naked and forlorn.

They'd done a swift and pleasant redecorating job at the Casa Linda. My bedroom didn't look like a bedroom. The bed folded away into the wall. When that happened, the apartment assumed a respectable look.

The movers helped with the unpacking, and a house-service maid showed up and swept in the corners and did a bit of dusting. A boy brought me a big vase of masculine-looking white chrysanthemums with a card saying, "With the compliments of the management." Down in the corner was written, in neat, feminine script, "And from Rusty."

After a little, Rusty herself appeared. For whatever reason, she was still pretending that she thought I was something extra-special. She asked whether everything was as I wanted it, whether I



"At 90 cents a pound you can't afford to get tired of it!"

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN

was comfortable, and she informed me that I was welcome. She also mentioned that in case I lost my key, she had an extra one in the office. "And if you're nice to me, I'll use it sometime."

"For what?"

"To haunt you. Do you like to be haunted?"

"By gorgeous blondes? There's nothing I'd like better."

She gave me a lingering, promising look. "You might be surprised," she said.

I informed Rusty that I needed a shave, a shower and a change of linen. She took the hint and shoved off.

An hour later I had done a bit of straightening up and had relaxed with a cigarette and a small drink. I discovered that I was tired, and I decided to eat downstairs. Alone. I could be through before the show went on. I'd come back upstairs and lose myself in a good book. I didn't know just where I'd find one, or whether it would be a classic novel or a scientific work, and I didn't care.

I opened my door and stepped into the hall. Right next to me the door of apartment 7-A opened and closed. Somebody else was standing there.

Pat Kingsley and I looked at each other. 7-A and 7-B. She said, "Are you the new tenant in 7-B?"

"Yes. And that's your apartment?"

"Yes."

All of a sudden she started to laugh. I watched her for a while, and then it got me. I laughed, too. It was funny as hell. I said, "You made a lot of public believe a lot of lies. Try to make someone believe that this was just an accident."

She looked prettier and sweeter than usual. She looked less like a fallen woman than anybody else I'd ever seen. I said, "Does your husband live there, too?"

"Naturally."

I started to remark that he was unusually broad-minded, but that seemed to be a type of humor that wasn't in order, so I held it back. Tactful me. Instead I said, "Going down to dinner?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps . . ."

"Delighted."

The elevator boy was still on. He'd be on until seven-thirty. After that, you worked the cages yourself; push the right button and the rest was done automatically.

The boy rode us down to the club. It held a fair sprinkling of diners, mostly tenants and people who lived in the neighborhood. The bandstand was empty. Waiters moved about unobtrusively. Mario wasn't there, but his assistant conducted us to a corner table. On the way we passed a wall table where a man sat alone.

It was the gent in the gray suit, the one who had seemed so interested in me last Saturday night. He was still interested. He looked straight at me. He was smiling, as though he saw something which amused him.

When the captain seated us, I asked whether he knew the man. He took a quick look and shook his head. "He's been in several times recently, but I don't know him."

We ordered cocktails and started fiddling with the menus. I asked Pat whether she knew the stranger and she said no, and asked why. I told her. She didn't appear to like it either.

Someone walked down the dark, narrow flight of steps that led from the mezzanine to the club. The apartment-house office was on the mezzanine and so was the apartment in which Jeff Nulty had been killed. And the dressing rooms.

Rex Kingsley stood at the foot of the stairway and looked around. He saw us. He hesitated for a moment, and then started in our direction.

I felt my right ear begin to twitch. That always happens when I'm nervous. This might be good. Quite a setup for a first meeting. Boy friend dining with wife. Outraged husband approaching. Anything could happen.

Kingsley was in dinner clothes. He looked beautiful. He also looked strong. I wondered how we'd make out if anything violent happened.

Pat didn't seem worried. But Mario had come in by this time, and he looked worried enough for two.

Kingsley stopped at our table. I didn't get up. That might have invited something I didn't want. I hate brawls, and this had all the makings of a good one. Pat said steadily, "Rex, this is Mr. Blake. Steve, my husband."

I said, "How do you do?" which sounded foolish.

He nodded and said, "I've heard Mr. Blake," which seemed to be a sup understatement. Some of the tense flowed out of my muscles. Kingsley viously didn't intend to punch first talk later.

Pat said, "Have a seat, Rex."

He pulled up a chair and sat do He looked me over at leisure and some insolence. He said, "I hear yo just moved into the building."

"Yes," I said. "7-B."

"Oh! *That* close. We'd have to sooner or later, Blake. That's wh came over."

Not bad. Not even hammy. Just common sense. Pat said, "I invited S to have dinner with me. It wasn' idea."

"What difference does it make w idea it was?"

This was moving too fast for me, didn't see any reason why I shou string along. I said, "I'll probably with your wife—right here—frequer

He said, "That's your business. hers. If you're trying to find out h feel about it, I just don't give a dam

He got up on that one and walke leaving me wondering whether to lieve him.

ON THE following Saturday ni December 13th—I invited Kingsley to have dinner with me.

I kidded myself that I did it o pulse. If I'd been honest with m I'd have known better. Pat wasn impulse any longer.

I hadn't known many girls intim but Pat was different from any of I had known. Maybe because she ploded on my limited horizon in matic way and thus had made a profound impression than she migh erwise have. Whatever the reason, her. How much, I didn't know didn't try hard to find out.

The idea was that she and I have cocktails and dinner and wat first show. That would give us a time for conversation. I was stric the mood for a little congenial fe companionship. Or a lot of it, if happened to be that way.

What I hadn't yet learned wa things never turn out exactly as pl My cozy little dinner for two dev into a big party and a large ev Maybe it was the air-conditione mate of the Club Casa Linda, ma was that things just naturally had of happening there. Maybe it warning that the snowball I had rolling downhill couldn't possibl short of becoming an avalanche.

The dinner itself was okay. Pat prettier than usual, which was plenty. She had on a black and dress, but I couldn't possibly desc She was the sort of girl who to your attention away from her clo

We didn't talk about Jeff N murder or courtrooms or even h band. We just talked. Little half dences. brief glimpses into each past; nothing important, nothin would be of the slightest interest body else.

The first intrusion on our pub vacy occurred when Rusty Mas peared just as we were finishing The cocktail dress she was weari startling, but not nearly so start she was. There was a lot of Rusty ing, and it was all interesting. S only slightly less noticeable th aurora borealis. And the person with didn't dim the picture any.

I recognized the man. He was f His name was Pete Connolly and a jockey, a very fine jockey. I supposed to be taking a needed fore the opening of the racing se Santa Anita.

He weighed well under a h pounds, and wasn't much bigger minute. Standing in the doorwa

A blowout at 70 miles an hour but "EVEN A CHILD COULD HAVE HELD THE PLYMOUTH ON THE ROAD"!

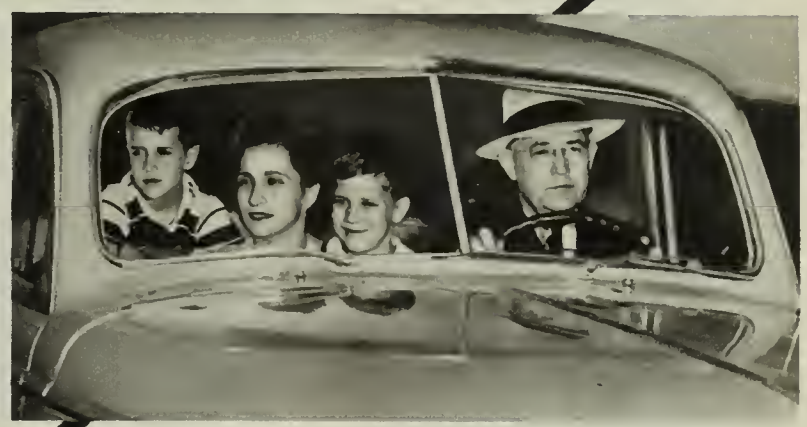
A letter from A. L. Rives, Plymouth owner of Dallas, Texas

The latter part of 1946 I purchased from you a Plymouth Sedan, which is incidentally the sixth Plymouth automobile I have owned. I have often wondered in the thousands of miles I have driven a Plymouth oar whether or not there was anything to Plymouth's high powered advertising on their safety rim.

As we all know, there is nothing like personal experience to sell us on an idea and, believe me, I am now oonvinced that Plymouth really does have a safety feature in its rim. I was returning home yesterday from a trip with my wife and two boys and, while traveling at a speed of 70 miles an hour, I had a blowout on my right front tire.

Believe it or not, I had no trouble whatsoever in controlling the car even at that speed. I am convinced that even a child oould have held the Plymouth on the road without any difficulty. It is the first time that I have ever had a blowout while driving a Plymouth car equipped with safety rims but, believe me, they will do everything you say they will.

A L Rives



ISN'T the protection described in this letter the kind of security you want for your family and yourself? If it is—remember that *only* Plymouth in the lowest-priced field has Safety-Rim Wheels.

Two of the pictures below show you what can happen when a tire fails on a car with ordinary wheels. The other pictures show how Plymouth avoids these dangers. Is there any reason to gamble on blowout and puncture perils when you can play safe with Plymouth's proved protection?

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PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS



h ordinary rim wheels. Here's what con s a tire blaws aut an a cor with im wheels. Such wheels depend an re alone ta hold the tire in ploce. air lets ga, the tire pulls awoy from . is likely ta twist crasswise (as shawn y above) ar to jump the wheel



Blowout with Plymouth Safety-Rim Wheels. This is haw o blawaut laoks when yau're riding an Plymouth Safety-Rim Wheels. The oir lets ga, but potented retoining humps are there to hald the tire stroight and tight an the rim. Thus centrifugal farce is able ta give the effect af a certoin omount af oir pressure. As the cor slaws down, the tire goes down, and so daes the donger.

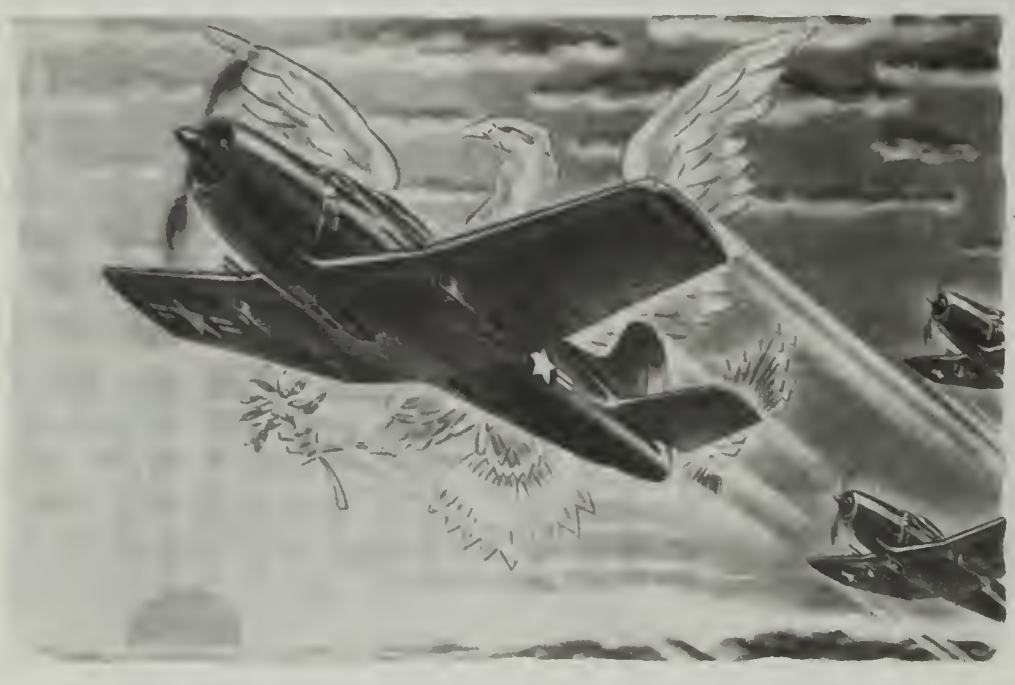


Deflated tire on ordinary rim wheel. This picture clearly shows why the cor with ardinory rim wheels swerved, jerked on the steering wheel, campelled its driver ta *fight* it to a stop after the blawaut. The tire has came oway fram the rim and is twisted. Any ather sort of tire failure involving sudden lass af oir pressure could have had the same dongerous effect.



Deflated tire on Plymouth Safety-Rim Wheel. See how firmly the tire stays an the Safety-Rim Wheel. Thanks to its potented retaining humps, Plymouth's stop wos straight, easy and safe. Why da without this praved pratectian when every new Plymauth has Safety-Rim Wheels and many ather safety advantages? Isn't it comman sense ta insist an Plymauth?

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FOR THE NEWS OF THE FUTURE . . . keep your eye on the Martin star! Martin has been pioneering new fields, helping to guard the peace and build a more abundant world through research in commercial airliners, military aircraft, trans-sonic speeds, rocketry, plastics, other projects. Martin research is blazing the trail to a bright tomorrow!

OUTSTANDING

... among the eagle's new wings is the Martin Mauler dive-torpedo bomber, shown above. During the past year, according to top Government officials, we were a poor third in airpower . . . but your Navy foresaw the need for powerful new carrier-based planes and worked closely with Martin engineers in developing this rugged slugger. Now, with America aroused to the need for additional airpower, Maulers are entering service with the Navy to help maintain security along the far-flung outposts of freedom.



TIMESAVER!

Thanks to numerous easily accessible hatches for inspection or maintenance, and high-pressure underwing refueling, the Martin 2-0-2 airliner cuts ground time to a minimum. Shorter stops between hops mean time gained for passengers, more revenue for airlines. Look for more 2-0-2's on the nation's airways as the year progresses.

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...to a real future, learn aviation with the Air Force, Navy or Marines. If you've got what it takes, you can build a lifetime career in a field with a real future. Ask for details at your nearest recruiting office.

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TOUGH OLD EAGLE!

That's the Martin B-10 bomber which won the Collier Trophy for Glenn L. Martin. Although 10 years old at the time of the Jap attack, these planes, flying with the Netherlands East Indies Air Force, gave a fine account of themselves. For advanced new military planes, as epoch-making as the B-10 in its day, count on Martin!



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Rusty, he looked like an exclamation point alongside a telegraph pole.

He was about thirty-two, but he had that oddly boyish quality which belongs to very small men. He was flashily dressed, but still looked somber beside the girl he was escorting. He had black hair and a swarthy complexion. He was wiry and hard, and he didn't wear elevator shoes. You couldn't mistake the fact that he was either crazy about the girl or giving a good imitation of it.

Rusty saw us. She grabbed Pete Connolly by the arm and dragged him toward us. A dozen people spoke to him. He waved back at them and smiled with his lips, thought not with his hard black eyes. Rusty performed the introductions, pulled up a couple of chairs, and they both sat down. She told the little jockey that I was the most wonderful man she'd ever met. He didn't seem to agree with her. She continued to pile it on. I caught him staring at me, and I grinned and winked. He seemed to like that. He winked right back. That made everything fine between us. I liked him, and for some odd reason I hoped he would like me.

RUSTY was playing him strong. But she was playing me, too. Maybe that's the way she was: chronically friendly and not too exclusive. It didn't quite check with being a hard-working secretary, but I figured she was entitled to live her own life after hours. Watching her work on Pete Connolly, I understood more about her approach to me.

They definitely dug in at our table. A little while later Brian Garland came in. He and Pete knew each other, and Brian wanted to talk racing. So Mario had two waiters shove up another table, and we now had grown to a party of five.

Conchita Montero breezed in, all wrapped up in a cloth coat and shivering as though it were colder outside than a California December. She stated that it was not so cold like this in Cuba. She said she had to dress for the first show, but she wanted to talk to Rusty. She dazzled Brian with a smile, and reminded me about our trip to Tia Juana to see *jai alai*, which was getting to be a gag. My hope of a quiet evening with Pat Kingsley already had gone overboard, so I invited Conchita to rejoin us after the show, and she accepted eagerly. I figured we might as well make a convention of it, so when I saw Wade Ramsay talking to Mario just before the show started, I invited him to the table.

Up against the wall was my inquisitive friend in gray—except that tonight he was wearing blue. He was still interested in me, or seemed to be.

The place was fairly well filled by the time the show went on. It would be packed for the second show. Everything ran according to schedule: same acts, same applause, same encores, same handsome, arrogant, long-winded Rex Kingsley as master of ceremonies. Once, as Rex left the floor, I fancied that he glanced at my table and saw his wife. I couldn't be sure, but it didn't seem to matter anyway.

A few minutes after ten thirty Conchita returned. She had been only slightly less than sensational, and she exuded good humor.

Rusty looked across at her and said, "What was it you wanted to ask me about, Conchita?"

"Is pictures. You have the memory of many pictures was sent to you from Cuba before I come here?"

"Pictures of you?"

"*Si*. Much, much pictures. Conchita singing. Conchita dancing. Conchita not too much wearing clothes. My agent, he tell me he would like. You give me?"

Rusty looked defeated. She said, "You can have 'em, all right, if you're willing to dig. There are two closets in my office. One is neat as a pin. The other is a catchall. Everything I get that hasn't a proper place is pitched in there. mess. Somewhere in the middle that junk you'll find your pictures honest, I'd hate to tackle the job m

Conchita rose promptly. "I look said. "You maybe show me whe

Conchita's bag fell from the ta the floor. She bent to pick it up, beat her to it. The catch had com and a half-dozen things spilled out pact, lipstick, little coin purse— that you find in every woman's shoved them all back in and hand bag to her. She thanked me pretti

She and Rusty walked across th and vanished up the little stairwa led from the club up to the mezz Within three minutes Rusty was She said, "That kid! Never still ute. Got to do everything right Can't ever wait until tomorrow. B I sure don't envy anybody who excavate in that closet."

We talked generally and plea waiting for Conchita to return. It mixed group, but a nice one: Pat ley, Brian Garland, Rusty Mason, Ramsay, the little jockey and me. remember what we talked about, that it wasn't important. I was en myself. This was more social lif I'd had in a long time.

Shortly after eleven o'clock— ten minutes after—Conchita came She was a different Conchita. Ev at the table noticed a change. Rust "Did you find the pictures?"

"I no find. Maybe some other look." She reached for my highba and took a long drink. I said, "I t you didn't go for strong liquor. chita."

"I drink now," she said.

She was obviously disturbed. H were wide and frightened. She edg chair closer to mine. She took my Her fingers were icy. She leaned and whispered, "Weeth you I must

"All right," I said. "Start ta

"Not here. Somewhere else. portant."

I said, "Snap out of it, Conch isn't *that* important."

"Is most very important. Is abo The trouble you have."

I saw Rusty staring at Conchit big blue eyes held a speculative l didn't understand any part of wh happening. Conchita was se frightened. She wanted to tell me thing about myself, about my t That could mean only one thin murder of Jeff Nulty was my troub

Conchita whispered a questio no can talk here. Is what numbe apartment, Steve?"

"Seven-B."

"I go there. I wait for you."

I couldn't combat the urgency voice, her eyes. I said I'd meet my apartment in a few minutes fered to give her the key, but she her head. "I wait in the hall," s breathlessly. "You no let anybod you meet me there. Is so much tant, Steve."

REX KINGSLEY appeared fr where. One instant he wasn and the next second he was. He tall and handsome and not very He nodded briefly to all of us ar "Good evening." Then he bent ov chita. He said, "I want to talk t

She shook her head violently now," she said. "We talk afterwh haps. Twenty-thirty minutes, no

"Right now. In my office."

She didn't want to. She said, H long it take, Meester Kingsley?"

"I don't know. It's about yo rumba routines." He closed his around her arm and started away with her. She turned long to throw me a helpless look o shoulder, then jerked her head up though to ask me to go upstairs a I nodded, and she smiled—thank

music started. Couples began onto the floor. I saw Rex Kingsd Conchita vanish in the general on of Kingsley's office, which was far corner of the room.

Kingsley got up. She said, "Let's Steve."

t was the last thing in the world I to do. But she was pulling me he floor. Well, I had perhaps minutes to kill, until Kingsley ished with Conchita. I started to Just as we moved away from the heard Rusty excuse herself with rk about powdering her nose. ft Brian Garland, Pete Connolly de Ramsay sitting there. Brian ed a drink at the bar. All three table and walked into the next

was silent for several minutes after ted dancing. I could feel the tense- her body. She asked, "What's with Conchita?"

on't know."

was a different person when she back. She looked frightened."

reed, but said nothing. After a conds, Pat said, "I don't like it,

don't like what?"

can't explain. Something. A "

ked, "What's between Conchita ur husband?"

thing." She answered that one . Maybe too quickly.

he engage her originally?"

. Jeff Nulty did."

's office: Did that use to be Nul-

." She stopped dancing. "Buy rink, will you, Steve?"

y not?" As we walked toward the said, "You're jittery, Pat."

silly, that's all."

Connolly was sitting at the bar. s surrounded by several men none m I knew. They were apparently ing racing. I found two stools at er end and ordered drinks for Pat yself.

said, "You're meeting Conchita in partment, Steve?"

u heard what she said?"

as trying to."

yes. I intended to go upstairs in a inutes. Pat Kingsley said, "Take h you."

ook my head.

ase, Steve."

y?"

like to hear whatever she is going you."

"I may sound repetitious, but I'll ask again: Why?"

Her lips were pressed tight. She said, "No particular reason."

"I don't care about playing it that way, Pat. Whatever Conchita wants to tell me, I'll listen to alone."

She argued. She argued with more vehemence than the situation seemed to justify. We killed a lot of time tossing the ball back and forth. My answer remained no.

IT WAS getting along toward twelve o'clock. The second show would be on at 12:30. I thought of Conchita waiting for me in the hallway upstairs, and told Pat I was on my way. She walked with me through the lobby to the elevator. No operator on duty at this hour.

Pat followed me in. I didn't like it, and I said so.

The cage was moving upward toward the seventh floor. She said, "I'm not going in with you. I'm going to my own apartment."

That was next door to mine. I knew it was an excuse, but there was nothing I could do about it. Except that when I found Conchita, I could take her into 7-B and lock the door.

The hallway was empty. No Conchita. I said, "You could have saved yourself the trouble, Pat. She's evidently still with your husband."

"We'll go back downstairs."

I said, "I thought you were going to your apartment?"

She didn't say anything. More to get rid of her than anything else, I took out my key and unlocked my own door. I wanted to be alone, to do a little private thinking.

I reached inside the door and snapped on the light. I turned to say something to Pat and caught a glimpse of her face.

She looked awful. Her lips were parted and her eyes were wide with horror. Then she moved forward. Swiftly. She shoved past me, into my apartment. I heard her say, "Good God . . ."

I followed her. I closed the door. For the first time, I saw the thing which had brought that look into her eyes.

It was Conchita Montero.

I looked at Conchita and knew that she wouldn't ever dance again, that she wouldn't go with me to Tia Juana to see *jai alai*. She wouldn't laugh and she wouldn't sing. Not ever.

She was lying on the floor.

I didn't have to be a medical expert to know that she was quite dead.

(To be continued next week)



"It's the police, Mom! Hello, Pop" STANLEY BERENSTAIN

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ARE YOU SURE?

Continued from page 22

guess you're right. I'm just a fuss-et."

hen they went out to the car, she "The worst part about it, we don't the neighbors. We're new. We t know anything about them. And don't know us. Clyde, it's still early. ather be safe than sorry. I'll never a minute's peace, until I'm sure doors are locked. And anyhow, I 't bring anything for the beach. ebody will have a beach party, and ave to buy a whole new outfit. It'll unday with everything closed, and ave to borrow things."

yde clashed the gears as he headed to Palo Alto. The front door, the door and the windows were se-ly fastened. Ella got the things she'd for the beach, ironed them, and started off again. It was no longer early start. It was past midnight they reached Los Angeles. She "We can't just pop in on Bill and ne at this hour, when they're not cting us."

All right; we should have phoned d."

didn't mean it that way, Clyde."

ney spent an hour finding a rather down auto court. They were tired the long day, and Clyde's eyes were ting from night driving.

HEY went to bed and he was going o sleep when she said, "Clyde." He ended to be asleep. She nudged him. de."

Huh?"

Did I pull out the iron cord?"

e took a long breath. "Oh, for ven's sake, Ella."

was ironing my blue slacks and you saying let's get going. I was trying urry."

t's my fault."

Now, Clyde. I felt awful, making drive back from Gilroy for nothing. r all, I could have borrowed some-g from Elaine if there was a beach y. I made you lose your early start. I the board down with the iron on it to l. But did I pull the cord out?"

Of course you pulled the cord out."

How do you know?"

Ella, if there's one thing you are, it's ful. You never leave taps running -"

Taps running?" she said quickly. "Do think—?"

Wait a minute; take it easy," he broke "That's just an example. You're ays careful about things, like taps and gas and rugs people might trip over putting sharp knives in the drawer the handles out. You never in your left an electric iron plugged in."

There's always a first time."

Forget it."

I wish I was sure."

Forget it," he said firmly. "And if did leave it on, let the damned thing on."

He went to sleep. Practically.

Clyde," she said in a small meek e, cuddling close to him.

He grunted.

Clyde, you've got every right to be ry. It's all my fault. I'm not blam-you. We never should have gone k. Do you think it would burn the se down? Our new house?"

No," he growled. "And anyhow, you er left it on."

You don't know. I was using the n. For the life of me I can't remem-pulling out that cord. Clyde, what uld it do?"

It all depends."

Depends on what?"

Run the bill up, I guess. Maybe burn iron out. We're here now and let's get it."

"But what if I didn't leave it on the stand?"

"Ella, be sensible. Of course it's on the stand."

"But I felt so bad about making you come back. I was in a hurry. What if I left it sitting there on the pad? Couldn't it get hot enough to start a fire? It isn't the kind that keeps a certain temperature. It just keeps getting hotter and hotter. I've been wanting a new iron. One of the kind that won't—"

"Okay, it's my fault."

"Now, Clyde. We've been saving for the new house. It's all my fault. You don't know how bad I feel. We've done without things and now we've got the place and I burn it down!"

She began to cry.

Slowly, Clyde sat up. He got out of bed and swung his arms about in the darkness for the pull chain. "Okay, we'll go back."

She kept on crying.

He said, "Well, what the hell *do* you want me to do?"

"Clyde, I—know it's silly. You're probably right. But we're not sure. Maybe we could phone somebody."

"Who? We don't know anybody in the neighborhood."

"What about Don?"

And that's where I came in. Good old Don.

"Don? He's in the city. And Lord knows what time it is."

Ella began getting out of bed. "Maybe we *had* better start back."

He said, "Okay, I'll phone Don."

He put on his shoes and a robe and went to the manager's office. After he'd rung the bell a while a voice from within called that there were no vacancies.

Clyde explained that he'd left the electric iron on at home and had to use the phone. The manager was not exactly happy when he appeared at the door in a nightshirt. . . .

The phone woke me up in the middle of the night and Los Angeles was on the wire. Clyde told me Ella wasn't sure she'd pulled out the iron cord, and—well, if it wasn't too much trouble . . . I asked how to get in and he said, "The key's in the mailbox. Thanks a million, Don. I know it's silly, but—"

And I said, "Not at all, Clyde. I understand."

There was a bit of silence, and then he said, "Yeah. I guess you do."

I understood if anybody did. There had been a time in my life when nothing in the world seemed worth while unless Ella came with it. There had been a black period when she decided to marry Clyde. The blow to pride was as bad as anything else. I hadn't even considered Clyde a rival. He was so casual and easygoing. He'd forget his dates and call around to see Ella on the wrong night, needing a haircut, having forgotten to shave. Not that he was a screwball, or incompetent; he just wasn't bothered about little things.

Well, one thing, he'd been strictly on the ball since marrying Ella. Like it or not. She saw to that. I'd remained a friend, and I spent an evening with them occasionally when they, with that peculiar habit of married people, found some girl they thought I should know and invited me down to dinner.



It was a raw night. Any night is raw when you've got out of bed conscious of your stomach and with fur on your tongue. Here I was, driving down the peninsula in the middle of the night on a fool errand. But it was just once. Clyde had had six years of it.

Their apartment in Burlingame, where they'd lived since they were married, was in the basement of a onetime mansion. Of course I knew they were building in Palo Alto, but I didn't know they had moved in. I suppose with his irritation, and with the human tendency to assume that everybody knows what is such a big thing in your life, Clyde hadn't thought to mention it. Anyhow I went to the apartment.

The key was in the mailbox, but the door was unlocked. It wasn't a fool's errand after all, I thought; they'd left the door unlocked. I went in and switched on the lights. The ironing board was folded into the wall; the iron was cold. That was that.

I looked in the refrigerator. There was milk, liverwurst, half a jar of sweet pickles, and some blue cheese. I had earned a snack. I set the stuff on the table of the breakfast nook, got bread, butter, a glass and a knife, and began on the snack. There was a San Francisco paper on the table, and I was reading the latest development of the perpetual police department shake-up when a girl walked in from the living room.

She was wearing a quilted red robe over her nightgown. She was a rather smallish person with a good figure, a lot of tan hair, beautiful eyes, and a revolver in her hand. The revolver was pointed at my chest.

"Well," she said.

"Hello," I said.

"Make yourself at home," she said.

"I felt like a snack," I said.

"You've got everything you need?"

"Yes, thank you."

She said, "I woke up when you slammed the refrigerator door."

"I should have been more careful at this time of night."

"I thought you'd be interested in my war souvenirs," she said, indicating the revolver.

"You were a Wac?"

"Yes. I know how to use it."

"I was over there myself. Air Force. Do you do this sort of thing often?"

"This is the first time I've found it necessary."

"You poor kid," I said. "There's no future in it."

"Particularly," she said, "when a burglar doesn't show good sense. As I understand it, the first principle is to case the joint."

"Exactly," I said. "But you didn't know Ella."

"I didn't know who?"

"Sit down," I said. "Let's talk things over. I don't want to make any trouble. I'm a friend of Clyde and Ella's."

"And I," she said, "am a friend of the Sweeneys. You've got your nerve with you."

I didn't go into that. It seemed to me the height of brass for a burglar to go to bed on a job. And such a cute little trick, too. She must be in trouble to be driven to this sort of thing. I said, "I brought one of those back. You haven't got a shell in the chamber."

She looked at the gun and I hit it with a length of liverwurst. The weapon went off with the most unearthly blast I ever want to hear. Then she began to scream, which was worse than the sound of the shot. She would have escaped except that I grabbed her.

It is amazing how people pop up from nowhere out of the middle of the night. And a man wrestling with a screaming girl just doesn't have a chance. It looks bad on the face of it, and a man doesn't have time to explain. I got some rough treatment from utter strangers, and pretty soon the police had me. After a while I began to understand what had happened. But the police didn't seem interested in that part of it. In a way it was very funny, except they didn't see the joke. They weren't even remotely interested in Clyde and Ella.

NOW, after Clyde had phoned me, he went back to the cabin and got in bed. Ella said, "You got Don?"

"Yes. He's driving down to make sure."

"I knew he'd do it. Don's a good egg. I feel so awful about forgetting that cord."

Clyde said nothing.

She sighed. "That's off our minds. It's so good just to pick up and leave and forget everything. We're going to have a swell time. Do you think we'd ought to give Bill and Elaine a ring and tell them we'll drop in in the morning?"

"No."

He was almost asleep when she said, "Clyde."

"Ella, for Heaven's sake."

"You told Don how to reach us, in case anything *had* gone wrong?"

"Well, uh—sure I told him." He hadn't, but he wasn't going to start something.

A few minutes later she said, "Clyde."

He groaned.

"Clyde, are you sure he can find the house?"

"He's been there."

"No; he hasn't. You remember we met that Mills girl. The one we thought Don ought to meet. And then she couldn't come to the housewarming and we thought it might be better anyhow if we had just the two of them for dinner some night. But we haven't had them yet. Does Don know about the new house?"

Clyde remembered he hadn't told me over the phone. He said, "Of course he does."

"Are you sure?"

"We told everybody."

"Then you *didn't* tell him when you phoned!" she said. "If Don went to the apartment— Maybe our house is on fire this very minute!"

Clyde got out of bed and swung his arms around in the dark for the pull chain. "What do you want me to do?"

"We could at least make sure. Maybe he hasn't left yet."

"He said he'd go right away."

"Then maybe he's back."

CLYDE rang the manager's bell again. The manager's temper had degenerated. Clyde put in a call for me and got no answer. He went back to the cabin. "He's not back," he said. "He must have gone to Palo Alto."

"Why do you say that?"

"If he only went to Burlingame, he'd be back before now. Say he did go to the apartment. He'd find out we weren't there. He'd talk to Mr. Meeker." Mr. Meeker was the landlord. "Mr. Meeker would give him the house address, and Don would drive to Palo Alto. We know he went to Palo Alto, or he'd be back by now."

Ella considered. "How do you know he talked to Mr. Meeker?"

"I don't know that he talked to Mr. Meeker. But he isn't back, so he had to either go to Palo Alto in the first place or talk to Mr. Meeker. Reason it out. Let's say Don *didn't* go to Palo Alto. Say he *did* go to the apartment. Well, it's either rented again or it isn't. If it isn't rented, he'd talk to Mr. Meeker to find out where we'd moved to. If it is rented, he'd talk to the new tenants, and they'd tell him to see Mr. Meeker. And if that hadn't happened, he would be back before now."

"Clyde, you know very well that Mr. Meeker goes to bed at nine o'clock every night, and nothing will raise him until five in the morning because he takes off his hearing aid. Remember the night the hot-water tap came off in the bathroom? We just had to tie it up with rags until morning. You know very well that Don didn't talk with Mr. Mecker. Don doesn't know where our new house is. It's on fire. It's burning to the ground, and it's all my fault!"

"Well, then, where is Don?" Clyde asked.

"That's beside the point. It's not our business where Don is. I don't trust Don anyhow. That's why I married you. Don's not reliable. I don't think he even tried. I know he didn't. It's just like Don. He doesn't care if our house burns down. He'd like to see it happen. I've never trusted him. He's always held it against us that we got married. He just hung up the phone when you called, and went back to sleep. He's there now. He won't answer the phone. Why didn't we think of Mr. Lee in the first place?"

"Mr. Lee? After all, Ella." Mr. Lee was the agent who had sold them the house.

"Well, he told us, didn't he? If anything came up, just call him. He said his job didn't end with closing a sale. He wanted us to be perfectly satisfied. He said to feel free to call him any time about anything."

"This is hardly in his line."

"I'll call him, Clyde," Ella said. "It's all my fault, anyhow."

"Never mind; I'll do it."

The manager was hardly happy at being routed out again. But his manner was sweetness itself compared to that of Mr. Lee. Gone was Mr. Lee's friendly tone and genial manner.

Clyde hung up bleakly.

"Friend," said the manager, who had heard Mr. Lee's loud comments over the wire, "if you're afraid your house is burning down why don't you call the fire department? That's their business. They'd appreciate it. They'd a lot sooner unplug an iron tonight than fight a fire tomorrow."

"Thank you," Clyde said, humbly grateful. "That's a great idea." So Clyde called the fire department. They said they'd call him back. Clyde sat in the office with the manager a few minutes. The fire department of Palo Alto called back to say the iron hadn't been plugged in. Clyde said thanks a million, and to put him on the list for ten tickets for the next fireman's ball.

"Well," Ella said, when he went back to the cabin, "I guess it *was* silly, dear. I feel so foolish about it."

"Better safe than sorry," he said gallantly. He jerked the pull chain and got into bed.

He was almost asleep when she said, "Clyde." She nudged him. "Clyde."



"Don't bother with that stuff, dear. If I had wanted a beautiful wife, I would have married one!"

COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

"Huh?"

"Did the firemen go into the house or just look through the kitchen window with a flashlight?"

"They found the iron cord pulled out. What difference does it make?"

"What difference does it make? It makes all the difference in the world. If they went into the house, how do we know they didn't forget to lock up when they left?"

Clyde groaned.

She said, "You know how firemen are. Did you tell them the key was in the mailbox? Otherwise they probably broke down the front door with an ax."

"I told them about the key," Clyde assured her.

"They were thinking of fires, not doors. Who ever heard of a fireman locking the door behind him?"

This sort of thing went on for a while. Finally Clyde got out of bed and swung his arms for the pull chain. "I'll call them," he said, "and make sure."

There was a knock on the cabin door. "You'd better come out, Harris," the manager's voice said. "It's the cops."

Two police officers were on deck with a patrol car. They asked Clyde a number of personal questions. Then they asked him if he knew me. In checking my story the Burlingame police had contacted the Palo Alto police. The Palo Alto police knew of Clyde's call to the fire department. The fire department had furnished the address of the auto court in Los Angeles.

I was released a little after daybreak.

THAT afternoon I phoned the girl whose apartment I had broken into, and paid my apologies.

"I think it's awfully funny," she said. "We each thought the other was a burglar."

"I ruined your liverwurst and ate up practically everything in your refrigerator. Would you like to have dinner with me to get even?"

"I'd love to."

I called around a bit early that evening, and she was not quite ready. She was ironing something. We drove down the peninsula for dinner. While we were eating I said, "Say, did you leave that iron on?"

"Why should I?"

"I wonder about my cigarette? I left it burning on the ash tray. Maybe it burned down, overbalanced, and fell onto the sofa."

She sighed, "Are you a worry wart?"

I didn't propose right then; I wai until after dinner.

Ella phoned me Tuesday afterno She was awfully sorry for getting me i jam, she said. She and Clyde wanted make it right. Could I have dinner Fric evening? There was a girl named M they wanted me to meet. An awfu nice girl.

"I'd like to meet her," I said, "but I getting married Friday. Could I tak rain check?"

She said, "What?" and I repeated She said, "Why didn't you tell us?" a I said they had been in L.A. She asked she knew her, and I said her name v Mariom Edwards and I'd met her in th old apartment Saturday night. She sa "You mean—you met her that ni when you were arrested? Didn't y know her before?" I said that if known her before I wouldn't have b arrested.

She said, "Just a minute; Clyde wa to say hello."

The minute stretched into four or fi I knew she was bending his ear. Then voice came. "Hi, Don. What's about you getting married to a girl y met last Saturday night?"

"That about covers it. Except sh awfully nice and she's a knockout looks, and she can make up her mind that." I snapped my fingers at the pho

"But how can you be sure it will t out all right?" he said dutifully, Ella his elbow.

"I don't think a person can be sure anything in this life," I said. "So w worry about it?"

He said, "You've got something the Don."

It was a trite phrase, worn out; but heart was in it.

Then why am I saying he's happ married? Let's take another exam when Ella went to the hospital the n summer with the baby. When she v ready to come home, Clyde called her in a taxi. He'd mislaid the car ke She found the floors warped.

He'd left for work one morning wi out turning off the shower, and washrag had clogged the drain. The frigerator needed repairs because i left the door open. The lawn was bro And there was a hole burned ri through the ironing board.

Clyde is nobody's fool. He never one to worry about things. And w Ella for a wife, he can just relax and her do the worrying for both of them.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Just follow me. Goin' there myself" HANK KETCHAM



The wonderful time we've spent together . . .

FOR OUR ANNIVERSARY—the finest watch I could get,
to remind you, every moment,
of the wonderful time we've spent together,
so many hours that have gone so very fast—
from that first day that seems like yesterday.
Bless you for the time we've had—
and for the promise of the years to come.

FOR A GIFT to cherish—none is more perfect than a watch.
Your jeweler has a wide choice to show you,
achievements of the skill of free craftsmen—
of America and Switzerland—oldest democracies
on two continents. And, no matter what the make
of your watch, it can be repaired economically and promptly,
thanks to the efficiency of the modern jeweler.

For the gifts you'll give with pride—let your jeweler be your guide

The WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

TRAIL OF THE LEANING S

BY RAFE GIBBS



JACK BREED

On some of these mountainsides in Glacier Park, you can walk on ice 500 feet deep and thousands of years old, acquiring a sun tan at the same time



JACK BREED

En route to Grand Teton Park, you may pass through Jackson Hole, once an outlaws' lair. Dominating scene above is Grand Teton Peak

Three Western parks—Glacier, Yellowstone and Grand Teto—are outposts on a long, long trail that goes a-winding throug some of the most superb scenery and colorful history in the U.S

DESIGNS FOR TOURING—IX

SLAP a Leaning S brand on your road map of the Northwest, and meander down the mountain trail it marks. What you will see once made pioneer trapper Jim Bridger, one of the West's most dexterous liars (mountain style), muse: "Ain't necessary to lie about this country nohow."

Traveling some 700 miles from the top of the S in northwestern Montana to the bottom in northwestern Wyoming, you can:

Acquire a sunburn at Glacier National Park in thirty minutes while standing on ice thousands of years old . . . Put on a miner's tin hat at Butte, Montana; descend 3,300 feet and see for yourself why Butte's hill has been called the "richest on earth" . . . Step back into the atmosphere of the past at Virginia City, Montana—the Williamsburg of the West . . . Drive through Yellowstone National Park where the pedestrians are bears . . . Gasp for breath by climbing or merely looking at the cloud-balancing peaks of Grand Teton National Park.

The best way to start along the trail up at Glacier is hunched over the saddle of one of the park's 600 horses. We took the trip up to Grinnell Glacier from Many Glacier astride a gentle mare in Jim Wilt's string.

A big, easygoing, ageless fellow beneath a big, aged hat, Jim makes a horse look undernourished when he settles in the saddle. He expounds on the lore of the park as you jog along.

"That's Poison Point," he says, swinging a gloved hand toward the trail where it leans over a thousand feet of nothing.

"It is?" says a dude.

"Yeah," grins Jim. "One drop is fatal."

Seven miles up the trail you come to a mountainside covered with ancient ice, 500 feet deep. The sun up there is hot. Your neck burns. You dismount and follow Jim out over the ice, covered with new snow. Everybody moves cautiously, for you are on a glacier of many crevices.

If you are not inclined to riding, you can view typical park scenery by merely driving over Going-to-the-Su Highway, the only road across Glacie National Park. But it pays to get horse, or at least a hiking urge.

At Sperry Chalet you can go t sleep listening to the patter of littl mountain-goat feet on the porc floor. One night Ed Beatty, chie park naturalist, was sleeping in chalet room, when he awoke with th feeling that strange eyes were upo him. He looked at the big, ope window. Perched on the ledge, read to spring, was a mountain goat.

"I let out a war whoop," sai Beatty, "and that goat jumped—back ward, thank God!"

A lot of folk come to Glacier t see the 1,200 different wild flowers i the park. They're at their showie from July 15th to September 15th.

Soft-spoken J. W. Emmert, supe intendent of Glacier, tells about a Easterner who paused just before h snapped a color picture of the Hang ing Gardens at Logan Pass, heav with golden glacier lilies.

"If I take this picture, it will co me $500," said the Easterner. "I have to bring my wife out here ne year."

But most impressive of all are th mountains themselves with their bi ness and isolation and calm strengt They manage to look at once bot violent and restful.

Almost until 1910, the year the are was made a park and put under go ernment protection, the Blackfeet I dians kept the white men pretty we out. You'll see plenty of Blackfeet t day at the eastern entrance of th park, which adjoins their reservatio Solemn-looking fellows on the su face, they have a sense of humor b neath.

"Our people never wash feet." o old boy assured us. "Called Blac feet."

Actually, legend has it the Blackfe got their name from scuffing throu burned prairie grass.

Following the Trail of the Leani S south of Glacier, you travel f miles beside Flathead Lake which beautifully framed by the Missi

ROUTES: U.S. Highways 2, 10, 20 and 89 are among tha major roads to the parks. To reach Virginia City, take U.S. 10S from Butte and turn off on Montana 41. Roads ara generally good, though rough in spots. Be sura car is in good repair. Garages are sometimes few and far between. Trail describad hera runs about 700 miles.

ACCOMMODATIONS: Excellent hotels at Missoula, Butte, Virginia City (Mont.), Jackson (Wyo.) and other towns. Motor courts all along the way. Glacier and Yellowstone have top-flight hotels, beside chalets, lodges, cabins and free camping grounds. Glacier hotels $9.50-up per person American plan. Yellowstona hotels $3.50-up European; lodges $2.25-up; cabins $1-up. No overnight accommodations in Taton Park. These are supplied by duda ranches, lodgas, cabins and hotels in Jackson Hole and in town of Jackson. Reservations should be made in advance.

FOOD: Excellent food in major towns and in the parks. T-bone steak dinners along the way, $1 to $3. Buffalo, elk, venison and bear meat available in Virginia City.

CLIMATE: Mountain variety. Warm days, but not humid. Cool nights. Blankets comfortable in July and August. Yellowstone Park accommodations open from June 20th to September 10th; Glacier Park accommodations, from June 15th to Septembar 15th.

WHAT TO WEAR: Keep it informal. Sport clothes. Riding breaches or denim dungarees are preferred for hiking and riding—plus a pair of ankle-high shoes. Warm wool sweater or water-repellent jacket on park trips. Raincoat tied behind the canle on every saddla horsa.

WHAT TO DO: Sight-seeing comes first. Slogan of the par is: "Ask a ranger." Also hiking, mountain climbing, hors back riding, dancing, boating and fishing. No fishing licen required in Glacier or Yellowstone. Wyoming licen necessary in Grand Teton; $5 for five days if you are out-of-state resident.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION: On the parks, write to I formation Department of the National Park Service, Depa ment of the Interior, Washington, D. C. On Virginia Ci write to Fairwaather Inn, Virginia City, Mont.

MAP BY JOE KAUFMAN

CANADA

BLACKFEET INDIAN RESERVATION

SHELBY
DEMPSEY-GIBBONS FIGHT 1923

CHIEF JOSEPH SURRENDERS TO COLONEL MILES

CONTINENTAL DIVIDE

STERN WHEELER ON THE MISSOURI

GREAT FALLS
STUDIO OF COWBOY ARTIST
CHARLES M. RUSSELL

CAPITOL BUILDING AT HELENA

MONTANA

CLARK PASSES

ST. MARY'S MISSION AT STEVENSVILLE

BUTTE
COPPER MINING

MYRNA LOY
BORN AT
RADERSBURG

DUDE RANCHES

SITE OF
CALAMITY JANE'S
HOUSE

LAUREL

BIG HOLE
BATTLEFIELD
NATIONAL
MONUMENT

BOZEMAN TRAIL

MORMONS
SETTLED HERE
1855

VIRGINIA CITY
OLD MINING TOWN
BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE

CODY—
NAMED FOR
BUFFALO BILL

IDAHO

WYOMING

MOOSE AT
GRAND TETON
NATIONAL PARK



Mountains. If it's raining, go back and start over the next day. Honest. The scenery is that good.

Midway on the Leaning S you come to Butte, sprawling over a scarred hill. It's the biggest city in Montana—population about 50.000.

This great mining center regularly gets kicked in the teeth by word-of-mouth advertising. A recent best seller brands Butte as the "black heart of Montana." Other so-called authorities on the city state that Butte is ugly as sin.

But these slanders overlook the city's main attribute—character.

Butte has been scored for its first-class gambling joints and second-class dives. But its 46 churches are better attended. The hill has been badly torn up in the scramble for the riches beneath. But in the flat below are hundreds of attractive homes, many of them owned by the men who lean on jackhammers or fill ore cars. Such organizations as the Garden Club and the Hardy Perennial Club flourish.

Town Offers Variety of Arts

Butte has always been known as a "good fight town," with a long line of fistic greats—Sullivan, McCoy, Jeffries, Walcott, Gans, Johnson and Dempsey—showing their wares there. But the town's biggest entertainment support is given to music. Last winter the townfolk raised $26,000 by popular subscription, and sent their 136-piece high-school band to the Tournament of Roses in Pasadena, California.

Butte is actually two cities—one upstairs, one down. You can visit the one downstairs by simply applying at the chamber of commerce upstairs and getting a free ticket. Mine guides will take you beneath the hill that, since 1864, has produced 13,000,000,000 pounds of copper, 3,500,000.000 pounds of zinc, 1,000.000.000 pounds of manganese ore and 600,000,000 ounces of silver.

Further along the Trail of the Leaning S you may visit Virginia City, a mining town that prospered, almost died, and came stomping back with its old clothes brushed up a bit to greet tourists.

Main thing to remember about Virginia City is the number 3-7-77. Back in the early 1860s it sent men riding for their lives out of the town, then a frontier mining camp as tough as bull buffalo meat.

Virginia City once harbored the toughest gang of outlaws this side of hell. Generally, the gangs killed for gold, and frequently for practice. Finally, a group of indignant citizens formed the Virginia Vigilantes. They held quick trials, and quicker hangings—24 in all. But sometimes they warned a man of his impending doom, and if he had a fast horse, he could escape death.

The warning consisted of scrawling the number 3-7-77 on a door. There are many stories as to what the number signified, but we'll string along with the one that says it stood for a grave—3 feet wide, 7 feet deep and 77 inches long.

Virginia City's old buildings have now been brought back to life. You can walk into the false-fronted Bale of Hay Saloon, and park your foot on the brass rail of a bar that was floated up the Missouri from St. Louis to Fort Benton, Montana, and hauled overland by ox team. As a bartender with low-slung sideburns waits for you to "prescribe your medicine," a memory-haunted tune twangs from a music box.

Sometimes the past and present ride tandem in Virginia City. While we were standing in the Bale of Hay, Mike Bresnahan, a prospector, walked in and tossed a poke of newly panned dust on the bar.

"Where'd you strike it?" the bartender asked.

Bresnahan waved a hand with deliberate vagueness toward the edge of town. "The old-timers who through here in the early days wer too big a hurry," he said.

In the Wells-Fargo office, wax d mies, dressed in frontier garb, are p in the business attitudes of eighty y ago. "Buckskin Joe," with dusty h a don't-give-a-damn angle, is writing his stage report. A clerk with har bar mustache is weighing gold fro leather poke as a bustled lady waits her ticket.

Or there's the general store of late and famed "Judge" Douglas. J slept in a haystack one night, forgc pull in his legs, froze them, and them amputated at the thighs. But J got around right well.

One day a bullwhacker, entering t with a big freight wagon, spotted J crossing muddy Main Street, promptly began unyoking his oxen. boss in the freight wagon deman "What's the idea?"

"Think I'm crazy enough to try ta this outfit through that mud?" reto the bullwhacker. "Look at that fe crossing the street. He's up to his pockets now."

Alder Gulch, which stretches l down the sage-specked hills thr Virginia City, once produced a $150,000,000 in gold. When the ore faded early in the present cen so did the 10,000 population of Vir City.

Then, in 1945, along came Ch Bovey. Charlie is a wealthy Mon rancher in his early forties and a senator from Great Falls, but mostl is famed for his efforts to pres Montana's rich history.

Charlie was mighty pleased with he saw in Virginia City. The fr structures, although a mite sway-ba from age, were still standing. Ne reshingling and some general renova That was all.

Charlie got the Historic Landr Society of Montana interested in viving Virginia City. He also pun new enthusiasm in the Vigilance Clu Virginia City. He began to spend e ings from his Montana ranches on town, personally buying up most o old buildings. Three of the struct he put back in actual business—Wells-Fargo Coffee House, the Bal Hay Saloon and the Fairweather I to take care of hungry, thirsty and sl tourists in that order. The other b ings he restored as show places.

Besides money, Charlie and his have spent considerable time on ginia City. Mrs. Bovey has becom authority on furnishings and style the past century.

Memories of the Vigilante Er

Assisting the Boveys is Mrs. Hoff, former Mack Sennett bat beauty and tourist guide extraordi Mrs. Hoff has lived alone for some in the town, but she said she has n been lonesome "because Virginia is so crowded with memories."

From old books and old native the area, she has gleaned rich lore. can tell you, for instance, about tana's first professional sporting eve Virginia City—a 185-round fight tween a saloonkeeper who drank water and a miner who drank e thing else, redeye preferred. (The t ing values of water versus whisky not settled by this fight as it ended draw.)

One of the biggest tourist attrac in this area is Yellowstone, oldest largest of our 27 national parks. tablished in 1872, Yellowstone c 3,471 square miles, or 2,213,000 acre timbered country in the middle R Mountains.

"If you are a typical tourist," young ranger Richard Munkwitz, " first question is: 'Where are the be

cond question: 'How do I get to
ithful Geyser?' "
year the bears and the spouting
vere the principal lures that drew
persons into the park. Yellow-
the Coney Island of the nation's
It has a lot of Nature's trick stuff
ss appeal.
was known about the Yellow-
ea when most of it was acquired
through the Louisiana Purchase.
830s the park area was visited by
dger, the grizzled trapper and
om Virginia. When he got back
told of seeing a "peetrified bird
a peetrified tree, singin' a peetri-
g." Nobody believed that, of
but neither did anyone believe
s true story of catching a fish in
l, turning around and cooking it
her of boiling water. So Bridger
this story up, telling of one pool
d cold water on the bottom and
top. Catching a fish in the lower
he said, he pulled it up through
water and it was cooked when it
surface.
e the principal wonders of the
ou travel what is known as the
Loop Road. Where you enter
e the loop is unimportant.
ng through the west gate your
ion is to start dropping south, and
ok at Old Faithful Geyser. A
trouper, it has never missed a per-
ce. Sometimes it keeps the audi-
aiting, but the wait generally
n extra thousand gallons or so
r in the act. Performances are
about every 65 minutes, but vary-
occasion from 35 to 80 minutes.
wing the loop you come to Yel-
e Lake, the largest lake in North
a more than 7,500 feet above sea
Here you may see some of the few
ng trumpeter swans in North
a. Their main stand is at the Red
Lakes, a few miles west of Yel-
e. These magnificent birds are
a gradual comeback under the
protection of the U.S. Fish and
e Service.
he northern end of Yellowstone
Fishing Bridge. Here great num-
cutthroat trout pull up the Yel-
e River to enter the lake, and the
is considered by many to be the
one fishing spot of all the parks.
er up the loop is the Grand Can-
the Yellowstone, and if it fails to
you, your soul is dead.
V carved more than a thousand
ep into the mountains, with the
stone River racing through it,
twice taking deep plunges to form the Upper and Lower Falls. But all these things are unimportant compared with the colors of the canyon wall.

Rangers like to take a tourist blindfolded to Inspiration or Artist Point, and suddenly whip off the blindfold.

"I've seen people darn near strangle to get out oh's and ah's," said Ranger Munkwitz. "Other folks are in such a hurry, though, they don't even take time to get out of their cars for a good look at the canyon. Matter of fact, one fellow from Ohio pulled up to a park gate last summer, and said, 'I haven't got time to go into the park, but just gimme a sticker to prove I've been here. I'm seeing the West, and, man, there's a lot of it.' "

Education in Bear Behaviorism

Keeping the tourists at a safe distance from the bears is a major headache of the park rangers. Feeding, molesting, touching or teasing of bears is prohibited. But rangers have come upon such hair-raising sights as Daddy photographing two-year-old Sonny astride a giant black bear.

"We who live with the bears don't have any trouble," said Superintendent Edmund B. Rogers. "We keep our distance."

Superintendent Rogers traces the American public's lack of respect for the bear's ripping and tearing powers to a bear hunt in Mississippi back in 1902. Chief hunter was President Theodore Roosevelt. Press releases described Roosevelt as refusing to shoot a small bear brought into camp. Cartoonist Clifford Kennedy Berryman did a sketch in a Washington, D. C., newspaper portraying the incident. It was reprinted throughout the nation, and toymakers started turning out Teddy bears by the thousands.

"The bear became in the minds of the general public a cuddly, playful fellow," said Rogers. "People who get hurt change their minds."

Habitually bad-acting bears are carted back into the remote areas of the park or destroyed. A notable exception was the Phantom Red Bear.

District Ranger John Jay chuckles about it now, but it wasn't funny to him at the time. Some Yosemite National Park rangers had advised him that the thing to do with an obstreperous bear was paint it red. The bear was then supposed to become so self-conscious it would slink off by itself.

Jay decorated this particular bruin with a spray gun, but the bear seemed



"Don't try turning your charm on me!" SIDNEY HOFF



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downright proud of his new color, and paraded up and down in front of the hotels and lodges, creating havoc and consternation, then rolling away like a ball of fire when Jay and his colleagues went after him.

A few more miles down the Trail of the Leaning S from Yellowstone is another national park—Grand Teton—where the bear plays second fiddle as a wildlife attraction. In Grand Teton, the moose is number one.

And right here, stranger, you might as well pull up a chair in park headquarters with Superintendent John S. McLaughlin, and hear the story of Bill, the bull moose.

"He was left an orphan early in life," said McLaughlin. "His mother was killed on the highway by a car when Bill was only a couple of weeks old. The rangers here at headquarters adopted him, and fed him on a bottle. Bill got to be quite a pet, but an expensive one. He was soon drinking one case of canned milk a week. So he had to be taken out into the mountains to shift for himself. But, even after Bill went back to the wilds, he remained friendly to rangers who would come across him.

"Then, one winter day two half-frozen skiers came in. Said they had been treed for five hours by a moose that would just stand and look at them. They were afraid to come down and were freezing to death, so they shot and killed the moose with a pistol. Rangers found him. It was Bill. But he's still here."

McLaughlin pointed to the mounted head of a moose that looked down from the wall with sad eyes. Bill.

Teton's big attraction is its mountains, however. Tourists like to hike or ride along the 90 miles of trails, or to scale the rugged slopes. But before they start climbing they should look up a park guide.

There are always some who neglect

From next week's installment of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: The first atomic bomb might have fallen on Berlin instead of Hiroshima.

to do this, and it is a mystery why there aren't more broken necks. Last party to start an ascent of 13,766-foot-high Grand Teton in the 1947 season consisted of five middle-aged farmers tied together with 250 feet of somebody's ⅛-inch clothesline.

The farmers were doing everything wrong when Glen Exum, park guide for 19 years, met them and gave them some advice. They didn't take it, though. The lead man reached the top of a point known as Owen Chimney, then slipped, rolled and catapulted to the base of the chimney. He was just about to drop 3,500 feet more when the last man on the rope tackled him.

"Best tackle I ever saw," opined Exum.

He and his partner, Paul Petzoldt, who operate the School of American Mountaineering in the park, have 40 years of guiding in the Tetons behind them and have never had an accident with anyone in their parties.

On either side of Grand Teton National Park is a valley famous in Western history. On the Idaho side is Pierre's Hole; on the Wyoming side, Jackson Hole. The valleys are now peaceful dude-ranch country, but they weren't always thus.

Pierre's Hole, 30 miles long and 15 wide, was once one of the most important points of rendezvous for the early mountain trappers.

The trappers were paid off, then were encouraged to drink and gamble themselves into debt to the compan they would have to head back ir mountains for more beaver skin tween fights, the trappers li stacked the cards against the li They palmed off decks of them as at exorbitant prices, and told t dians they would suffer eternal nation if they didn't provide ther their best-looking squaws.

Jackson Hole was also quite pers' hangout. But it is most fa a hide-out for outlaws in the rustling days.

If you would like to do a little ure hunting, you might start look the buried loot of such badmen Nose George and Teton Jackson are supposed to have hidden the somewhere in the valley, which 400 square miles.

The main point in the valley frontier cow town of Jackson, strives mightily to stay frontier—v sidewalks, false-fronted stores an open gambling. At Jackson we visit to a grand old man of the tains, Charlie Hedrick.

Charlie, who served as a guide mountains for a half century, st his front porch, his tall figure straight as it was at twenty-one w rode horseback into Jackson H the first time in 1896.

"When I came into the valle Tom Smith, my partner," said C "the grass was knee-high to my In one meadow there were a th elk. Deer and antelope, too. C up into the sky behind them w Tetons. Mighty pretty. 'Tom,' 'you can go on, but I'm staying grass doesn't grow so high any and except for the big herd of these parts, the wildlife isn't so ful. But the mountains haven't cl and, do you know, after 52 ye view still seems pretty good."

THE END

NIGHT LIFE OF THE CARDS

Continued from page 6

Patton travels more than a yard in a tenth of a second—probably four feet at the finish where his momentum is greatest. Consequently, Mel can win by three feet, yet finish in the same tenth-of-a-second time interval with the runner-up. The sprinter who equals Patton's 0:09.3 may be a foot slower or faster in distance, but the discrepancy will not show on a tenth-of-a-second watch.

When Harrison Dillard set his 0:07.1 indoor record for the 60-yard hurdles last winter, he beat Bill Porter of Northwestern by approximately five inches. An experimental hundredth-of-a-second watch timed Dillard only two one-hundredths of a second faster than Porter. Yet the rules arbitrarily gave Porter 0:07.2.

Had Porter run the same race a night later—with Dillard absent—he would share the 0:07.1 record.

The shorter the race, the less a tenth of a second means. Oddly enough, Patton might have started the stop-watch controversy last summer, but he strained a leg muscle.

THE ATKINSON STORY

The theory that jockeys grow up around barns and horses doesn't apply to Ted (Slasher) Atkinson, the ambidextrous whipper whose mounts earned $1,036,825 in 1946 and $1,070,260 in 1947. Ted was working as a shipping clerk in a Corning, New York, factory when a trucker growled, "Don't ride that crate, kid. Lift it. You ain't no jockey."

The taunt started Ted to thinking of better ways to use his 105 pounds. He hitchhiked to Goshen, and asked for a job galloping the horses. "That's how dumb I was," he admits. "I thought a horse was a horse. Certainly was surprised to learn the trotters and pacers at Goshen did their running in front of sulkies."

Next stop, Brooklyn. Ted labored in a bottling plant and exercised horses at New York tracks for fifty cents an hour. He landed a job riding on the Ohio circuit, jumped to Cuba, backtracked to New England, and finally got his big break when he steered War Relic to a four-length triumph over Whirlaway in the 1941 Narragansett Special. Atkinson has whipped close to $5,000,000 across the line in 12 years. Only two jockeys —Eddie Arcaro and Johnny Longden— have enjoyed greater prosperity.

Ted is a pleasant, relaxed little guy right up to the starting gate. On and off the track, he likes to talk about his children. Riding postward at Hialeah with a fellow father, jockey Herb Claggett, Ted remarked, "Cathy's on a new formula."

"That's nice," Herb said. "My kid won't drink orange juice. Imagine a kid not liking orange juice!"

Atkinson shook his head. "Worse'n a horse not liking warm mash."

The baby talk disturbed the pony boy, a wizened ex-jockey. At the gate, he turned and advised Atkinson, "Better tie yourself on, Daddy. The kiddies would hate to have anything happen to you."

UNWORRIED MANGRUM

Sergeant Lloyd Mangrum crouched behind the stone fence and binoculared the high trees.

"The barn—in the loft," a patro ber whispered.

"Huh?" Mangrum turned hi left ear toward the whisperer.

Z-I-N-G. The bullet nicked t of Mangrum's helmet. The snip was perfect, but the instinctive h —prompted by a deafened righ saved Mangrum's life.

Eighteen months later, M crouched on the ninth green of t terbury Country Club in Clevela wife leaned forward on her seat c whispered, "How are you doing?

"If I sink this," Mangrum grimly, "I'll be six." Lloyd had his tee shot out of bounds. He Byron Nelson and Vic Ghezzi 18-hole play-off for the 1946 Open title. He had to sink the putt or fall three strokes behi virtually out.

Lloyd banged the pay-off pu It sprinted for the cup—hit the ba —popped up six inches—rattled Lloyd rallied and won the title in the second play-off when putt stopped half an inch short 18th.

". . . and the moral to those tw isn't hard to figure out," Mangr telling Sam Snead at the recent "An inch here and a half inch the difference between a dead and a live champion. That's wh fatalist. The ball's goin' in or Why worry?"

• • •

Avery Brundage will weigh i pounds for the Olympics.

THE END

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

o keep the eyes up and back (look- the crown of the head) I could think thing else, for at the first thought, came the eyes. And if I concen- on keeping the eyes up, I went off ep. I learned to nap anywhere, me, even sitting upright in anything olls on wheels. Forty years is quite to test a theory.

MRS. F. N. B., New Orleans, La.

O FEUD LIKE AN OLD ETC.

SIR: What with the other troubles having, high prices, Commies, Taft- y, Palestine and our coming elec- may I congratulate you on your , End of a Beautiful Feud, June 5th? reds of thousands of your readers ave breathed easier and slept better reading that the two Hollywood ters are speaking.

nestly now, that sort of trash is ble in dozens of so-called "movie zines"; must you clutter up your pub- n with it? No other complaints at the nt. KEN LEAVITT, Portland, Ore.

ook on the Hedda-Louella peace- g as a model for U.N. to follow. no matter after what war, is won- !

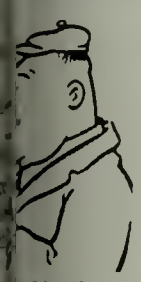
What Hollywood needs is a good 15- e-a-week program to review current s intelligently and point out some of chnical methods, usually overlooked public, of presenting the story well gh the movie medium. This would the way for better and more artisti- enjoyable pictures which would, in give the respect to the movie indus- hat the sensational over-the-fence ers tear down.

DON WILCOX, Flint, Mich.

ALFRED, THE GREATSKI!

SIRS: I've often wondered where reville *could* have found his model Alfred"—now I know, see enclosures!

MARJORIE C. FULLER, La Jolla, Cal.



Alfred



Vassily

ow I know what our Alfred does in are time—he poses as young Stalin. n it be that young Vassily Stalin has coming over here—in which event ust call your cartoon "Alfredski" in e. It only shows how up to date Col- is. CHARLES E. WHITTAKER, Beverly Hills, Cal.

MEN'S DOGS

EDITOR: Your ill-advised editorial of 5th anent men's dogs (Many Dogs Help) should be resented and con- ed by all comfort-loving men, as it to stir up an age-old conflict in fam- where the women have from 15 to 20 of shoes each, and the menfolk must s be on the alert to save their best- shoes from the garbage man.

st women are style-conscious, hence umber of shoes available regardless in or expense. Men like comfort, ess of the nagging they may have to e from their womenfolk, but they d at least have their shoes shined.

ES F. DINN, Port Washington, N. Y.

was reminded of Uncle Jack Derry owned a wholesale grocery in Indian- , forty years ago. He was then in his ties and came to work, at 7 A.M., with black shoes well shined. When I remarked about the appearance of his feet he said, "Anyone can be a gentleman for a nickel."

W. D. WIGHTMAN, Winter Park, Fla.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA DISCRIMINATION

DEAR SIR: Apparently Mrs. Elvera Dawson (The Week's Mail, May 29th) disapproves of anything but adverse criticism of the South. In her anxiety to concern herself with Southern racial problems, she has overlooked the California version of racial prejudice: I refer to the notorious anti-Oriental policy prevalent on the West Coast. First things first, Mrs. Dawson; remove those "No Japs Allowed" signs in public establishments.

FOREST NEWMAN, Nashville, Tenn.

WEEP AND THE W.W.W.Y.

SIRS: I compliment Eric Hatch for his G.A.R. story (June 5th).

Not since the early 1900s has a magazine story amused me to the point of laughing aloud. Then, a little-known author named Ellis Parker Butler wrote Pigs Is Pigs.

During the intervening years, never has a piece of fiction forcibly affected my emotions until G.A.R. got me to bawling. I stopped to wipe my bifocals a time or two toward the end, but right on the last I really let my hair down.

P. R. SHEAFFER, M.D., Cabot, Ark.

OUR FAR-FLUNG READERS

DEAR SIRS: I read with keen interest the article by Jorge Garcia-Granados, Behind the Palestine Reversal (May 22d). I cannot say with what feelings your countrymen view the situation but I feel impelled to state that many Englishmen are aghast at our Foreign Minister's attitude.

Two questions I whimsically ponder over are: (1) What is a "breach of the peace" in Mr. Bevin's enlightened opinion? (2) Is U.N. all gas and no power?

And now excuse me while I see how many more have been killed by Spitfires in Tel Aviv. FRANK BENNETT, Cumberland, England

BEAR PIG, OR PIGBEAR

DEAR SIRS: Our good old Republican party has its elephant, our Democratic its significant ass, T.R.'s its bull moose and the Prohibition party its camel. But what, oh, what is Mr. Wallace's emblem?



Nichevo!

I should like to propose a Russian bear cub but then I remember Mr. Wallace's little pigs. Maybe because Henry's famous for his hybrid corn we should select a hybrid animal. How's this?

E. LAURENCE PALMER, Ithaca, N. Y.

FEMALE PRIVACY

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: Why, oh, why must every magazine, newspaper, movie, billboard, comic strip, cartoon, etc., etc., feature the seminude female OR else the female with a terrifically accentuated bust line? . . . Many teen-age boys today are either going to be oversexed or sex maniacs.



It is now almost as embarrassing to sit in the same room with a man reading a newspaper or magazine as it is to attend a burlesque show in mixed company.

LOUISE ROBERTS, Lynn, Mass.

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THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

Continued from page 23

The importance of getting our supplies to you at the earliest possible date is realized here and every effort is being made to get shipments off.

To this Stalin replied:

At the present moment, when the peoples of the Soviet Union and its army are exerting all their powers to thrust back, by their determined offensive, Hitler's troops, the fulfillment of American deliveries, including tanks and airplanes is of the utmost importance for our common cause, for our further successes.

Stalin always gave evidence of very considerable respect for Roosevelt, but Soviet propaganda at that time was expressing scant admiration for the character of the American or British contribution to the total war effort.

A Little Psychological Strategy

A marked change in the nature of this propaganda was brought about in a curious way. The 24th anniversary of the foundation of the Red Army was to be celebrated on February 23d, and in preparation for that event, the Tass News Agency was collecting expressions of tribute and salute from various eminent personages throughout the United Nations. It occurred to some enterprising psychological warriors in Washington that it would be a fine idea to include General MacArthur in this greeting to our Russian allies.

Of course, MacArthur had by then become a tremendous figure, but being on Corregidor, he was not easy to reach. The War Department scornfully refused to put through a cable from an obscure civilian agency suggesting that General MacArthur take time from other duties to pay tribute to the Red Army. However, a short daily file of world news was then being sent to Corregidor, and the psychological warriors, without authorization from anyone, tacked a note on to that message to the general calling his attention to the forthcoming anniversary. MacArthur immediately replied with the following:

The world situation at the present time indicates that the hopes of civilization rest on the worthy banners of the courageous Russian army. During my lifetime I have participated in a number of wars and have witnessed others, as well as studying in great detail the campaigns of outstanding leaders of the past. In none have I observed such effective resistance to the heaviest blows of a hitherto undefeated enemy, followed by a smashing counterattack which is driving the enemy back to his own land. The scale and grandeur of this effort marks it as the greatest military achievement in all history.

This message from MacArthur was turned over to the Tass Agency and transmitted to the Soviet authorities who broadcast it to the entire world as coming from the heroic and brilliant American general who commanded the valiant forces in the epic struggle for freedom in the Philippines. From then on, the Russian propagandists were much more favorably disposed toward American fighting men.

After the fall of Singapore, Churchill faced the worst predicament of his career as Prime Minister. He made a broadcast speech in which he attributed the series of misfortunes in the Far East primarily to the fact that America's shield of sea power had been "dashed to the ground" at Pearl Harbor. There were numerous expressions of irritation at this statement in Washington, as though Churchill were attempting to escape censure by blaming it all on the U.S. Navy, but it did not bother Roosevelt at all. He merely remarked, "Winston had to say *some*thing."

Roosevelt then cabled Churchill:

I understand how the fall of Singapore has affected you and the British people. The well-known back-seat drivers are now given a field day but no matter how serious our setbacks have been, and I do not for a moment underrate them, we must constantly look forward to the next moves that need to be made to hit the enemy.

You will be of good heart in these trying weeks, I know, because I am very sure that you have the great confidence of the masses of the British people. I think of you often and I know you will not hesitate to ask me if there is anything you think I can do.

During the last few days I have given much thought to the Far East. We must at all costs maintain our two flanks—the right based on Australia and New Zealand and the left in Burma, India and China.

Because of our geographical position the United States is able to reinforce the right flank much better than you can and I think that the United States should take the primary responsibility for that immediate reinforcement and maintenance, using Australia as the main base.

From next week's installment of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: Reporting to Roosevelt from London, Hopkins said, "The Prime Minister threw the British Constitution at me with some vehemence."

Burma and India can be better reinforced by Britain and I visualize that you would take responsibility for that theater. We would supplement you in any way we could, just as you would supplement our efforts on the right flank. . . .

Do let me hear from you.

Churchill replied:

I am most deeply grateful to you for your warmhearted telegram. The pressure here has never been dangerous and I have used it to effect wholesome changes and accessions. You may take it everything is now solid. . . .

I do not like these days of personal stress and I have found it difficult to keep my eye on the ball. We are however in the fullest accord in all main things, and I will teleprint you more at large over the week end. Democracy has to prove that it can provide a granite foundation for war against tyranny. . . .

The "wholesome changes" referred to a shake-up in the British Cabinet, announced, February 19th.

Grave troubles continued, however, among the Allies. The Australian government demanded that their divisions in the Middle East be returned to their homeland for its defense. These troops could ill be spared nor could the shipping for their transport. Churchill begged that at least one Australian division be diverted to Burma. Prime Minister John Curtin, the head of Australia's Labor government, refused this point-blank.

It was this "strained relationship," and the desperate predicament of Australia that caused it, which influenced the President to order MacArthur to Australia. Roosevelt knew full well that the departure of MacArthur from Corregidor would be a grievous blow to the heroic men of his command and thus to the whole United States. It was orde captain to be the first to leave the ship. But Roosevelt had to weig considerations against the fact move he could make would be calculated to bolster the morale people of Australia and New Z He made his terrible decision at ference with Hopkins, Marsha King in the White House on S February 22d, but the news did n out until MacArthur arrived in A three weeks later. During thos weeks a sense of panic de throughout the entire southwest area.

The Japanese surge on land t Burma, and a series of devastatin to British naval units and shippin Bay of Bengal, brought India i zone of war and, although this dous problem was one for which velt wanted to have no responsil was deposited on him and remain him for a long time.

On March 10th Roosevelt ser markable cable to Churchill sayi he had given much thought to th lem of India and had tried to ap it from the point of view of his the hope that he might thus be sistance to you."

He recalled the beginning United States government and t thirteen states joined in the Art Confederation which became "a ous stopgap government" until ence and trial and error achi permanent union. This prompted suggest that a temporary gove might be set up in India charg creating a more permanent gove for the whole country in a pe five or six years. Roosevelt's cal cluded:

"For the love of heaven, don me into this, though I do want t help. It is, strictly speaking, non business, except in so far as it i and parcel of the successful fight t and I are making."

How the Advice Was Rece

It is probable that the only part cable with which Churchill agre Roosevelt's admission that it is " my business." Hopkins said a lo later that he did not think that th any suggestion from the Presider Prime Minister in the entire war t so wrathfully received. As Churchill's closest and most affe associates has said to me, "Th dent might have known that In one subject on which Winston never move a yard." It was ind subject on which the normal, minded, good-humored, give-a attitude which prevailed between statesmen was stopped cold. It said that Churchill would see the in ruins and himself buried und before he would concede the righ American, however great and ill a friend, to make any suggestio what he should do about India. be added that, four years later, th government in Britain made a p to the Indian leaders which, Welles has written, was "almost i in principle with the suggestion by President Roosevelt in 1942."

Although the first meeting Pacific War Council was h Wednesday, April 1, 1942, aga background of seemingly unr disaster in the Far East, atte Washington still centered on G On Saturday, Hopkins and Gene shall took off for London to pro invasion of the continent of E

In a long cable to Prime

n Churchill, President Roosevelt
oken of "plans for establishment
ew front on the European conti-
adding, "I am becoming more
ore interested in the establishment
new front this summer, certainly
and raids."
March 14th, Hopkins wrote in a
note to the President:
elieve [General Hap] Arnold's
in England should be pressed
There is nothing to lose. The
head does not need to be estab-
unless air superiority is complete.
bt if any single thing is as im-
t as getting some sort of a front
mmer [1942] against Germany.
vill have to be worked out very
lly between you and Marshall, in
st instance, and you and Churchill,
second.
his time, a definite plan for inva-
f northern France was being made
e War Plans Division, of which
al Eisenhower had recently be-
chief. It involved direct assault
the Channel at its narrowest point
French coast between Calais and
vre, east of the Seine—as opposed
Normandy area west of the Seine
e Cotentin Peninsula where the
gs were made two years later. The
heads were to be further extended
eastward beyond Dunkerque to
d and Zeebrugge on the Belgian

basic military argument for in-
of the Continent as stated in a
randum from Marshall to the
ent included the following:
the only place in which a power-
ensive can be prepared and exe-
by the United Powers in the near
. . . . It is the only place where the
ir superiority over the hostile land
preliminary to a major attack can
ged by the United Powers. . . . It
only place in which the bulk of the
ground forces can be committed
general offensive in co-operation
United States forces. . . .
cessful attack on this area will
the maximum of support to the
n front.
vill be seen that the desirability of
ng the Russian demands for a sec-
ront was the last in the priority list
guments in favor of the proposal.
ver, this consideration weighed
y with Hopkins.
invasion plan was originally
n as BOLERO and later as
NDUP; it was eventually replaced
VERLORD. The main operation,
ving 30 American and 18 British
ons, was planned for the spring of 1943. The code name BOLERO was retained for the enormous preliminary process of building up the required forces and supplies in the British Isles.

Provision was made for a more limited operation, known as SLEDGEHAMMER, to take place about September 15, 1942. Because of the shipping limitations, no more than 12 American divisions could be made available in the U.K. by that time. Speaking of SLEDGEHAMMER, the plan stated:

THIS LIMITED OPERATION WOULD BE JUSTIFIED ONLY IN CASE

(1) THE SITUATION ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT BECOMES DESPERATE, [or]

(2) THE GERMAN SITUATION IN WESTERN EUROPE BECOMES CRITICALLY WEAKENED.

In the event that the operation was undertaken as a purely desperate, emergency measure to relieve pressure on the Russian front, it was clearly foreseen that it might involve the loss of most of the troops involved as a "sacrifice in the common good."

Normandy Bridgehead Favored

A further and more enduring justification for SLEDGEHAMMER was later added: It might be employed to seize a bridgehead on the Continent *and hold it* until such time as sufficient American forces were available for the major drive through France. In this event, the most favorable target area would be the Cotentin Peninsula in Normandy.

Roosevelt was inclined to be leery of a trans-Channel frontal attack. He was still in favor of GYMNAST, the North African operation which had been planned and then shelved because of the need for diverting ships to the Pacific and the Indian Ocean plus the terrible tonnage losses in the western Atlantic. However, he was persuaded of the desirability of BOLERO-ROUNDUP by Stimson, Marshall and Hopkins. He also attached great importance to the political weight of this in relation to Russia.

He approved it on April 1st and told Hopkins and Marshall to present it to the Prime Minister and his Chiefs of Staff. Hopkins sent a jubilant cable to Churchill: "See you soon. Please start the fire." (This was another of the frequent references to the chilly temperature at Chequers.)

Roosevelt cabled Churchill:

A survey of the immediate and long-range problems of the military situations facing the United Nations has been completed and I have come to certain



"I'm marrying your son next week. Could I have a raise?"

LLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

"SO THIS IS THE IMPORTANT 4/5ths* OF THE DRINK"



*Everyone should know 4/5ths of the average highball is mixer. So why risk spoiling your drinks with an ordinary club soda? Insist on the best—insist on Canada Dry. Here's why:

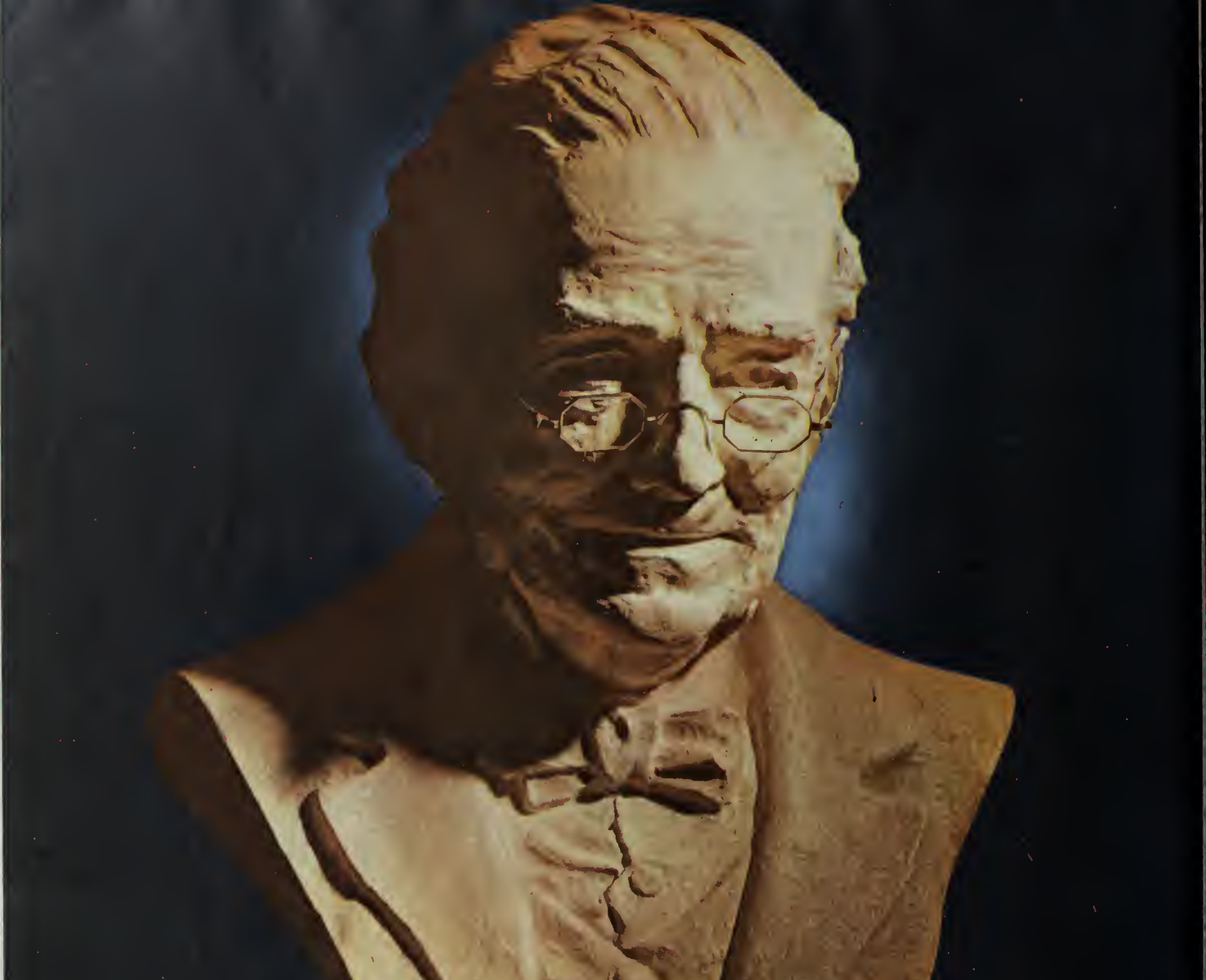
1. Pin-Point Carbonation —means longer-lasting sparkle.
2. Exclusive Formula—makes your drinks taste better.
3. Special Processing—assures purity, balance, clarity.
4. Superior Quality—uniform the world over.
5. Economical —the Big Bottle, in most areas, is only 15¢ Plus dep.

Sparkling CANADA DRY WATER

CLUB SODA

Sparkling CANADA DRY WATER

World's Most Popular Club Soda



HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY

When your choice includes mellow, heartwarming Old Grand-Dad, what else is at hand won't matter. You'll always find each golden drop of Old Grand-Dad as praiseworthy as the first.



OLD GRAND-DAD

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y.

sions which are so vital that I you to know the whole picture ask your approval. Complete ration by the U.K. and U.S., is portant that Harry and Marshall ave for London in a few days to t first of all to you the salient Russia will greet the plan with iasm, I hope, and, on word from hen you have seen Harry and all, I propose to ask Stalin to send ecial representatives to see me at . . .

Marshall-Hopkins party had an Pan American Clipper to itself on ht. Hopkins asked a great many ns about the use of Pan Ameri- lippers for carrying civilian air For more than a year he had been and stewing almost constantly civilian use of passenger and space in commercial transport A month before he had written llowing angry note to Robert A. in the War Department:

oticed in the paper the other day e New York Giants were flown to a and back in two or three trans- lanes.

o authorizes such a trip as this, g out engines and burning high- gasoline?

m then on he never stopped agitat- remove all civilian air mail from ippers. A month later he cabled to ll Harriman:

trying to get chitchat mail off commercial airplanes. President new instructions. Some people to think it is more important that anes be used to find out how Aunt is getting on with lumbago. It is f damned nonsense and if you are nough I hope you will continue to ell on your end.

rshall and Hopkins arrived in Lon- the morning of Wednesday, April begin their conferences.

Churchill Knew of U.S. Plans

llowing are Hopkins' notes on their essions at Number 10 Downing :

as perfectly clear that the Prime er was well aware of the propos- hich we were going to make, be- he stated they had them under l consideration for many weeks ere prepared to go ahead, imply- at they would go ahead without e made it, however, perfectly clear that he did not treat the proposals iously as either the facts warranted did the United States.

the other hand he indicated that d told the Chiefs of Staff that, in f all the difficulties, he, Churchill, repared to go along. He repeated veral objections that had obviously made to him by the Chiefs of Staff, which we had heard in Washing- efore coming to England. Marshall ore optimistic about the interview I was. Churchill told us that the pore business was a mess and he that the whole thing was very handled and that there is no ex- tion of the lack of resistance on art of the British. He simply thinks folded up and let him and the h army down very badly.

e next day Hopkins again saw chill and noted:

discussed again the purposes [to a second front] of General Mar- s and my visit to England and im- ed upon him the serious weight the President and Marshall gave r proposals; and I made it very that our military leaders had, after assing the whole world situation, up their mind that this plan was ne of all considered that was by far ost advantageous from a strategic of view. I impressed as strongly could on Churchill that he should gree to this proposal on any as- sumption that we do not mean business, nor should he assume that in all probability it will not require the use of ground forces.

I told him that the President and Marshall were prepared to throw our ground forces in and that he did not wish an agreement on the basis that in all probability the ground forces would never be used. I said this to him because, in conversations the previous day, I sensed that his advisers had told him that the ground attack would never be made at least for nearly a year. Churchill took this very seriously and led me to believe that he didn't fully take in before the seriousness of our proposals.

Hopkins cabled Roosevelt that he felt "sure that our main business here is going to turn out satisfactorily. Churchill has invited Marshall and me to meet with Cabinet Monday and Defense Ministers and Chiefs of Staff Tuesday night, at which time I believe the matter will be decided definitely. Everybody asks me



COLLIER'S "Did I wake you?" STANLEY BERENSTAIN

to convey to you their warm regards. Am not allowed to discuss weather, but my heavy underwear itches like the devil."

That same day Hopkins received a copy of a cable which Roosevelt had sent to Stalin:

Geographical distance unfortunately makes it practically impossible for us to meet at this time. Such a meeting of minds in personal conversation would be greatly useful to the conduct of the war against Hitlerism. Perhaps you and I could spend a few days together next summer near our common border off Alaska if things go as well as we hope. But, in the meantime, I regard it as of the utmost military importance that we have the nearest possible approach to an exchange of views.

A very important military proposal involving the utilization of our armed forces in a manner to relieve your critical western front is in my mind. This objective carries great weight with me.

Would you consider sending Mr. Molotov and a general upon whom you rely to Washington in the immediate future? . . .

I send you my sincere regards.

On April 14th, Hopkins and Marshall met with the Defense Committee (Operations) of the War Cabinet. Churchill opened this "memorable meeting," as he called it, with all the grace and courtly flourish of which he was master. Speaking of the "momentous proposal" which had been brought from the President by Mr. Hopkins and General Marshall he gave it his cordial and unhesitant acceptance, stating that it was in accord with the classic principles of war.

However, he pointed out there was the problem immediately presented by the ominous possibility of a junction being achieved by the Germans advancing through the Middle East with the Japanese advancing through India. A substantial portion of the resources of Britain and America in men and matériel must be set aside to prevent this junction.

General Marshall then expressed the great relief that he and Hopkins felt that agreement had been reached on basic principles for a frontal assault on the enemy in northern France in 1943.

The discussions at this meeting produced the contradictory circumstance of the American representatives constantly sticking to the main topic of the war against Germany while the British representatives repeatedly brought up reminders of the war against Japan. As he listened to the exchange of views, Hopkins had been scratching notes and doodling on Downing Street note paper. When it came his turn to speak, he started off by saying that there was no question of doubt that American public opinion was generally in favor of an all-out effort against Japan.

However, Hopkins said, the President and the American military leaders and the American people were all agreed on one point: *"Our men must fight!"* Obviously, western Europe was the one place where the enemy could be fought most quickly. Hopkins said that Americans did not want their men to be sent across oceans merely for purposes of sightseeing: They wanted to engage the enemy and finish the war.

He said very positively that once this decision was taken to go ahead with the trans-Channel operation, it could not be reversed, for the United States would consider this its major war effort.

Churchill gave Hopkins assurance that the British government and people would make their full and unreserved contribution to the success of this great enterprise.

The next day Hopkins cabled exultantly to the President:

British government at long meeting last night agreed to our main proposal.

Marshall cabled to the Secretary of War:

After oral presentation our proposal was formally accepted. Churchill asserted a complete agreement and a deep appreciation of the purpose and time of our visit.

When Hopkins and Marshall returned home, the whole atmosphere in official Washington was changed. There was a feeling, unfortunately not justified by the immediate facts, that we had passed from the defensive to the offensive phase of the war.

Roosevelt cabled the Former Naval Person that he was . . .

Delighted with the agreement between you and your military advisers and Marshall and Hopkins. . . . This move will be very disheartening to Hitler, in my opinion, and may well be the wedge to accomplish his downfall. . . .

A cordial message from Stalin tells me that he is sending Molotov and a general to visit me.

The main work that now confronted Hopkins was the problem of supplies for the Soviet Union. The Germans were increasing the severity of their attacks against the route to Murmansk by submarine and by aircraft and surface craft based in northern Norway.

Disastrous Convoy Losses

Roosevelt cabled Churchill certain suggestions about speeding up shipments via England to Russia but the Prime Minister replied: "With very great respect what you suggest is beyond our power to fulfill." He pointed out that the convoy problem east of Iceland was no mere matter of antisubmarine escort craft but involved major naval operations.

Churchill added his assurance that "we are absolutely extended"—and begged that they be pressed no further. Later he added that only about 25 per cent of shipments were getting through to Murmansk and pointed out that out of nearly six hundred tanks in one assignment little over one hundred arrived and nearly five hundred were lost. This, he added, could help nobody but the Nazis.

On May 5th, Roosevelt cabled Stalin:

Grave difficulties have arisen on the northern convoy route. You may be sure, however, that no effort will be omitted to get as many ships off as possible. . . . I do hope Molotov can stay with me in the White House while he is in Washington.

The reply from Stalin arrived ten days later expressing thanks and saying he had already requested Prime Minister Churchill to contribute to the speediest overcoming of certain difficulties. Since the delivery of materials in May from the U.S.A. and England is of the utmost urgency, I make a similar request to yourself, Mr. President. . . . In regard to the place of residence of Mr. Molotov in Washington, Mr. Molotov and I thank you for your kind suggestions.

With the approach of Molotov's visit to Washington, plans for the great offensive in Europe occupied more and more attention in the White House.

On May 28th, Churchill cabled Roosevelt a report of his talks with Molotov. Both the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden had been careful to avoid making any of the positive commitments that the Russians wanted regarding the establishment of a second front in 1942. They had urged Molotov to stop again in London when, they felt sure, it should be possible to talk more definitely about the future. (Meaning, of course, after they had been advised what the President said to him.)

In this same cable, Churchill said that Mountbatten was soon to arrive in Washington to inform the President and the Chiefs of Staff concerning certain difficulties that had arisen in the planning and to present a new suggestion (known as JUPITER) for a landing in the north of Norway.

Churchill added: "We must never let GYMNAST [North Africa] pass from our minds," and said that he and Molotov had made great progress in "intimacy and good will." This cable provided the first danger signal that British thinking was beginning to veer toward diversionary operations far removed from the main point of frontal attack across the Channel.

(Next Week: Molotov Demands and Gets an Answer)



Lift Easily! Ice Cubes Like Magic!

WITH THE NEW "MAGIC TOUCH" ICE CUBE TRAY

You know how it's always been. Pry and yank to get the tray out—splashing at the sink—ice on the floor—melted, wasted cubes. Well, no more!

The Inland "Magic Touch" Ice Cube Tray doesn't stick—slides right out. You ease up gently on the "Magic Touch" lever, and the whole grid lifts clear. There are your ice cubes, all *separate, dry* and *free* in the tray, for now or later. And the sturdy aluminum construction means longer life, faster freezing.

Now available at leading dealers *—for your present automatic refrigerator. And insist on having them in your new one.*

"Magic Touch" Shucker Tray

"Magic Touch" Handi-Cube Tray

"Magic Touch" Tilt-Out Tray

INLAND MANUFACTURING

"Magic Touch" ICE CUBE TRAYS

INLAND MANUFACTURING DIVISION, General Motors Corporation, DAYTON, OHIO



Forget harsh laxatives!

TRY GENTLE, HEALTHFUL LEMON IN WATER

JUICE OF ONE FRESH LEMON

IN A GLASS OF WATER

FIRST THING ON ARISING

No more harsh laxatives that irritate the digestive tract and impair nutrition! No more worrying: "Shall I take a laxative today or wait till tomorrow?"

Instead take the juice of a lemon in a glass of water, first thing on arising. It's all that most people need to insure prompt, normal elimination.

NOTHING MORE HEALTHFUL! Generations of Americans have taken lemons for health—and generations of doctors have recommended them. They're among the richest sources of vitamin C; supply valuable amounts of B_1 and P. They help prevent colds. They alkalinize, aid digestion.

Not too sharp or sour, lemon in water has a refreshing tang—clears the mouth, wakes you up. It's not a purgative—simply helps your system *regulate itself.* Lemon in water is good for you every day. Try it 10 mornings.

California Sunkist

Keep regular the healthful way!

LEMON in WATER

—first thing on arising

THE BLOOMING OF MARGARET ROS

Continued from page 17

castle, one or two at a time, after being examined by an equerry to see if they measure up to it. Invariably these uncomfortable young men are charmed by Princess Margaret, who is gay and sprightly, and does not insist that all conversations originate with and be developed by members of the royal family.

This is a fairly recent relaxation of the rules. It used to be that dinner guests were not much more than ventriloquists' dummies who spoke only after being spoken to. On one classic occasion, at Queen Mary's table at Sandringham, a nervous vicar spilled a small mountain of salt on his meat and was immediately challenged.

"Do you always use that much salt?" the queen asked.

"No," the vicar said, and that was the last word he spoke all evening.

Margaret has only recently begun to appear at official functions by herself, one of her first acts being the christening of a ship in Belfast not long ago. During the ceremony, a fifteen-year-old apprentice shyly presented the princess with a bouquet of roses. Margaret immediately captured the hearts of the crowd by plucking one of the roses from the bouquet and, in turn, fastening it to the boy's overalls.

Unfortunately, however, Margaret is not geared psychologically to enjoy christening ships, for example, and she would much prefer to leave the official chores to someone else. Even as a child who could reasonably be expected to be mildly curious, she revealed a strong aversion to this sort of thing and on one occasion complained petulantly, "Guess what their idea is of a day out for me—the Battersea Power Station!"

Laughter at the Right Places

Nevertheless, as time goes on, there will be more and more demands made on the gay young princess. But at the moment—and within limits prescribed by her mother and father—she is free to do pretty much as she likes. The court circular listing the occupants of the royal box at Ascot still omits her name when she attends the races, but she appears frequently at parties given in leading West End hotels and restaurants, and she recently witnessed a performance of The Relapse, a bawdy Restoration play. One man from the palace watched her closely during the somewhat hair-raising performance and said afterward, "Margaret must be growing up. She laughed in exactly the right places."

When Danny Kaye appeared in London several months ago, Margaret was particularly enthusiastic and, with Elizabeth and Philip, insisted on meeting Mr. Kaye in his dressing room following the performance. A short time after the royal party entered the dressing room, Mr. Kaye's manager emerged with a thoughtful look on his face. "I hope we aren't going to get into trouble," he said, "but I just heard Kaye tell Princess Margaret, 'Well, you see, honey, in America it's like this . . .'"

The effect of Danny Kaye on Margaret was also a source of concern to Queen Elizabeth. Margaret is an accomplished mimic, and after noting that she was paying unusual attention to the Kaye routine, the queen shook her head and said, wearily, "Oh, dear. Now Margaret will be in my room tomorrow morning to show me how it is done."

Margaret is fond of riding and has what the English call a "fine seat"; she learned to drive a car last fall at Balmoral Castle, Scotland; she enjoys swimming; and she is a collector of stamps after the fashion of her grandfather, King George V, who retired to his stamps whenever the affairs of st came too burdensome.

In an unguarded moment recen expressed the rather wistful hop she might one day be the best-d woman in England. Unfortunate cording to people who profess to about such things, she is simply a type of girl who can be expected excruciatingly smart.

Recently, she appeared in the papers wearing what the British ginning to suspect is a family he —a beige, beaver-trimmed outfit had for an eternity. The hem, ho had been let down to keep pace w New Look and for a brief, happ ment, the public thought Margar a new number. Then the truth c and a howl of anguish went up see it once more," an English gi "I think I'll scream."

There is a campaign on at the now to induce Margaret to we lipstick in view of her tendency to it on. It has also been suggested cately as possible—from other qu of course—that she would be be if she traded her present Scottish for a French maid, but this is u since Scottish maids are much in at Buckingham Palace. Howeve garet's aunt, the Duchess of Kent of the best-dressed women extan the public is hoping that she will eventually to make her influen

Ordinarily, in the case of sev year-old girls, there is no great i acy attached to the problem of ma but in the case of royalty it is a p pastime to start guessing as soo is decently possible. As it came to beth, the time has now come to garet, and the public has been during the past few months to orgy of matchmaking in the news

At various times Margaret's he been handed by the press to George of Denmark, Prince John embourg, the Marquess of Milfo ven and a dozen others. The M of Milford Haven, as Philip's be had the longest run of anybo when he failed to pursue Ma hand, as had been confidently pr the papers abandoned his cau turned to other "eligibles." At t ment, anyone who gets within seven feet of Margaret in a publi is immediately checked for eligibi his name goes into the file to av velopments.

Actually, of course, Margaret in love with anyone so far as is nor is she likely to be for some ti One rumor is that the king has ins her to wait until she is twenty considering marriage. In any when the time does come, Marga be able freely to marry anyo chooses so long as he is not divo a Roman Catholic. There is not the law that says Margaret *canno* a divorced person, but divorcés for example, permitted in the rc closure at Ascot and it is ge assumed that this will not be allo happen. If Margaret wished, h she could marry a commoner of tionality, even American.

Such a thing is not anticipate is not beyond the realm of pos As long ago as 1937, when Marga seven, the royal family began to uncomfortable feeling that the princess had a mind of her ow suspicion was borne out conc when the queen asked her one she tucked her into bed, "Darlin would you do without Mummy

Margaret considered briefly, t swered, "I'd do what I like, M

THE END



GEORGE PRICE

A remedy for dentists' flat feet and bunions has been suggested—a love seat with dentist and patient sitting face to face.—News Item

TAKE A LETTER

Miss Ruth De Witt,
141 Terrace Drive,
San Francisco, Calif.

My dear Miss De Witt:

I wish to apologize for getting absolutely nowhere yesterday with your impacted wisdom tooth. In all my years of professional experience I have never been so completely carried away by a patient. Giving you that familiar little pinch on the cheek instead of the customary injection of novocain was a most unorthodox procedure, as was my staring into your eyes instead of your mouth for 45 minutes; but, believe me, I was the victim of circumstances: The idea of a love seat in place of the usual dental chair originated at a New York dental convention and I was a cad to fall for it.

Sitting so close to you in the half-light I found myself powerless to stuff your pretty mouth full of those nasty dry rolls of cotton. Peppermint candy seemed ever so much more appropriate at the time. Ah, fool that I was for lighting incense rather than my alcohol lamp! My subconscious mind kept whispering, "Start your buzzer, Doctor, and forget the Casbah—Mix up a small batch of amalgam—Fiddle around with a stick of gutta-percha and stop playing footie-footie." But I was weak and you were so beautiful.

And the little jiggers of pink mouthwash I kept insisting you rinse out your mouth with. I lied to you, Miss De Witt—that was not mouthwash at all, it was vin rouge; and to think I was secretly wishing you would swallow enough of it to make you want to dance with me. That's why I had turned on the record player instead of the waste basin. I even removed my headlight thinking I'd look more like Charles Boyer without it. Your reflection in the X-ray machine brought out the beast in me.

Can you find it in your heart to forgive an old wolf and return, Thursday, the 17th, at 11 A. M. if I promise to sit you in a regulation dental chair, cut out the winking and get down to business? I'll even wear my white, starched coat instead of that maroon smoking jacket with the black piping; and I'll stand on my own two flat feet the entire time, bunions or no. And, to make doubly sure of myself, I'll cover your face with one of those ugly rubber dams.

Yours truly
Jack Cluett, D.D.S.

that's extra!

AT NO EXTRA COST

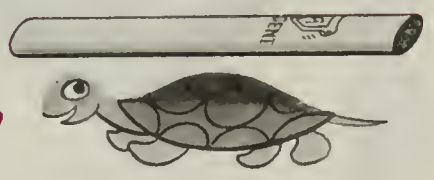


1 20% LONGER . . . King Size to give you one-fifth *more* smoothly pleasant smoking enjoyment — *that's extra!*



2 CRUSH-PROOF BOX . . . to keep your Regents fresh, firm and fit from one thru twenty . . . . . *that's extra!*

3 OVAL SHAPED . . . to make it gracefully slender and to give you a slower burning, *cooler* smoke . . . *that's extra!*



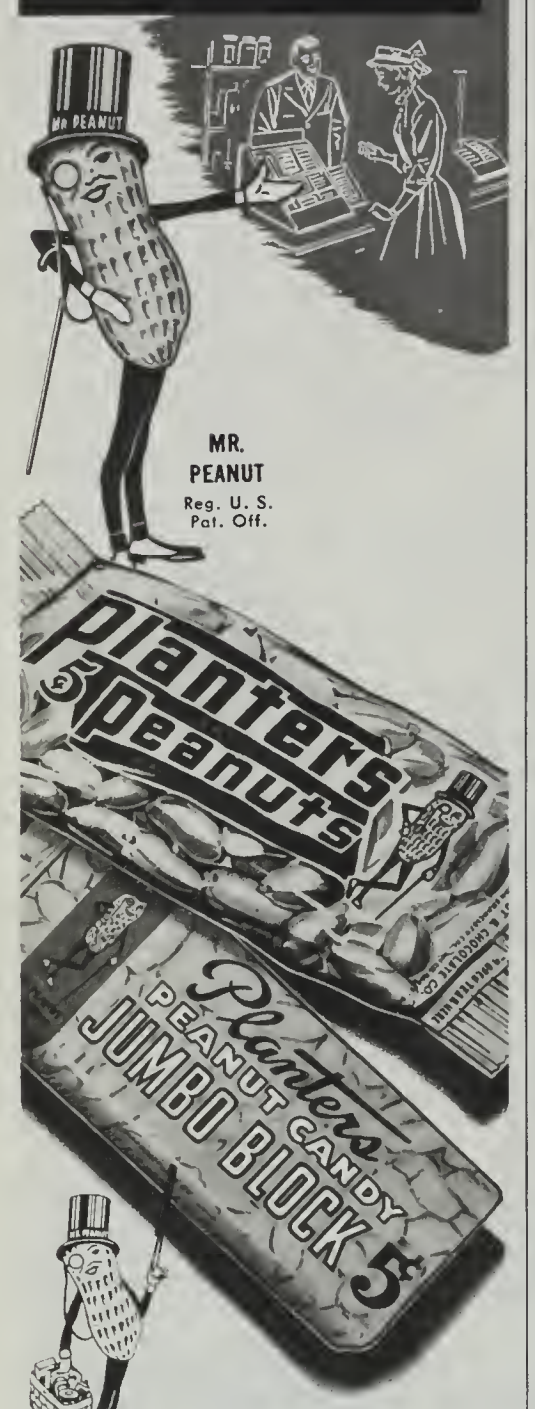


4 MULTIPLE-BLENDED . . . an exclusive process which brings you the world's choicest tobacco in perfect flavor balance— *that's extra!*

REGENT

Popular Price . . . they cost no more than ordinary cigarettes.

If you want a Wonderful Bracer, say "PLANTERS"



These long summer days, when the energy just seems to ooze away, are the days you need and appreciate PLANTERS more than ever.

Those crisp, tasty PLANTERS SALTED PEANUTS in the cellophane bag are famous as America's "Nickel Lunch." The finest, big Virginia peanuts roasted and salted as only PLANTERS can. They pack more energy—vitamins—proteins—than meat, fish or eggs.

If you've a sweet tooth, try PLANTERS famous Jumbo Block. Just pure peanut candy at its most wholesome, delicious best. They're both, still only 5c—both Planterrific.

These PLANTERS products are also made in Toronto, and sold everywhere in Canada.

PLANTERS is the word for PEANUTS

UNWANTED

Continued from page 28

has done a superb job of caring for its 20 per cent of the DPs: a job that shames the ignorance and inaction of Christian blocs over the plight of their kin.

(B) That all DPs hanker to go to the United States. Every poll indicates that practically 100 per cent of the Jews are hell-bent for Israel—and nowhere else. Similar polling of the non-Jews shows more than half preferring resettlement in western Europe, or in Africa, South America, Mexico, Canada. The remainder give the United States as first choice.

(C) That DPs are the "scum" of central Europe. In the light of traditional American principles they must be the worthiest people of the nations from which they fled or to which they refused to return: intelligent and brave enough to hold out for liberty. Those of the Hitler slave millions who desired to go home, having no quarrel with Communist regimes that replaced Nazi ones, were sent back. Of those who evaded repatriation, undoubtedly a few had sooty reasons; but the majority simply were people who saw no difference between the swastika and the hammer and sickle.

(D) That DPs are principally from "slum" nations. In reality more than 66 per cent are north Europeans: Balts, Poles, Czechs. The Balts are from Latvia, Estonia and Lithuania; the republics whose independence is still recognized by the United States. Fifteen per cent are Ukrainians—from the "California" of Europe, the most highly developed state in every sense in the Soviet Union. Five per cent are Yugoslavs. The remainder, less than 14 per cent, form a pattern of 30 countries and 50 racial strains. Look well again at the illustrations for this article. Considering the modern racial make-up of the United States, by government bureau studies, one in four of us might find among them faces that could be Grandpappy or Grandmammy as they arrived here with nothing in their pockets or bellies except gladness and courage.

(E) That all the DPs are poor. Right! If they weren't they would not be DPs: The rich have no difficulty resettling in whichever nation they choose. The DPs *are* poor. So were the Italians and Irish who built our transcontinental railroads; the Scandinavians who pushed fertility across our north central prairies from the Mississippi to the Rockies; the Poles, Scotch, Welsh and Lithuanians who respectively backboned our auto, textile, mining and steel industries. The DPs are poor.

The DPs are not candidates for charity. They are candidates for life in any country that will give them a chance to own a cow, a barn, a house, a kit bag of tools: life of the kind Americans believe men should be allowed to live.

The U.S. Needs Such People

American economic and labor experts have called the DPs a "rich pool of human resources" that, justly divided and cultivated by the free nations, would add notably to the prosperity of each. They point to Sweden, which during the war gave sanctuary to 30,000 Balts who have not only repaid her expenditures in their behalf but are now adding $200,000,000 annually to her national income. The DP "pool" is particularly rich in experienced workers in fields that are shorthanded in the United States: trained nurses, domestic help, farmers.

(F) That hordes of the DPs are criminals and quislings. It is doubtful if the endless "screenings" by military and civil agencies have left a single criminal undiscovered among those who still qualify as DPs under the exacting stipulations of IRO. Besides, IRO's constitution specifically forbids assistance or shelter to quislings, war criminals and traitors; and holds ordinary criminals extraditable.

Persistence of qualms about the DPs, therefore, is a tribute to both Communist and German propaganda. Little Reds like Tito, big Reds like Molotov screech that every DP who doesn't relish going home to a bullet-nicked wall is a quisling. The Germans, forgetting their original barbaric responsibility for them, detest the *"verdammten Flüchtlinge"* (damned fugitives) and resent their presence in Germany. They have subtle means of stoking anti-DP sentiment. Unfortunately, certain occupation-weary military personnel assist the German plot; unwittingly or not, but at any rate in mood with the official idea that amiability toward Germans will fetch them into the general Western palisade against the Big Bad Bear.

Thus, the DPs live out their democratic "apprenticeship" imprisoned in a fog of hatreds, recriminations, fears, injustices.

Obviously, neither justice nor reason dictates our taking *all* the DPs. Our Constitution did not guarantee unlimited immigration. By Section 9 of Article I it did prohibit Congress from controlling "migration or importation" of persons until 1808. But it was more than a century after that, when the greed of continental and industrial expansion for cheap sweat-and-callus labor had subsided, before Congress got around to fixing quotas.

The present law permits each year, from all over the world, a total of 153,929 immigrants who are eligible for citizenship and otherwise meet stern tests of literacy, health, character, finances, nonsubversive politics. Since 1930 only 20 per cent of the quotas have been used. Since V-E Day scarcely 20,000 authentic DPs have got in—and those, whose fares were paid and whose upkeep was sponsored by relatives or welfare circles, were not necessarily the cream of the DPs so much as the luckiest.

What constitutes a "fair share" of DPs rests in such things as national income, per capita wealth, natural resources, farm and labor needs, population density per *arable* square mile. Belgium and Great Britain have each already taken more DPs than the United States; yet they are crowded respectively with 2,126 and 2,421 persons to each mile, compared with 259 per mile here.

Of the various DP bills, that of Representative William G. Stratton of Illinois was the only one deemed by American and international statesmen and economists fair in relation to our size, wealth and prestige among the member nations of IRO. Mr. Stratton, after cautious study and weighing of all elements, proposed that 400,000 be let in, s over a period of four years.

Aside from industrial and farm ues there is, according to militar perts, a possible benefit to na defense in this human grab bag. A percentage of DPs are sturdy young within the ages of 18-25, many bo the sea or forests; these, it is bel would eagerly serve in the Am forces. Also, some Army men co that resettlement of 200,000 Ba Alaska would be feasible because are, in the main, big, rugged, cl hard-working outdoor people bred climate like Alaska's—and profita security as well. First, because they and understand the Reds—and hate with ferocity; and might well damper on any Kremlin notions Alaska. Second, because Alaska's of basic strength in people, or population, is a weakness in our a

The Commies might invade w tripping over a white man for week Alaska, one fifth as large as the United States, has only 40,000 whit

A Voice from the "Breadbask

Stratton's "400,000" Bill was end by outstanding Americans of all po and church faiths; by government labor unions, businessmen, educ patriotic societies, women's clubs. ernor Youngdahl of Minnesota, v the widespread uneasiness in the "breadbasket" states over the decl their farm populations by more 750,000 within the past six years that he would like to see *all* the D settled in the north Middle West. many eminent and thoughtful A cans want to open the gate to DPs reasonable basis, who are the Ame striving to keep it bolted—on any

Don't blame the usual snob and groups. Blame yourself. The pr fault lies upon public indifference.

Maybe you haven't reckoned t result of the last war? It was f against a dictatorship. It cost, altog 30,000,000 dead, 40,000,000 wound *trillion* dollars. Yet there are *more* blacked out in dictatorship today before it was fought! In conseq fewer places are open to freemen.

It is true that the DP problem one of many issues facing Congr is also true that it is not the most i tant. But it is the most human. A real question it has put on trial in ington is whether we *practice* dem —or only *finance* it!

The day the last boatload of Dis Persons and Refugees lands in A will end the Mayflower story.

THE END



"Say, I heard a corker today. Best joke I've heard in years. Of course, I can't tell it like Jack Sherwood can, but anyway— It's about this couple visiting New York. You haven't heard it, have you?"

"Yes"

COLLIER'S CHARLES S

TRAVELING COMPANION

Continued from page 19

te, and sees that the American
seals the coffin. Then, since all
ate to sail on a ship with a corpse,
lists the coffin on the ship's
nt as a "physiological specimen."
State Department finds itself con-
walking hand in hand with
—again due to the hysterical
ans away from home. Travelers
tly mix the two. Rushing into
they announce, "I'm not only
ke here, but haven't a cent any-
in the world—where can I get
noney?" Or else they declare,
st my passport." Both these
ncies belong to embassies or con-
and Amexco gets in touch by
ne.

the State Department was try-
Watch German Gestapo agents in
gentine during the recent war,
gave them secret reports on the
lans of every pro-Hitler German
os Aires—and once they got to a
order, they were picked up by
an agents.

embassies and consulates van-
om war-torn countries during the
war—but Amexco lagged behind
ter the State Department had
me. Often the enemy marched
e end of a city just as Amexco
led out the other, lugging its
and ledgers. In Paris, Vice-Pres-
oyce put himself and several mil-
llars into a rickety French pie
and started out over the refugee-
roads to unoccupied France, the
fore the Germans marched in.
e hid under the car while Nazi
strafed the roads.

rlin, manager Dick Merrill stayed
job for the first two years Ger-
was at war, operating an under-
travel escape for Americans
in the country. He only left,
nexco's money and records, when
eath was hot on his neck.

anager Besieged in Manila

every office was so fortunate,
r. The story of manager Lloyd
one-man siege in the Manila of-
an amazing one. The news of
Harbor meant to him a slow wait
anese invasion, with no hope of
"I had over two million dol-
my office in various negotiable

only communication with the
office in New York was by cable,
got a half-million dollars back to
S. by telegraphic transfers. At
fter the office closed for the day,
thodically destroyed $1,000,000
of travelers cheques.

rranged an assembly line of
s," he says now, "which moved
long table under my eye to the
ne. One man stripped the covers
other arranged the cheques ac-
to their numbers; a third
d the numbers off; a fourth strung
s of numbered papers on a long
while the fifth burned the denum-
cheques themselves. We did the
ning with letters of credit worth
apiece. Then we buried the rec-
the ground back of my house,
ited for the Japs to come."

finished disposing of Amexco's
just in time—the day before RCA
p its big radio station, and a day
e Army moved out of Manila de-
it an open city so as to save it.
the Japs came Cecil was arrested
and taken to Santo Tomas prison
where he stayed for three years.
s liberated in February of 1945, a
ied skeleton dressed in rags, and
ted for his old house. There was
g left but the foundation. Then he
searched for the American Express office. "It too was gone, and I made up my mind to stay in Manila until I got it reopened for business," says Cecil.

He did. While the other ex-prisoners went back to America, he stayed on for six months. He spent days walking the pock-marked roads until he found a portion of a building with an office in it that the Army hadn't requisitioned. He ran into some of his former Filipino employees, and with them he cleared out the office. He talked Army engineers into building a new cashier's cage, found a workman to put bits of glass into the empty windows, dug a well for water, and exhumed the office records.

He bought typewriters, desks and adding machines from Filipinos who had stolen them while the city was being destroyed. Meanwhile he himself stole two twisted safes from a bombed-out bank, and then talked an Army locksmith into repairing them. Finally all was ready for the start of banking and shipping again. Two Amexco men arrived from New York to take over, and Cecil went home for a long rest.

Amexco's four offices in Switzerland remained open during the war. They made money, too, although most of their business was as new as their new problems. At first they found themselves operating as emergency travel offices. Jewish refugees from Austria, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Poland and Germany poured into Switzerland throughout 1940 and '41, all with the single demand: "Get us to America."

Amexco did its best with them all. Once the French railroads were disorganized, they sent them by bus to Spain and then Lisbon. When busses were no longer running, Amexco invented a private car service to Spain, which operated until France was divided into occupied and unoccupied territory, thus bottling Switzerland up. Other refugees had been herded out through Antwerp's Amexco office onto ships.

In London, on the other side of the channel, another Amexco office was open during the war—again learning new types of business. Often the staff stood knee-deep in splintered wood and glass—the office was hit four times. But surprising requests hit them more often than bombs. Amexco was in complete charge of the mass evacuation of children to the U.S. during the early part of the war. This meant that they shipped 1,800 youngsters across the Atlantic.

"One night," says a London official, "we had 200 kids asleep in the ballroom of a hotel, waiting for a boat train. Suddenly there was an air raid. We tried to wake up the kids, but they slept like dormice. Finally we had to *carry* all 200 of them to the nearest air-raid shelter!"

When the mass evacuation of children ceased, the mass arrival of American G.I.s began. They swarmed into the office, and right along with them came trouble. To them, the two biggest days in the year were Mother's Day and Valentine's Day, and messages poured out over the London cables that curled straight British hair. "Chick wish I were therc love (signed) Sleepy," is an example that is still quoted, and "Cuddles all I want are your curves."

With the end of the war, Amexco snapped back into place like 139 rubber bands. Sometimes their offices opened the day after liberation. John J. Fornacca, new manager of the Rome office, marched into Rome with the American Army, and the next day the office was open for business.

Since the war hundreds of people have come into Amexco's European offices with the same demand: "I bought a ticket through you for a U.S.-bound ship in 1939. Because of the war I couldn't go—so I want the trip now. Don't forget I paid for it!"

With anguished steamship officials, Amexco works out such problems. Others comc in to claim that they buricd $2,000 worth of travelers cheques in their back yards during thc war. Since then their cheques were bombed out along with their yards . . . but they want their money refunded. So far, every claim of this type has proved correct, and Amexco has refunded thousands of dollars.

No Profit for Pickpockets

Amexco has always had little trouble with its demands for refunds. Usually travelers cheques are stolen by pickpockets, and by mistake. Their instant reaction is to rush to the nearest mailbox and drop them inside, whencc they begin journeying back home to Amexco in New York City. One day last September Amexco's main office received a bulging envelope postmarked Detroit. It contained 22 different folders of travelers cheques, evidently collected by a frustrated pickpocket who had been worrying about them for some time.

Despite such thoughtfulness on the part of thieves, Amexco employs 25 detectives whose sole job is to explore cases of missing cheques—15 of them in America, the rest elsewhere. Often their explorations have led them into finding criminals such as Gerald Chapman, at one time Public Enemy Number One. Although he was wantcd for everything from robbery to murder, he might still be at large if he hadn't made the error of holding up Amexco's office at Niagara Falls. There he foolishly pocketed a lot of travelers cheques along with all the cash he could carry.

Outraged, Amexco's detectives sent Chapman's description to every Amexco office in America, together with the numbers on the cheques he had swiped. Every time the gunman cashed one, Amexco notified the local police of his whereabouts—and finally, following a trail of cheques throughout five states, he was caught and jailed.

Amexco's experience in handling 90 per cent of all traveling Americans has taught them a lot of interesting facts about us. For instance, it can tell you that in 1930 more Americans flooded Europe than in any other year of our history: 279,599 of them (excluding cruises). Almost as many went again in 1939, evidently to patch up business and personal affairs ahead of the coming war: 277,341.

The greatest travelers of all turned out to be housewives, comprising 13.93 per cent of American tourists. Students came next (11.76 per cent), then teachers (9.11 per cent). After that came the idle rich who list no occupation—8.55 per cent. Oddly enough, the least traveled Americans were pharmacists, interior decorators, actors and writers, in that order.

There are five solid reasons for Amexco's conviction that more Yanks will go traveling in the next ten years than ever before: pent-up demand from wartime years; a greater national income than ever before in our history; the overseas wartime service of millions of Americans; increase in paid vacations; and swifter travel facilitics. A Yank on a paid two-week vacation will be able to visit Europe the way he used to visit a neighboring state, thanks to the airplane.

He'll be doing it too, by the hundreds of thousands. And spending $15,000,000,000 in the process. He'll also, no doubt, spend a lot of time telling his fellow travelers, "Meet me at American Express!" Why not? Didn't he create it?

THE END



ONE DAY, ONE LIFE

Continued from page 14

from her glass and popped it into her mouth. "She has a baby."

"So?"

"Well . . ." Mildred seemed disappointed. "Can you feature a girl like Alice having a baby?"

"It happens to a lot of women."

"It hasn't happened to you."

Eleanor let that go till the waiter had taken their order. All she wanted was clam bouillon, but Mildred was hungry and ordered an avoeado salad and *boeuf Bourguignon* and a glass of milk. When the waiter had gone she looked at Eleanor and smiled apologetically.

"After all," she said, "I'm feeding two of us."

"You weren't being subtle a minute ago, were you?" asked Eleanor, arranging the napkin on her lap.

"Subtle? Me? No, darling, you know me better than that. No, I was just wondering whether you were ever going to get around to it. Here I am with two already—two and a half, you might say—and even Alice has made her contribution; while you, the one girl in the class who should be, well, duplicating herself . . . I mean, you and Clay—"

"Perhaps," said Eleanor, making little crosses on the tableeloth with a sharp red nail, "perhaps with me it's not entirely a matter of choiee."

"You mean Clay—"

"No, I don't mean Clay. I mean I don't think I'd have the time. That sounds funny to you, I suppose, but it happens to be true. Just to give you an idea," she said, opening her bag and taking the little book out, "here's my schedule for today." She found the place and turned the book around on the table, so Mildred could see for herself how busy she was. She did not, however, relinquish her hold on it, because if Mildred pieked it up she might notice the blank sheets for the days that followed.

MILDRED looked over the entries till she eame to the last one, and then she laughed.

"Bed," she said. "Do you have to remind yourself of that, too?"

"I have to remind myself to be there not later than one," said Eleanor, closing the book and putting it baek, "beeause it happens I need eight hours' sleep. If I started relaxing my discipline, pretty soon it'd be three or four every night, and you know what that can do to your health, to say nothing of your appearance."

"But after all, Eleanor, do you *have* to ram around like that? I mean, that lecture this afternoon, for instanee. Do you *have* to go all the way down to Eighth Street to listen to a Japanese painter, or whatever he is?"

"Yes," said Eleanor, "and I'll tell you why. I've got to make myself complete. That's a poor way of saying it, I suppose, but it's the best I can do right now. After all, Clay has many eonnections, and it's a dull week when we don't entertain twenty or thirty people, ranging all the way from existentialists to deep-sea divers. If I expeet to be a good hostess I've got to talk their language."

"You mean tomorrow Salvador Dali might drop in and quick-like you rummage around in your mind and open a drawer labeled Fujiyama, or whatever this joker's name is, and presto, there's your conversational wedge, all wrapped up and ready to use?"

"Something like that," said Eleanor, refusing to take the bait. She knew what Mildred meant—that up in Scarsdale there was no need for such artifice; that when friends dropped in, the things they talked about came naturally. Why not? They were always the same—business and babies and politics, and the high price of everything; but when they were through with these there was nothing else, and they had a ehoice of repeating the eyele or lapsing into silence.

". . . sometime soon."

"What's that, dear?"

"You haven't heard a word I've said!"

"Sorry, Mildred, I have so many things on my mind."

"I was just saying I wish you'd try to find time to come up and see us one of these days. I mean before Little Nemo puts in his appearance. Some afternoon, maybe. It's only about thirty-five minutes on the train. We could have a nice little ehat while the kids are asleep . . ."

Yes, and when they wake up, God help us, every one. She remembered the last time she had visited Mildred: the six-year-old ear at the station, with a harness strapped to the back of the seat for Tommy to ride in—there had been no Barbara then—and the smell of diapers competing with the fumes from the engine; the Cape Cod bungalow with its aggressively eute candles cut out of nonfunctional green shutters; the bare patehes on the lawn, souvenirs of Jocko, their springer spaniel; and inside, the matehed maple and the Van Gogh reproductions and the scars on the window sills where Tommy had experimented with a hammer. Later Tommy had upset a eup of hot tea over his mother, and though all Mildred had said was "Oh, *Tommy!*" he had bawled as though someone had stuck a pin in him; he was, as a matter of fact, still howling when Eleanor left.

"We'll do that," she said.

"When?"

"Darling, I'll have to let you know. The next few weeks are going to be pretty awful and I don't want to make a date and then have to call it off. I'll give you a ring as soon as I'm in the clear."

The waiter asked if they would like dessert and Mildred said she would have a vanilla éclair and a cup of coffee. Eleanor shook her head; she ate almost nothing during the day, concentrating on the evening meal to enhance the legend that she was one of those fortunates who ean eat like a wrestler and never get fat.

"Two thirty," she said, looking at her watch as the cheek was placed discreetly at her elbow. "I really must be going." She opened the bag and took the little gold pencil out of its scabbard and scrawled her name across the chit, aware that Mildred was leaning forward to see how big it was. It was big enough. Together they went out, past the suspended forks and the suspended conversations.

"It's been fun," said Eleanor on the sidewalk as a taxi summoned by the doorman came roaring up to the entranee. "Can I drop you anywhere?"

"No, thanks," said Mildred. In the candid, midafternoon sun she looked tired and dispirited; there were shadows under her eyes and her mouth drooped. She pushed a wisp of hair baek under her flamboyant hat and tried a smile, but it was not a sueeess. "I think I'll just walk up the avenue a eouple of bloeks," she said, "to see how the elite live."

She looked, thought Eleanor, as the door elosed after her, she looked like the *Hausfrau* she had always been, even in college; the chubby ehin that everyone had thought so cute was fast becoming a double chin, and, as the years passed, the vigorous body, once kept lithe on tennis and basketball, would beeome thick, as it was thick now. For a brief moment, just before the taxi lureled into the traffic, they stared at each other through the glass; then the lights changed, horns blared, and Mildred was gone. . . .

The leeture at the Feinstein Galleries on Eighth Street was disappointingly short, and this was a shame because Eleanor had counted on two hours, from three to five, and it was only a little after four when Tetsuo Fujihara stepped down from the platform. She felt cheated and a little panicky, as she always did when something went wrong and she found herself with time, that least flexible of all elements, on her hands.

She returned home as slowly as she could, traveling by bus to delay her arrival. She got off at Fifty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue and walked east to Sutton Place, pausing to observe anything of even moderate interest along the way—the windows of restaurants and shops, the displays of florists and jewelers, the titles of books in a secondhand bookstore. In this fashion she disposed of the extra hour that had disturbed the beautifully precise pattern of her day.

The ehimes from the Church of the Redemption were sounding as she entered the lobby. Seeing her, Joseph rose from his bench beside the elevator and went baek to the desk to get her mail. "Right on time again, Mrs. Huntington," he said, handing her a sheaf of letters.

"Am I?" said Eleanor breathlessly. "Am I really, Joseph?" she asked, as the doors closed and the car went swiftly upward. "Such a day . . ." Her voice trailed off as she checked return addresses: *New York Guild for the Blind . . . Lewis & Conger . . . The Metropolitan Muse Art . . . Henrietta Crabtree, Wood New York* . . . Henrietta wanted to portrait, but her priee was two tho dollars, and generous as Clay w was a question whether he would g high—partieularly since Henrietta l so heavily toward greens that her jects, no matter how healthy, a looked as if they had been dead a long time. Still, it was something It would keep her afternoons occ for ten days or a week at the lea need to east about for people to se places to visit. She would speak to The doors elanged open and shut.

"Any ealls, Lawrence?"

"Mr. Strove phoned, Madam."

"Did he leave a message?"

"He said he was sorry but he wo able to meet you for lunch tomo He said he has to go to Chicag won't be baek till Sunday and he' you Monday morning."

"Anything else?"

"No, Madam."

IN HER bath, with the odor of swirling pleasantly about her, El eonsidered this latest turn of event Dunean had said he was going to cago, it was undoubtedly so; for, th he looked and acted like a gigolo, h no fool: his last bill had run close t figures and she knew if he had his and did over the whole apartme next would be even higher. No, he ably had a legitimate exeuse, but it things ineonvenient. Perhaps she have lunch with Clay's mother, aft

At five fifteen, bathed, dried wrapped in her robe, she lay on the longue in her room and with the gold pencil cheeked off the event had taken up this mueh of her day. she went on with what was left—at dinner at Ruban Bleu with Peg George Armbrecht (new white dres Sbella shoes); theater at eight for Castillo around eleven thirty, or as as the show was over; and finally, in bly, BED (in eapital letters) at one

Leaning baek with the book op her lap and the peneil pressed against her lower lip, she looked the long, pale parallelogram that a crossed the eeiling in the last few m before the sun went down. It w time of day she anticipated with wh called mingled feelings—with ple because her body after the warm bat light and languorous; and with thing close to horror, because i pause between day and night her unencumbered by the little business had arranged for it during the hours, inevitably grappled with th thing she wanted to forget.

Everything is fine, she thought, c her sharp, beautiful teeth on the e the pencil, everything is fine as lo you stay busy. This room with it Manets and its Orrefors dressing and the Dorothy Liebes drapes windows; this whole vast, echoing ment, twelve rooms, two floors, v terrace and one of the most exp views in New York; the three car limousine, the convertible wit wooden body, and the station wago neither of them used because it rod a truek); the boat and the place at E bay Harbor and the other plaee in Beach—it was a wonder, consideri number of things to be washe waxed, bought, exehanged, repaire opened and closed again, that yo time to draw a breath. It was a w that is, till you thought of those really did these things (sometime genii, even anticipating your wishes realized that actually nothing was fill the hours but your thoughts. .



COLLIER'S

"A little more icing over here, Joe"

CHARLES PEARSON

ly, sickeningly, as she had day it would, the image came, w herself, very small, as though ooking through the wrong end ope, sitting in a red canoe with trailing in the water, looking e lean, dark anxious face hover- er, and saying quickly, so as to with, once and for all:

t, Jeff. I like you very much n't suppose if I live to be a I'll ever forget you, but I'm not marry you, because I'm going Clay Huntington."

vas the year of Pearl Harbor, months later Jeff was an avia- somewhere in South Carolina, o very many months after that thing, a few scraps of charred pile of ashes, cremated in his e in a barley field in western .)

od, Eleanor, he's old! He's old

esn't have anything to do with

on't know what you're talking

w exactly what I'm talking

by the boathouse a girl in a ning suit climbed the ladder and moment stood balanced at the e diving board, like a detail in g; then slowly she leaned for- slowly she fell—fell gracefully ly into the water and came up and swam back again to the ere were other canoes around h with its cargo of one boy and and everyone was happy and a because it had been a very fine eek; and everyone was sad, too, n a few hours Cornell would be mory.

a year."

t, Jeff. He wants to marry me

e one thing—do you love him?" as a good question. It was good t was the only one she could not The others were easy. You rying Clay because he was hard rienced and a little dangerous, t coldly contemplative look in and that hard smile that turned one corner of his lips, so that if a hand over the left side of his you got something warm and rry; while if you covered the e you got the expression that had many chairmen of so many Yes, that was why you were him—because he was exciting tradictory, tender and ruthless, strong . . . and only incidentally he was rich and you were so r widowed mother had had to wedding ring, the last item of a of jewelry already pawned or buy your graduation dress.

question unanswered, heavy eir own thoughts, they had gone he inn, and Eleanor had left him r while she went up to change. n hour it would be all over—he ive her down to the station in the ad rented for the week end; she ss him goodby on the Pullman d the episode would be ended.

ve minutes later there was a the door, and when she did not because she knew who it was t would happen if she let him in), k was repeated: *One-two-three- . One-two-three-four;* and she nsely, excited and afraid, in the f her room with a hand on her nd the beat of her heart was an that summons. . . .

wo-three-four . . . Slowly she erself, and her eyes focused not om at the inn but on the familiar furnishings of this room in he had slept and thought these for six long years; and the hat had come crowding to her lips—*Yes, Jeff, yes, darling, I'm coming*—faded and died.

"Come in."

"Hello, dear, were you asleep?"

"Just resting. Did you have a busy day?"

"Not terribly. Did you?"

"So-so."

As usual, when Clay leaned over to kiss her, she closed her eyes. For a moment, as he prolonged a casual greeting into something more than that, she thought she was going to gag; but with an enormous effort of will she forced the feeling back, and by the time he had straightened up she was smiling. She could do that, now. She could turn her smiles on and off; and if occasionally he saw the emptiness in her eyes, he never mentioned it.

Caesar, she thought, as she looked up at him. Caesar was small, too, with a lean, alert face and a thin, strong mouth. All Clay needed was a toga in place of his dinner jacket, and a wreath on his head, to become the mightiest Roman of them all. *Morituri te salutamus. . . .*

WITH a lithe movement she got up and, wrapping the robe about her, went to the dressing table, where she started brushing her hair. In the mirror she could see that he had stopped walking around the room and was regarding her with a speculative eye. She knew that look by now—the cocked eyebrow, the mouth pursed like a patron deciding whether to buy; she knew it preceded the extra round of cocktails, the hand-holding in the car, the intimate embrace at the end of a dance, and finally, home again, the knock on the door.

"What are you wearing tonight?" he asked, coming up behind her and putting his long, slim hands on her shoulders.

"White, I thought."

"Do me a favor."

"Of course."

"Wear that red dress—you know, the one with the bow in back."

All right, she would wear the red dress—the one with the bow in back, and the deeply plunging V in front, which was what he had been thinking of; and though men would stare, none would stare so long and so hungrily as he.

"Need any help?"

"No, thanks."

At the door he hesitated, like a guest who, having announced his intention of leaving, stands hoping to be called back. The twin lights on the dressing table picked up the glint of his pearl stud and the glitter in his small, dark eyes.

"Cocktails are ready," he said.

"Ten minutes."

The last thing she did before she joined him was drop the little engagement book into her bag. There was no telling what might happen to round out her appointments for tomorrow. Anything—even lunch with Peggy, who was still a sophomore at heart—was better than being alone.

Clay was standing before the fireplace with a drink in his hand as she walked, elegant and half naked in the red dress, into the library. On the coffee table was a pitcher of Martinis—the big pitcher they used only for parties, and for the times Clay had that look in his eyes. . . .

Dinner was a gay and brittle occasion—so desperately gay, in fact, that they lost track of the time and almost missed the curtain. This would have made no difference to Clay, who could take his shows or leave them; but for Eleanor, geared to a schedule which accounted for every minute of the day, arriving late would have been an admission of failure. So she hurried them through dessert, and when Peggy asked for a second cup of coffee she began putting on her gloves, and for once Clay took the hint and signaled the waiter.

He was laughing as they entered the taxi for the short ride to the theater. "Eleanor," he said, arranging himself on



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one of the folding seats, "is the nearest thing to a chronometer I've ever known. She reminds me of an old man back home named Mark Hathaway. He lived alone in a big, gloomy, crumbling house, and what he did there nobody ever knew; but once a day, at noon precisely, he would open the front door and go down the walk to see if he had any mail. He never had, of course, but that has nothing to do with the story. What I'm trying to say is that though he observed this little ritual for thirty years, even he was subject to the final variation. One day he didn't come out at all, and his neighbors, who'd been setting their watches by these occasions, knew something terrible must have happened. The old man had died.

"There's where Eleanor has him licked," he went on, as they stopped for a light at Sixth Avenue. "She wouldn't let a little thing like death disturb the even tenor of her way. If she had a dental appointment for three o'clock, say, and the old Reaper called at noon, she'd tell him to come back later. Wouldn't you, dear?" he asked, putting a hand on her knee.

"But what do you *do?*" asked Peggy, before Eleanor could think of an answer. Peggy was a large, dark, ebullient young woman with a Junoesque figure and a special kind of vitality. No matter where she was, or what the hour, she was always quivering with the urge to act. Though she was only two years younger than Eleanor, she managed to give the impression that the braces had just been removed from her teeth.

AS THEY swerved in front of a large sedan, she went on, "I mean: What's the *point* of all this rushing around? Seems to me a girl in your position," and here she rolled her eyes at Clay, because Clay was rich and maybe someday could do George a favor, "a girl in your position would want to take it easy. My God, if *I* had twelve servants, and houses all over the country, you can bet your boots I wouldn't be dashing from breakfast to meeting to lunch to meeting, and so on all day long. Not Peggy. I'd get up when I felt like it and play golf till I got tired, and when I was hungry I'd eat; but you wouldn't catch me following a timetable, like the 20th Century."

"Maybe," said George, her husband, an unremarkable young man with a round, red face and a gap between his two front teeth, "maybe if you did, darling, you'd acquire a few interests besides Bergdorf's windows," and he smiled to show that though he had uncovered one of her failings he thought no less of her.

"Beast," said Peggy.

"No," said Clay, and his hand tightened imperceptibly on Eleanor's knee. "I don't think you're being fair, Peggy. I don't think you understand what Eleanor's up against. It's her conscience. Me, I'm just a second-generation New Englander—a geographical accident; but she comes from a long line of hard-working, Bible-thumping pioneers, and it disturbs her when she finds herself with leisure on her hands. That's why she keeps that little engagement book so crammed. Have you seen it, by the way?"

"Who hasn't?" said Peggy.

The pressure on Eleanor's knee increased. What would he do if she told him to stop? Would his cast-iron aplomb see him through, or would he redden and stammer out some lame excuse? She never knew the answer, because at that moment the taxi stopped, someone opened the door, and they stepped out under the glare of a marquee.

Inside, as if at a signal that royalty had finally arrived, the curtain went up on a suburban living room with synthetic sun shining through windows without glass; a tall, thin youth in levis and battered white buckskins strode in, munching an apple; and Eleanor, with Clay's thigh warm against her own, tried to lose herself in a world of make-believe. . . .

"Another waltz," said Peggy, making a face. "I think waltzes should be put on the shelf with antimacassars and mustache cups. Somehow they always remind me of Dorothy Gish. Darling," she said, turning to George, who was making designs on the tablecloth with his muddler, "I know this'll rend you, but try to be brave. I'm leaving you for a few minutes. Coming, Eleanor?"

"All right."

"That is, if you can tear yourself away," said Peggy, with a glance at the hand—Clay's lean, elegant hand—that lay so casually, and with such tender possessiveness, on Eleanor's.

In the powder room a bored maid was sweeping cigarette ashes from one corner to another; and a very large woman with fat rolling over the top of her bodice was at one of the dressing tables, staring into the mirror with an odd expression, as if amazed that any face, in spite of paint, powder and treatments, could stay so bleak. Sighing, she got up and started out, glaring at Eleanor's pale elegance and Peggy's exuberant figure. The music, sweet and sensuous, filled the little space as she opened the door, and from a nearby table came the sharp, dry, expensive pop of a champagne cork. Finished, the maid returned the broom to a closet and slumped dejectedly into a chair.

Peggy said, "Well, blow me down, here I've been looking high and low for a lipstick like that, nice and chunky. . . . May I see it, please?" There was a pause as she admired it. Then she said, "Where'd you get it, Eleanor, or is that one of those secrets—"

"It's no secret," said Eleanor. "Clay had it made for me. There's a little man on Lexington Avenue, a refugee from Poland—"

"I know," Peggy said, sighing and handing it back. "A little man. How come there aren't any little men in *my* life? Me with my ready-mades! How come some people have *all* the luck?" and she made a face at herself as she shaped her mouth.

Outside, in the big, dim-lit room, the waltz ended on a long, smooth note; there was a moment of silence, and then suddenly there was a roll of drums as the orchestra went into a rumba.

"Still," said Peggy, "I've got George. Maybe that sounds funny, coming from me, but I've just made an amazing discovery. I love the guy. What's more," she said, patting a stray hair back into place, "he's in love with me. I never thought the day would come when I'd admit this, but I think if anything happened to him I'd die. I mean that. It'd be like bleeding to death. I'd just go all to bits and pretty soon they'd be putting me in a box. Love," she said, closing h
"I think it's wonderful. Don't yo
"Yes, indeed."
"You all right?"
"All right? Yes, of course. Wh
"I thought you looked a little pa
this light, I guess." She paused.
nor."
"What?"
"Those cracks I made on the wa
show—I didn't mean anything, a
Most of the time my tongue isn't
gear, it just wags and wags an
whatever comes up first, and wh
come right down to it I guess ma
a little jealous. Compared to y
just a stick-in-the-mud; sometim
old social whirl gets so bogged d
trip to the Roxy is a big event.
wanted you to know," she said, "b
I think you're pretty wonderful,
like to be able to have someone li
—happy and *essential,* sort of—to
hell, you know what I mean."

ELEANOR did not answer righ
because she knew what woul
pen if she did. She knew the ea
modulated voice that never rose
a conversational level would cra
grow shrill; she knew she wou
things she must never say; and
waited, with the sounds of the
competing with the wild, irregula
in her ears, till she was sure of
Then she spoke.

"Well, darling, I don't know wh
ever had a nicer compliment. Of
Clay keeps saying extravagant thin
then you know him, always the
man. But coming from a wom
something of a novelty." Casua
opened the brocade bag and took
little appointment book. "Why d
have lunch sometime," she said,
can tell each other how nice we
are?" She opened the book to *Fri
November* and said, "Matter o
how about tomorrow?"

"Why," said Peggy, "that'd be
Any particular time? I mean any
all right with me, but you seem
pretty well filled up." Sudden
glanced at the place where Elean
her finger. "Say," she said, "you
date for lunch!"

"No," said Eleanor, taking th
pencil out of its scabbard and c
off her appointment with Duncan
"I've canceled it. How about one
at the Marguery?"

"Fine."

There, she thought, as she put th
away, that takes care of tomorr
the little spaces filled, hardly enou
to catch her breath, no time at
pause and think about the thin



"You're not being fair. Did I act like that at that basketball doublehead

COLLIER'S PERRY B



"Bob! You've bought me a new Spike Jones record!" JEFF KEATE

ike animals in the back of her
Arm in arm, radiant and beautiful,
went out, between tables of ad-
men and envious women, to join
sbands.
dances and two drinks later,
t a hand on Eleanor's arm and
know what time it is?"
dear, is it late?"
nty to one. If we don't watch out
past your bedtime."
nuts," said Peggy, putting out her
e, "don't be such a slave driver,
The party's just beginning to
p."
laughed. "I was only thinking of
dule," he said, and his hand tight-
her arm. "This may sound
ut if she's not in bed by one, she's
next day. Tell you what, why
u two stay—"
was a good deal of amiable bick-
ut in the end, as Eleanor knew he
Clay had his way, and they all
tside, they exchanged the usual
ces of having had a wonderful
nd agreed they must do it again

or said, "Don't forget, Peggy—
lock at the Marguery," and Peggy
would be there with bells on.
because they lived downtown,
and Peggy took the first taxi.
was left alone with Clay. . . .
g at her dressing table, creaming
e, she thought of the things she
e this day, this thirteenth of No-
, to keep herself busy; and in her
e ticked them off: parish hall, to
p packages for the poor in Eu-
nch with Mildred; lecture at the
n Galleries; dinner at Ruban
heater (silly play about a woman
cold husband, and her efforts to
e his interest); and finally a few
and a few dances at El Castillo.
as it—a full, almost a satisfactory
nce, except for the lecture that
asted as long as it should have and
for that bad five minutes after her
hen she had let herself think about
erything had gone as scheduled.
ly, now . . .
ss the river a large electric sign
on and off with hypnotic regu-
nd far below, dark against the
ater, a tug went chuffing past.
was conscious of the slow, gently
ic movement of river traffic, the
that never ceased completely
uld be heard, softly and distantly,
one who might lie awake through
pty night, staring at the long-since-
ized shadows on the ceiling. She opened the window and stood shivering in the cold.

Swiftly she went to the door and, after listening a moment, slowly and carefully turned the lock. How quiet it was, she thought; how serene the room, how sweet-scented and beautiful. Still shivering, she opened the bag on the dresser and took out the engagement book. Sliding in between the cool sheets, clutching the book like a talisman, she finally heard what she had been waiting for—a small, dry, familiar sound in the corridor—and she reached out and very quietly put the book on the table. Two minutes past one, said the clock. Slowly, gently, so the click would not be heard beyond the door, she turned out the light, and immediately the ceiling began flashing in time with the sign across the river.

CLENCHING her fists, feeling the sweat start on her forehead, she waited for the sound that invariably followed—the whisper of slippers on the carpet—and when it came she closed her eyes, thinking: Maybe he'll go away. Maybe this time he'll go back. Please, God, make him think I'm asleep.

The sound stopped. It seemed to hold its breath; there was a tiny, hollow groan as the knob was turned, first one way and then the other, then an infinitesimal echo, like the rustling of a leaf, as the door resisted the secret pressure; and finally, frankly, as though these overtures had existed only in her mind, a rap of knuckles: *One-two-three-four. . . .*

Desperately she tried to thrust it aside; but in the midst of the rapping, augmented now by Clay's voice, harsh, insistent, accepting no excuse, the image returned, and she saw herself in that unhappy little room at the inn, leaning against the wall with her hand on her mouth, listening to the sound of knuckles on the door; and suddenly she heard her voice, thin and wavering, as if it came from far away: *Yes, Jeff, yes, darling, I'm coming.* Slowly, with the precise deliberation of the very old, or of those who know horror, she turned the covers down, stood up and walked across the room.

A handkerchief spilled out of the breast pocket of his brocade dressing robe, and in the soft light his hair, slicked smooth for the occasion, gleamed like wet paint. For a moment they stood looking at each other, two strangers in the night; then Eleanor stepped back to let him in. From far below, somewhere on the river, came a long, derisive hoot.

THE END

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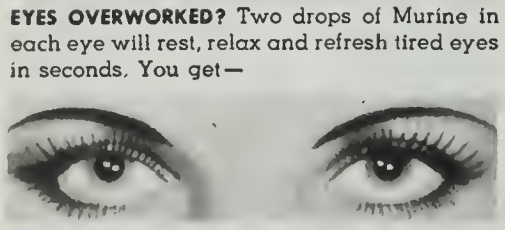
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ON BAKEOVEN GRADE

Continued from page 25

into a full trot. The coach rattled over the stony yard, leaving new dust steaming in the still air. Half an hour later, when John Whitman had eaten and returned to the yard, it was a cloudy dust ball in the distance.

He went into the shadowed heat of the barn to mend harness, listening to the talk of the two women in the kitchen, and the rattle of dishes; then those sounds faded and the afternoon marched slowly toward its silent climax of heat. His awl punched holes, his needle carried the heavy thread through. A waxy clicking of insects drifted in the air's thinness; the odor of hay grew stronger around him. He was thinking it was time to plow the section at the head of the creek, and time to haul water for the trees. He looked up at the sound of steps on the rocky road and saw his wife come into the barn shadows. She was hot and she was tired; she sat on a box near his bench and she stared through the door into the sunshine. Now, he thought, she meant to tell him what the trouble was.

He said, "Light passenger load today."

"Light or heavy," she said, "it's people to feed."

"You want to quit cooking for travelers? We don't have to do it any more."

"If we didn't feed them they'd go somewhere else, and the stage wouldn't stop here."

"No harm in that either."

"If the stage didn't stop we'd never see anybody here. It's a lonely enough place now, without shutting everybody away."

HE WENT on with his sewing, weighing her answer and not finding in it the reason for her worry. She would tell him eventually, of course; but she liked to have him work for it. He said, "Web and Ellen have a quarrel?"

"How would I know? She doesn't tell me her affairs." But from the quickening of her voice he knew he had struck the source.

"Well," he said, "some quarrels always come up before kids get married."

"How do you know they'll get married?"

"I thought it was settled."

"It's just drifted along until maybe he's taking it for granted, or maybe he's not." Then she turned to him and he knew she meant to speak her mind. "How can she know if she wants him? There's no other man she can put against him, to judge him by. If there's only one man, how can any girl know if he's the right man? Ellen ought to have more than one man around her, but there's no other men in this godforsaken country. We're buried. We're clean out of the world. We might as well be Indians living in the willows down in the canyon.

"What's she got ahead of her? Just this one man to take or not to take. No other man. Any woman likes to know there was at least one other man who wanted her. Ellen's not got that. It's just Web. If she marries him, there's nothing ahead for her except to be a rancher's wife on the side of the hill in a hot little house without trees, without flowers. In an ugly, dirty land where it's too windy or too hot or too cold, nothing ever in between. No neighbors—nobody to talk to. That's what she's got ahead of her. She ought to be having fun. She ought to dance and flirt. It's such a little time she's got before she's old and worn out and her children grow up and leave. She ought to have that little time to be foolish and free. But she hasn't got it."

He stood heavily against the bench, both hands supporting his weight. He stared at her and saw she wanted to cry but wouldn't let herself do it; and her words were cruel things gouging through him and a stricken expression came around his mouth. She saw it and got up and, angry as she was, and as much as she had meant to hurt him, she showed her immediate regret. "Oh, well, John, it's just so hot, I guess."

He stared after her as she went back to the house; then he walked to the corner of the box stall and got his pipe and tobacco and made himself a smoke, and leaned against the barn door to look at the land around him—not to look at it as he always had, but to look at it from her eyes. For she had said more to him than she thought she had said. It was not only Ellen who was lonesome here; it was his wife, too. He hadn't known that.

The benches rolled forward from the canyon, one after another in their monotonous sloping and turning and twisting. Beyond the house lay a feed lot beaten into barren concrete by the feet of livestock; and upon the house itself the sun pressed, and no green thing grew about it. Chickens crouched beneath the broken porch boards, the gray-black rocks protruded like ugly teeth from the eroded soil, and over everything lay the dust of summer, which, in another month, would turn into the mud of winter. The leaves of the fruit trees hung limp; the burnt and thirsty shades were the only colors. This was the way his wife saw it. No doubt she had seen it this way for ten years, yet had said no word of complaint to him. He pushed the harness aside, sat on the bench and solemnly smoked his way through thoughts that little by little tore his good world apart.

The peak of the afternoon came on with its silence and its searching heat. He felt it arrive and he felt the moment of change when it began to lessen. He rose to hitch a horse to the water barrel sled and began his patient trips from spring to orchard. Coming in for supper he stood a moment at the door and looked across the falling slopes westward, then inside.

It was a silent meal—he depres his thoughts, his wife in the grip disturbed emotions, and his da carried far away by her own thi He rose immediately after his s brought in the cows, fed and them; he strained the milk and po into skim pans at the springhouse. light thickened while he worke brutal hand of the sun drew back the earth, and the long-suffocate began to exhale its heat and to suck faint moisture of the air. Web G rode in through the shadows and the porch steps, waiting for Ellen. the barn, John Whitman presentl her come from the house and joi the two walking idly along the roa

He sat a while on the porch w pipe. This was the fine hour—thi of release and rest, in which a man look upon his work and his posse and be content; all the ugliness away at night. Yet the rattle kitchen dishes troubled him tonig presently he went inside and took a and began to dry them.

His wife said irritably, "You your work, you needn't do mine."

He said, "I'm going over to An in the morning to look for a ma wife couple. The woman can he and the man can work for me."

"I've not complained about m

He held his peace.

"Anyhow," she said, "gettin' help change things for Ellen. We're still

"It will lighten the load until I ca a man to buy this place."

She gave him a glance of su "Since when? I like to be consu little. And where'd we go?"

"Antelope," he said.

Her mouth came firmly together



FRITZ WILKINSON

SPORTING ODDS

There was a track meet in which the winning pole vault scaled 3' 4" less than that taking second place. It happened in the 1918 annual interscholastic track and field meet for the high schools of Montague County, Texas. Here's how:

The meet was held in a drizzling rain, which made the vaulting pole so wet that contestants could not get a firm grip on it. With the bar set at 8' all entrants missed three times. It was lowered to 7' 6". All missed three times except one. He managed to get over on the third try and was declared the winner.

A moment later the rain stopped and the sun came out. The remaining contestants fought it out for second, third and fourth places. With a dry pole the second-place winner cleared 10' 10". Those who got third and fourth places easily topped the first-place 7' 6"

—Donald Janeway, Denton, Texas

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ought of it and the sense of her sure grew strong in the room. "It's now," she said.
is his turn to be mildly irritated. hing needs to be changed, it's to e, late or not late—not talked nd nothing done."
not like you to be sudden in any- she said.
be I've been too slow," he said. ght with you if I bring back a "
said, with a lack of interest, "It's ou."
ft the kitchen, knowing he had not her. For her part, she was humili- the thought of another woman . He had as much as said that she led him.

N and Web Gordon walked past orchard, its recently watered soil g a faintly scalded scent around e reached out and took her hand. it lie passively within his broad lm, so even-balanced between ir- and affection that she could offer signal.
said, "Summer's been one thing other with me and I've not had time. But after I get the wood there'll not be so much to do. We o plan to be married next month." 've not talked about where we'd

y," he said, "with my people. Not ays but to start with." He seemed hat disturbed that the question rise. "After all," he went on, "it'll ranch someday, and so will the We might as well begin there." your mother's house now and she 't like my being around. It 't be my house and I'd not like it ter than she."
get along with your own "
her daughter and I take orders. were married I couldn't live with ther any better than I could with A married woman's got to run n place."
on't know," he said doubtfully, we could go."
re's the two-room house your ived in before they built the big
thing but a shack."
t's where they started," she out. "That's where we could oo."
rible place," he said, and walked on. "I work with my father. How couldn't work with my mother?" men are different, Web."
only be for a couple years or so,"
," she said, so quiet and so definite. your mother but if we had to live r we'd hate each other in two

still could not quite see her point and a small stubbornness got into ce. "People can try to make the things."
ple can try to begin things right,

turned, walking back with silence them; nothing warm flowed h their hands and when they came house she pulled away and faced He said, "I was trying to do the al thing—the thing easiest for

now, but I want things nice—not

said, "If I wasn't hauling wood ow I'd take you to the dance."
all right. Ek Long's taking me." shocked the easiness and the com- ense out of him and he was sud- a young man hating the thought of ng with another man. She watched hange, outwardly sober but in- pleased that some heat burned him to make his solidness a little avy. He said in sudden roughness, night," and wheeled away. . . .

At five, when John Whitman left the ranch, an early sunlight had begun to thaw the gray-green shadings of the earth into warmer colors and the air had a pearly translucence which brought far things forward. By seven he was at the top of Bakeoven Grade and moving over the undulating flatness of a table which ran for fifteen miles forward. Around ten he came upon a break and looked into a valley far below him, with the little cluster of buildings and poplars of Antelope town nested therein. Passing down the crooked grade he reached Antelope within an hour. He visited his friends, had his beer at the saloon, and went to Erd Merkle's house for dinner. It was Merkle who told him about the Gustavson couple who had come from Portland to find work; he located them —a big plain woman and a colorless man—talked with them a few moments, and hired them at fifty dollars a month.

That was his main chore completed, but he strolled through the town a longer while having a close look at it for the kind of work he might do when he moved here; and as he passed along the houses he noticed the things his wife would like, the closeness of the neighbors she longed for, the flowers growing against the porch walls, the shade, the grass yards, the church with its socials which she had missed for so many years. Going back to his horse he had a feeling of sadness from knowing that he had taken so much out of her life. Then, as he left town, he observed the sign on the Odd Fellows Hall door, DANCE TONIGHT, and sudden comfort came to him. This was where Ellen could meet many young men. It was a little late for his wife; but it was still time enough for Ellen.

He passed up the long climb from Antelope's valley to the table in a poor frame of mind. The place on Bakeoven Creek suited him. There he felt free, beholden to no living soul, whereas Antelope's houses would always be a shadow on him. Towns he hated; never had he lived in one longer than three months, never had he felt at ease while in them—and wouldn't now. He thought about this as he rode across the flats, and saw a rig coming in from Bakeoven way at a steady run. Habit made him watch it closely and habit set him to guessing who was in it; yet he had the other thing in his head at the same time and knew he would make the move into Antelope as soon as he could sell the Bakeoven place. It was his wife's right. And Ellen's, too.

THE rig whirled forward. Suddenly, identifying the two people in it, he drew his horse to a stop and waited until Ek Long, driving the rig, came abreast and halted. Ellen sat beside Ek. She had been laughing.

He said, "What's this?"

"I'm going to the dance," she said. "I'll stay with the Prettymans tonight and come back on the morning stage."

"Not worried about my driving?" asked Ek Long in his easy, insolent way.

"Not your driving," said John Whitman and gave Ek a long, drilling glance. He held it on Ek a long while, giving the man the black, dangerous edge of the aroused thing in his head. Then he looked at Ellen and quietly said, "I hadn't known about it."

"Mother knew," she said.

"Why, then," said John Whitman, "I've nothing to say. Have a good time."

He sat motionless for a moment, watching the rig run on, and then resumed his homeward travel, going down Bakeoven Grade in the last full blast of sunshine. He put up his horse and went directly to the house. His wife looked at him with her covert curiosity as he went by her to wash up on the back porch; and gave him the same expectant glance when he sat up to the table. She was waiting for his anger to come out.

"Why didn't you mention it?" he asked.



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"You know his reputation as well as I do."

"She can take care of herself. She's no wild girl."

"It'll do her no good to be seen with him."

"It'll do her better to be seen with him than never to be seen with any man."

He sat silent; it went hard with him to think of Ellen with a man like Long. His father's dream of a daughter's sweet child purity came roughly against another thing he ought to have seen earlier; for, bringing the image of Ellen before him, he recognized the woman in her eyes, in her mouth, in all the turnings of her body. Why had he been so slow? He had kept her a child in his thoughts too long.

His wife had her sharp retort waiting for him, but she studied him a drawn-out moment and spoke with unexpected kindness: "Nothing's wrong. She just wants to be alive."

"If she's giving Web up for Ek, she's made a bad choice."

"She's just going to a dance with a man who had spirit enough to ask her. Every girl's got dancing in her bones. They're born that way. They've got a right to it." She felt her daughter's loneliness again—it was bright and bitter in her eyes. "Maybe Ek's a chaser, but he knows what a girl hungers for. If Web Gordon wants her he'd better treat her like a woman instead of an old crone of fifty. She'll be fifty soon enough."

He saw how hard it was for her to think of Ellen growing away from girlhood and he said, most gently, "We all get old. No use to hate what can't be helped."

"Too old too soon," she retorted.

He felt again a leaden regret. She was speaking out of her own life. He said, "There'll be a hired couple coming on the stage in the morning."

She made no answer; she seemed not to find pleasure in the thought of help. It made him say, "Is that all right?"

"How much you paying these people?"

"Fifty dollars a month."

Her mouth tightened. She looked down at the table. "It's your money to waste, Whitman."

He left the room and took a seat on the porch to smoke his pipe. He was a slow man, he thought; he had taken pride in his slowness but maybe he had spoiled her life by it. He watched the freighter's fire blooming in the growing shadows and he listened to the music of a guitar drift along. Ellen came to his mind and his worry grew. Neither his wife nor Ellen knew how bad a man Ek Long really was, having and using a woman in whatever town he passed through. He sat in the chair and slowly suffered from his imagination, and decided he had to kill Long if Ellen came home crying.

HE WAS at his harness mending in the middle of the forenoon when Web Gordon rode up and came into the barn.

"Ellen back?"

"No," said Whitman. "Noon stage."

"Doesn't she know what kind of a fellow Ek is?"

"I can't say what she knows, or what any woman knows. It comes to me, though, that they know what they want to know."

Web Gordon said, "He's no good." He paced the barn aisle, suffering from his imagination as John Whitman had earlier suffered. His face was squared by anger and his eyes were rough with the desire to get his hands on Ek Long. It surprised John Whitman to see this excitement come out of a boy who had always taken things as they came. Web halted. "You shouldn't have let her go. I don't know what got into her. She's going to marry me. It's no thing for her to be going off with somebody else."

"Maybe," said Whitman, "she wanted to get away from here and have some fun."

"Work comes before fun," said Web.

"That's for old people to think. You sure she's going to marry you?"

Web Gordon walked out of the barn. Whitman thought he had gone home but, at eleven o'clock when he stepped from the barn to sight the stage breaking over the rim into Bakeoven Grade, he saw Web in the orchard, staring up the slope toward the stage's unrolling ribbon of dust. Whitman thought: *He's all shaken up about the girl. That's what the damn' fool ought to show Ellen, instead of his poker face. That's what she wants—it's what they all want. It's why men like Ek get so far with women.* He called across the dust to his wife in the kitchen. "Stage in sight," and went back to harness up the fresh relay horses. The Gustavsons were due on the stage, and so was Ellen. Thinking of her suddenly, a quick fear unsettled his stomach. He let the horses stand in the stable and walked to the house bedroom to get his .44 and return it to the stable, laying it on a ledge of the box stall. If he saw the wrong thing on Ellen's face he'd have to kill Ek Long.

The stage came down from the grade and struck the ranch meadow with a tremendous swaying and lifting; it was Ek Long showing off to Ellen, who sat beside him. John Whitman steadied his glance on his daughter while the stage came into the yard and the four horses, hard-pulled, came to so sudden a stop that their iron shoes struck sparks from the rocky road. Ek Long threw down the reins, dropped from the seat and swung Ellen to the ground. Whitman never let his attention waver from her face; he saw her laughing, he saw her pleased, he saw no shadows. She had danced most of the night and she had ridden all of the morning, but still the freshness was on her.

Whitman said, "Is everything all right?"

"Why, of course," she said and kissed him and wheeled away. She threw a glance at Ek. "Now I have got to work." Then, half around the horses, she noticed Web Gordon standing near the corner of the barn, and the smiling died and she stared at him with a mysterious smoothness that told him nothing and hurried into the house.

The passengers went in for their meal; the Gustavsons were waiting in the dust. Whitman said to Mrs. Gustavson, "Go in and see my wife." To the man he said, "Get your luggage out of the boot." led the old horses away and brough the fresh ones and hitched them up stood by with the reins in his watching Gustavson slowly lift anc down a collection of boxes and v and quilted bundles. The woman all right, but the man didn't have energy. It was always that way man-and-wife combination: one of pulled the load for the other.

WEB GORDON remained a corner of the barn. Whitman his pipe and lighted it, and cast a glance toward the young man, seeir temper crowded into his face. thought Whitman, it's to be a fight could stop it if he wished, or he cou it go on; and he gave a little thought No, he decided, I'll let it go on watched Ellen and Ek Long come the house. They walked aroun horses, ignoring Web Gordon, slowly moved forward. Ek laid his on the coach rail to lift himself t seat.

Web Gordon said, "Step behin barn a minute, Ek."

Ek Long turned about. His face stiff and his glance was a bright j Web Gordon. "I've got a sched keep, which comes before lickin' da fools like you."

"You're too easy with other girls. I've got to teach you better.

"You'll teach hell," said Ek Long was careful, even in his insolence, to his eyes on Web Gordon. He n aside, cat-quick, figuring this heav to make a bull rush at him. He w be the ax and Web the chopping b But Web Gordon swung when Ek swung and he caught the stage d arms in a tight hug and pinned the lifted Ek Long from the groun slammed him back against the side coach. It was a first show of str He released Long and stepped bac quite sure what he wanted to do the man. He said, "You've bust too many homes. Like Bissner ar wife. I've a notion to crack your da neck. I'll tell you. Don't drive on this line any more. I don't wan around."

Ek Long stared back, so willful his eyes that Web Gordon slashe across the face and became a terrier ing in. Long whirled to clear the and put open ground behind him retreated until he had room for hi



"When he came home this evening he looked sluggish and rundown. I knew the minute he started picking on me that his nervousness and irritability were due to either his suffering from acid indigestion or a nervous headache. I got some pills to wake up his liver bile, but when he failed to pep up and bubble with energy, I decided to call you in—

COLLIER'S BARNEY TO

overreach Gordon and he
ordon's face with three skillful
d retreated again to measure
or the punishment he thought
ver enough to give. He waited

lifted his shoulder and slanted
taking a punch there. He hit
he stomach and doubled him,
ntened him with a crack under
The light in Long's eyes turned
at blow. Gordon slugged him
ed him around the waist and
toward the coach. Dust rose
churning feet, and the coach
en Long struck it: the horses
ll away from Whitman's hold-
He said, "Whoa, whoa," and
Ek Long's face bloom with
lose its pride. Ek put out a
ed aside, hunching up a shoul-
id being struck again. "That's
e said.



vhen you say I should get
for the kill during the next
just how do you mean that?"

LEW FOLLETTE

t of here. Don't drive through
."
Web," said John Whitman.
cked him and that's all you got
you."
shoulders dropped and the
nger went out of him. He
ong go slowly up to the coach
ut a hand against Long's but-
gave him a shove. "All right,"
forget it."
ssengers were natives of the
whom this was nothing new;
off the porch and got into the
ile Ek Long waited high and
his seat. The glittering inso-
gone; his injuries hurt him and
ll numb. He caught the reins
by John Whitman and it was
re than will, which caused him
f the brake and lift the horses
arp run. The coach rushed
ard and began to sway with the
g contours of the bench. Web
oked over at Ellen; she stared
im with no sign on her face.
ed to his horse and walked it
n Whitman went into the barn
is chores.

D done his work, he had eaten
upper and now sat in the fra-
kness of the porch, hearing a
e up the road. Gustavson had
s bed in the barn, tired from no
ll, while Mrs. Gustavson kept
the kitchen to make her good
n. John Whitman heard his
ce patiently explaining how she
gs done, and he caught the un-
f unhappiness in the patience.
der turned out to be Web
The young man dismounted
at the foot of the porch, look-

ing past Whitman to the door. Ellen, Whitman thought, must have been long waiting at the door, for she immediately appeared and the two walked toward the trees. They didn't begin to talk until they had got well beyond his hearing; all he caught was the rise and fall of tone in the darkness.

Web Gordon said, "Maybe it was a bad thing to do, but I know him too well. I know you wanted to dance. Well, then, we'll dance, Ellen—if it means that much."

"I thought you'd be hauling wood out of the forest."

They reached the orchard and paused here. She stepped away from him, putting her back to a tree. She looked up to him, closely watching his face.

"Do you think I could?" he asked. "You think I had any heart to work? You think I've had any peace since you left, thinking how you were, and other men making you laugh when I ought to be doing that?"

She was silent, intently reading him, clearly feeling what was in him; and suddenly she came away from the tree to him, and he put his arms around her with the rough haste of a young man at the end of his tether. She laid a hand gently against his chest, having first a thing to say to him, "Web, I'll never cause you trouble again. If you truly want me, everything's all right."

JOHN WHITMAN had finished his third pipe and his wife had joined him on the porch, when the youngsters strolled in from the orchard. He observed how stiff his wife was until she saw Ellen's face, and how loose she became when she heard Ellen's voice gaily cross the night. "We're going down to look at the two-room place."

John Whitman's wife said, with a calm that made him marvel, "Why don't you hitch the buggy and drive down?"

The two had drifted past into the darkness again. Ellen's voice came back with its laughter, "Plenty of time to walk," and thereafter the footsteps of these two softened and grew small in the distance.

Whitman said, "It seems settled. You're not pleased?"

"Of course I'm pleased," said his wife.

"I had thought you wanted her to see more men."

"It was just that—" Then his wife gave a little sigh and added, "Oh, never mind. It's come as it ought. I'm happy enough to cry."

"Well, then," he said, "we can think of moving to Antelope."

"And leave Ellen with one less neighbor? Do you think I'd go before the first baby comes? Now isn't that foolish?" She dropped her voice: "Whitman, I don't want that new woman around. She's underfoot. She makes me feel like it's not my place. Get rid of that couple."

"It was to give you a little help," he said.

"When I want it I'll say so."

The crickets were singing for winter, and night came solidly in and a breath of breeze crept along Bakeoven Creek. It was the faintest touch of wind that gave him the sensation of the earth rushing outward into the blackness and endlessness of space. He relighted his pipe and his lips made puckering sounds. Yesterday he and his wife had been young, and Ellen a child, and tonight she was a woman anxious to sleep with her man. It had come on before he knew it. He grew entirely still in the chair, patiently waiting to catch the close-by meaning of that strange thing which carried him so cruelly, so rapidly, through the days of his life; it was for an instant at the end of his fingers, and then he lost it entirely. He relaxed in the chair.

"We'll keep the couple a week," he said. "I can dig some ditches with the old man's help."

THE END

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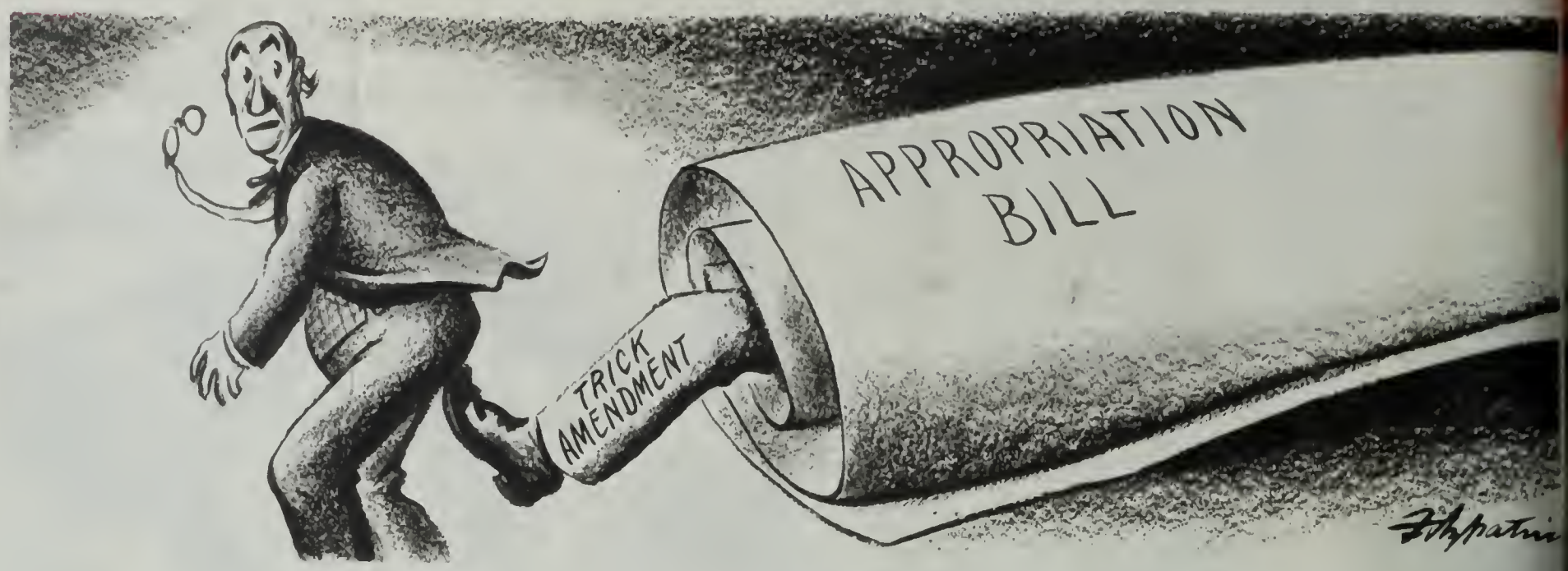
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...CONGRESS BETTER BE CAREFUL

WELL, the House Appropriations Committee the other day came near putting its foot into its mouth in just about the most ghastly manner imaginable.

The committee okayed a $56,000,000 fund for the legislative branch of the government—meaning Congress and its appurtenances—and included a recommendation that no federal funds be paid to any employee belonging to a union whose officers had failed to file affidavits that they weren't Communists.

The main object was to prod Government Printing Office employees belonging to the International Typographical Union (A.F. of L.), whose leaders up to that time had refused to swear that they were no minions of Moscow.

Come to find out, though, several members of Congress itself belonged to unions whose leaders were similarly stubborn on this point. That meant that if the fund were approved as recommended by the Appropriations Committee these union congressmen's $12,500 salaries would stop.

The danger was perceived in time, and now it's a 1,000-to-1 shot that Congress won't ever put such a knife to the bank accounts of its own members. But the incident is certainly a lesson that lawmakers should take to heart; the lesson being that you can't be too careful in drawing up even minor laws or appropriation bills.

When it comes to explosive powers and the ability to blow up in your face, TNT sometimes hasn't a thing on the pen or the typewriter.

. . . WE NEED LABOR STATESMEN: The phrase "labor statesman" is a bit of a mouth-filler, and perhaps overworked, to boot. But we don't know of a better term to describe the kind of man we think the United States badly needs today.

We have a crop of labor leaders who are highly competent so far as they go. John L. Lewis seldom fails to get what he starts out after for his coal miners. The Steelworkers Union (C.I.O.) hasn't done at all poorly under Philip Murray, for all Phil's moans and groans to the contrary. The Railway Brotherhoods have succeeded in fastening impressive wage scales and even more impressive featherbedding rules on the carriers.

So it goes; and within reason it's fine. As Henry Ford, Sr., loudly remarked in 1914, workers in a capitalist economy must be in position to buy a lot of the goods they make if the economy itself is to survive.

But there is a limit. That limit is reached when employees or their leaders lose sight of the company's or the industry's over-all productive power and potentialities and set out simply to milk it of every dime they can.

When that happens, we have a few rail unions threatening to tie up the country with a strike unless granted higher wage hikes than those their fellow unions have already accepted as fair. We have Lewis choking the mine operators—and the nation—for higher and higher coal prices regardless of what those prices will do to the general public. And we have many other sinister and dangerous episodes in this same category.

The end of it could be the wrecking of the American system and people; nothing less.

If we are to by-pass such a catastrophe, it seems to us the nation will have to evolve a new kind of labor leader. He would be a man who understood economics as well as he knew how to fight with his mouth at a collective-bargaining table. He would have the courage to educate his followers in the basic facts of industrial and economic life: that it is suicidal for any one group to play the hog; that the only way to get more pie all around is for everybody to produce more and more efficiently, and thereby keep enlarging the pie; and that neither laws, smart labor politicking nor strikes can change or dilute these facts. This new-style labor statesman, too, would be smart enough not to let himself be maneuvered into positions where the hopped-up ambitions of his men forced him to demand bigger pay increases or more benefits than he knew the traffic could safely bear.

On occasion, he would have the superlative courage to say things like this: "Now, boys, I'm sorry; but we've come to a point in this company or this industry where we'll have to agree to a pay cut. If we don't, we'll kill off our own jobs, because the boss(es), in the present market, can't sell enough of the product to pay the wages we've been getting, let alone go for a raise."

There have been and are a few of such labor statesmen in this country. It is surely no coincidence that these few have always had the respect of their followers and those followers' employers, and haven't driven employers to the wall and employees out of jobs by impossible demands. Unless we can develop quite a number of true labor statesmen, and rather swiftly, it looks as if the country is in for a bad if not calamitous time laborwise.

. . . JOE MUST BE RADIOACTIVE: Some strange stories come out of Soviet Russia these days; but, if you ask us, the most wonderful one in at least two years last past was the recent yarn in the Moscow Izvestia about Joe Stalin's Black Sea trip in August, 1947, aboard the cruiser Molotov.

To hear Izvestia tell it, a sort of supern glow was still clinging to this Red Navy vesse months later. The Molotov's sailors were sol reported to treasure in their memories every of Stalin's stay with them. Those who had near to him at any time, or had spoken wit great man, were alleged to "enjoy special sym from their comrades, as if there still lies in t trace of Stalin's attention."

We suppose that if one of them had snitc lock of Joe Stalin's hair from the ship's b shop the lad would be a Hero of the Soviet U by acclamation.

All we can say is that Joe Stalin must be active, to leave an afterglow like that in his Ain't it too bad we don't grow such miracle in our own benighted country?

. . . THESE ARE THE WORST DRIVERS: Lo back over quite a number of years of ridi motor highways of the United States we hav nominations to offer for the title of Most Da ous Driver.

They are: the snail on wheels, who drives a deal more slowly than the traffic around h her; and the road hog who waddles along at surely pace in the fast lane and refuses to over to the slow lane.

We have no statistics on the subject. Pe none can be had. But we think it stands to r that these two driver types are the most dang of all. For one thing, there are so many of as a Sunday-afternoon ride on any fairly pop highway will demonstrate. For another, slowpokes and road hogs infuriate many drivers, and tempt them to take chances on p on the right, cutting over momentarily into t posite-direction lane, or even giving the offe car a nudge with the trusty old front bumper

Any of those measures of desperation can an accident. You can't lay the whole blam such mishaps on the slow or hoggish driver, l our opinion he or she rates at least 75 per c the blame.

If these birds would just get off the road stay off, or let somebody else do the driving they admire the scenery, we have a hunch th terrific annual motor-accident totals would t nose dive.

Any other nominations for Most Dang Driver? Pending receipt of powerful proof t contrary, we think we've got the two champ to which of the two is the champ of champ the chump of chumps—we haven't yet been a make up our mind.

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THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

ROYALTY—OUT OF WORK

PAGE 22

AUG 10

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THE LODGE BROTHER By DAVE GRUBB 28
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COVER By *EDWARD PATSTON*

THE WEEK'S MAIL

THE PERENNIAL ASTOR

DEAR SIR: Re your editorial on Lady Nancy Astor (You Needn't Ask for It, June 12th): Why waste space and irritate Anglo-American relations with such pernicious nonsense? If you must print such rubbish why tell only half a tale? Why not continue to tell your readers that the Astor family is an old American one and that Nancy Astor was born at Miradon, Virginia, in 1879? Perhaps the "advice and manners" were home-grown in this case.

T. W. HARVEY, Temple City, Ca.

. . . As a Britisher I wholeheartedly agree that Lady Astor is a difficult alien who came to Britain and had the bad taste to mingle in politics. She sure has caused us a lot of trouble.

We don't claim her as one of us and you don't want her back, for that, nobody can blame you.

JOHN BULL, New York, N. Y.

IS YOU IS OR IS YOU ARE?

DEAR SIR: Here I am on a business trip parked in a lonely hotel room, far, far away from my Oakland, California, and I'm down to reading about international affairs. It irks me to pick up a grammatical error such as John Foster Dulles made in Can We Guarantee A Free Europe? (June 12th), when he says, "None of the special circumstances which exist are important enough, etc." John should have said, "... important enough."

JAMES C. PRINDIVILLE, Salem, Or.

Webster's International states: "As subject, 'none' with a plural verb is the commoner construction."

SPEECH SHE ARE FREE

EDITOR, COLLIER'S: In your editorial Wallace Should Be Heard (June 12th) you say Henry Wallace is peddling the Communist party line and anybody who votes for him knowingly or unknowingly next November will be voting to sell the United States down the river to Joe Stalin. But you say Wallace should be heard. I do not agree.

Article IV Section 4 in the Constitution says the United States shall guarantee to every State a Republican form of government. Do you think the two articles above are consistent? Why raise hell with a few actors who have no great amount of political influence, spend time and money investigating their alleged Communist leanings by Congress and give a free pass

(Continued on page 57)

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COLLIER'S

SPORTS



ACME

HUMAN GYROSCOPE

BY BILL FAY

AT THE audacious age of sixteen, Bruce Harlan grasped the railing of Media Bridge near Philadelphia, flipped forward and upward, found a smooth spot for his head and, balanced comfortably thereon, enjoyed a unique and inverted view of the Pennsylvania countryside—300 feet below. Several weeks later, still looking for upside-down worlds to conquer, Bruce executed a handstand on the rooftop ledge of an Ocean City, New Jersey, hotel.

Either performance might have launched Bruce prematurely on the diving career which has made him the national platform and low-board champion. Fortunately, neither did and there were no encores. Parental pressure brought him down to earth, or close to it.

During the next two years Bruce merely crossed his bridges when he came to them. Meanwhile, he pole-vaulted 12 feet—a stratospheric height for a fellow only five feet six inches tall—and won the Philadelphia interscholastic wrestling title by throwing three 112-pound opponents in four minutes and one second. Around Lansdowne High School they expect Bruce's record to last forever.

In 1944, shortly after his eighteenth birthday, Bruce went into Navy boot training at Bainbridge, Maryland, and accidentally executed his first dive—without hitting the water. He wandered onto a diving board, bounced a bit and—intrigued by the springy action—casually rolled into a somersault.

Swimming instructor Adolph Kiefer, the former world backstroke champion, couldn't believe it. "Do that again," Adolph ordered. Bruce

Bruce Harlan's phenomenal sense o balance gained him his gyroscopi label and the intensive coachin that made him a diving champio

turned three more somersaults an made perfect two-point landings o the whippy board each time. "K you're a human gyroscope," Kie declared.

After that, wherever Harlan we in the Navy, Kiefer saw to it that gyroscopic protégé had plenty coaching. Lieutenant Jack Smith a Wave Lieutenant Helen Perry, bo ex-diving champs, tutored Bruce the Jacksonville, Florida, naval a station.

Within a year Bruce won the So Atlantic States junior title. Then captured the 1945 national spr boards, the 1946 national three-mete and swept the national three-met and platform titles last summer.

Considering his youthful ha standing, it is not surprising tha Bruce has done his best diving o doors Indoors, his Ohio State tea mate, Miller Anderson, usually w Not that they are much more thar soft splash apart in any meet. Bruc beat Miller for the national three-m ter title last summer by 5/100 of point—198.35 to 198.30.

Anderson, a P-47 dive-bomber p lot, was shot down near Rome on h 112th mission. In bailing out, his le leg was almost torn off by the P-47 whiplashing tail. When Miller limpe back to Ohio State in 1945, doctors o dered him to stay out of the water u til his left knee—riveted together b silver plates—healed completely. Mi ler made the shattered leg stron enough to challenge Harlan for t Olympic title by practicing take-offs into a sand pit.

CONNIE'S KID

Back in the middle 1930s, Con Mack's Philadelphia Athletics stopp en route from Florida for an exhi tion game in the mule-trading town Kannapolis, North Carolina. A loc citizen buttonholed a newspaperma

"Who is that," the fan wanted know, "Connie Mack's older brother

The fan was pointing to Ea Mack, Mr. Mack's son and heir a parent for 24 years.

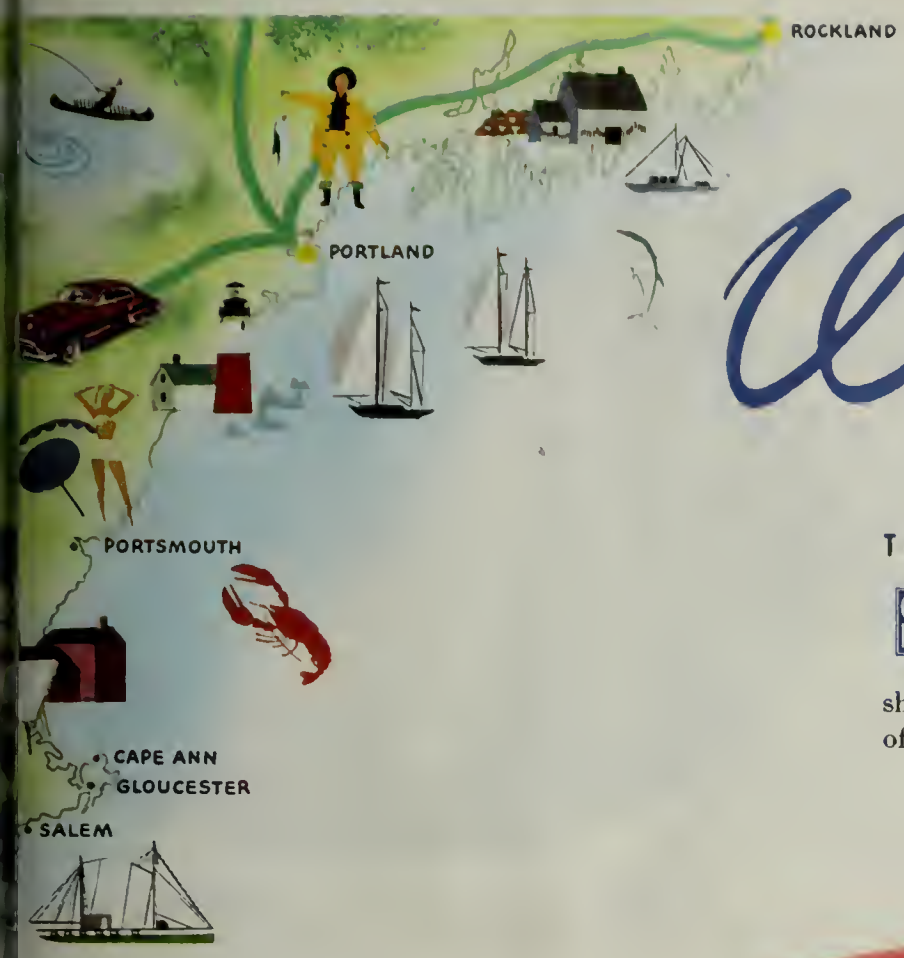
It is not true that Earle has be around the A's long enough to Connie's older brother. It just seem that way. Earle Thaddeus McGil cuddy was born February 1, 1892, a did not enter upon the Shibe Pa scene until 1910. Earle was listed a catcher, but he played one gam without proving it. Then began wearying trek through the minors wi sporadic returns to Philadelphia. Ev though Connie loves Earle dearly, t record book testifies that Earle parti pated in only five American Leag contests.

Meanwhile, Earle was meeting w some minor-league managerial su cess. He maneuvered Moline to couple of Three-I pennants a steered Martinsburg to the Blue Rid flag in 1923. Next spring, he was warded with a Philadelphia coachi post and designated Connie's su cessor.

When Connie took Earle off first-base coaching line this spri someone asked if it was because age.

"That's it," Connie laughed. "Y know he's getting up in years."

(Continued on page 45)



Whirlaway on your vacation!

TAKE THIS "DRIVE" FOR REAL MOTORING PLEASURE

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Enjoy a Hydra-Matic "drive" along the beautiful New England coast. It's an ideal vacation . . . from work and worry . . . from clutch pushing and gear shifting, too! And thanks to "Whirlaway," you always have a blazing burst of pick-up available . . . for passing . . . for hills . . . for emergencies!



*Hydra-Matic Drive, white sidewall tires, optional at extra cost.

the car that's really *going places* this year . . . the Futuramic Oldsmobile "98." And everywhere it goes, people "*go for it*"! dmire its Futuramic styling—the follow-through smoothness of those Futuramic fenders—the fast-moving look of the whole ic silhouette. They like its extra visibility, too—and the tasteful luxury of those smart Futuramic interiors. But most of all, it's turamic feeling" of driving this car that appeals to people on the go. *Hydra-Matic Drive**—with the marvelous simplicity of its ch, no-shift" operation. And "*Whirlaway*"—the plus-performance safety feature that adds a new thrill to all your driving!

TURAMIC

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HER HUSBAND IS MAKING A FORTUNE



Her husband's income provides every luxury. Fine home. Cars. Vacations at smart places. Private schools for the children. But without her husband, all family security would vanish. For he has never found time to plan his family's future. He need not risk this failure.

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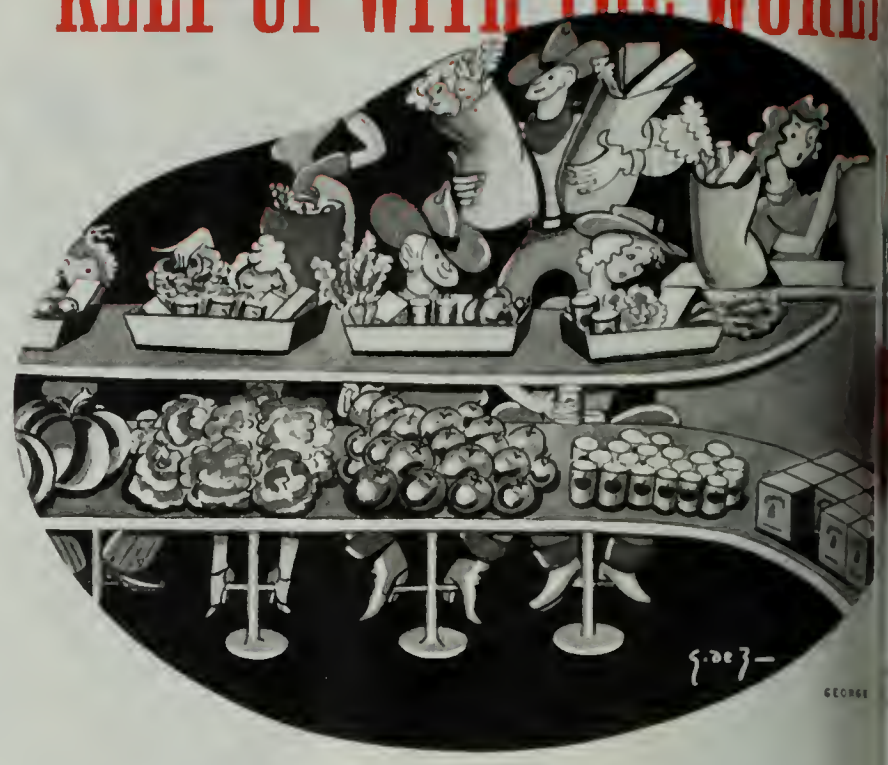
▪ Drawing your Analagraph Plan takes only 30 minutes. It's fascinating. It's enlightening. There's no obligation ...it costs you nothing...It's exclusive with the Mutual Benefit. Simply call your local Mutual Benefit agent. Or write today for the interesting new booklet, "The Analagraph — What It Can Do For You."

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORL



BY FRELING FOSTER

Shoppers in a new type of grocery store, opened recently in Houston, Texas, sit in chairs facing a long counter and select their foods from the variety passing before them on a moving belt. After taking off all the items wanted, the customer places them, with a slip bearing her name, on another belt slightly higher which carries them to a desk where they are checked, wrapped and delivered.

An unusual attraction touring the United States this year is the Dunn Bros. Circus, a miniature model that required 18 years to complete and is built on a scale of one-half inch to the foot. With its electric lights, public-address system and animated sections controlled through a panel, the circus occupies a platform 34 by 83 feet and contains, besides scores of cages, trucks and ticket booths, 54 tents, 3,500 animals and 4,500 performers, employees and spectators.

American slang terms whose use is confined almost wholly to a particular region or occupational group include, for example, City Juice (water), Dazzle Dust (face powder), Skull Doily (a wig), George Washington (a hatchet), Fire Drill (a henna rinse), and Flame Thrower (a man successful with the ladies).

No known record for siring offspring equals that made by the Holstein bull, Rag Apple, before his untimely death on February 29, 1948, at the headquarters of the New York Artificial Breeders' Co-operative in Ithaca, New York. During the three years and four months Rag Apple was in service, he sired, through artificial insemination, more than 15,000 sons and daughters (an average of 87 a week), or 150 times as many as he would have produced through natural breeding.

During the Revolutionary War, George Washington used 19 houses as his military headquarters at various times for periods of several weeks. A recent checkup of these houses shows that 15 are still in existence and are being preserved by government agencies or patriotic societies.

Of the $450,000,000 worth coats and fur pieces retailed United States last year, at least 000,000 worth were manufa within an area of eight square in New York City.—*By Mrs. M. Voorhees, Bethel, Conn.*

The longest serial ever wr Love's Perilous Path by Adele son, which has been publis daily installments in U.S. new for the past 33 years and sh signs of dying out. With some manent characters, the stor cerns the experiences of a named Graham, and so f comprised 10,000,000 words, number that would be used full-length novels. — *By Ir French, Minneapolis, Minnes*

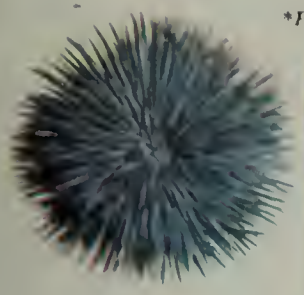
At least 20 unsuccessful a have been made, in the past 2 to repeal or amend the Con and Massachusetts laws, both in 1879, that prohibit a physici giving birth-control advice, married women whose health be gravely endangered by pre

In May, 1940, in Tanganyi ritory, South Africa, a lone an less prospector, John T. Will found after a four-year sear he had been seeking—an in rich diamond mine. Locate village of Mwadui, this min employs 6,000 natives and 20 men and will yield in 194 $15,000,000 worth of di Eventually, it is expected t Williamson, a Canadian bache forty-two, one of the world's est men.

Of the 3,000,000 Bibles th been placed in hotel rooms Gideons since 1908, appro 1,000,000, or all the copies di in the past 10 years, have ha covers that cannot be sta liquor.

Ten dollars will be paid for eac cepted for this column. Contribu be accompanied by their source o tion. Address Keep Up With t Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New Y N. Y. This column is copyrighte Items may be reproduced without

*Prepared in cooperation with specialists of American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.



*spines that
im look like
shion iden-
SEA URCHIN.*

When you're at the beach
THE "TRADE-MARKS" OF NATURE*
identify what you see by the sea

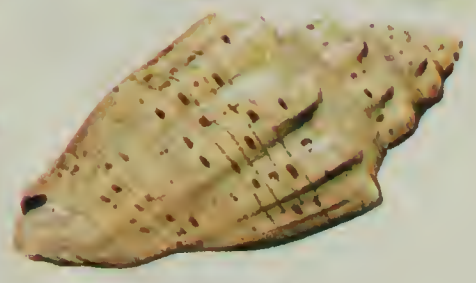




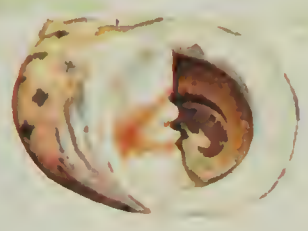
HERMIT CRAB *is identified by his
e—usually an empty snail shell.*



Nature has so clearly identified this sea animal that you couldn't possibly call it anything but a **STARFISH.**



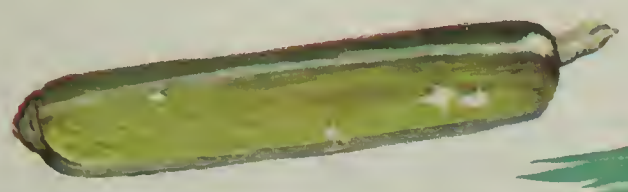
The **VOLUTA MUSICA** *is identified by the "music" that appears to be written on the shell.*



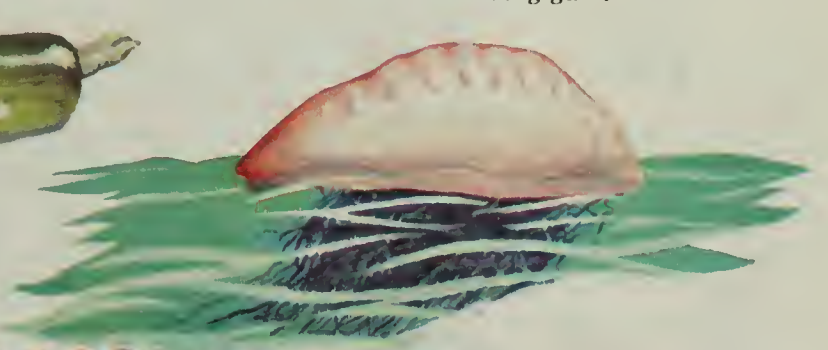
The identifying mark of the **BLEEDING TOOTH** *shell is on its inner lip — a copy of a human tooth which seems to be set in a bleeding gum.*



*ersized claw that
like a violin distin-
s the* **FIDDLER CRAB.**



Its shell resembles the handle of an old-fashioned straight razor. No wonder it's called the **RAZOR CLAM.**



You can spot a **PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR** *because it looks like a ship under sail. This jellyfish can deliver a terrific sting.*



The blue claws and legs of this shellback identify him as a **BLUE CRAB**—*a species that's particularly good eating.*

When you buy gasoline...
THE TRADE-MARK "ETHYL"
identifies gasoline stepped up with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid



*obvious identifying mark of the
s his pair of huge claws. The sea
ound in warm water on both the At-
Pacific coasts, has only small pincers.*

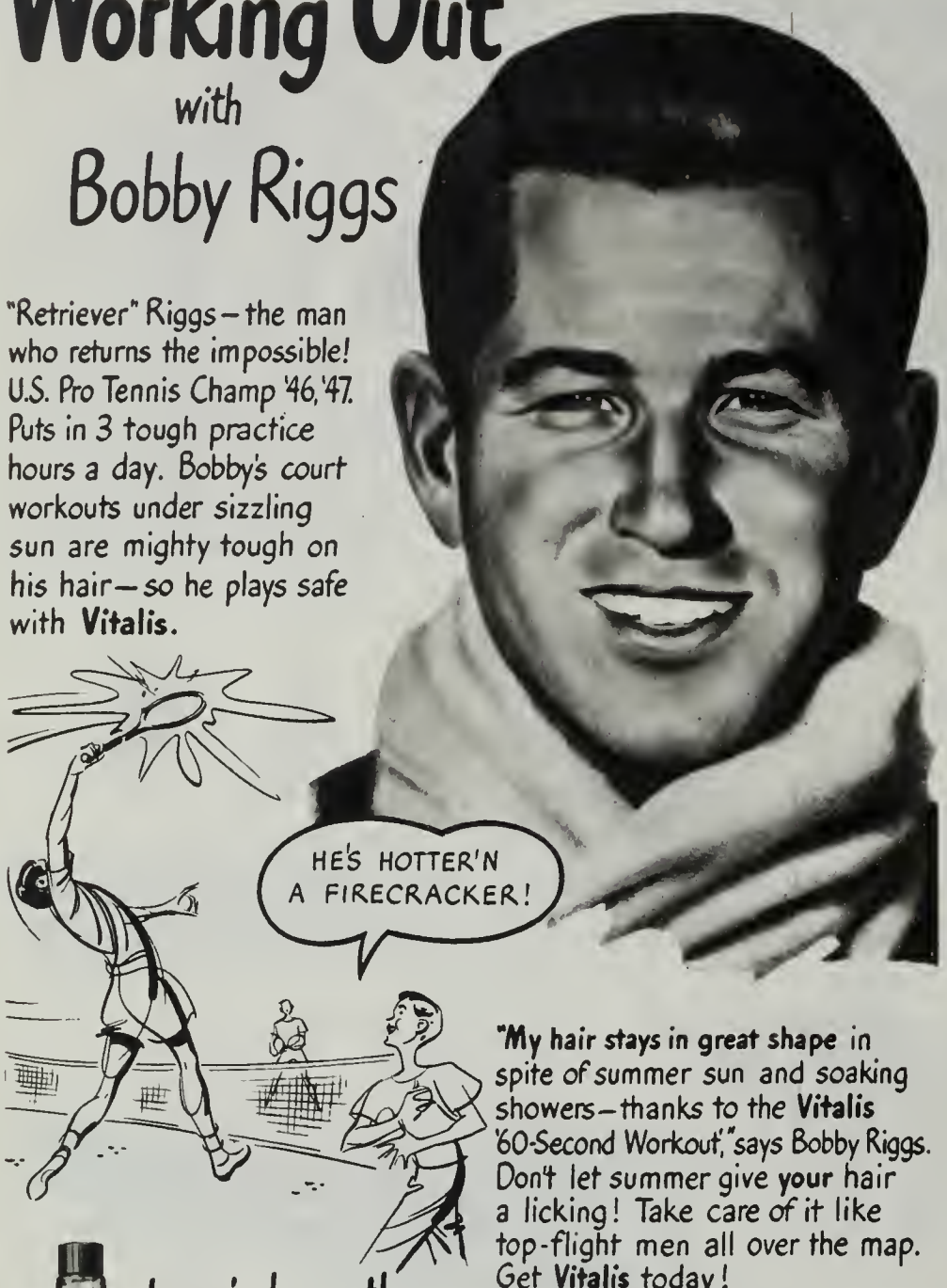


To get the best performance from your car, use high quality gasoline improved with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid—the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance.

To show you their best gasoline contains "Ethyl" antiknock compound, oil companies display "Ethyl" trademarks on their gasoline pumps. "Ethyl" fluid is made by *Ethyl Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York 17, New York.*

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"My hair stays in great shape in spite of summer sun and soaking showers—thanks to the **Vitalis** '60-Second Workout,' says Bobby Riggs. Don't let summer give **your** hair a licking! Take care of it like top-flight men all over the map. Get **Vitalis** today!

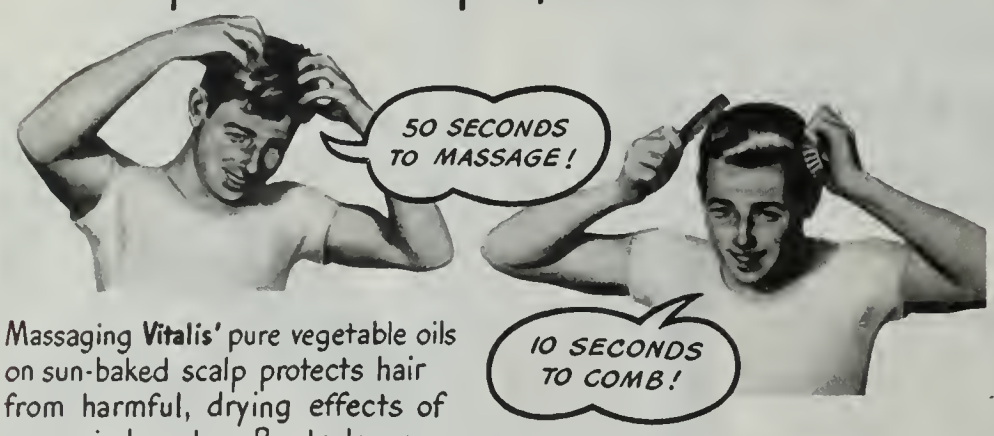
here's how the

Vitalis "60-Second Workout"



Product of Bristol-Myers

keeps hair summerproofed and handsome



Massaging **Vitalis'** pure vegetable oils on sun-baked scalp protects hair from harmful, drying effects of sun, wind, water. Routs loose dandruff. Helps check excessive falling hair.

Now hair is no longer dull, brittle, hard to handle. Looks **naturally** well-groomed. No greasy, "patent-leather" shine—**Vitalis** contains no mineral oil. For a complete summer hair-conditioning, use **Vitalis!**

P. S. Your barber is an expert. He knows how to keep your hair looking its best for summer. Ask him about Vitalis and the individual, sanitary Sealtube application. *Vitalis and Sealtube are Bristol-Myers trade marks*

THE WEEK'S WORK



Igor Cassini and his beautiful wife Elizabeth, lately acquired

IGOR CASSINI (see dissertation on current unemployed royalty —Royalty in Wraps, p. 22) is grandson of Count Arthur Cassini, for whom Port Arthur was named, and who became first ambassador of Russia to Washington. Igor was born in Sebastopol, Russia, in 1915, was educated in Switzerland and Italy, arrived here in '37 with $11 in his pocket. He started writing for a New York Italian paper, and improved his English sufficiently to found These Charming People, a society column in Washington's Times Herald.

Uncle Sam then called Igor, who treated the Army brass for Stars & Stripes just as so many Charming People. On his discharge William Randolph Hearst drafted Igor for the post of Cholly Knickerbocker, social chatter writer. Now Igor dissects society with a capital S-s-s! for millions of anxious syndicate readers.

"MY NAME is Max Shulman. I am squat and moonfaced. I write all kinds of stuff," the author of The Small Time, strictly a yamola of a Broadway yarn (p. 14), assures us. "In fact, I write nearly everything except radio scripts. That is because comedians go around talking about 'my writers.' Like 'my neckties' or 'my ulcers.'"

The Shulman writing is done in an office in downtown Westport, Connecticut, from ten to four thirty, on a typewriter, using paper. This takes the Shulman mind off the distractions of the home: three sons, one wife, the phone and doorbell, the noise of the kids hacking away at the foundation, and the hiss of crab grass popping through the flagstones. "How can you concentrate on how the Boy gets the Girl when your mortgage hangs directly over your typewriter?" he cries.

The Small Time is a Shulman office-done job, and he wrote it because he was touched by the would-be entertainers who, having panicked 'em in the senior-class play, flock to the theatrical agents with stolen material instead of sensibly going directly into the insurance business.

Mr. Shulman's knowledge of Broadway, he says, is recent. He's from Saint Paul, Minnesota, University of Minnesota '42, and among his classmates were Tom Heggen and others now writing instead of working for a living.

Mr. Shulman has several zany books to his credit, adapted one of them, Barefoot Boy with Cheek, to the musical comedy stage, collaborated with Tom Heggen on the first draft of the play Mister Roberts.

SEVERAL years ago a friend of Lewis Nordyke's, out hunting armadillos for basketmaking, saw one disappear into a hole in the ground, and grabbed what he thought was the animal's tail. It turned out to be a rattlesnake, which promptly i the man's shoulder. He lived struggle and it impressed Mr dyke so, Mr. N. stopped pul madillos out of holes, and studying them. He chucked arm into lakes, learned that in ord float they pumped themselves gasping in air; even devised th ory that the reason armadillos well armored is because in things are never done halfway.

One day when Mr. Nordyk prised an entire tank corps c hardened little beasts in a woods, the idea for The Amazi madillo (p. 48) was born. "F years of observation went into says.

Mr. Nordyke's a native Te graduate of the U. of Missouri, writing Texas politics for the A (Texas) Globe-News. His affin animals and writing of them from the days of his trapping "I've since learned there's more in the former activity," he says.

DAVE GRUBB, racking up story number eight for him Collier's (The Lodge Brother, p. immoderately West Virginian. in Moundsville, he skinned th school by his teeth, graduatin the distinction of both havi vented the A-stink bomb and his teacher's conviction that s ornery, lazy person could gr only to be a Republican.

Thereupon Mr. Grubb got h fired as a waiter in an ice-crea lor for "loping" as he served; e journalism as a paper carrier Moundsville Daily Echo; then his way through art school s birds in a museum. At the en year he found he was color-bl he became a golden-throate nouncer for WBLK, at Clark West Virginia. It was but a g ascent to writing.

The Lodge Brother was inspi observations of conventions at burg's Waldo Hotel and talks New York oysterman. "But I l state," he says. "There is nothi ter to smell, hear and see th Ohio River at night in the s from the West Virginia side. hate? People who think Richm in West Virginia. My ambitio marry a brunette, raise six k run a poolroom in the Ohio V

This week's cover: Isn't In Awful! Edward Patston dropp a friend's, tiptoed into the be found the cover situation of th less doll in real life, couldn' making a photograph of it. T girl is Janet White, four, of Ne ford, New Jersey, daughter and Mrs. Frank A. White. Bor her dad was overseas, he di Janet until she was nineteen old. . . TED S



Mrs. William Budge,
the former
Miss Willa McNear
of San Francisco,
painted by Eznar Hansen.

With starlike splendor, the engagement diamond
shines its blessing on life's most cherished contract.
To fulfill this proud tradition your diamond,
though it may be modest in cost, should be selected with
care. Color, cutting and clarity, as well
as carat weight, contribute to its beauty and value.
A trusted jeweler is your best adviser.

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ONE CARAT $665 TO $1165

TWO CARATS $1615 TO $3470

The prices above for
unmounted quality stones
were averaged from a great
many stores in February, 1948.
Add Federal tax.

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Now, in this exquisite new Philco 1606 radio-phonograph, you may hear your favorite programs on glorious, static-free FM as well as standard AM. Thrilling tone from both radio and records. Ingenious new Philco automatic record-changer...smooth, gentle. Liberal album-space, too, in a smart mahogany console. $199.95*

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*Slightly higher Denver and West

Does your job make you SICK?

BY LESTER VELIE

Staff psychiatrists of big corporations, experimenting in mass mental health, may change our whole concept of round pegs and square holes and of why some people fail or are unhappy in their jobs. It's most apt to be due to emotional troubles seldom connected with their work

URING one great corpora-
tion's work week recently,
a middle-aged executive,
treaming down his cheeks, told
perior, "I'm just no good." He
ained of stomach pains and
unhappily for several months'
An ex-G.I., nursing an aching
eyes haggard with fear, fainted
way for the second time in two
A welder, protected by asbestos
burned himself for the third
nd angrily demanded a change
ther shift.
the crying executive, the faint-
-G.I. and the unhappy welder
on their jobs. The company
cure for what ailed them. It
d so well that the executive took
er view of his abilities and
d having stomach-aches. The
told his backache and fainting
goodby. The welder had no
ccidents.
cure? Medical care for the
r's tangled emotions, for his
-up fears, his resentments and
. The care was administered
doctor specializing in mental
—a psychiatrist, one of a hand-
neering in this work in industry.
n the veteran's plant doctor
m to the company psychiatrist,
eran exploded. "I got an hon-
goodness backache," he pro-
"I don't need a nut doctor.
nut."
the psychiatrist, the vet's ail-
looked suspiciously like G.I.
he. Caused by fear and ten-
had been responsible for the
, "Oh, my aching back!"—an
byword.
at are you afraid of?" the
atrist asked.
veteran, it turned out, was re-
monthly Veterans Adminis-
checks for a back disability,
ed in daily dread of being fired.
the foreman suggested that the
learn a less taxing job, the
g spells began.
psychiatrist called the foreman.
's nothing organically wrong
our man's back," he said. "His
re making him ache, just like a
uld ache if it arched its back all
fear. Give him a couple of
s to make good at his job."
orked. Three weeks later the
was trying out for the plant
ll team.
ewarding are the results when
nal snarls are untangled that
ompanies have added psychia-
o their medical staffs, to keep
l people normal and on the job.
E. I. du Pont de Nemours and
any, Inc. (which has two full-
sychiatrists), at the American
mid Company, the Metropoli-
fe Insurance Company, and at
an Kodak, psychiatrists are do-
preventive-medicine job with
l folk who have manifestations
ntal disease. Through their of-
aily pass the quietly desperate
, the nearly happy men and
n whose burden of emotional
amps their work and infects
about them with insecurity and
piness, maladies that are more
ng than the common cold.
companies have thus become
grounds for something new in
al care: mental health aid for
ny, as against treatment either
insane or for the few who can
costly and time-consuming psy-
alysis. The companies are also
ing ground for psychosomatic
ine. In practice this involves the
f psychiatry to root out the
(Continued on page 68)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S
BY JERRY COOKE



Dr. Walter D. Woodward, psychiatrist for American Cyanamid, favors a practical psychiatric approach to the emotional difficulties of workers



The sheer energy of Boy's performa
broke the audience down. The har
Boy worked, the harder they laug



BY MAX SHULMAN

y had class. She was beautiful—she was phony as a seven-dollar bill. In fact she was a Boy Malverne-type girl, he thought

OY MALVERNE had an important busi- ness engagement, so he put on his con- servative suit—the one that didn't glow in k. He chose a circumspect crimson and ca- avat which he tied into a knot the size of a l. Then he clipped the six inches of necktie ng below the knot to his white-on-white shirt horse's-head clasp. In his flaring lapel he in- a gold-plated discharge button with a small n the eagle's eye. Boy was a veteran of three malingering in domestic Army hospitals. his jet-black hair, freshly retouched at the , he put a gray Homburg, one of the only mburgs in New York with a Tirolean brush Boy had the other one, too. He examined closely in the cracked mirror, baring his in-capped teeth in a practice smile and, sat- e left his six-dollar-a-week room and went g into the morning sunlight.

was a comedian who had started in bur- as a candy butcher, became a straight man ally a second comic. After he caught pneu- one night from getting squirted with Seltzer afty theater he quit burlesque in favor of lubs, building his act out of stuff stolen from red comics. In the early years of the war, s was good and he prospered. But the Army derately interrupted his career and then at of the war there was a wholesale closing of lubs. All the fly-by-night cellars that Boy work in were being used again for coal.

his Monday morning in October, Boy was way to see Monte Apple, his agent, to dis- eans of eating. He strode down Forty-sixth with high head and springy step, happy in usion that passers-by were commenting on th. Boy, born Alfred, was thirty-seven years t admitted only to twenty-five. And he no older except that his flat blue eyes were as youthful as a cobra's. Only the eyes be- him. His face was firm and unlined; his tall as as lean as a man's who took exercise.

swung around the corner up Broadway. He a grimy building where Monte Apple had ce. The tiny lobby was jammed with actors one another and bailiffs repossessing office re. Boy elbowed his way into the open-grille r and went up.

"Hiya, Monte," he cried cheerily as he entered his agent's cubicle. "Got a sensational idea for a new bit."

Monte received the news calmly. To understand how rare that was, one must first know Broadway. It is a street where, at intervals of six feet, one can see little groups of people standing and screaming at one another, their necks thrust forward, their arms gyrating wildly. Tourists sometimes stop and wait for the battle to begin. But it never does. These volatile demonstrations are nothing but casual conversation. On Broadway to be publicly passionate is to be normal.

But Monte was always calm, even serene. He never raised his voice, he never leaped about, he never grew red in the face. And something that distinguishd Monte even further from his colleagues was his scrupulous honesty.

"Listen," Boy continued loudly, pacing the six-foot length of the office, "it's dynamite. It'll kill people. I do a bit on how to dunk a cruller. What yocks I'll get. What yamolas. Everybody will fall down."

THE agent, fat and impassive, indicated a chair beside his roll-top desk. "Sit down, Boy," he said gently. "Red Skelton was doing that bit fifteen years ago."

"But I got a switch," protested Boy. "Skelton used a doughnut. Mine is with a cruller."

Monte shook his bald head. "Don't knock yourself out, Boy. It'll be a long time before you're working. "You'll steal something better by then. I have confidence in you. There isn't a better thief in the business."

Boy took the chair. "No jobs, huh?"

"You know how night-club business is."

"Well, how about a Broadway show? I'd like to do something legitimate."

"That would be a change," Monte observed. "No, Boy, there's nothing in your line. Only two shows are casting. Maurice Evans is doing another Hamlet, which is hardly your type show, and George Abbott is doing a college musical."

"How about the Abbott show? I could do that."

"If you did," said Monte, "you'd be the oldest actor ever to play an undergraduate."

"Whaddya mean?" asked Boy heatedly. "How old do you think I am?"

"Please," said the agent. "I got your Social Security card."

Boy changed the subject quickly. "And nobody else is doing a show?"

"That's right," replied Monte. "Times are tough in the legitimate theater too. Lots of people want to do shows, but they can't get a bankroll."

"Then where did Nelson Estabrook get the dough for that new turkey of his?" Boy demanded.

Boy was referencing to a musical comedy called Let 'er Rip which had opened only two weeks before, and it had already been announced that it was closing soon. The star of Let 'er Rip was Chick Hagen who had once been one of the country's great comedians. Back in the twenties and early thirties Chick had appeared in one smash hit after another, and had earned and spent fabulous sums of money. Then in 1934—Chick had been forty years old and at the peak of his success—he had suffered a heart attack. He had scraped up what was left of his money and retired to California. Nothing was heard of him until 1944 when all the papers carried stories of his marriage to a twenty-year-old Hollywood starlet named Nancy Faricy. Soon came an announcement from Nelson Estabrook, a minor Broadway producer, that Chick was returning to Broadway to co-star with his wife in a revival of Let 'er Rip, one of Chick's great successes. The revival was a resounding flop. Although everybody wished Chick well, they had to admit that age and sickness had robbed him of his talent. As a performer, he was washed up.

"Where did Nelson Estabrook get the dough?" Boy asked again.

Monte shrugged.

"I coulda told Estabrook," Boy smirked. "It hadda flop. It don't make sense, diggin' up a broken-down comic like Chick Hagen when the town is full of bright young comics lookin' for work."

"Like you?" suggested Monte.

"Sure," replied Boy defiantly. "I can do anything Chick Hagen can do."

"You can do anything that Groucho Marx and W. C. Fields and Bert Lahr and Bob Hope and Phil Silvers can *(Continued on page 64)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

WINDOW TO THE UNIVERSE

BY IRA S. BOWEN AS TOLD TO JIM MARSHALL

Palomar is furnishing the bi gest look man has ever had his more distant surrounding In this article the director the observatory describes t operation of the 200-inch mirr

IF MAN were to develop a jet plane as fast as the speed of light—a highly improbable feat —it would take four or five years to travel the distance between Earth and the nearest star. But he could never complete his journey because he would be burned to a whiff of gas long before he got close to his objective. So, no matter what he does about getting around the neighborhood of our own little solar system he will have to be content with *looking* the rest of the way.

This is where the big mirror atop Mount Palomar comes in. Palomar is the world's newest window to the universe. It's the biggest yet—200 inches in diameter, as everyone has read. It will furnish facts about our universe and countless other universes that no other instrument ever discovered before. From what it reveals, human brains can construct new theories about creation, and prove or disprove old ones. We hope to be able to photograph and examine objects a billion light-years away.

When we try to discover basic facts about the stars, we are handicapped by the impossible distances. We have to bring star facts down to earth. To do it we use a light-ray traveling at the rate of 186,000 miles a second.

The ray is trapped in the astronomer's mirror which concentrates its brightness into a tiny dot and photographs it, or, by means of a simple triangular prism, makes it write in colored lines what the star is composed of and to some extent how hot it is, how far away, and in what direction it is traveling.

The astronomer studies the photographic plate and a spectrograph and says: "This star is a whirling mass of gas; the surface temperature is 3,000 degrees Centigrade; it contains helium, oxygen, hydrogen and so forth; it is 62 light-years away, about 400 times as large as our sun, and is traveling away from our solar system in such and such a direction at about a quarter-million miles an hour."

Most people know that the distance of an object can be measured by triangulation. We have all seen surveyors do it. From one end of a base line they measure the angle between the base line and a line pointing directly to the object. Then they go to the other end of the base line and measure that angle. By a simple formula, they calculate the distance to the object.

The farther away the object, the longer the base line has to be for accurate results. The longest base line we can get, using the earth alone, is about 8,000 miles. This is the distance between two points opposite each other on the earth's surface. But this base line is so short that we have to invent something longer. So we find the angle of a star on a certain night, and then wait six months, until the earth is exactly halfway around on its yearly journey. Then we take another angle. This gives us a base line 186,000,000 miles long, which is still far short of what we really need, except for stars comparatively near us. But it is the longest we can possibly get.

Gauging Distances to Less Remote Stars

Proxima Centauri, the nearest star to our solar system, is about twenty-five million million miles away. To realize how difficult it is to determine this distance, imagine a silver dollar set up, facing you, at a distance of four miles. Then try to find the angle between lines leading to the right and left sides of the dollar. It is almost zero—in mathematical terms—not much over one second of arc.

With such microscopic measurements, the distances of our nearest star neighbors have been worked out fairly accurately. (The sun is the only star in our solar system.) But only a few hundred stars have their distances known.

How about the billions of suns, solar systems, nebulae on the outer fringes of space?

There is another method of measuring. If you stand on a hill and look at a row of street lights running into the distance you notice that they fade away by regular gradations. By a simple formula, we know just how much a given distance decreases the apparent brilliance of light. So, if we know that each light we are looking at is rated at a thousand watts, and then measure the amount of light we get from each lamp, we can figure out almost exactly how far away each light is from us.

Now if all the stars were of the same brightness, our job would be easy. All we would have to d compare the rest of them with Sirius, the bright star in the sky, whose distance from us is kno fairly accurately. But stars vary all the way fro dull red to an intense blue or white. So a dim near to us may seem brighter than a brilliantly sh ing star that is far away.

The task is complicated still more by the fact t a star does not always maintain uniform brilliar Some go from high to low intensity in a few ho some take several years. These are the so-c variable stars. There are thousands of them.

One thing has been found that gives us a clu working out star distances: All stars composed the same materials and having the same type period of light-variation have the same abso brightness, or candle power.

Now, suppose we want to find out how far a we are from a giant nebula. Far out beyond Milky Way, which is our little nebula, are m others. No one knows how many. If we take tures by telescope over a series of nights, we find that one or more stars in the nebula we studying will change their brightness, and finally will be able to put them on a definite schedule

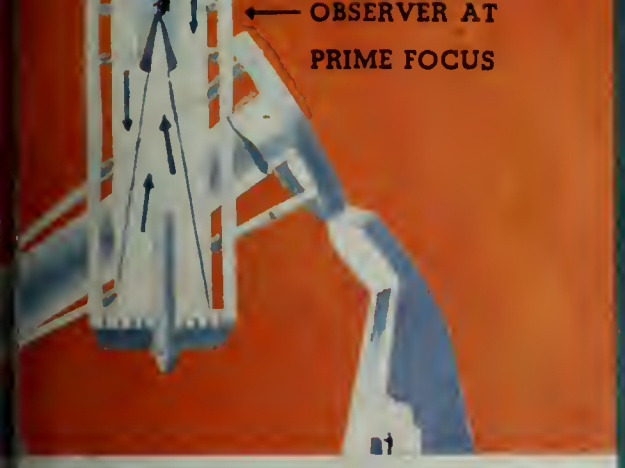
The next step is to find a variable star, relati close to the earth, whose characteristics and tance we know and whose fluctuations are the s as the stars we are studying far, far away. Then can calculate the ratio of the distance of the stars. All we have to do then is multiply the tance of our near-by star by the ratio figure, and get the distance of the nebula.

Besides speed and brilliance, light from the s has color, or a combination of colors. Most o have seen a glass prism split up light into a s trum, starting with red at one end and runn through orange, yellow, green and blue, to viol the other end. If the light-source is a hot, glo solid, like the filament in an electric bulb, the co blend into one another. This is known as a " tinuous spectrum." But if it comes from a glo gas under low pressure the spectrum is broke into bright, disconnected and parallel lines. I get our light from a solid that is shining throu cooler gas placed between *(Continued on page*

DRAWING BY T. W. VOTER

Light-rays from celestial bodies are collected by the 200-inch mirror and directed through a narrow slit of the spectroscope. By means of a lens they are made parallel. Then a prism or a series of prisms disperses the light into a spectrum. Other lenses focus the spectrum onto a photographic plate for spectrographic study. The spectru Sirius, below, shows how the light from a looks when broken up into its component c

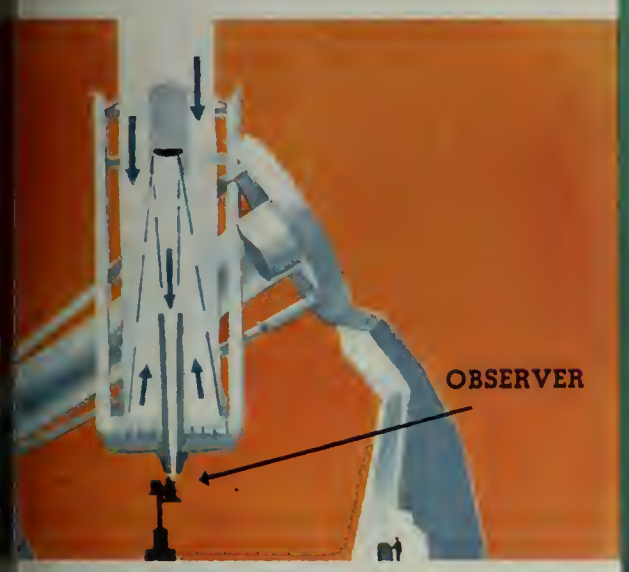




onomer with his photographic plate
e prime-focus cage within the tele-
be. He is in constant telephonic
ication with his assistant at the con-
on the main floor. Under the as-
's instructions, the assistant sets up
rdinates of a star to be studied, and
cope is then moved into position

rime-focus housing is a microscope
ng, centering and guiding the tele-
rough long photographic exposures.
nomer sets the cross hairs of the eye-
a guide star and makes minor ad-
s to follow the star as it progresses
t to west with the rotation of the earth

xtra-large magnification is desired,
erver is stationed as shown below



-inch mirror at the lower end of the tele-
be has a 40-inch hole in the center to
supporting tube for the diagonal mirror.
om a star is reflected by the big mirror
auxiliary mirror, then down to a diag-
rror, thence to the constant-temperature
sed for spectrographic photographing



VIEW IN EYEPIECE
WITH GUIDE STAR
IN FOCUS

LIGHT FROM STAR

MIRROR

DIAGONAL MIRROR

200-INCH MIRROR

OBSERVER

STANT
ERATURE ROOM
D FOR
CTROSCOPY

CONTROL DESK

SPECTRUM OF SIRIUS



T.W. VOTER

You'll Find Out

BY CHESTER L. SMITH, JR.



Predicament of a rash young man who made his colonel suffer, his general mad, and himself miserable—for a girl

THE other pilots in the squadron flew up to the new base in Maine on Monday, but the colonel left me behind to wait for the mechanics to finish checking the new jet that had just arrived from the factory.

So I said goodby to Jean, Evelyn, Marilyn, etc., and the following Monday, when the plane was ready, I took off, circled back for a last fond look at the big city, and then swung around and headed north.

I reported in at our new field about noon, found my quarters, tossed my bag on my bed, and then started out for an inspection of the new base.

As I walked up to the door of the Officers' Club, I heard somebody call, "Hey, Jim!"

I twisted my head around and spotted Ed Robinson, one of the other captains in my squadron, coming up the walk behind me. He was wearing a flying suit and was carrying an oxygen mask in his left hand.

"Hi, Ed. Been flying?" I said, taking his hand and grinding his knuckles together.

"Test hop," he said, gently slapping my face with the oxygen mask. "Just get in?"

"Right," I said. "And how are Mary and Ed, Jr.?"

His tanned face brightened. "Fine," he said. "We've got a nice little cottage about a mile from the field that we were pretty lucky to get. Got it pretty cheap, too."

"Glad to hear it. How's the rest of the town?"

"Well, it's got a nice theater."

"Great," I said bitterly.

"And how did you leave Jean?" he asked tactfully.

"Single," I said bluntly.

"And Evelyn?"

"The same."

"And—?"

"The same."

He nodded his head thoughtfully. "Good," he said. "None of them was the right girl for you."

I stared at him suspiciously, and he shifted his long legs a little uneasily. Here it comes, I thought. Ed and Mary have picked out another girl for me.

"Incidentally," he said casually, "Mary has an old school friend, Joan Walters, coming up next week end to visit her for a couple of weeks. Why don't you drop around Saturday?"

"Now look, Ed—"

"Now, Jim, Mary says she's a very attractive girl. Been singing or something the last four years and—" He dropped all pretense and gave me a firm, man-to-man look. "Anyway, can I help my instructions?" he said.

I was lost. "Well, all right. I'll be around." I stopped and then added, "But just to help you out."

And we shook hands on it.

The rest of the week passed slowly. I spent my days getting a squadron training program organized and my nights reading historical novels. I got pretty tired of reading about beautiful women, preferring them closer at hand, so by Saturday afternoon I felt rather pleased over the prospect of meeting a new girl.

I came up the walk to Ed's house, skirted carefully around a pair of roller skates lying on the front steps, and knocked on the door. No answer. I walked around in back, and prepared my best half smile when I spotted the auburn hair that rose slightly above the back of a white lawn chair.

"Hello," I said. "Ed and Mary home?"

THE auburn hair swung around, revealing a slender face and warm, blue eyes. All thoughts of Jean, Evelyn, and Marilyn vanished from my mind.

"They're shopping," she said, letting a book—poetry, I noticed—drop into her lap.

"I'm—"

"Jim Nelson," she finished. She was smiling.

"Why, yes. I take it Ed and Mary told you about me?" I said. "Ed insisted that I drop over."

"Ed insisted, did he?" she repeated slowly, inspecting me from the top of my head down to my not very well polished shoes. The warmth in her eyes vanished and was replaced by a rather cool look. "Yes, they told me about you," she said. "All about you. Captain. War hero. Lots of money. From your dad. Crazy about f jets so you stay in the service. A vices except alcohol. Like wo Lots of them. They like you."

"Well . . ."

"And, as you just pointed ou practically had to drag you over h she said flatly, "but when you sa you were pleasantly surprised an that I might as well be the next quest."

I couldn't say anything.

She took a deep breath. Her flashed. "I came up here for a she said, emphasizing each wor good, long rest. I don't want to any more passes made at me. I specifically, want you to make th don't want to get married. I don' cifically, want to get married to She picked up the book, opened i started to read.

I coughed, groping despairing something to say. "Ed's out ping?" I said.

"Yes," she said, "I'll tell hin called." She continued to rea

"Well, thank you," I said.

She turned the page. "Good

"Oh—good day."

A few minutes later I was b the field, sitting at the bar in the staring at myself in the n Straight nose. Firm chin. Nic No previous gripes.

I glanced down the bar and was Art, the bartender, staring curiously. "What'll it be, Cap he said. "The usual ginger ale'



I opened my eyes and saw Joan. I blurted the first thing I thought of: "Are you going to marry me?"

!" I said, slapping my hand on
r. "Give me whatever is in
ttle that's in your hand."
this stuff is—"
t's okay."
ll, all right. It's your body."
next afternoon, I was standing
Squadron Headquarters read-
e bulletin board, when the
t told me that the colonel
to see me. I hastened down
olonel's office at the end of the
r, walked in briskly, held my
until he looked up from the
he was signing, and stood at
n in front of his desk.
ease, Captain," he said, return-
salute.
, sir," I said, and I very smartly
my left foot out a few inches
asped my hands behind my

colonel carefully put down his
, leaned back in his chair,
out the window, and ran his fin-
rough his graying hair. "Cap-
he said in a quiet voice, "I've
you for a long time."
, sir."
be precise, about six years."
, sir."
d, Captain, I remember the
u got your fifth plane—and a
b it was—and became the first
our squadron."
, sir. I remember, sir."
how you brought your plane
hat day with oil all over your windshield, half your right aileron shot away, flaps jammed, wheels wouldn't come down . . . Yes, a neat landing, Captain."

"Thank you, sir."

"And to celebrate you bought everyone drinks that night, Captain."

"Yes, sir."

"But you drank ginger ale."

"Yes, sir."

"And in the six years I've known you, Captain, whenever liquor was being served, I've never seen you drink anything but ginger ale."

"That's right, sir."

"But, Captain, you weren't drinking ginger ale last night."

"No, sir."

"And, Captain . . ."

"Yes, sir?"

"I know now why you have always drunk ginger ale."

"Yes, sir."

"And you owe the club some two hundred dollars for a new mirror."

"Yes, sir."

"And you'd better apologize to Major Smith's wife."

"I didn't—?"

"Yes, you did."

"I'm sorry, sir."

"So is Major Smith."

"I'll do it immediately, sir."

"Thank you, Captain."

"Will that be all, sir?"

"No, one more thing. You are to see Doctor Rasmussen, our new psychiatrist, this afternoon."

"Yes, sir."

"Good day, Captain."

"Good day, sir."

I breathed a little easier once I was outside; it hadn't been as bad as I'd expected. Age was mellowing the colonel.

I walked over to Doctor Rasmussen's office, wondering why the colonel wanted me to see him. Routine checkup, probably.

WHEN I walked into the doc's office I found myself facing a square-jawed man of about thirty-five with gray streaks in his hair that gave him a rather distinguished look.

I coughed uneasily. "I'm Captain Nelson. The colonel sent me," I said.

"Yes, I know," he said, surveying me with piercing, black eyes. "Sit down, please," he said, pointing to a chair at the side of his desk.

I sat down, noticing that the chair left me sitting a little lower than the doc. We sat there a few seconds. No one said anything.

"Just tell me what's happened to you in the last few days," he said helpfully.

I was a little puzzled, but I started in anyway and told him about Jean and Evelyn and Marilyn; the training program I was organizing; the girl visiting Ed; what had happened last night. He just sat there, his chin resting in his hands, nodding his head, staring at me, saying nothing. I finished and waited for him to speak. He didn't say anything.

"Well, what do you think, Doc?" I said finally.

"Rather simple," he said. "And it's none of my business. But you'll find out."

"Find out what?"

"Good day, Captain," he said.

"Good day?"

"Good day," he said again.

I stared at him for a few seconds, amazed. Then I said disdainfully, "Well, good day, Doctor," and I got up and left. Everyone kept saying "good day" to me. The doc certainly was no help. . . .

The next week didn't go any faster than the first week. We started to fly a little and I took a few hops to look over the countryside. It started to look pretty much the same. In the evenings I kept on reading historical novels. They were pretty much the same.

That girl kept coming into my mind. Ed had been sent away for a week on special duty, so I couldn't see him and find out anything. Somehow, in the evenings, it didn't seem quite right that she should be reading and that I should be reading.

On Friday, the colonel's wife called up to invite me to a party she was giving Saturday night. I very truthfully assured her that it would be a pleasure. Of course, it didn't make much difference: you more or less have to go to those things anyway.

I got there well after the party had

(Continued on page 45)

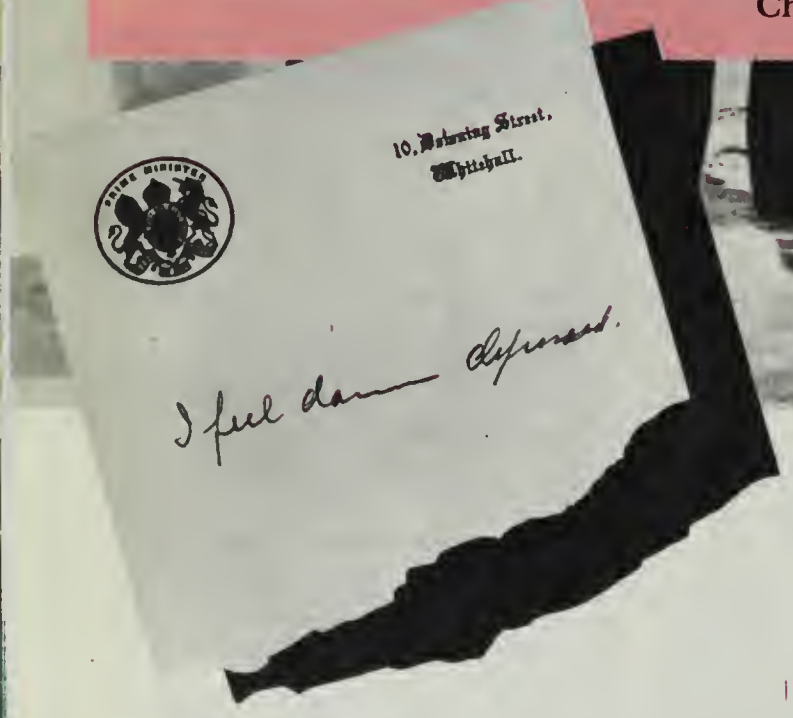
ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON



THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

The Soviet Foreign Minister and Roosevelt agree on a second-front effort in Europe in 1942, but Churchill turns the war toward North Africa





It was pretty difficult to break the ice when Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov arrived in Washington t cuss with Roosevelt our plans for a second front in Europe. But the visit ended on a pleasant note. Sh here, left to right: Marshall, Hull, King, Molotov and Litvinov. (Left) Hopkins passed this note, " damn depressed" (presumably to Marshall), at a London meeting with Churchill to plan the African

PART IX. MOLOTOV DEMANDS AND GETS AN ANSWER

ON MAY 29, 1942, Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov arrived in Washington for important second-front talks with President Roosevelt.

Harry L. Hopkins and Samuel H. Cross, professor of Slavic Languages and Literature at Harvard University, were present at Molotov's first visit to the White House, and Cross made an official record:

Mr. Molotov expressed his intention to discuss the military situation fully. He had covered it in detail (in London) with Mr. Churchill, who had not felt able to give any definite answer to the questions [especially regarding a second front in Europe to relieve Nazi pressure on the Red Army] Mr. Molotov raised, but had suggested that Mr. Molotov should return through London after his conversations with the President, at which time a more concrete reply could be rendered in the light of the Washington discussions. . . .

To Mr. Molotov's remark that Hitler was the chief enemy, the President noted his agreement and mentioned his repeated statements to the Pacific Conference that we should remain on the defensive in the Pacific until the European front was cleared up. It had been difficult, he added, to put this view across, but, in his opinion, it was now accepted.

Hopkins' personal record of this same meeting included the following:

It was pretty difficult to break the ice, although that did not seem to be due to any lack of cordiality and pleasantness on the part of Molotov.

The President had two or three memoranda which I had never heard of before, which were obviously given him by the Department of State, in which the department was offering their good offices in alleged difficulties between the Russians and the Iranians on the one hand and the Russians and Turks on the other. I gathered Molotov was not much impressed. He raised the point that they thought they knew a good deal more about their relations with Iran and Turkey than we did. I confess I did not see in what way our good offices were to be executed. . . .

The conference seemed to be getting nowhere rapidly and I suggested that Molotov might like to rest.

Maxim Litvinov (the Russian ambassador) acted extremely bored and cynical throughout the conference. He also made every effort to get Molotov to stay at the Blair House tonight but Molotov obvi wanted to stay at the White H at least one night, so he is put the room across the way.

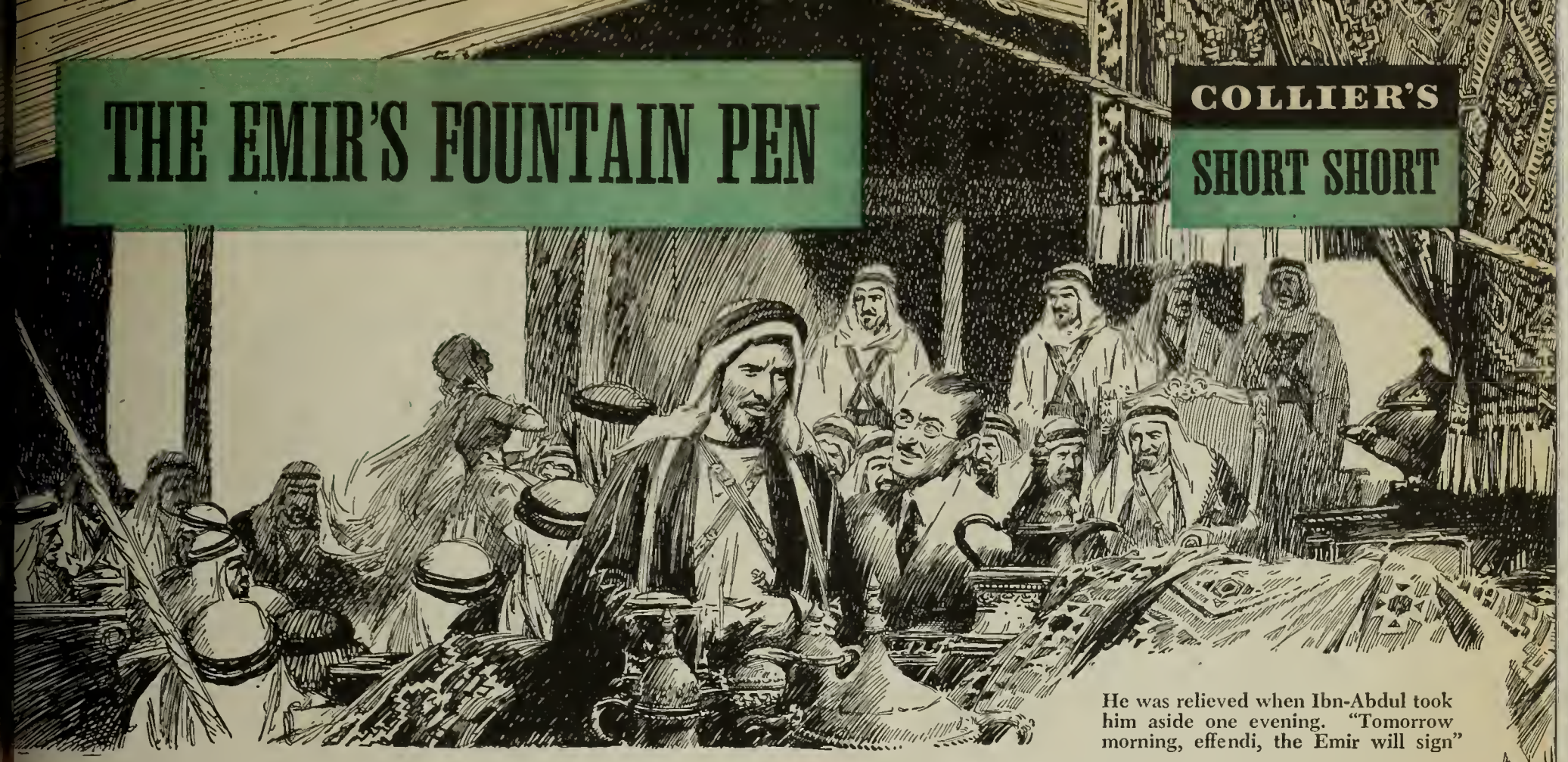
I went in for a moment to t him after the conference and he that one of the girls he brough as secretaries be permitted to and that has been arranged.

The group reassembled in the Study for cocktails and dinne conversation that lasted until night. Roosevelt talked a great d his desire to start the process d armament after the war, maint arms only for the purpose of p the world, particularly Germar Japan to make sure that they not regain powers of aggressi was his persistent belief that economy could not recover

(Continued on page 58)

THE EMIR'S FOUNTAIN PEN

COLLIER'S
SHORT SHORT



He was relieved when Ibn-Abdul took him aside one evening. "Tomorrow morning, effendi, the Emir will sign"

BY ALAN JENKINS

MEWHERE between the Eu-
hrates and the Sinai Peninsula
ved the Emir Mahmoud, De-
of the Prophet, Defender of the
otector of the Poor, Paramount
the Two Deserts, and Honorary
of Arts of Cambridge Univer-

le arrived there in the Emir's
del American limousine, driven
mir's Italian chauffeur, and ac-
d by Ibn-Abdul, the Emir's
for Foreign Trade, a lean, pale-
Arab in full regalia.

ception tent, pitched specially
ccasion, was a rich blaze of
s carpets hung upon a wooden
g. . The deputation from the
abian Canal Company, of
arsdale was the leader, sat there
ugarless black coffee of great
waiting for the Emir and his
appear.

odul had conducted them briefly
e city of tents which was the
obile headquarters.

ou see," he had said carelessly,
e every modern convenience—
s, wireless, cinematographs,
iles—everything except houses.
ses we do not need."

' Scarsdale said, scratching his
notice that your automobiles
y of your mechanical posses-
e of American manufacture.
u do so much trade with us,
you prefer a British model?"

h goods last too long." Ibn-
rugged. "And they are not ex-
nough. You do not understand
ffendi. They impose a severe
life upon themselves, but they
ry. They are impressed by a
splendid exterior."

mean," Scarsdale grinned, "that
ish manufacturer were to pro-
ar with a television set in the
d, and a short-wave radio trans-
the steering wheel, and—"

could sell fifty straightaway to
r's personal staff!" the Arab
"Even so, your ideas are too
amond-studded wheels—a bon-
beaten gold—emeralds. That
ersuade my people beyond all
at the car was superior to any
ake. You forget our pride in
p, effendi! We like to be sure
at we own is the best in the

They went into the conference tent. "Remember," Ibn-Abdul was saying, "that our king, the Emir Mahmoud, is wealthier than any Anglo-Saxon millionaire who pays supertax. Not only is he master of thousands of square miles of territory but he has leased concessions to foreign oil companies for enormous sums of money. Would it not therefore be below the dignity of the Emir to buy anything that was cheap, merely because it was built to last a long time?"

Scarsdale, quite speechless with astonishment, had no time to reply. He and the British delegation stood up respectfully as the Emir Mahmoud himself entered with his retinue.

Leisurely and courtly greetings followed. Gifts were exchanged, then huge piles of steaming food were brought in with French wines. There were long speeches of welcome and mutual flattery, and finally dancing girls, acrobats and a fat woman who sang for four hours.

Next morning the British and Arab delegations, belching reminiscently, settled down to business. "You have heard, O Powerful One," Scarsdale began, "that men speak of new rivers to be made in these parts of the earth. Rivers that would link the Persian Gulf with the eastern Mediterranean and the Red Sea. Now that the Suez Canal is ceasing to be the free gateway from east to west—"

"I understand, effendi."

"It is thought, O Mighty King, that these man-made rivers could most conveniently be cut through your illimitable domains, which they could scarcely avoid."

"Very true, effendi."

FOR several days this kind of dialogue went on. The Emir and his entourage were in no hurry; and, neither were the British. There were nightly entertainments for the visitors. Autographs and souvenirs were constantly exchanged. The British negotiators were perplexed to find that their signatures were not regarded as true autographs. It was their thumbprints that the Arabs treasured. The Arabs explained that signatures could be forged, but thumbprints never. Therefore they were more valuable.

Life with the Emir was pleasant and timeless. Nevertheless Scarsdale was getting anxious, and after a week or two began to press for a decision. He had brought with him an agreement to be signed, and until he had the Emir's signature on it he could not feel at ease.

He was relieved, therefore, when Ibn-Abdul took him aside one evening. "Tomorrow morning, effendi. The Emir will sign."

"Splendid!" Scarsdale beamed. "You know, I was beginning to fear he wouldn't give us the concession."

"You Anglo-Saxons are always in such a hurry!" Ibn-Abdul said reprovingly. "We like to combine business with pleasure. Haven't you enjoyed your stay here?"

"Tremendously. But I remembered that last year the Emir refused our invitation to London, and I thought—"

"Have you ever considered what it is like to have lived all your life in a tent in the flat desert?" Ibn-Abdul interrupted. "Here we have *no* stairs, effendi. Do you know that when I was in London I could not walk up steps like your people? I was forced to go on all fours like a beast in order to negotiate them, effendi. And I was ridiculed. It was not pleasant for *me* to be ridiculed; but for the Emir Mahmoud it would be an everlasting shame!"

"I never thought of that," Scarsdale muttered. He felt as if he were being held upside down by his ankles. The impact of West upon East had never before seemed so grotesque. Only the other evening the Emir had proudly shown him an elaborate television set.

"But surely, O Mighty One, there's no television transmission anywhere in this area?" Scarsdale had objected.

"No." The Emir smiled with a dignity of perfect simplicity. "But is it not nice to have a television set, even so?"

The Emir's vacuum cleaners, his dishwashing machine, his numerous gold cigarette lighters (he was a strict Moslem, and did not smoke), his golfing and yachting clothes (which he never wore), his library of hand-illuminated books, his private cinema—all were possessions wherein he took a delight and pride which had nothing whatever to do with their utility.

Next morning, the day of the signing of the agreement, the Emir was in excellent humor. His secretary, a young Arab graduate of the American University at Beyrouth, read the document aloud.

Did this—fear suddenly stole up Scarsdale's spine—did this mean that the Emir himself could not read? He had often spoken contemptuously of reading. For if he could not read, then he could not write. And if he could not write, he could not sign the concession. Certainly no one else's signature would be valid.

The clerk's voice ceased. From the many folds of his robes the Emir drew forth a gleaming new fountain pen. Scarsdale gave a sigh of relief. So it was going to be all right after all.

THE Emir did not hurry. "See, Scarsdale Effendi," he smiled, rolling the pen on his palm. "This is my newest toy. The very latest thing from America, made specially to my orders."

It was made of pure platinum. The gold nib was set in a ring of sapphires. The cap was scrolled and embossed in exquisite tiny designs, and the tapering cylinder was engraved with the Emir's full tribal and family names in Arabic characters.

"It needs to be filled only twice a year," the Emir whispered reverently. "The ink can be changed to any color I choose. See, there is an attachment at the top which lights up so that one can write in the dark; and the manufacturers guarantee that the pen is waterproof, and will write equally well at the bottom of the sea!"

The Emir's eyes caressed the fountain pen for several seconds more; then he bent over the agreement. The tension of the British delegation grew acute. Write, you damned old rogue, Scarsdale thought; you perfumed savage, write!

But the Emir did no such thing. Tongue sticking out of the corner of his mouth, absorbed as a child, he pressed a button at the top of the cylinder with his left forefinger. A small blot of ink fell onto the paper, directly underneath the typewritten matter. With a fastidious gesture he pressed his right thumb firmly into the blot.

A servant appeared with a bowl of water and soap to wash the ink off his hands. The clerk poured fine sand onto the thumbmark to dry it.

The Emir leaned back and regarded his mark with deep satisfaction. Beaming, he handed the document to Scarsdale. And Scarsdale, adding his own precise little signature beneath the bold smeared whorls of the thumbprint, felt that it looked curiously insignificant by comparison. ★★★

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

Royalty UNDER WRAPS

Playboy or recluse, rich or poor, exiled monarchs have one thing in common—their dreams of returning to a world that has crumbled. A famous society reporter tells about them

BY IGOR CASSINI

THE incessant taxicab din filled the drugstore, and busy New Yorkers pushed hurriedly in and out of the establishment. None of them, not even those who rubbed elbows with her at the lunch counter, knew the sad-faced woman in black was the former Empress Zita of Austria and Queen of Hungary. She ate her sandwich and coffee and ignored the shoppers, too.

The empress wouldn't have been much news had the passers-by recognized her, or even known about her. She is just one of those of the world's royalty who have been uprooted from the lands of their former rule and booted unceremoniously into the cold outer world. Dispersed in this way are 36 jobless monarchs, all of whom still hope to regain the thrones from which they once reigned so regally—"by the grace of God," sometimes, and sometimes by the will of the people.

Today the only European sovereigns still ruling are those in England, the Scandinavian countries, the Netherlands, Greece, Luxembourg and the tiny operetta principalities of Liechtenstein and Monaco. And Greece is ridden with civil war.

Some of the "eject" are wealthy. Others, like the Empress Zita, are not. Since the day her world crumbled Zita has been entirely dependent on a modest subsidy from the Catholic church, which is not forgetful of the fact that her late husband, Emperor Charles, was "His Apostolic Majesty." She has brought up her eight children—three daughters and five sons—in almost monastic simplicity. But she never permits them to forget who they were and what they may again someday be.

Her daughters, the Archduchesses Adelaide, Charlotte and Elizabeth, are employed in social work in New York. They use the inconspicuous name of the Misses de Bar. The Archduke Otto, her oldest son, is never permitted to forget that he is pretender to the throne and head of the Hapsburg dynasty. But there is nothing regal about his quarters. The thirty-five-year-old Otto and brothers Felix, Karl-Ludwig and Rudolph (Robert is in London) occupy a small suite in a Washington, D. C., hotel. Here, surrounded by faithful aides and followers, they plan the reconstruction of a Federation of Danubian States—and do their own laundry.

Otto's uncle, His Royal Highness, Prince Gaetan de Bourbon-Parma, a brother of Empress Zita, did more than just wash his socks. He lived in a New York basement, owned by a charitable friend, with a cot, a chair, a table and an income of $20 a week, which he drew from the government as an unemployed ex-G.I. When the government aid ran dry, Bourb (as his Army pals called him), unable to find a job, went to Europe to visit relatives.

A bit more to the taste of the New York socialites is Prince Abdul Medschid Khan, who can technically aspire to the sultanate and caliphate of Turkey. He is the nephew of the Red Sultan, Abdul Hamid, so called because he killed so many Armenians and Greeks. The prince moved from Paris to New York some ten years ago with his wealthy Greek wife. At present they are separated.

A roly-poly *bon vivant*, Abdul and his younger brother, Prince Omar Farouk, unlike their rugged ancestors, are two very peaceful citizens, whose most militant activities consist of attending cocktail and dinner parties.

While these forlorn and forsaken royalties have taken a back seat and quietly accepted their position as has-beens, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor have been acting as if they just made their debut yesterday. Their life is an endless round of parties, to the delight of America's snobility. And to the press, too, which never ceases to be fascinated with David and Wallis.

On the other hand, the recently arrived Yugoslavs, twenty-three-year-old King Peter and his twenty-four-year-old Queen Alexandra, a lovely and shy creature, don't expect any of this adoration from New York society. They would like Americans merely to accept them.

Peter Karageorgevitch looks more like a schoolboy than a king. Slick-haired, short and slender, he has the build of a jockey. But he fools you. He has tremendous hidden energy and courage. He proved this in training as an R.A.F. pilot during the war.

A King Banished by Communists

Another young king who hit New York like a ton of marshmallows was twenty-six-year-old Michael of Rumania, recently dismissed by the Communists and deprived of his Rumanian citizenship and all his properties at home. Michael came here with his mother, Queen Helen, whom King Carol divorced when he fell in love with the striking red-haired Magda Lupescu.

Michael—who recently married the Princess Anne de Bourbon-Parma—was invited by the State Department, who told him not to worry about expenses; they would be taken care of.

U.S. taxpayers' money, however, didn't pay for his suite at the Waldorf-Astoria and for his traveling expenses. Uncle Sam unfroze just enough of the Rumanian gold stored in this country to take care of all this. But not a penny more.

Socially, Michael's visit wasn't much of a show. He wasn't a bit interested in going to parties.

As for café society, it never even got a glimpse of Their Rumanian Majesties.

Michael's father, Carol of Hohenzollern, would have given his royal eyeteeth to have received the courteous welcome accorded his son here. Carol tried to overcome the U.S. official reluctance by seeking the good offices of Elliott Roosevelt and Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., son of the New York social czarina. But they were of little help. And when he tried to pave his entry into the U.S. with a wave of good publicity by hiring press trumpeter Russell Birdwell, it was a definite flop.

Carol was eager to come to America to get his hands on the sizable amount of Rumanian gold frozen in U.S. banks. But he failed and he and Magda contented themselves with the bows and scrapes of society in Mexico, Cuba and Brazil.

Today, Carol and Magda, whom he elevated to the title of Princess Helena after their "deathbed" marriage in Rio de Janeiro, live in Estoril, 30 miles from Lisbon, Portugal. They lead a secluded life because Carol doesn't feel that his Magda is being treated with the proper respect.

So far as money goes, however, Carol is considerably better off than his son Michael, for he managed to take out of the country enough gold and jewelry to cover leaner days.

Carol is not the only ex-king or pretender to have settled in Estoril. Today, this once sleepy, seaside village has become the sanctuary of royal refugees. The Portuguese government's attitude is one of compassion and amused sympathy. This is remarkable because Portugal cashiered its own royal family in 1910 by revolution. Since then there has been a law in Portugal prohibiting the use of titles, but the once reigning House of Braganza limps painfully on, headed by Dom Duarte, the Portuguese pretender, who maintains a villa in Estoril and calls himself the Duke of Braganza.

Dr. António de Oliveira Salazar, Portugal's "silent dictator," allows the Duke and House of Braganza to remain. He feels that so long as Dom Duarte and, for that matter, all the other guests behave, there is no harm in having them stay. The only thing the doctor will not tolerate is political talk.

Of all the Estoril colony, the Spanish pretender, Don Juan, finds it most difficult to control his tongue. That's probably because he can almost smell the royal palace in Madrid, once occupied by his father, the late King Alfonso XIII, and now taken o by General Franco.

There was a time, not so long a when Don Juan could have gone b to Spain as king. Franco made plain he was willing to call back t Bourbons if they would promise play ball with him. But the pretend thought he could dictate terms. Wh Franco sent an emissary to Esto Don Juan bluntly told him that would consent to set foot in his cou try only if Franco left.

Franco was angry then and beg to encourage the Carlist pretender the Spanish throne, young Don C los, Duke of Madrid, younger brot of the Archduke Franz Joseph of t House of Hapsburg. Don Carlo permitted to live in Spain, unmoles by Franco's police.

Old Law Exiles French Royalty

An incurable romanticist and a p tender who has almost no chance e to reign is the Comte de Paris, w keeps a bowl of French soil on mantelpiece so that La Belle Fra may always be within his reach. T Comte de Paris is forbidden access French territory by an old law e ing the heads of former French rul families and their direct heirs.

That puts him in the same bas with Prince Napoleon Louis Bo parte, who as head of the Napolec dynasty is also banished from Fra The prince, enormously wealthy, h ing inherited the entire fortune of late Empress Eugénie, resides pea fully and undisturbed in Brussels, B gium, only mildly interested in small but still active Bonapa movement in France.

The Comte de Paris, howe hasn't given up his monarchic asp tions, and he has slipped into Fra more than once in defiance of the thorities.

In 1942, traveling as a Lieute Bertrand, he turned up in Algier help direct the liberation of N Africa following the American l ings. President Roosevelt and G eral Eisenhower, however, we quite ready to turn conduct of war over to the Comte de Paris an was ordered to beat it, which he Unlike Don Juan, who has to w his budget, the *comte* is really loa Besides money he has a farm. He a wife and 11 children.

Financially speaking, the fat Umberto di Savoia is a bit more carious. The tall, good-looking King of Italy, also known as "King of May" because he rei only for a few weeks in that m has an estimated $8,000,000 froz England. The English as yet sho

(Continued on page 64)

TURES

mte de Paris takes a walk with ten of his children. The Comte, barred from France, lives at Estoril, Portugal. He clings to his monarchic aspirations

ril: Umberto di Savoia, Comtesse de Paris, Don Juan, Queen Maria Mercedes, Comte de Paris, Princess Elizabeth d'Orléans Braganza

TURES



Wedding in exile. Former King Michael of Rumania weds Princess Anne of Bourbon-Parma in Athens. With them are Queen Frederika and King Paul of Greece

INTERNATIONAL





About Rama, a country elephant who went to the city

A BEAST FO

THE road winds like a black snake through the hills to Kandy.

At first it runs straight; as though to escape as quickly as possible the teeming crowds, the street calls, the smells and bazaars of Colombo—that low, sprawling port on the southern coast of Ceylon. Then it lifts itself eagerly into the hill country. Through the terraced tea plantations, lush with glossy leaves and white flowers, it goes. Up and up into the bracing air blowing down from Adam's Peak; through forests of cashew nut, satinwood, ebony, tamarind, kittul and cinnamon it stretches its steady climb. It curves around mountain spurs and burrows through the hillsides when it can find no other passage. It flows past insubstantial palm huts and solid-stone dagobas, those towering, bell-shaped monuments to Buddha that have stood for two thousand years and have not yet begun to age.

At last the road climbs the last height and slips quietly into the ancient city of the kings of Ceylon. There it stops before a building marked out by millions upon millions of people as the holiest spot in all the world. The road has reached the Temple of the Tooth.

There, in a building within a building, is enshrined a true tooth of Buddha. It is enclosed in a framework of silver—bell-shaped, with ropes of pearls and gems woven about it. Inside that is another covering of gold and gems, then another and another—seven in all before the tooth is revealed. Although the tooth is carried by elephants in procession very occasionally and shown only to kings and very holy priests, it is a magnet to the faithful, drawing them through the mountains, up the road to the old and beautiful city.

Bayini, the boy, and Bayin, his father, went up the road this morning on their way to Kandy. Bayin walked ahead, a slight, slim figure of a man. His only garment was a red skirt, wrapped tightly around his waist. The sheath of cloth fell elegantly to his delicate ankles. His straight, shining black hair was gathered into a neat bun at the nape of his neck. Like all Singhalese, Bayin was tiny. From his bare soles to the top of his graceful, birdlike head was no more than a few inches over four feet. He stood straight and walked with the unconscious fluency of a woman or a wild thing. But his fragility was deceptive. That small, lithe, perfectly proportioned body was as hard as steel. Bayin lived by the labor of his hands.

FOR hundreds of years Bayin and his fathers had planted and harvested the same fields. The land belonged to the Temple of the Tooth, twenty miles away in Kandy. Rice, coconuts, tea and cinnamon—most of the produce went to the temple where it was used by the priests or sold for profit. But Bayin was given his fair share and enough rupees besides to buy the things he could not grow. He was content with the arrangement. His son would be content and his sons and their sons so long as there was land and the temple.

Today, however, Bayin was troubled. There was no hint of it in his steady walk: no sign in his oval face that was the color of cinnamon bark. But small clouds drifted over his mind and would not go away. He should be elated this morning on his wa Kandy. It was not often that he t this trip, usually not more than o in every two or three years. What more, he was taking Bayini for first time up the winding, macad ribbon to visit the temple. It w great occasion, for himself as wel the boy, but still Bayin was une He glanced behind him for a mon to look fondly at his son. Bayini not walk behind him. The boy perched above the broad, domed f head of a shambling elephant, res securely on the lofty head, lool with calm curiosity at the exci scenes all about him. He rode the phant with casual confidence, ri and descending, as the animal m beneath him, like a small sea bir the crest of a wave. Bayini wa delicate as his father; brown, sm boned and pert. Contrasted with huge bulk of the elephant, he see even more elfin. His slim legs st dled his mount's ponderous neck body sat straight and bold on eminence above the road, unkn ingly proud and regal.

Like his father's, Bayini's frail



HE TEMPLE

BY RICHARD WILCOX

sleading. With a nudge of his e could command the thou- f pounds of bone and sinew him to do his slightest bid- word from him was enough he great mass in motion—that ous body would haul tree stamp out clearings, topple ny forests, load wagons or, at word, probe daintily into a bush to pluck a flower or for his young master.

as Bayini who had given the t his name—Rama, the name ing. Rama and Bayini had up and played together in the before Bayin's hut. Rama n a part of the boy's world of and sudden, fierce affections. learned to come when the lled, to swim with him in the the bottom of Bayin's fields, him when they were both of and size to help in Bayin's It was as if the two lived only other. And now, thought Ba- ir companionship has come to

y, at the temple, he must de- ama to Mahinda the overseer and come back with his son from Kandy alone. Ten years ago, Mahinda had brought the elephant to him as a hairy baby, captured in a kraal far in the northern jungles of Ceylon. He had been dedicated to the temple as a ceremonial beast then, because of his promise of unusual size and magnificence. Now, thought Bayin, looking at his gray bulk, he was indeed a glorious animal. Ten feet tall he stood, the dome of his forehead curved like a dagoba, the ears perfectly placed, the long tapering trunk without a blemish. He was tuskless, like all Ceylonese elephants, smooth-sided and immense. Mahinda would be proud of such an elephant. But what would Bayini say when he learned that Rama must go?

Smiling, he called to his son.

"Come down and walk with me, little man. Let me tell you about the sights on the road."

Bayini bent forward and hissed softly into Rama's fanlike ear. Slowly the sinuous trunk twined up, wrapped itself around Bayini's waist, lifted him through the air and placed him gently at his father's side. The soft, pink tip of the trunk rested affectionately on the boy's shoulder as the three of them began to walk once more.

"It is such a smooth road, Father." Bayini's soft, black eyes were round with wonder.

"Yes. It is made of tar for the motorcars to ride swiftly from Colombo to Kandy," said Bayin. "But once, many hundreds of years ago, our people made roads as smooth as this. At Pollanarus, which was a city thirty miles long and four in breadth, there were roads paved with blocks of stone. They ran straight through the city and beside them were buildings with gilded towers whose brightness shone again in the waters of the lake below. Now there is nothing there but the vines and trees of the jungle."

BAYIN was silent and they went quietly up the road. Now and then they passed huts nestled at the foot of slender coconut trees. There were occasional roadside fruit stands with bunches of small, red bananas and spiky pineapples hanging on display —trays of dates and mangoes piled on crude tables. Bayin did not talk again. He was trying to think of a way to break the news to the boy gently. At last he decided that he would wait until they reached the temple. Perhaps Mahinda would let them keep the elephant for a little more time. If he did not, the boy would have at least seen the temple before his day was spoiled.

They glided on together, hand in hand, Rama shuffling along behind. At times his trunk reached up into a tree by the side of the road, stripped the leaves from a branch and tamped the wad into his mouth with a grunt. Usually he paced behind them placidly, blowing softly on the boy's back through the wavering tip of his trunk.

The traffic was slight this morning. Now and then a Tamil in a white turban passed them, sedately pedaling his bicycle, jangling the bell importantly. Braces of water buffalo pulling big-wheeled carts came down the road and slowly passed them. At times, far up or down the road, they would hear the imperious honking of an automobile clearing its path. Then it would swish past them, blaring

(Continued on page 51)

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS



It wasn't a very even battle, nor a spectacular one. Slim grabbed me. Ernie let his gun drop and swung

CONTINUING A NOVEL OF TENDER LOVE AND DESPERATE CRIME

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

The Story:

STEVE BLAKE, young engineer on trial for the murder of JEFF NULTY, manager of the Casa Linda night club, is saved from almost certain conviction by the testimony of beautiful Mrs. PATRICIA KINGSLEY, who swears that she is Blake's mistress, and that she was with him the night of Nulty's murder. Steve is astounded; Mrs. Kingsley is almost a perfect stranger to him.

Steve is acquitted, but he knows that many people, including MARTY WALSH, tough detective, think he is guilty; for one thing—Jeff Nulty was killed with a .38 revolver, and Steve cannot explain the disappearance of his own .38 revolver.

Steve feels sure Mrs. Kingsley can lead him to the real murderer, so when she asks him to escort her in public so she can avoid the charge of perjury, and says that her husband, REX KINGSLEY, will not interfere, Steve consents. He even moves into the Casa Linda Apartments, where Nulty was killed, and where the Kingsleys live.

The following Saturday night Steve and Pat go to dinner in the Casa Linda club, which is on the first floor of the Casa Linda Apartments. Gradually their party grows. Among the arrivals are: WADE RAMSAY, owner of the Casa Linda Apartments and club; PETE CONNOLLY, escorting Ramsay's blond, voluptuous secretary, RUSTY MASON, who is making an obvious play for Steve; CONCHITA MONTERO, petite Cuban rumba dancer, who is in the floor show, and who likes Steve very much. During the evening, Steve notices a man in gray staring at him.

Conchita leaves, briefly, to search for some pictures in a closet in Rusty Mason's office, but she soon returns, obviously disturbed, and whispers to Steve that she must see him. He agrees to meet her outside his apartment in a half hour. When Steve and Pat go to meet Conchita, she is not there. Then Steve opens the door and they look into his apartment. Conchita is lying on the floor, dead.

III

FOR a few seconds we stood staring down at what had been Conchita Montero. Then we knelt beside the body and felt for the pulse that wasn't there. There was no blood. Pat pointed to some ugly red bruises on Conchita's throat and looked at me inquiringly. I nodded. That must have been what did it. She had been choked to death.

We stood up. I felt as though I might be sick; Pat was beginning to tremble. Her slender body started shaking all over. So I put my arms around her and held her tight. It wasn't a caress. It was a crude effort to keep her from breaking down completely. I said, "Steady, kid—steady."

She nodded. Finally she withdrew from my arms and said, "I'll be all right, Steve."

I didn't like what I saw in Pat's eyes. There was more than horror; there was fear, too. Of what or for what, I couldn't guess, and this was no time to ask. Even to an amateur this was unmistakably murder, except thought hit me that maybe the might not peg me as an amate was fresh out of superior court, I'd been tried for murder. A m which had happened in this building.

I called City Hall and said I w to report a murder. That broug a man's voice in a hurry. He i few questions at me: my nam address, and said not to touch thing. Just before he cut off, him that Lieutenant Marty would be interested in this.

I took Pat's arm and walke across the room. I turned a around so that she could sit without looking at Conchita. Sh crying. It was a quiet, terrible s crying, and there was nothing I do about it.

I couldn't understand what w ing on inside myself. Pat hadn't for her husband, or expresse

(Continued on page 30)

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

L over the world tonight lit-
tle boys and girls of a score
of nationalities will eat their
, go to bed on time, clean
eth, wipe their noses, tell the
e kind to animals, wash be-
eir ears—and even shuddup!
se of two magic words hurled
by their parents:
Rogers!" . . . "If you don't
you can't go to see the Roy
picture. . . . If you don't eat
your mush I'll write to Roy
. . . Roy Rogers always
his teeth before he goes to
. Roy Rogers never sassed his
. . . Roy Rogers . . ."
has been going on for five or
s now, but it is still all a bit
to a pleasant-faced young
man of thirty-six with three
his own, living in a rambling
e once owned by Noah Beery,
nta Monica canyon six min-
m Hollywood and Vine.
the $300,000 that will roll into
ng man's treasury in 1948.
t he will keep all of it, or even
t percentage, but the fact that
io boy can achieve that sort
from almost flat-brokeness
en years seems impossible. It
ows what you can still do in
a—and the rest of the world
a pleasant smile, a cheerful
nd a handy way with a guitar,
n and a horse.
k seventy-seven Western mu-
ns to put Rogers where he is.
an 80,000,000 people in the
States and Canada alone see
ures every year. More than
pictures he ever made are
ning somewhere on earth. He
wenty phonograph records a
ith sales up in the millions.
ears ago he got an offer of
week for a personal appear-
a theater; today, the offer is

gland in 1947 the most popu-
ie star was not James Mason
Bing Crosby. It was Roy
The man's statistics are al-
credible: thirty-three days at
Square Garden with a rodeo
ross of more than a million.
million paid admissions to his
deo show in six years. A back-
500 American and more than
gn theaters ready to lay it on
for personal appearances. In
ore than 800,000 pieces of fan
nd going up each year since.
figures are endless.
of his fan mail comes from
m six to fourteen years of
e majority just want pictures
and Trigger, his co-starring
ut thousands have personal
—some of them a bit imag-

sh you was King of England,"
lan Owen Davis from Leices-
gland, "and then my dad
ake me to London to see you
und Buckingham Palace on
"

there's the kid in Kentucky
ing blind, spent his last few
g days of sight seeing Rogers
. Kids run away and head for
ia and Rogers' ranch. Not
a whole family named Payne
in Galveston, Texas, from
and announced they were
ride the range with Rogers
rest of their lives. This al-
ad Roy stopped, but finally
s on the Doodlebug, a Texas
ok over for him. The first he
rd of it was a telephone call
alveston, saying that they'd

(Continued on page 62)



Rogers rides while the world's most appreciative audience gasps. The horse is Trigger as every kid knows

HERO ON HORSEBACK

BY ASHTON REID

About Roy Rogers, who ran a guitar, a grin and a horse into an empire of big business, and became the idol of the world's youth

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF



"Now you're a-t… pardner!" sings … Mr. L. T. Smyth … pokes a young … with his cap p…

The LODGE BROTHER

BY DAVE GRUE

Meet L. T. Smyth, who'll slap your back all night—and cut you dead in the morning

MY MISSUS was a Curtis. That was on her mother's side. Her pap's folks was Caldwells and you just ask anyone from Marshall County if there was ever so much as a whisper of censure about ary one of them. Not that me and Jessie lives fancy. I don't mean to say that. When Jake—he's our youngest—married Elsie Singletree from down at Hundred, we figured Elsie's folks was used to a little extry, so Jessie went down to Blankensop's Furniture Store and bought a dozen silver napkin rings for the dinner. But you couldn't say we was folks to put on airs. But on the other hand we're just as good as the next one and that was what made me so blamed hot at the way he served me and that's why I'll defend what I done to my dying breath even if the whole state of West Virginia says I'm a shame and an abomination to my family.

It was last July. Jessie and me never goes nowheres for a vacation in the summer so whenever the Loyal Order of Eskimos throws a convention I take her along for a little change. And when the lodge was to meet last summer me and Jessie packed up and drove down to Clarksburg and got us a room at the Travelers' Plaza.

After we et supper that evening we strolled around the lobby for a while, looking at the palm trees in the pots and directly I bought Jessie a candy bar and a movie magazine and we went back up to the room. I smoked a stogie and directly I says to Jessie, "Mother, I'm going back down to the lobby and see if any of the other brothers is driftin' in yet."

As I went down the hall I knowed there was a few had come in for I could hear them whooping and hollering in one of the rooms. And directly a young man with a tray of ginger ale and cracked ice steps off the elevator and right behind him is none other than Will Zerby. Well, him and me hollered and pounded each other like we hadn't laid eyes on one another since we was partners back in the barbershop at Roseby's Rock twenty-five years ago, and directly Will says, "Where you headin' for now, John?"

"Nowheres special," I says.

"Well," says Will, "then come on back to 718 with me. They're just startin' a little get-together and there's always room for one more!"

I said I didn't think I'd better since there'd be drinking and anyhow me and Jessie had drove all afternoon and was tired but Will wouldn't have it. He said if I wouldn't come with him peaceable he'd have to whip and drag me there. I wharped him a good one across the shoulder and I said, "Who's throwin' this party, Will?"

Will looks all around him like he wants to make sure no one is e… dropping and then he pulls me … so's he can whisper.

"Mr. L. T. Smyth!" hisses Wil… bug-eyed and wild-looking, lik… was saying just about the bi… name in the U.S.A.

"Who?" I says.

"Mr. L. T. Smyth, you dernec… fool," says Will. "L. T. Smyth-… coal bigwig. Made a fortune … night stripping coal down in Bar… County! Worth a million if he's w… a lead cent! But, John!—just as … *mon*—just as *plain!* Never puts o… more airs than if he was just a … bage man!"

Well, he kept on coaxing me … pulling my sleeve and he said a… old gang was there—Fred To… and E. W. Snyder and Barky Lo… —and like a fool, like the dern… fool that ever was, I said I'd go. S…

(Continued on page 54)

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

Ambassador from Dixie

ERE, in all its glory, is the South-
land's gracious contribution to
's enjoyment on a mid-summer
noon . . . a Four Roses Mint Julep!

owever fine other Juleps may be,
possess quite the same magnifi-
e nor the distinctive flavor of those
e with *this* matchless whiskey.

ecipe for the perfect Mint Julep:

over a few sprigs of fresh, tender young mint with powdered sugar and a little water.

2. Crush the mint (or simply stir it).

3. Place the mixture in bottom of tall glass, and fill with shaved ice.

4. Pour in Four Roses until glass is full.

5. Garnish with mint; let stand till frosty.

Now settle back and enjoy yourself.

• • •

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FOUR ROSES



AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET



MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN MURDER

Continued from page 26

need for him. That should have surprised me, but it didn't. I couldn't make myself remember—not constantly, anyway—that she was a married woman, that she was Rex Kingsley's wife.

That made less sense than usual under these circumstances. By all the rules, I should have been thinking of Rex Kingsley. For one thing, I couldn't rid myself of the belief that Pat was covering up for him, and with that thought there came the inevitable, additional one: Why?

But the important thing was that we were in this together, though I couldn't quite grasp what it was we were in. We were alone, and that seemed right and natural. Even under these ghastly circumstances—or perhaps because of them—she had a disturbing effect on me. The sort of effect you might expect to get from a pretty, intelligent girl who was not the wife of another man.

Things happened swiftly. The sound of a police-car siren split the night. A few seconds after that I heard another car. Neither one would be Marty Walsh. He'd have to come from way downtown, and that was quite a distance. I heard the elevator door open and close, and then someone rapped on the door.

I OPENED the door. Two uniformed radio-car men came in. Both were young, stocky, efficient-looking. They asked me if I was Steve Blake and I said I was. They took a quick look at Conchita and one of them said, "Dead as a mackerel." He asked me whether I had murdered her, and I said no. He looked at Pat, and I said that she hadn't, either.

Two more men came in, men in plain clothes. One of them was tall and rawboned and looked like a farmer except that his gray eyes had that unwavering coldness that you learn to associate with policemen. He showed me a badge and said he was Lieutenant Lane of the Hollywood Detective Bureau. The man with him was shorter, heavier, and rather handsome. He was introduced as Sergeant Ehrlich. Lieutenant Lane told the uniformed officers to stand outside the door and keep people away.

They were coldly efficient. They examined Conchita, and Sergeant Ehrlich started searching the room. Meticulously. If there was anything around that was of importance, he'd find it.

Lane's voice had a slow drawl and seemed friendly. He asked whether we weren't the same Steve Blake and Patricia Kingsley who had been in the middle of the Jeff Nulty case. I said yes. He asked who the dead girl was, and I explained. He asked, almost apologetically, whether either of us had killed her, and we said no we hadn't. He asked whether we knew who had, and we said no again.

Ehrlich had opened Conchita's bag. He jerked his head toward the lieutenant and the men went into a brief huddle. Then I heard Lane say, "We'd better leave all that for Walsh. This is his baby."

We must have killed more time than I knew. Or else Marty Walsh had driven faster than police cars usually drive, which is pretty fast. First thing I knew, the door opened and he came in. Behind him was Sergeant Vic Tremont. Walsh still looked dapper, dynamic and dangerous. The four detectives did a little quiet talking. We couldn't hear them.

Walsh walked across the room and stood looking at us. He said, "You two again, eh? How did it happen?"

I told him. I told it briefly, and as straight as I could remember it. Once or twice Pat broke in to correct me on some minor detail. The recital didn't take long because Walsh didn't interrupt. His unswerving attention was rather disconcerting; it was as though he were reading into each sentence something that wasn't there.

When I finished, he took his time about asking questions. But once started, he did pretty well.

"No quarrel downstairs?"

I said, "No."

"You intended to come up alone to see her?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Kingsley just trailed along?"

"Yes."

"That seem odd to you?"

"No. Her apartment is next door."

Marty said, "Oh?" Then: "See anybody on this floor when you got here?"

"No."

"Just you and Mrs. Kingsley?"

"Yes."

"You can testify that she didn't kill Miss Montero?"

"But you didn't come up immediately."

"No. Rex Kingsley wanted to talk to her in his office. They left the table together."

Walsh said to Pat, "Kingsley is your husband?"

She nodded.

"He didn't get sore about your testimony in the Blake trial?"

"I don't know how he felt about it."

"Not so good, Mrs. Kingsley. Not half good enough. Something's wrong with this whole setup."

She didn't say anything. Walsh pulled up a straight chair so that his eyes would be on a level with hers. He said, "I'm not interested in morals, Mrs. Kingsley. I don't care who's playing house with who. My job is murder. You got Blake here out of a murder rap by testifying that

BUTCH by LARRY REYNOLDS



COLLIER'S "That's a break. The cops hit the meter"

"Yes."

"And you, Mrs. Kingsley, can testify that Blake didn't do it?"

Pat said, "Yes."

Marty said, "Sounds like where we came in. You two alibiing each other seems to be a habit."

I'd been thinking the same thing. I'd also been thinking that in the Nulty affair I had told Walsh that Pat's story was untrue. There wasn't anything to compel him to believe that this was different.

He started throwing questions again: "You give Conchita your key?"

I shook my head.

"But when you got here, she was inside the apartment, wasn't she?"

"Yes."

"How did she get in?"

"I don't know."

"Does she live here? In this building?"

Pat Kingsley answered. "I don't think so. I'm rather sure she doesn't."

Sergeant Ehrlich wanted to know why it wouldn't be a good hunch for him to find out from downstairs where Conchita lived and then go there and shake the place down. Lieutenants Walsh and Lane thought that was a good idea. Ehrlich said he'd be back right away, and before he left, Marty Walsh told him not to tell anybody downstairs that there had been a murder.

Walsh said, "Did Conchita give you any hint why she wanted to see you alone, Blake?"

"No."

"Who suggested meeting here?"

"She did."

you were his mistress. You come back from court and move in with your husband again. Blake starts living right next door to you. You don't leave your husband, and he doesn't kick you out. You're partying together publicly in the night club your husband is running. You come upstairs together and walk into Conchita Montero. Maybe she was dead when you saw her, maybe she wasn't. Even accepting what you say, it still comes out bad. What's your idea, Mrs. Kingsley?"

Pat said, "I don't know, Lieutenant. I only know that what Steve told you was the truth."

"Okay. Something else, then: After Conchita went to your husband's office with him, did you see her again before you found her lying here dead?"

"No."

"Did you see your husband?"

"No."

"Did he hear Conchita make the appointment to meet Blake?"

"I don't know."

I said, "I don't think either of us knows how long Kingsley had been standing there."

"How long after Kingsley and Conchita walked off did you two come upstairs?"

I said, "I don't know."

"Why don't you know?"

"Pat and I danced. Not long, but some. Then we went to the bar."

"Anybody see you—that you know?"

"Pete Connolly may have. He was at the bar."

"Where were the others?"

"Miss Mason had gone to the p room. Conchita was with Kings thought Brian Garland and Wade say were with Connolly."

"But they weren't?"

"Not when I saw him at the ba was with a group of men I didn't k

"So nobody can say positively th —or you and Mrs. Kingsley— come straight up to the apartme wait until Conchita came in?"

I said, "I don't know who else have seen just what we did."

"Provided it was like you tell it. I ain't sure of. Maybe we can pr like you say, but if we can't—it mean anything." He let that si Then he started again: "You a were—Steve Blake's mistress, Kingsley?"

I could see that this was getting for Pat. I said, "That's what she t Marty."

"But you told me it wasn't tru told everybody it wasn't true. One lied. So let's make you the pats minute, Blake. Suppose it was l jury thought, and you were simpl chivalrous. Suppose Mrs. Kings jealous of Conchita falling for y

"She didn't fall for me."

"Didn't she say something abo taking her to Tia Juana?"

"That was all kidding."

He looked me over, but he speak to me. He turned to Lie Lane. "How you figure it, Bert?"

Lane said he didn't know.

Walsh said, "Someday I gott Blake's technique. Maybe he's so girl might strangle another girl than leave her alone in an ap with him."

I said, "You're not talking to it sounds?"

"I reckon I am. But it doesn too bad, either."

He got up and went into a con Lane and Tremont. They did talking. I put my hand over Pat ley's. I said, "I'm sorry, kid. I have to ask questions."

"I know."

"You really haven't any id might have done it, have you?"

Her eyes flashed to mine. Th fear in them. She pressed her l against her lips and shook her said, "You think it was your h don't you?"

No answer. I couldn't guess w was thinking. I said, "If he'd do you—or to me—I could understa why Conchita?"

MARTY walked back to w were talking. He was holdi chita's bag. He said, "Ever see fore, Blake?"

"Yes."

"Before you came in this roo

"She had it downstairs."

He fished around in the bag. were hard. He withdrew his har two fingers he was holding so Something big and ugly and hea

It was a .38 special revolver. gled it in front of my eyes.

"Recognize it?" he asked.

I looked closer. I said, "Yes, nize it. It's my gun."

"The one you've had for y that you couldn't find after Je was killed?"

"Yes."

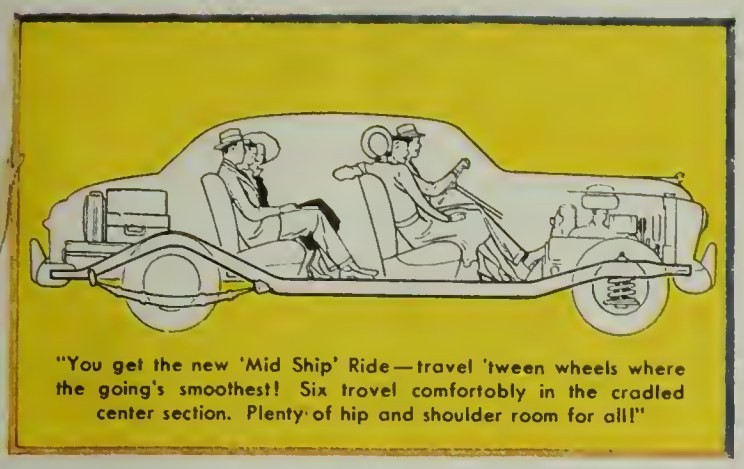
"What makes you so sure it's

"The little triangular piece th chipped off the grip. That w tioned at my trial."

Walsh said, "We can check enough against the bullet th Nulty. We've still got that. But

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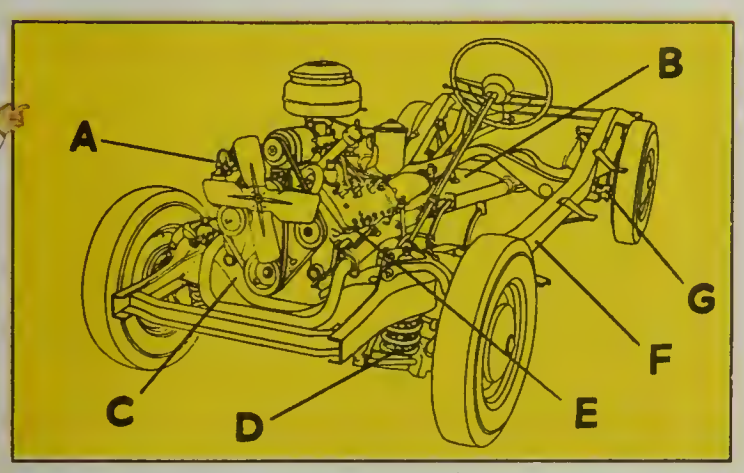
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terests me is this: How come Conchita had it in her bag?"

That was a hot one. I said, "You're sure . . . ?"

"I ain't just playing games, Stevie boy. Right there in her bag, it was. One shell fired."

"But she wasn't shot, was she?"

"Nope. Strangled. This gun hasn't been used for a long time. Since October 4th maybe. But finding it on her still brings up an idea."

"What sort of an idea?" I asked.

"Just suppose . . ." He was deliberately dragging it out, letting it sink in: "Just suppose you killed Nulty with this gun. Suppose you gave it to Conchita to keep on account she was crazy about you, and you thought you could trust her? How do you like that idea, Steve?"

I said, "Not very much, Marty. And besides, I've been tried and acquitted on the Nulty thing."

"Right." Walsh smiled cheerfully. "But you haven't been tried for the murder of Conchita Montero. Not yet!"

The Casa Linda was a very sound building. It was strictly prewar construction. The walls between the apartments were almost soundproof. However, noises could filter out through the doors which opened into the corridors.

THERE were plenty of noises now. Every few seconds you could hear the cops in the hall telling people to stand back, you could hear them saying that they didn't know what was happening inside, and that they wouldn't tell if they did know. Then one of them opened the door and motioned to Marty Walsh. He said bitterly, "There's a slew of reporters out here, Lieutenant. They want in. They say they got a right."

Bert Lane went into the hall, leaving the door just a little ajar. I could see his pleasant, friendly face and hear his soft voice. He asked the press boys to take it easy; there'd be plenty to say after a while, but not quite yet. He was a sharp cookie, that Lane; he knew how to handle them without making them mad. Then I heard his voice tighten. He said, "Look, Mister—nobody's allowed in."

Another voice: "But I'm Wade Ramsay. I own this building."

Lane stuck his head in the door and looked inquiringly at Walsh. Marty nodded. "Hell, yes—let him in, Bert. We need him."

Usually, Wade Ramsay looked as serene as a desert sunrise. But not now. His forehead was corrugated with worry lines, and he was mopping his face with a crumpled handkerchief. He said, "What goes on in here?"

Then he saw Conchita's body. He said something under his breath. He said, "Dead?" and Marty Walsh nodded.

Ramsay's eyes flashed to mine. Then he looked at Pat Kingsley. He didn't ask questions in words, but it was simple enough to guess what he was thinking. Bert Lane said, "We don't know anything yet, Mr. Ramsay—except that somebody killed her."

"But good Lord! Conchita! Who in the world . . ."

I knew what he meant. It was one of those things you could know and still not believe. She was—she had been—a kid—a vivacious, gay, lovely kid. She couldn't have had any enemies. Walsh was saying, "That's the way murder is, Mr. Ramsay. We're sorry. We know this is bad publicity for the Casa Linda."

"I'm not worried about bad publicity. I'm shocked, that's all." He looked again at where Pat and I were standing.

Walsh was talking: "Isn't there some place we could use as a conference room, Mr. Ramsay? The technical boys will be here in a little while."

Ramsay said, "The office, if you'd like. It's on the mezzanine."

Walsh said, "You were in the group tonight, weren't you? With Steve Blake?"

"Yes."

"I wonder whether you'd be good enough to round up the rest of 'em. Take them to your office." Walsh consulted a list he had made while Pat and I were talking. "That'll be Miss Mason, Pete Connolly, Brian Garland and Mario"—he paused for emphasis—"and Rex Kingsley. Definitely Kingsley."

I saw a strange, frightened light deep inside Pat's eyes at mention of her husband. That setup was still something I couldn't understand. Maybe I never would. Ramsay left to find the others. I said to Marty Walsh, "Have you been having me watched since I moved in here?"

Marty said, "No. What gives you the idea?"

I told him about the man I'd caught staring at me in the club, the man in gray who was wearing a blue suit tonight. Walsh said, "He's not one of our men. We're too shorthanded as it is. The people who vote the money for the police department forget we're not a village



"Everything at home is fine, dear. Not quite the way you left it, but livable"

COLLIER'S — HANK KETCHAM

any more. If this lad is interested in you, it's probably just because you're a famous person. Had your picture in the paper and all. That carries a lot of weight around Hollywood."

Someone showed up from the coroner's office, and right behind him came the photographers and fingerprint men. Marty went outside and closed the door after him. I learned later that he herded the reporters down the hall and gave them enough for their stories.

Lieutenant Lane offered to stay with the body, and Walsh accepted the offer and thanked him. Then Marty led the way through the crowd which jammed the hallway. We trailed behind: Pat and myself and Vic Tremont acting as rearguard. We rode down in the elevator, got off at the mezzanine, and went to Rusty Mason's office.

RAMSAY had worked well. The others were all there: Connolly, looking small and hard and bewildered; Rusty, gorgeous and frightened; Brian Garland, still short and portly, but looking less like a cherub than I'd ever seen him. And, leaning insolently against Rusty Mason's desk, with his arms folded—Rex Kingsley. He looked us over as we entered and said, "Again! How interesting!"

Wade Ramsay was acting like a nervous mother hen with a brood of very young chickens. He opened the door to his own office and told Marty that if there was any private talking to be done, he could use that room.

Marty checked over the events of the evening as Pat and I had related them, and asked for confirmation. Everyone agreed that was the way they remembered. Walsh said, "Miss Mason, where did you go when you left the table?"

"I powdered my nose."

"And after that?"

"I went back into the club. Our table was empty. I looked around for the others, but didn't see them. Then I found Mr. Connolly in the bar. He was with a group of men who looked important. So I waited until I could catch his eye. Then he left them and joined me. We danced."

Walsh checked with the others. The stories they told sounded plausible enough. Pete Connolly said that he had gone to the bar and stayed there until he saw Rusty waiting for him. Brian Garland stated that he'd had a couple too many and had gone outside for a little fresh air. No, he didn't see anyone he knew. No, he hadn't gone upstairs and hadn't seen Conchita. Wade Ramsay had chatted with Mario, had visited the lobby and had relaxed there long enough to smoke a cigar. He said he hadn't seen Conchita, either; nor had he seen any member of the party in the lobby. Mario had been skittering around, he said, looking after the comfort and well-being of the guests, listening to their complaints, receiving a few tips for better tables. Walsh turned to the tall, handsome man who was still leaning against Rusty's desk.

"And you, Mr. Kingsley?"

"I was in my office."

"That's on the same floor with the club?"

"Yes."

"How long was Conchita with you?"

"Two-three minutes."

"What did you want to see her about?"

"I wanted her to start rehearsing a new song. I also told her to change her rumba routines. She's been doing those same numbers too long."

"Did she like your suggestions?"

"No. She gave me an argument."

"Where did she go when she left you?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"And you stayed alone in your office? No one came in?"

"Correct."

"Then nobody can prove that you were there, can they? No one can prove that you didn't leave the office?"

Rex said, "You smart cops give me a pain. But you can't tie me up to Conchita's death."

"Maybe not . . ." Marty left that hanging. "But the fact remains that you could have walked up to the mezzanine and gone from there to the seventh floor either on foot or by the automatic elevator, couldn't you?"

"Sure. And I could have followed Conchita into Blake's apartment and killed her and come back downstairs without being seen. Except that I c I never commit murders on Sat night."

"Jeff Nulty was killed on a Satu

"So he was. But I didn't do that, This is my sabbatical year. One every seven, I don't commit a singl der."

Marty Walsh's voice was hard as He said, "Jeff Nulty hired Cor didn't he?"

"Yes."

"How did you and she get alo

"I'm usually irresistible, but sh aged to fight me off."

"Did she fight Nulty off, too?"

"I'm sure I don't know. They sell tickets when they were togeth

RUSTY MASON asked if she say something. Walsh nodded. chita came here from Cuba," plained. "This was her first engag in the States. She had picture amb They all have. She and Jeff Nulty quarrel. I don't know what abou think he was making passes at he idea is based on things I put to from what she told me. Anyway, night of October 3d—that's the before Mr. Nulty was killed—h Conchita. She told me about it th day. She was terribly upset. She contract and would continue to her salary, but the fact that she ha fired promised to ruin any movie c she might have had. Right after death, Mr. Kingsley was made m of the club. He put Conchita back show."

She stopped talking. Rex K said something, and Pete Co moved fast. He looked like a m about to attack a leopard, but he get there. Sergeant Tremont cau arm. He said, "Take it easy, fella."

Rex ignored him. He said to "What's all this talk about Nult way? I thought that issue was clos

"Oh, yeah? Well, listen, Mister ley: It ain't closed. For the firs we're finding out things we didn' before. Miss Montero's death se tie in with Nulty. So do you. S the Casa Linda. Mr. Blake was t that—and acquitted. But that's say that if somebody else killed Nu couldn't start all over again."

Walsh turned his attention b Rusty Mason. He asked about C ta's pictures, and Rusty showed i catchall closet where they ha tossed. She had described it pre curately. It was a mess. The flo piled high with theatrical photos— that had been sent in by perform agents. At Walsh's request, Ru down on her knees and rooted. Sh up with four excellent pictures dead girl. "She evidently didn them," she said, holding them Marty.

He said, "She found something thing she recognized. Somethi was more interesting to her than tures she wanted. She found Blake's gun. I've got an idea w able to prove that's the gun tha Jeff Nulty. So it keeps right on ty He stopped long enough to light rette. "This your office, Miss Ma

"Yes."

"How long have you been M say's secretary?"

"A little more than two years."

"How long have you known ley?"

"Ever since I came to work h was Mr. Nulty's assistant then."

"Does he have free access to fice?"

"Mr. Kingsley? Sure. He com the time to discuss business w Ramsay."

"And if Kingsley had had a would have known that the close might be a good place to hide it.

Vic Tremont said, "Conchit

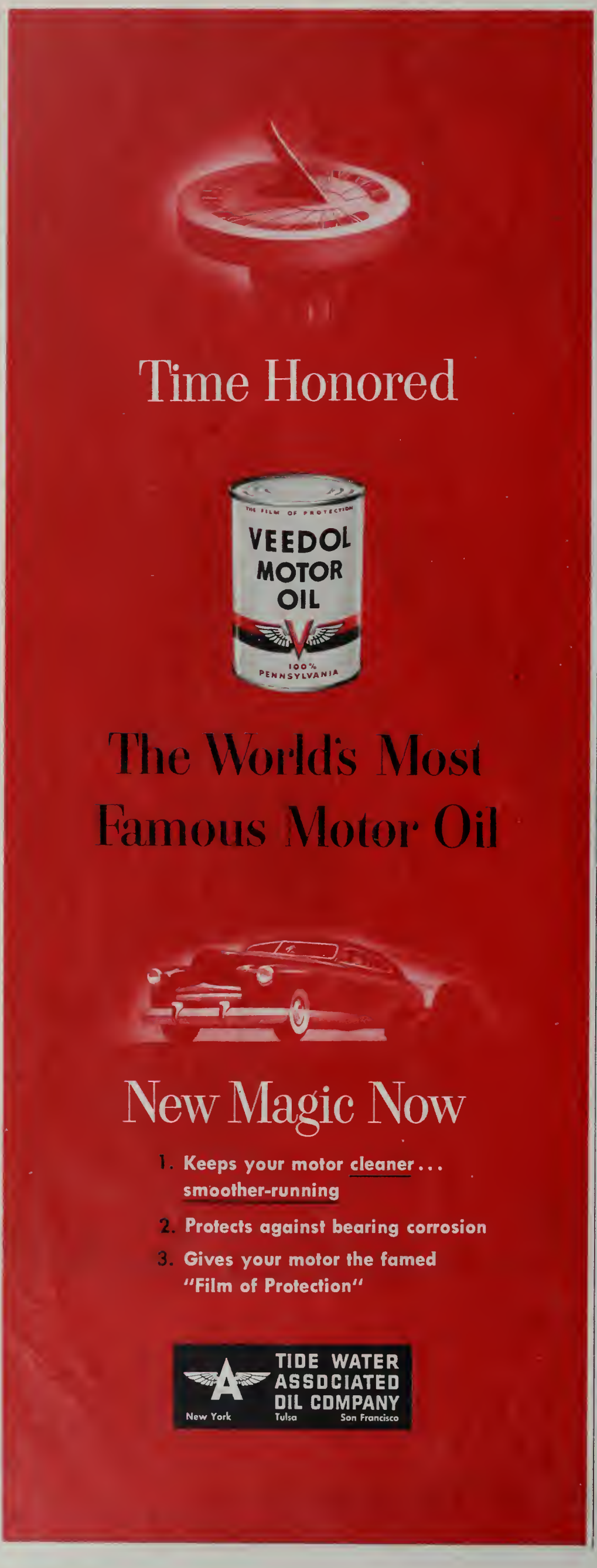


PLEASES YOU DEEPLY . . .

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found the gun in that closet. It adds up that way. She'd recognize it by its broken butt. If she had fell for Steve Blake, she'd wanna give it to him."

I said, "Listen, Marty. Just before Conchita left the table tonight, she dropped her bag. I picked it up for her. There was no gun in it. Nothing heavy. So she obviously found it sometime between then and when she came back to the table all excited and said she wanted to talk to me privately."

Walsh let his eyes rove over the assemblage. He asked, "How many of you heard her make the date to meet Blake in his apartment?"

Connolly said, "I did."

Pat Kingsley said, "So did I."

The others all said they hadn't. Walsh asked, "How about you, Kingsley?"

"I don't remember."

Walsh continued, as though talking to himself: "Of course, the gun doesn't have to have been in that closet at all. We don't even know for sure Conchita went there. But we do know that the last time she was seen, she was on her way to Rex Kingsley's private office. That had been Jeff Nulty's office, too. What's to say she might not have found the gun there, that Kingsley might have seen her, and that he followed her upstairs. If it was that way, then hearing her make the date with Blake would mean plenty to him."

Rex asked, "Of course you couldn't think of the obvious thing, could you?"

"Which is?"

"That the date might have been filled as planned. That Conchita could have given Blake the gun. And that he might have killed her."

"Why?"

"I wouldn't be knowing, but why couldn't it be that Blake was willing to do a second killing in order to protect a lady."

"Meaning your wife?"

"Perhaps." Rex was loving it. "After all, it wouldn't be the first time he risked his neck to protect her."

The telephone rang and Rusty Mason answered it. She said, "For you, Lieutenant."

Walsh spoke briefly, and in monosyllables. He put the phone back on its cradle and looked at us.

"We're on the right merry-go-round," he said. "That was the crime lab. Jeff Nulty *was* killed with Blake's gun."

AT FOUR o'clock in the morning, Marty told us all to go home. Vic Tremont had taken our names, addresses and telephone numbers. So many questions and answers had flown back and forth that none of them made sense any more. Walsh told us to hold ourselves in readiness for the inquest. He said it might be Monday or Tuesday.

Someone asked him about discussing the case, and he said we could use our own judgment: Some of us were going to talk anyway, and it was silly to try to put the brakes on. He shooed us out of Rusty's office.

There were two elevators. Rex Kingsley pressed the down button on one. Where he was going or why, I don't know, and was too tired to care. Wade Ramsay poked his forefinger on the up button of the second elevator and let Pat get in first. He and I followed.

Pat and I got off at the seventh floor and walked slowly down the hall. At my apartment I took out my key and looked at her. Fatigue showed in dark circles under her eyes. She looked completely drained out. I said, "Does coffee keep you awake?" and she said that nothing could keep her awake now. I suggested that she come in my place.

The apartment looked different. Not even a dead body lying on the rug. The cops and technical men hadn't done a perfect job of leaving things neat, but it was pretty good. I motioned Pat to a chair, gave her a cigarette and went into my little kitchen. I put coffee percolator and started it going. I in the doorway while it perked.

I said, "It's none of my business, but I still don't get it."

"You don't get what?"

"How you can live with a lou Kingsley. Why you went to bat while I was on trial. Why you walk out on your husband right ward, or why he didn't kick yo Why he led with his chin tonigh got the cops sore. Why you came with me, knowing he might con stairs any minute and discover we gether. What there ever was b you and that sort of stuffed shirt gin with."

Far back in her eyes a little g amusement tried to break throug said, "Is that all you don't unders

"Not quite."

The percolator started makin bubbling noises. A delicate, tant aroma began to fill the tiny kitch seep through into the other room

"Maybe," I said, "he's a hot- his own league. But that isn't wh belong."

"What makes you so sure?"

"You're out of different mol matter why you've made this p move, you're not that way ba

From next week's installm of THE SECRET PAPERS HARRY L. HOPKINS: Sitt on the porch at Shangri-La the Maryland hills in Aug 1942, a tired F.D.R. marks Sherwood the last verse of 39th Psalm, "O spare me, th may recover strength, bef I go hence, and be no mo

And he's just an ex-hoofer with

There was a touch of color cheeks. She was silent for about ute, studying the tips of her fin tently, as though she'd never se before. She looked very lonel weary and very lovely.

I poured two cups of coffee an them on the coffee table. That sitting side by side on the couch

She said, suddenly, as though had elapsed since my broadside tions, "I've been Rex's wife f than three years."

"To marry a man," I said, "y have to be wrong once. For a v while." I drank some of the c was still too hot, and it scal throat. But it tasted good. "It i nomic necessity that keeps you t I continued. "You've probably the money you need."

She nodded.

"It must be love, then." I di the way that sounded. "Perhaps biological urge got off the tr stayed off."

She spoke softly. "I don't lo she said. "I haven't for a long t

"Then why . . . ?"

"It's no use, Steve. There a things I'm not talking about. T anyone else. You don't know enough to understand. Probably does. I've already told you mo intended to tell. That's because ried about you."

"Why should you be concern

"I . . ." Her eyes met min Then the color mounted to he again, and she turned away "Skip it."

"Let's not skip it. What's between us? Why should we wo each other? Why should I be c over what might happen to yo should you be bothered about

She said, "I don't know. I do I want to know."

, I do." We had put our coffee the table. I reached out and er toward me. I didn't do any . I pulled her close and kissed didn't pull away.

no feeling of guilt, no feeling ad kissed another man's wife. I er again. Then I released her d up. I felt no regret. But I was y embarrassed. I said, "I'm sorry,

orry, too."

't know why I did it."

ld have stopped you," she said

didn't you?"

d of answering, she got up. She up her bag and started for the

"For some reason," she said, sorry for me. That's nice to But it still isn't your affair, Steve. ppier if you kept out of it."

ut her hand in mine and said ght. We were standing close. wasn't inviting me to kiss her said good night, too, and opened

KINGSLEY was in the hallway. was leaning against the wall op- y door. The door to his own nt, 7-A, was open.

d, too sweetly, "Time for us to , darling."

k her arm. I went back into my nt and closed the door. Mr. was becoming highly unpopu- me. With a few words he had something which had seemed to turn sour.

w I didn't have a chance of I turned in as a matter of I hit the sack and didn't know more until ten in the morning. up the coffee I'd made the night moked a cigarette and picked up ay papers outside my door.

ita's death had happened very the boys had made the most of y had, and the first pages had hade. The headlines were 8-col- they sizzled.

I had bathed and dressed, I he operator and asked for the se. Wade Ramsay answered the He didn't sound sleepy, and in o my suggestion, he told me to ht up. I went.

ay looked somewhat punch- ut otherwise okay. He told me cked out of his regular Sunday foursome: didn't feel quite up rticularly the inevitable ques- -after what had happened last That brought me right into the f my visit.

him how sorry I was. I said, at I'm really concerned about u're involved, Wade. What hap- pened last night only proves that I was right. It was all unfinished business. I had a hunch things were going to keep right on happening."

Ramsay seemed worried, which was only natural, but he took it philosophically. Maybe the curtain had been rung down, maybe this would be all, he suggested. I shook my head. I said, "You don't think that, really?"

"Why not?"

"Because nobody knows anything yet. Because Jeff Nulty is coming back into the picture. Whether you believe it or not, I didn't kill Nulty. But the case against me was so strong that the cops didn't bother looking for anybody else. I've managed to stir things up. Nulty has suddenly become important again. And I still don't know anything about him."

Ramsay said, "You knew he was an ex-convict."

"Everybody knew that. But I'd like to know more."

"I haven't all the minor details," Wade said, "because they never seemed to matter. He was convicted in San Francisco for armed robbery. He served approximately three years in San Quentin, from 1938 to 1941. I haven't the faintest idea what he did immediately after being released. But I do know that he went to work for my father in October, 1943." He broke off for a question. "Do you know anything about my father?"

I said I didn't.

"He was an invalid," Wade explained. "He was also somewhat eccentric. He was a shrewd businessman, of course, and a successful one." He made an apologetic gesture. "He wasn't at all like me. As a matter of fact, he didn't approve of me. He thought I didn't take life with sufficient seriousness. He was bitterly disappointed because I didn't take advantage of the profession he had forced on me. I was a graduate electrical engineer, and he wanted me to work at it. But I didn't. Oh, I always enjoyed fooling around with gadgets, and electricity, as such, amused me. But that's as far as it went. I couldn't see burdening myself with hard work I didn't like, when we had plenty of money. Result: I enjoyed myself. I went at it rather efficiently. Dad didn't have much tolerance for gaiety. But he was a charitable man. He had established the Ormond Ramsay Foundation, and he was always reaching out a helping hand.

"He suffered his first paralytic stroke in August of 1943. These apartments were new then. Dad lived here in the penthouse, alone. He had a male nurse—not a very satisfactory one. Through one of his charities he met Jeff Nulty. Nulty had worked in the hospital at San Quentin. That appealed to Dad. Anyway,



"One more trick like that and it will be your last" IRWIN CAPLAN





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Nulty went to work for him—as nurse—on October 10th of that year.

"For a big, tough man, Nulty was amazingly good. He was gentle as a woman with Dad. There was a housekeeper, too, of course, but Jeff apparently became a companion as well as a nurse. He was the shining star in Dad's diadem of good deeds. I didn't see very much of them, because I had the unfortunate faculty of making Dad angry when we argued about things. But from what I could observe, and what Dad told me, Jeff Nulty was tops.

"When Dad died in June of 1946, I wasn't surprised to discover that he had left Nulty ten thousand dollars in cash. He also left ten thousand dollars to Mrs. Martha Collins, his housekeeper. I got what was left, which was quite a bit. It included this apartment house.

"In spite of the fact that I hadn't been too close to my father, I was fond of him. I deeply appreciated the care he had got from Nulty. So when Jeff came to me and reminded me of the many times Dad and I had discussed a night club here in the building—a proposition which my father vehemently disapproved—I was interested. I built the club and put Nulty in charge. Anywhere but in Hollywood, it would have been a silly thing to do."

It was simple enough, and understandable. I said, "As far as you know, Nulty never slipped back into any criminal activities?"

"Never. He didn't need to. Dad had left him ten thousand dollars. I gave him a large salary, a percentage of the club profits, and an apartment on the mezzanine."

"Who lives in that apartment now?"

"No one. Not since . . ." He paused.

"I remember the place," I said. "That was where I visited him the time I didn't kill him." I lighted a cigarette. "How do you like Rex Kingsley?"

"Not at all. But he was the logical choice for manager of the club."

"Why?"

"He knows show business. He probably did the actual running of the place for Nulty. I'm giving him the same salary and bonus that Nulty got."

"Who do you think killed Conchita?"

He shook his head. "We'd all like to know that, Steve."

"Do you tie it up with Nulty's death?"

"I haven't any fixed opinion. But it looks that way."

"It could have been Rex Kingsley in both cases."

"I don't agree with you."

"Why not?"

"Not enough in it for him. The most you can figure he'd get out of it would be Nulty's job as manager. That's not a terribly strong motive."

I said, "Motive doesn't have to be financial. Suppose they both liked Conchita?"

"And . . . ?"

"Well, if she was fond of Nulty, and if she discovered that Rex killed him . . ."

Wade Ramsay got up and dropped a friendly hand on my shoulder. "I think you're squeezing that idea too hard, Steve. It could be, of course. But it's not likely. And I'd like to advise you—"

"—To stay out of the mess? It's a little too late for that, Wade. I've got to keep going. It isn't curiosity any more. It's self-preservation."

"And Pat Kingsley, perhaps?"

I nodded. "Yes," I admitted. "She probably has a lot to do with it."

THE inquest was held on Tuesday. It was brief, chatty. There were lots of questions and answers. After careful deliberation the jury decided that Conchita Montero was dead, that she had been murdered, and that they didn't know where to place the blame. I don't know much about legal procedure, but I had a feeling that Marty Walsh had engineered that. I knew he wasn't sold on my innocence, but he also wasn't starting the old rat race again unless he was sure could make it stick.

Tuesday, after the inquest, Brian G land talked things over with me. used a lot of words and said nothing least he said nothing I hadn't heard fore. Except that now he agree couldn't get out if I wanted to. He this was the damnedest thing he'd e run across, and that if we ever go washed up, he'd stick to civil practic

That night I ate alone in the C Linda. I had no intention of seeing show. A dance team had been booke replace Conchita, but I didn't want to them.

There was only one thing about meal I found hard to take. My fri with the gray suit, the sparse hair, compact figure and the inquisitive g eyes was at his usual wall table, watch me. He had been too inquisitive long. He made me nervous. I ha hunch that he wasn't interested in one there except me.

Well, that made us all even. I wa to know more about him: who he w where he lived, why he made so little fort to conceal his interest in me.

I FINISHED dinner, paid my ch and strolled into the apartment-ho lobby. Soon thereafter the gent in appeared. He stopped long enough light a cigar, looked me over once, then went out into the street. I watc him through the slab of plate glass served as one of the doors.

He climbed into a car. It was a vertible, one of the less-expensive ma and the top was down. He sat at wheel, looking back at the Casa L as though undecided whether to c back. His decision was evidently aga that because I saw him take out a bu of keys and fit one into the ignition.

I acted on impulse. My car was side, not far behind his. I had pa there because when I returned t downtown the basement garage of Casa Linda had been full. I had not to do, and no place to go. It migh fun to follow this man.

When he rolled west on Sunset, I lowed. It was easy enough. Convert are as common as termites in sout California, but in December there a many with their tops down. I stay block or so behind him, being ca that he didn't lose me behind a char traffic light.

He drove fairly fast once he pa the Beverly Hills line and traffic thi out. Then he swung off into one o roads that wind into the mountains.

If he was headed home, he sure in a wild area. The canyons of the S Monica mountains are all of that. air was crisp, and it had the fragran fresh green that you get in southern fornia after the first rains.

The road turned and twisted and more and more lonely. There were on one side and steep drops on the o The sky was full of a million stars. of the time I couldn't see his headli the road twisted so, but there was no he could lose me because until reached one of the main highways, were no turnoffs. I could afford to my time.

I didn't see the car behind me un started coming up fast. It came u road behind me, and I felt myself ting tense. No reason; just an id forgot the car I'd been following. concentrated on the car which seem be following me.

I had a quick premonition of da I pressed the accelerator experimen My car jumped ahead, and immed the pursuing car speeded up. I be increasingly aware of the desolate try all around me. The city was but it might as well have been a tho miles away.

I had no accurate idea of where I knew in a general way of cours

sely. I told myself that the car
ne was just another-car, but I
make myself believe it. Nor-
lon't scare any more easily than
ge guy, but I was scared then.
her car was a sedan, a big one.
me on a curve and swerved to-
high side, pressing me against
ntain. Of course, I didn't have
I could have crashed.
en stepped out of the other car.
tall and lean. The lights of
were still on, and I got a fairly
k at him. He looked as though
een through a lot of trouble and
ved on it. His shoulders were
is forehead was narrow. The
had been driving was shorter,
and looked even more danger-
t was because he was carrying a
e gun was pointed at my belt
He said, in a voice which
like a file on iron, "Out!"
ut. I'd always wondered what
ered rat felt like; now I was
Being afraid wasn't buying me
I said, "What is this, a

unky man said to the tall one,
ts to know is this a stickup.

idn't make too much sense to
t amused the tall one. He said,
ind out."
situation. I got ready to do
I could, but I suspected that it
be half enough. They con-
me from both sides. The tall
ke. He had a nasal rasping
said, "Listen, Blake—you ain't
lthy spot."
d with him so completely that
n't seem to be any sense in com-
Tall boy went on: "You're
in things that ain't your busi-

"
ort lad said, "What? Listen at
. He wants to know what."
id, "You're clean on that thing
tried for. You better stay that

ou chase me way out here to
at?"
said, "Listen at him. He asts
hase him way out here to tell
He asts the damnedest ques-

now on," said Slim, and his
as flat and deadly, "you're
your own business. Otherwise
urt. Bad."
bad?"
look . . ."
w," I snapped. "Tell Slim I
w bad?' Maybe his hearing
ood."

"Wise guy," murmured Shorty in a hurt tone. "Always wise guys I run into."

"You been buildin' up trouble," Slim said. "You keep on throwin' fast ones, an' you'll be in a nasty little jam."

"Who are you working for?"

"Just us. Just me and Ernie. We work for ourselves."

"Did you know Jeff Nulty? Or Conchita Montero?"

"Fella, you ain't takin' us serious enough. Ernie, you show him how serious he oughta take us."

I didn't see Ernie move. He swung with his right hand, and the barrel of his gun slammed against the side of my head. I staggered. The blow hurt so badly that I forgot to go on being afraid.

"We got to teach the guy a lesson," stated Slim from what seemed like a great distance. "He ain't reasonable."

THIS time I saw Ernie's right hand move. I ducked and hit. It was a nice, satisfying blow, though it didn't seem to hurt the stocky guy. I stepped in and grabbed the gun hand, and at the same instant a pair of steely arms closed around me. That was Slim, attacking from the rear.

It wasn't a very even battle, nor a spectacular one. Slim was strong. Ernie was vicious. He let his gun drop, wrenched his left hand loose and swung at me. The blow caught me on the cheek, the cheek the gun hadn't hit. It hurt plenty.

Ernie slugged me again. Before I went down I kicked him in the groin. Slim did something to me and I hit the road like a sack of meal. I hurt all over. Ernie jumped on me and I started butting and kicking. He said, "I'll kill you, you so-and-so," and I didn't question his sincerity.

Slim kicked me in the side while I was down. He said in his harsh, grating voice, "This ain't only a sample. Next time you get it all the way."

I'm fairly powerful; but either of these men could have handled me alone. Ernie quit punching me. He reached for his gun, but Slim picked it up. He said calmly, "We'll save that for later, Ernie."

A car whirled around the curve, coming toward us, coming straight into our headlights. Brakes screeched, a door opened and a piece of human dynamite landed on Slim before he could produce the gun again.

This guy was good. He fought fast and he fought hard. I tried doing a little better than my best. I don't know whether I shook Ernie off, or whether he got off by himself. The battle between the stranger and Slim was sizzling. Ernie yelled, "Let's get the hell outa here." He jumped



Don't worry about that bill from Bloom's, dear. I understand department stores expect certain losses from credit customers anyway"

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for the car and I was too bruised and wobbly to follow.

The motor was still running. I heard Ernie mesh the gears. Slim's right hand came up. He hit the stranger with something. The man sagged long enough for Slim to make the car. It roared away. The stranger stood looking after them, swearing steadily in a low, intense, bitter tone. He spoke to me without turning, "You hurt bad, Blake?"

I got a good look at him. It was my friend of the gray suit, the man whose car I had been chasing. There was a thin trickle of blood running down from his forehead. I said, "I'm not hurt at all. I feel lovely. I . . ." Then I fell flat on my face.

When I came to I was stretched out on the road, a seat cushion under my head, and the stranger was giving me the business. I struggled up to a sitting posture, and said, "I'm all right now. Really."

He said, "Stickup?"

I started to say, "Look, Slim, the guy wants to know is this a stickup," but it didn't seem funny enough, so I didn't say it. I said, "They were working me over, trying to scare me. They succeeded on both counts."

"They know you?"

"Yes." My face felt like forty-two cents' worth of ground round. I said, "I owe you plenty."

"Forget it."

"How'd you happen to come back?"

He grinned. "I wondered why you stopped chasing me."

"Oh! So you knew?"

"Hell, yes. Can you drive?"

"I think so. If I go slow and use only one eye at a time."

"You go first. I'll follow." He grinned again. "You were doing all right, Blake."

"You just say that to be sweet. I was having the tar knocked out of me." I lurched toward my car and climbed in. I said, "I don't even know your name."

He fished out a card and handed it to me with a flourish. I glanced at it in the glow of the dash light:

FLOYD ANDREWS
Insurance

"Insurance," I said. "I'm the wrong guy, Andrews. On the basis of what those monkeys promised, I'm the world's worst risk."

I CAME out of the bathroom, seated myself opposite Floyd Andrews, knocked off a slug of straight Scotch, and tried to make believe that I didn't feel like a disaster. Andrews had a knot on the side of his head, and his natty gray suit wasn't natty any more, but otherwise he didn't look too bad.

"I'm supposed to be sore at you, Andrews," I said. "But after what happened . . ."

"Hell!" he said, "I'd have done that for anybody." He lighted a cigarette, blew a long, thin streamer of smoke and looked me over. "Nothing wrong with you that time and sleep won't cure. How serious were those guys?"

"I don't know."

"Know 'em?"

I shook my head.

"What'd they say? What gave you ideas?"

"They didn't say much. Just that I'd better start minding my own business or it would be just too bad."

"Why were you chasing me?"

"Because I wanted to know who you were and where you lived and why you were spying on me."

"I wasn't spying. You're a famous person. I like to look at famous persons. That's why I dine in places I can't afford."

"You're really an insurance man?"

"What else would I be?"

"A private detective, for instance."

"Naah! I was almost one once. Insurance adjuster. You learn the ropes that way."

"You didn't," I said. "You were as obvious as a crinoline girl in a burlesque chorus line."

"That was the idea. I thought maybe you'd brace me eventually."

"If you were that anxious, why didn't you introduce yourself?"

Floyd Andrews shrugged. "And have my ears pinned back for impertinence? That wouldn't have been very smart. I wanted you to do just what you did do. The two mugs and the battle royal were just icing on the cake."

"Did you hire those guys?"

He shook his head and said, "No."

I said, "What's it all about? Try telling me as much of the truth as you can."

"I will. But not all of it. Let's have that understood. I'm interested in you."

"Why?"

"Private reasons. I'd like to ask you a question."

"You haven't been shy so far."

"Who told the truth on the stand—



"I'm not writing to my parents today. I can't think of anything I want"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

when you were being tried for Jeff Nulty's murder: you or Mrs. Kingsley?"

"It's none of your damned business."

"Granted. But I'd still like to know."

"You a friend of hers? Or Kingsley's?"

"I don't know either one. Never even met 'em."

"Then where do you fit in?"

"I don't. I'm merely trying to find out things. Maybe I'm on your team. I'm not sure yet."

"What would make you sure?"

"A word-of-honor answer to my question: Who told the truth on the stand, you or Pat Kingsley?"

"I did."

His eyes looked straight and hard into mine. "I'll buy that," he said. "You wouldn't make a good liar. So that puts me on your side."

"So you say."

"Believe it or not. It doesn't matter to me. But if you've handed it to me straight, then I can give you a lot of information."

"About what?"

"Pat Kingsley. Her husband. The general setup around here. How much do you know about Pat?"

"Nothing."

"Like her?"

I felt a slow flush mounting to my face. I started to say something and found myself looking right into Floyd Andrews' grin. "That's enough answer, Blake. You like her. Or you could, easy as pie. I don't blame you."

I said carefully, "I don't know why I'm talking to you like this. Just because you saved me from a really prime beating—and maybe saved my life . . ."

"If it'll make you talk, go on being grateful. Talking and listening might make things easier for you. You say you want to learn the score. So do I."

"What's it to you?"

"That's the thing I'm not telling."

"I thought you were a cop."

"I'm not. I never was. But I think it's a hell of a good profession. Shall I tell you a few things about Pat Kingsley and why she stays hitched to a louse like Rex?"

That was something I really wanted to know. I massaged a couple of my sorest spots, and listened.

"Pat's old man," Andrews said slowly, "is Carey Maxwell. He's nice people. He's also rich. He never handled the reins right on his daughter. He'd let her run wild for a while, and then try to check her. It didn't work out so well.

"About four years ago—she was twenty then—she met Rex Kingsley. He was a lovable louse, and one of the best tap dancers in the world. He was drawing top salary, and had made a picture. Maybe he was going to make others. He was hell with the women. One word from him and they'd fall flat on their faces and yell, 'Uncle.'

"To Kingsley, Pat represented the things he hadn't been able to win for himself: a million dollars, social position, the works. He wasn't the marrying type, but this was something extra special. He slung his personality at her in chunks. She either fell in love with him, or convinced herself that she had.

"Her old man went wild. He wasn't class-conscious or anything like that. If it was what was good for her, she could have married the iceman. But Kingsley was a wrong Joe. He was wrong clear through: crammed full of ego, big in the head and small in the brain. A guy with a good torso and a pair of clever feet. Carey Maxwell warned his daughter a dozen times. He tried every form of parental persuasion. She accused him of being prejudiced, and he admitted it. They quarreled, which was bad tactics on the old man's part. She up and married Kingsley. He prophesied that she'd regret it, and she said if she ever did, no one would know. And she's just the kind of girl who could take a beating and keep her mouth shut—which is precisely what's she's been doing."

Floyd Andrews was making things clear as crystal. He was doing it with an earnestness which interested me. I figured there had to be something between him and Pat.

"Pat married Kingsley in 1944," Andrews went on in his quiet, steady voice. "I don't think it took her a hell of a long time to discover that she had drawn a blank. But she wasn't the kind of gal to advertise it. In 1945, he got a two weeks' date headlining the show at El Rancho in Las Vegas, Nevada. They drove up together. She was doing the driving. In her car.

"Between Barstow and the N line the road isn't too good. It's s enough, but it's narrow. Mayb dozed off. Maybe she was ca Maybe it was the truck's fault. An there was a bad accident. Rex ley's foot was crushed. He had a dozen operations. He came out with only a slight limp, but with tl tainty that he'd never dance again haps he could do a simple ta certainly never an acrobatic tap. accident took away from him th thing he'd ever had.

"He's a whiner. He started blan on Pat before he was ever out hospital. She had been driving. her fault. She had ruined his caree couldn't get a job dancing; he know how to do anything else. H her on the idea that she was respo He never let her forget it. And n ter what she really thought abou she never let on. She took it on th and is still taking it.

"She supported him. Probab had always supplied most of the lu but from the day of the accident, h tributed absolutely nothing. Her ol knew Wade Ramsay. When Rams cided to install a swank night clu his father died, Pat made a pitch husband to be manager. The on he knew was show business.

"But Jeff Nulty got the job b he'd been Ormond Ramsay's pe got the job plus ten thousand dolla the best Rex Kingsley could get v sistant manager. I'm making a there, an important point. To th age man being manager would be job; to Rex Kingsley it was mor that, it was getting somewhere a show business."

ANDREWS paused, obviously ing me to say something, obliged: "You mean a job woul much motive for one man's killi other, but that *this* job meant a lo than that to *this* man?"

"Something like that. I'm not it was enough motive for murd Kingsley has become nasty and b ent since his accident."

"Why couldn't Pat leave him?"

"That's not the way she stac For better or for worse—that stuff not the sort who would stick with when he was riding high, wide and some—then throw him over whe had his teeth kicked in. Especiall she felt responsible. She's got a streak a mile wide. Maybe a st streak, too. My guess is that th mance died long before the accide that he's her albatross. Which is never got the angle of her public ation of him by testifying that y she were playing games. Unless .

"Unless what?"

"Unless she *knew* that you killed Nulty."

"How could she be sure of that

"Only by knowing—actually k —who did kill him."

"And she would protect a m didn't love even if she knew he murderer?"

"That's more than possible. I possible that while she would not him to the wolves, she wouldn't innocent man take the rap."

I said, "I've thought—even th didn't want to—that she may hav Nulty."

"It doesn't hold. She'd rather a killing than wreck her own cha Which brings us back to tonight."

"What about it?"

"Let's assume that Rex K killed Nulty. Let's say Pat knew i and she start going together—r the open for anybody with the pr Casa Linda cover charge to see. K wouldn't like you. Perhaps it w jealousy. Or hurt pride or som But more than that, you've proc

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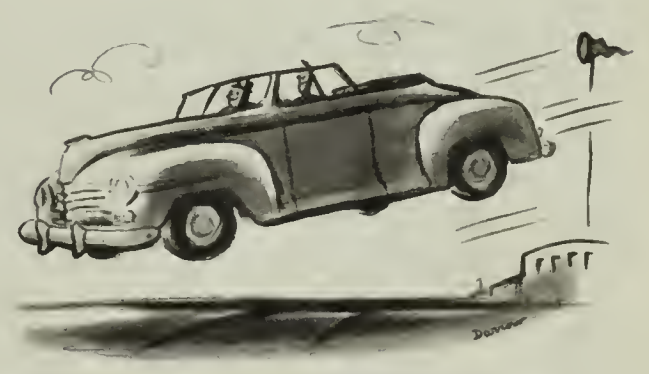
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ou intended to find out who d Nulty off. The more intimate came with Mrs. Kingsley, the bet- nce of learning whatever it is she So who's to say he didn't hire wo guys to scare you off?"
culdn't see any flaw in the conclu- rovided the premise was correct. "Suppose I continue being seen Irs. Kingsley—what's your idea of t move?"
looked me over. "You'd make a orpse."
at would you advise?"
l the cops. Those two monkeys orked you over probably have ecords. They can be picked up. ight also get a permit to carry a

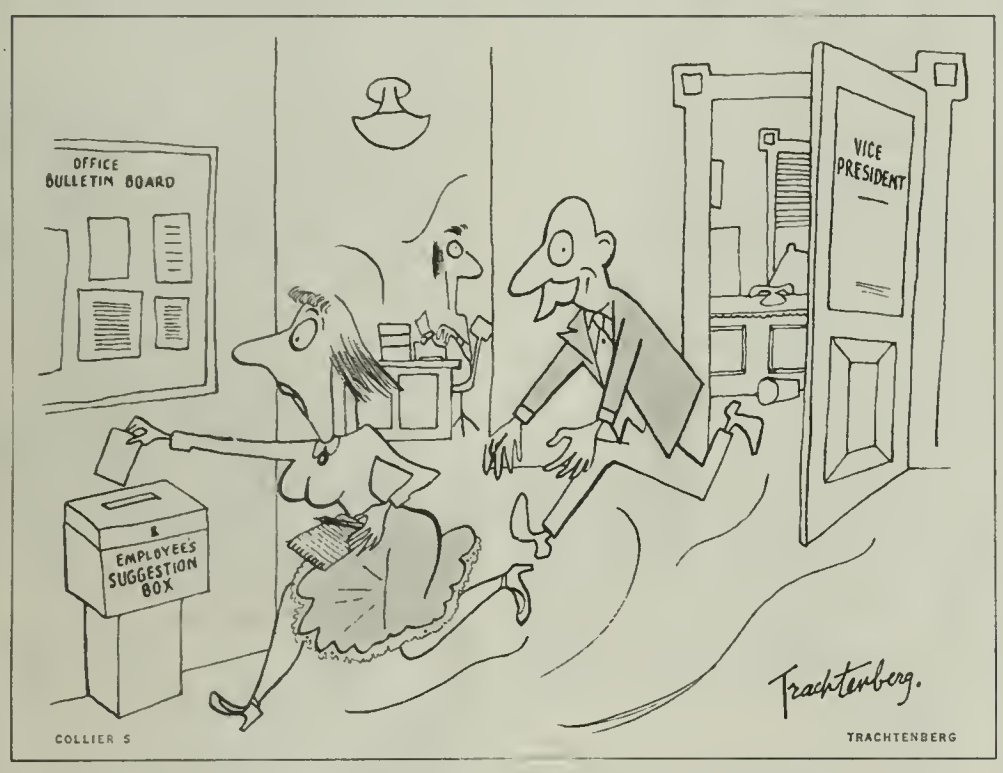
struck me as funny. "Sure," I "I'm just the kind of applicant looking for. Just freed of a mur- rge on perjured evidence."
freshened our drinks, took more tes and looked at each other. I For a guy who never met Pat or band, you seem to know a hell of bout them. You told me every- xcept what I really want to know. do you fit in?"
. That's all I'm saying. I'm stick- und, whether you like it or not. If elp again, don't hesitate to call on

d, "I won't need any more help." hrew back his head and laughed. aren't that dumb," he said. "All ing you is this: You'd better keep uard up every minute. For my you're in a dangerous spot."

week before Christmas, Los An- s gets pretty excited about the , but nothing the merchants could thing the chamber of commerce ook up, no mike-amplified greet- m the phony Santa Claus in the uper float, could imbue me with as spirit. I felt lonelier than I'd t before in my thirty-one years. that I had to be lonely. That was ny part of it. Rusty Mason was ving an excellent imitation of a ul woman pursuing a homely was the man.
wanted me to talk about myself. couldn't guess. An aeronautical r hasn't got much to talk about . She certainly wasn't interested ting board development of super- lanes, or of jet-propelled commer- nsports. But I played along the ould because there were things to bout the voluptuous Miss Mason: tionship to the gone-but-not-for- Jeff Nulty, what personal interest ght have had in his demise, where d been at the moment Conchita o had been murdered in my ent, what went on between her x Kingsley. Those two ignored her so obviously that it looked ral.
I talked to a couple of detective nts, Marty Walsh of Homicide n and Bert Lane of Hollywood, he slugging I'd received out in the They thought they knew the two nd all detectives and prowl cars n instructed to watch for them. greed to identify in case they were t in. The cops didn't make me feel re comfortable by suggesting that wise to keep my guard up at all They told me they had checked yd Andrews and that he really the insurance business. Neither y theory—so they said—about had taken so much trouble in my or why he had told me as much ad. They said they couldn't peg all—didn't know why he was in- , or where he fitted in. Sure, he e in love with Patricia Maxwell y, but then again he might not. he was just one of the many peo- o didn't like Rex Kingsley. He y wasn't a private detective—or a public one. And he had been very much present the night Conchita had been killed. Where he might have been when Jeff Nulty journeyed into the hereafter no one could do any more than guess. They asked whether the whole affair in the canyon could have been staged by Andrews—whether it looked like one of those things—and I said I didn't think so. They didn't tell me what they thought. They went away and Marty asked me to get in touch with him as soon as I stumbled over my next murder victim.

Another thing that puzzled me was the obvious friendliness of Pete Connolly. He was another stranger who suddenly liked me for no apparent reason. I figured I ought to write an essay: How to Make Friends and Murder People.

Pete Connolly was one of the best jockeys in America. That rates high in any book, in California it puts you two up on the Emperor of India. Pete was presently taking treatments for a sinus condition and getting himself in shape for the opening of Santa Anita. Most people sought him out because they figured he had private conversations with the horses and might be prevailed upon to tell them profitable things once the racing season got under way. Others enjoyed being with him because he was just naturally a right guy. And—in or out of silks—he was a celebrity.



I liked him. He was so small that I looked on him as a kid when actually he was a year older than I. He had a terse, graphic manner of speech and an astonishing vocabulary. He was hard as nails, yet ingenuous as a kid. If I hadn't felt sure that he was cultivating me for reasons of his own, I'd have let myself go and enjoyed a most unusual companionship.

That was where Rusty Mason intruded again. No matter which way I turned, there was Rusty. She was making a play for me, for no discernible reason. She was obviously fond of Pete Connolly. And the little jockey was completely overboard about her. Like a high-school kid in the throes of his first grand passion. There were times when he just wanted to talk about her, there were other times when he seemed worried. Of only one thing I was sure: He and Rusty were not having an affair. I don't know how the lady might have felt about that, but Pete had other ideas. What he was thinking of in connection with Miss Mason was matrimony.

I saw Pat Kingsley occasionally. I hated the thought that she was all wrapped up in trouble. I had a lurking fear that what I was doing might not be so good for her. We met around the building, chatted casually, said nothing serious, and went on.

Then one night it happened. It wasn't exciting to anybody except me. I had come in from the plant, and as I passed through the lobby, I saw Rex Kingsley chatting amiably with the cuddly little number at the switchboard back of the lobby desk.

I went up to the seventh floor. I stood outside my apartment and fumbled with my keys. That was when I heard a woman crying. In 7-A. That had to be Pat. Maybe she was alone, maybe not.

I entered my apartment, closed the door, and stood there thinking. The more I thought about what was happening next door, the more I wanted to do something about it.

I picked up the phone and asked the operator for 7-A. I didn't realize until later that Rex might still be downstairs trying to make time with the operator. I heard Pat's voice. It sounded nice—awful nice—but kind of choky.

I wasn't at all adroit in my approach. I said I thought it was time for us to get together without spectators. I said I wanted to take her out to dinner. Anywhere except the Casa Linda. Where we could talk. Where we could perhaps get to know each other a little better. I sounded silly, even to myself, and was actually surprised when she said yes. I asked her when, and she said I could name the time. I did some lightning calculation, figured bathing, shaving and changing time down to a split second, and said I'd rap on her door.

SHE was waiting when I did. She was wearing a natty little maroon outfit, with an ascot at the throat. She had on a cute little hat that looked like a beret but wasn't. She looked young, fresh, lovely.

I said, "Let me explain something before we start out. I've wanted to do this for a long time. But I never had the courage. Then I heard you crying . . ."

She looked embarrassed. "I get that way occasionally. Not often. I'd been thinking about Conchita. It got me."

"I understand. But my idea is this. We'll get out of this goldfish bowl. We'll find a place where nobody knows us We'll agree not to talk about anything unpleasant. Right?"

She put her hand in mine and said, "Right." Her eyes were eager and lovely. We went down to the basement garage and climbed into my car. It wasn't much of a car, but it was nicely tuned and easy to drive. We went out Sunset to Beverly Glen and cut across toward the valley.

This was my real introduction to Pat Kingsley as a person: as a nice, wholesome, attractive, pretty girl. Nothing we talked about was important, yet somehow it all seemed important.

Out Ventura Boulevard we approached a huge, brilliantly lighted drive-in. We ordered sandwiches and got productions. And coffee. And salad. The order came on two trays. Mine was hooked onto the steering wheel, hers on the side of the car. Nothing was important except that nobody seemed to know us, nobody was staring and we were not under any strain.

I paid the check and gave the waitress a fancy tip. She gurgled her delight and invited us to come back soon. We backed through the crowd of cars, and I turned toward Hollywood.

I drove right past the Casa Linda. I glanced at Pat and thought that she pointedly refrained from looking at it. We rolled along Sunset to the Strip and climbed a curving road lined with snug homes which all seemed a little surprised at finding themselves up so high.

WE CAME to a promontory and I pulled over to the side of the road and parked.

The view was impressive. The soft air crept in through the open windows so that you couldn't believe it was December. We were close to, and above, a great city; we were surrounded by homes with lighted windows . . . and yet we were alone.

I said, "I'm going to do a little cheating, Pat."

She looked at me, as if not understanding.

"It was my suggestion," I explained, "that we have one evening together without talking about things we'd like to forget. But I'm not strong enough. One question has been hammering at me."

She said, "Go ahead, Steve. What is it?"

"This. The thing that gave me the idea of calling you tonight was that I heard you crying. It worried me."

She didn't look at me. Finally she said, "I was crying about Conchita."

That didn't register very strongly. I said, as gently as I could, "That doesn't make much sense, Pat. Sure, you were fond of Conchita. But not to the extent that you would suddenly begin crying about her."

She said, "I was reminded . . ." Then she turned and looked at me. "Lieutenant Walsh had been visiting me."

"Oh!" I said. "Walsh."

"He was there quite a while. He was talking about Conchita. Questioning me about her. As though he thought I might know a lot of things I wasn't willing to tell. He's a shrewd detective, Steve. By the time he left, I was pretty badly upset. I started crying."

I said, "Did he find out anything?"

"There wasn't anything to find out . . . except what I'd already told him."

Pat dabbed at her eyes with a filmy bit of handkerchief. She was trying not to cry. For a few minutes I sat there like a dope, wondering why I felt the way I felt.

I was doing flip-flaps inside. Timidly, I reached over and took her hand. She sighed, ever so lightly, and relaxed against the cushions. After a while she said, "This is nice."

I said I thought so, too. We sat there, not talking much and it wasn't too difficult to cast unpleasant thoughts aside. What was happening to me was new and exciting. I didn't even warn myself that I had no right letting myself fall in love. It wouldn't have done any good, anyway. It was something completely out of my control.

I was afraid to try to kiss her. I'm not the bold type, and I had a lurking fear that she might not like it. The fact that we talked very little made small difference. We were alone in the world; that was what counted.

After a long time she said, "I feel better than I've felt in months."

I pressed her hand and she gave mine an answering squeeze. I knew what she meant and she knew I knew. That was



enough. I said, "I'd better watch my step, Pat."

"Why?"

"I'm getting too fond of you."

"Is there any such thing as being too fond?"

"I don't know . . ."

Not much brilliance. But people in love aren't usually brilliant. They feel things too deeply to say them well.

I don't know why I was taking so much for granted. All I was positive about was the way I felt. And I was sure that her mood matched mine. Perhaps I'd merely done her a favor, making it easy for her to forget trouble.

A lot of time passed swiftly. We still hadn't said anything, and we'd said everything. I started the motor and started downhill toward the Strip.

We rolled into the garage without meeting anyone we knew. We rode up to the seventh floor together, and I went to her door with her. I knew she wasn't going to ask me in.

She put her hand in mine and said, "Thanks, Steve."

I felt myself flushing. I said, "Now that you're safe, I'll confess something."

"What?"

"When we were parked up yonder . . . I wanted to kiss you."

She said, "I would have liked that."

AFTER a solitary dinner a few nights later, I was about to leave the Casa Linda, when someone beckoned me from the bar. It was Pete Connolly, looking smaller, more wiry, more dapper than usual. He was alone. On the bar in front of him was a glass of ginger ale. Pete wasn't a drinker.

I liked the little jockey. He was a rough, tough character, but I'd gotten to know him well.

He motioned me to a place beside him, and insisted that I order something. From the moment I sat down, I sensed that Pete had something on his chest. He was a long time getting around to it, but finally it came out.

He said, "I'm asking you something, Steve—just between us. Have you noticed that I'm kinda crazy about Wilma?"

"Wilma?"

"Rusty."

I said that a blind man could have noticed it. I also raised my guard a trifle because I figured he might have observed the play Rusty was making for me, and maybe he didn't like it.

"You think she likes me?" he asked.

"Of course . . ."

"She runs with a lot of men. They won't leave her alone. But I don't mean that. I mean more."

I said I didn't know, that Rusty had never discussed him with me. He said, "She's a funny babe. I can buy her dinners and drinks. I can take her stepping. But that's all. She won't let me give her any presents—except just cheap stuff."

I didn't think that was in character, but I didn't say so. Rusty had impressed me as a young lady who knew the score, and would not be too reluctant about accepting presents: the more expensive the better. I said, "Maybe she's in love with you."

"Then how come she won't marry me?"

Another surprise. I hadn't known for sure that that was what he wanted. I said, "Have you asked her?"

He gave me a twisted grin.. "Hell, I always ask her. It's gotten to be a gag. I meet her and I say, 'Evening, Wilma. Will you marry me?' And later maybe I say, 'How about another drink? Will you marry me?' "

"What does she say?"

"She stalls. She says, 'Maybe' and, 'Perhaps.' She says if she ever marries anybody, it'll be me. That's all I got to hang onto. It ain't enough." He leaned forward confidentially. "Look, Steve, I'm spillin' my guts on account I know Wilma likes you. She thinks you're real people. So maybe you can do something for me, huh?"

"What?"

"The only argument she gives me against this marriage business is her job. She says it wouldn't be fair to Mr. Ramsay if she walked out on him, and she says she likes to stand on her own feet. But the more you think that over, the less sense it makes. She earns maybe seventy-five bucks a week. That's peanuts. I make around twenty thousand a year. So if she likes me, why won't she marry me? I ain't that repulsive."

I wasn't saying anything. Not right then. I never had been able to peg Rusty Mason to my own satisfaction. She hadn't impressed me as the sort of girl who would refuse fancy presents or say no to a twenty-thousand-per-year marriage bid. There had to be a reason.

Pete was talking again. "I got an idea, Steve. It ain't as screwy as it sounds. You and Wade Ramsay are like that . . ." He held up two fingers, close together. "You throw a lot of weight with the guy. I got an idea that if I upset her applecart, she'll leave me to pick up the apples."

I said I didn't get what he was driving at, which was an understatement.

"Okay. So I'll lay it on the line. Supposing you was to go to Ramsay and ask him to fire Wilma. Then she couldn't go on giving me this malarkey. She'd either have to marry me or think up a new excuse. But I ain't figuring to do her dirt, either, see? If Ramsay will play ball, why, you explain the setup. And arrange that if Wilma still doesn't marry me, he's to give her back the job. So you help us—maybe—and no matter what gives, nobody gets hurt. How's about it, Steve?"

Instinct told me to keep out of this, but there wasn't any logic to go with the instinct. I said I'd do what I could. I had the feeling that Rusty Mason wasn't good enough for him. Okay as a playmate, perhaps, but not as a wife. But she hadn't been gold-digging. . . .

I didn't get hold of Wade Ramsay until the next morning. He was out on his terrace enjoying the warm sunshine of a December summer. He said, "Who could believe that Christmas is only a couple of days away?"

We settled ourselves in a couple of wicker chairs with fancy cushions, and Wade asked me what was on my mind. I told him. It sounded silly, but there it was—just as Pete Connolly had dished it out to me. He didn't start talking the instant I'd finished. Instead he thought it over as though it were a major problem. Finally he said, "I don't quite see myself doing that, Steve. I think she'd be lucky to land Connolly. From what you tell me, he's really in love with I I'm too fond of both of them to rig machinery."

I told him I didn't get it.

"If she wants to marry him, she say yes. But if they're ever going to h a chance to be happy, it should be way." He smiled apologetically. "' know, Steve—every once in a while I a streak of my father's righteous cropping up in me. This is one of times. I wouldn't feel right about p ing Cupid with brass knuckles.

"You can tell Pete that I think his proach is all wrong. I can replace R if she wants to get married. I woul stand in the way of her happiness. I'll be damned if I'll try to shove into something she doesn't want."

"Your answer is definitely no?"

"That's it. The scheme seems ju little too sly and underhanded." smiled pleasantly. "I hope you'll te to Pete so he won't be sore at me."

THE buzzer sounded. Wade's Fil boy came in to announce Rex Ki ley. I got up to go, but Ramsay wa me down. Rex and I said hello to other, but without cordiality.

Rex and Wade plunged into a cussion of a Christmas Eve gala w was scheduled for the club. Fun souvenirs for all. Personal visit f Santa Claus promptly at midnight. V your reservations early. When they ished discussing it, Wade surprised m saying to Kingsley, "Is Rusty Maso love with Pete Connolly?"

He said, "Hell, how would I kno

"Pete wants to marry her," Ra explained. "She isn't having any. P been confiding in Steve Blake. It' odd situation."

Kingsley said, "I thought they just having fun."

"Maybe that's the way Rusty w like it. But Pete has different ideas

"Wants to make an honest woma her, eh? Well, that'd be a novelty!"

He didn't look at me when he sa But the thought of his wife passe tween us like an electric current.

I figured this was a good time t out. When I left, they were still tal I took the elevator and asked the g let me off at the seventh floor.

I could have telephoned Pete nolly, but I didn't. His romantic scheme had laid an egg. I thoug would be nice to stall him for a few

I had some sentimental notion a not wanting to spoil his Christm could have saved myself a lot of if I'd known what was about to ha

(To be continued next week)



"No, no, I thought I explained it! Sixes, nines and the jack of spades are wild; fours give you an extra card, except the four of diamonds, and that puts you out. Now, if you get the queen of spades . . ."

COLLIER'S

HUMAN GYROSCOPE

Continued from page 6

ld gentleman was vastly annoyed e quip was printed as a serious "I just figured Earle could be luable sitting beside me on the hat's all," Connie explained. me quarters, the move to the vas interpreted as the next to in Earle's succession to the ial post held by eighty-five-year- ie. But Earle doesn't look at it . Says Earle, "Baseball has been me. I don't particularly want to ger. I'd be satisfied to go on like ver."

elphians think he may have to. certainly won't retire until he has ennant and/or sold off the $1,- Cinderella team he has assem- h shrewd expenditures totaling That could be 1954, the year elebrates his golden grooming ary.

CUP DILEMMA

United States Davis Cup com- d a full schedule of tournaments for Jack Kramer when the No. 1 tennis player returned nning the All England tourna- Wimbledon last summer. But was tired.

," Jack said to the committee. nt to beat Australia and keep nd you know I can play tennis. 's the use of making me play gh weeks at Orange and Sea The tournaments will do me rm than good. Just let me rest e in shape."

omised, a refreshed Kramer wal- e Aussies with the help of Ted er. Ted wasn't refreshed. He nt Kramer's vacation period a position on the team in cut- ompetition at Sea Bright. Ted will have to do the same thing again in a few weeks—and that could be fatal to America's Davis Cup chances.

Kramer, now a pro, sizes up American prospects this way: "Schroeder should be told definitely that he is the No. 1 singles man. We know what he can do. He can raise his game higher than Parker or Mulloy or any other American amateur—Ted's record in the last two cup challenge rounds proves that.

"But if Ted has to win a couple of grass-court tournaments before the cup matches to win a job on the team—and that's the story you hear in California—he may be worn out physically before the first Davis Cup shot is fired. He's a nervous, intense player with definite physical limits. He should be allowed to stay out of tournaments before the cup battle and gradually build his game up to a peak.

"We'll probably have to beat Australia again. Adrian Quist has regained top form and Jack Bromwich is much improved, according to reports. Schroeder—at his rested best—can beat them both, but he's probably the only American who can. Schroeder and the right doubles partner—my choice would be Billy Talbert—have an even chance against Quist and Bromwich. So we have to count on Schroeder's winning three matches on successive days—perhaps all three of them five-setters. He won't be ready for that much work if he has to raise his game to top tournament pitch in August."

Kramer's plan makes sense, but there probably would be a player revolt if the cup committee followed it. There is excellent reason to believe that several leading Americans with Davis Cup ambitions have delivered an ultimatum, roughly as follows: "It's us or Schroeder. Make him earn his place."

It adds up to a nice Davis Cup dilemma.

TYCOONS ON WHEELS

Amateur harness-horse drivers have their problems. If they go too slow, they lose. Naturally. If they go too fast, they lose. Not so naturally. To win, they must pace their horses just right—not faster than 2:12 on a mile track or 2:15 on a half-mile track.

At Milwaukee last summer, wealthy sportsman Octave Blake drove Brittanic across the line in first place, but was disqualified for exceeding the speed limit by one fifth of a second. Blake didn't carry a stop watch—mechanical timing aids are against amateur rules.

An instinct for timing is more important than wealth or social position in harness racing. During the 1947 Du Quoin, Illinois, meeting, a groom named Jimmy Fitzgerald rode home in front of four drivers whose combined assets topped $18,000,000. Oddly enough, Fitzgerald looked like a Driver of Distinction among the poor beaten millionaires. There's something about the Grand Circuit that brings out the worst in a wealthy wardrobe.

One Middle Western tycoon allegedly makes the circuit on one dark wool shirt. As a gag last summer, a Grand Circuit official warned the shabby eccentric: "You'll have to change that shirt. We've had complaints."

"I suppose," he replied, "that (name of millionaire with two shirts deleted) has been making trouble again."

"No," the official said, "this time the horses are complaining."

GOLF TRAGEDY

Craig Wood once played a par-4 hole in 11. When asked to explain how it happened, Craig declared, "Well, I had a long putt for a 10, but I missed."

THE END

YOU'LL FIND OUT

Continued from page 19

nd began to wander around, hello to everyone. Someone drink in my hand and I took it cally. Then, remembering my with the colonel, I started to und for a place to set it down. Captain, that you now have all , including liquor," said a very and very cool female voice.

d around. She was sitting on a udying me very calmly. Mary ng beside her.

," I said, equally cool. I turned very obviously away from her ke to Mary. "It's good to see in, Mary. How are big and ?"

Jim," Mary said. "Ed just got s evening. He's around some- There's a sitter with little Ed." rinkled the corners of her inno- e eyes, as if she had some secret nd I understand that you and e already met," she said.

ed toward Joan. "You might t way," I said dryly.

nly those big eyes filled with a warmness. "Apologies are futile, d Joan, smiling at me, "particu- ce you deserved what you got. I resist the temptation."

lden joy ran through me but, y managing to fight down the n that threatened to cover my gured my next few moves coolly. I understand it, you can resist aid gravely.

is a correct summary of my " she said, equally grave.

Bowing slightly, I took her right hand in mine and smiled into her eyes. "But you would dance with me," I said.

"I would." She rose and slipped into my arms.

She was a fine dancer and, of course, I'm not so bad myself. So we got along pretty well. I told her a little about myself and she seemed interested. All in all I was pretty impressed with her.

Ed and Mary left early—the sitter had to get home herself—so when the party broke up, I walked Joan back to Ed's house.

When we got to the door, she unlocked it, turned and said, "Thank you very much, Jim. It was very nice."

"Good night," I said softly, extending my right arm at the same time.

She slid smoothly around and through the door, and said, "You're nice to play with, Jim, but I meant what I said the first day I met you." The door snapped shut in my face.

Most of Sunday I spent sitting in my room, staring at my phone. Again and again I reached out my hand and then drew it back. Lighting one cigarette after another, I paced up and down. What if she said no? It would be too humiliating.

Monday morning I took a jet up on a test hop. She checked out fine so I went on up to ten thousand feet and did a few slow rolls, a dozen to the right, a dozen to the left. During the last few rolls I could feel my mind clearing—acrobatics always clear my mind. I built up a little speed and pulled back smoothly. The nose of my plane came up past the horizon, climbing up and over, and I rolled her right side up at the top to finish the Immelmann turn. Then I knew; I would call Joan. I nosed over and headed for home.

A half hour later I was on the phone. I didn't waste any words.

"Why don't we go out and play tonight?" I said.

She didn't waste many words either. "If we're agreed on the definition of the word 'play,' all right," she said.

"We're in complete agreement," I assured her.

And we went out that night and every night for the rest of the week.

Saturday evening, as I was walking down the road to Ed's house, I thought about the last week. We hadn't done much—gone walking, played bridge with Ed and Mary, sat in the club and talked. Those nights that we talked I told her about my family, my childhood, my schooling, my war experiences, my hopes for the future and the like. She was certainly a fascinating girl. It had been a wonderful week.

"And believe it or not," I said to the nearest tree, "I haven't made a pass at her." I was amazed at myself.

About midnight, after the dancing at the club was over, we walked back to Ed's house, hand in hand, swinging our arms like school children. We tiptoed up the steps to the porch; she opened the door, and I stood back, as usual. Joan hesitated, then turned to me and reached up and brushed my lips with her lips. I



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nere, stunned. She twisted around
ide, and the door closed.
!" I finally managed to shout.
door opened a crack. "Quiet,"
. "You'll wake little Ed."
ck my right foot in the crack.
up."
d night!" she said emphatically,
harp pain shot through my toes.
h!" I jerked my foot out of the
"You stepped on my toes."
nks for a very fine time," she
ithout a trace of an apology in
ce.
d to think of something to say,
that came out was "Tomorrow

right," she whispered and the
osed with a definitely final snap.

DAY night finally came. We went
ing at a little inn near town. We
alk much for a change. I didn't
, preferring the quiet, confidential
hich I had found so successful in
. Joan was very quiet, too. She
ncing at me, an odd look in her
s if she were waiting for me to
ething.
alked back to Ed's house slowly.
of us said a word. Then we
the porch. She fumbled in her
ook for her key, found it after
long seconds, then opened the
She turned toward me and very
tly I extended my right arm,
it around her waist and drew her
me.
nly she stamped her foot. "Oh!"
. She jerked around, flung open
r, and *Wham* it slammed in my

d there, hands on hips, mouth
started to knock, then I thought:
that's the way you want it, that's
e. I turned and got out of there.
he next week didn't go so well.
ay I was notified that the colonel
to see me. I walked into his
riskly, held my salute until he
up from the letters he was sign-
stood at attention.
ase, Captain," he said.
sir," I said.
colonel carefully put down his
ned back in his chair, stared out
dow, and ran his fingers through
ing hair. "Captain," he said in
e quiet voice, "you know, when
r ended, we thought everyone
e peaceful and happy."
sir."
aren't."
sir."
because they aren't, Captain,
ntry feels that it is still necessary
tain the various military services,
g the Air Force."
sir."
airplanes are, of course, a vital
he Air Force."
sir."
, although there is some dispute
is, it is generally conceded that
't have enough airplanes."
sir."
icularly modern airplanes, such
ts."
sir."
our squadron has the latest-
planes."
sir."
we must not be careless with

sir."
part of the job of observing that
care belongs to the pilots."
sir."
you're a pilot."
sir."
, holding what we have just dis-
in mind, Captain, you will of
remember that I have told you
f the great admiration I have
r ability as a pilot."
sir."
Captain, the last week has done
destroy that admiration."

"I understand, sir."

"On Monday, I watched you make five passes at the field before you got in, and, when you did land, well . . . those were rather vicious bounces."

"Yes, sir."

"On Tuesday, in spite of such things as radio, maps and perfectly clear weather, you managed to get lost, you had to land at an airport some one hundred miles from here, and we had to fly up a supply of fuel for you."

"Yes, sir."

"On Wednesday I watched you make a very nice landing . . ."

"Thank you, sir."

"And run off the end of the runway."

"Yes, sir."

"But the plane wasn't damaged much and it's all fixed up now."

"That's good, sir."

"And I know that you are a good pilot. I realize that these were merely temporary lapses on your part, and we'll forget about them."



"Junior doesn't need the car tonight— Don't you think we ought to celebrate by going somewhere?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

"Thank you, sir."

"That brings us to Thursday, Captain."

"Thursday?"

"Yes, Thursday."

"Nothing went wrong on Thursday, sir."

"You might say that, Captain, and you might not. Do you remember that Thursday you were up flying around to the northwest of the field?"

"Yes, sir."

"There was another plane that passed by very near you, Captain."

"I didn't see him, sir."

"I know you didn't, Captain."

"Did I come close to him, sir?"

"Very close, Captain."

"The pilot must have been irritated, sir."

"Yes, Captain, the general was irritated."

"General?"

"General."

"Oh."

"Yes, Captain, Brigadier General Ramsey Thompkins Wilder. He has been here for the past week, inspecting the new air base."

"I knew that, sir. I didn't know that he was flying Thursday, sir."

"He needed flight time for flight pay, Captain."

"Of course, sir."

"And, Captain, the general is pleased with the new air base."

"That's good, sir."

"He is displeased with our squadron, our pilots, and particularly one of our pilots."

"That's bad, sir."

"True, Captain, true. You know, Captain, I am a lieutenant colonel."

"Yes, sir."

"I'm not going to be a full colonel, Captain."

"I'm sorry, sir."

"And you're a captain."

"Yes, sir."

"You're not going to be a captain much longer, Captain."

"They wouldn't push me down to first lieutenant, sir?"

"Second."

"That's a rather horrible punishment, sir."

"I'm sorry, Captain."

"Thank you, sir."

"Good day, Captain."

"Good day, sir."

I walked outside and just kept on walking. It was a lovely day—for some. There was a bird somewhere for happy people to hear. It was all my fault. And the colonel was in trouble because of me. That was the really bad part because you have to like the colonel. A straight guy. The kind you can always talk things over with.

I wandered through the streets of the town. And then I was in front of Ed's house. I stood there a moment, just looking. Then I decided I might as well drop in—just for a visit. I walked up the sidewalk and up the front steps. And the last thing I remembered was my foot up there above my head with a roller skate stuck to it.

THINGS were black, then gray, and all I could think of was that I had let the control stick slip out of my hands when I blacked out pulling up from that dive. I reached out and grabbed for the stick. Then I opened my eyes and there was Joan about two inches from my face.

I searched for something to say. I said, "Are you going to marry me?"

"Of course, darling," she said soothingly. "After you let go of my jacket." She reached down and untwisted my hand.

"Oh, sorry."

"Hush," she said and leaned forward. She didn't just brush my lips this time.

A minute or so later I loosened my arms and let Joan draw away, and I found myself staring straight up into the smiling faces of Ed and Mary. They were shaking hands as if they had just been introduced.

"Oh, hello." I said.

"Congratulations," said Ed.

"Yes, congratulations," said Mary.

"Oh, thanks," I said.

"Joan and I will get our hats," said Mary.

"Hats?" I said.

"Yes," said Mary. "Ed knows a fine place near here."

I saw her kick Ed's ankle. "Near here?" I said.

"Of course," said Ed. "I'll get the car."

Frankly, I never realized it was so easy to get married. A wonderful feeling. . . .

Several days after we were married, while we were waiting for my leave papers to come through, Joan and I went for a walk. Down the street came the colonel and another officer. I took a good look at that granite face and knew who it had to be: Brigadier General Ramsey Thompkins Wilder. I cursed my luck. The colonel had told me yesterday that the general had made no formal complaint. We were praying that he'd forget it. If he did, I was going to tell Joan about it; if he didn't, I didn't know what I was going to tell her.

But there was no way to duck out now. I saluted, hoping they wouldn't stop. Both the colonel and the general answered with a salute, and I could see the colonel was walking a little faster past me. Joan stopped and said, "Good day, Colonel." The general stopped. The colonel stopped. I stopped. What could I do? She didn't know. It was my fault—again.

THE colonel smiled rather feebly and introduced us. "Captain and Mrs. Nelson, this is General Wilder."

Blood suddenly covered the general's eyes. "The one who . . .?" said the general, but he restrained himself as he looked at Joan.

"Oh, are you *the* General Wilder," said Joan in a thrilled voice.

"Why, yes," said the general suspiciously. "I believe there's only one."

"The one my uncle speaks of all the time?" said Joan.

"Your uncle?" said the general.

"Yes. You know, Senator Cartwright. I think he said he met you when he was dealing with appropriations or something like that."

"Senator Cartwright!" said the general in a stunned voice. His face went white. A shudder ran through him. "Of course!" he said emphatically, struggling for time. "My old friend, the Senator. Well, well. What a sho . . . shurprise."

The colonel and I stood shoulder to shoulder, staring at Joan in awe. Then everyone was laughing and talking all at once. Then the colonel reminded the general that they had to get to a staff meeting. As we parted, the colonel glanced back and winked at me. I winked back, whisked Joan around the corner, stopped and kissed her.

"It's all right by me," she said wonderingly, "but why here, Jim?"

"Tell you later, darling," I said. "Kiss me again."

"Hello, Captain," said an amused voice.

I turned and there was Doctor Rasmussen. I hadn't seen him since we'd had that talk. "Oh, hello, Doctor. Glad to see you. I don't believe you've met my wife," I said.

"A pleasure, Mrs. Nelson," said the doc, nodding his head very politely. "I imagine you'll be going away on a honeymoon shortly."

"That's right," I said. "Bermuda."

"That's a fine place," he said encouragingly. He glanced at his watch. "Well, I must get on. Have a nice time. I'll see you both when you get back. Socially, I mean," he said.

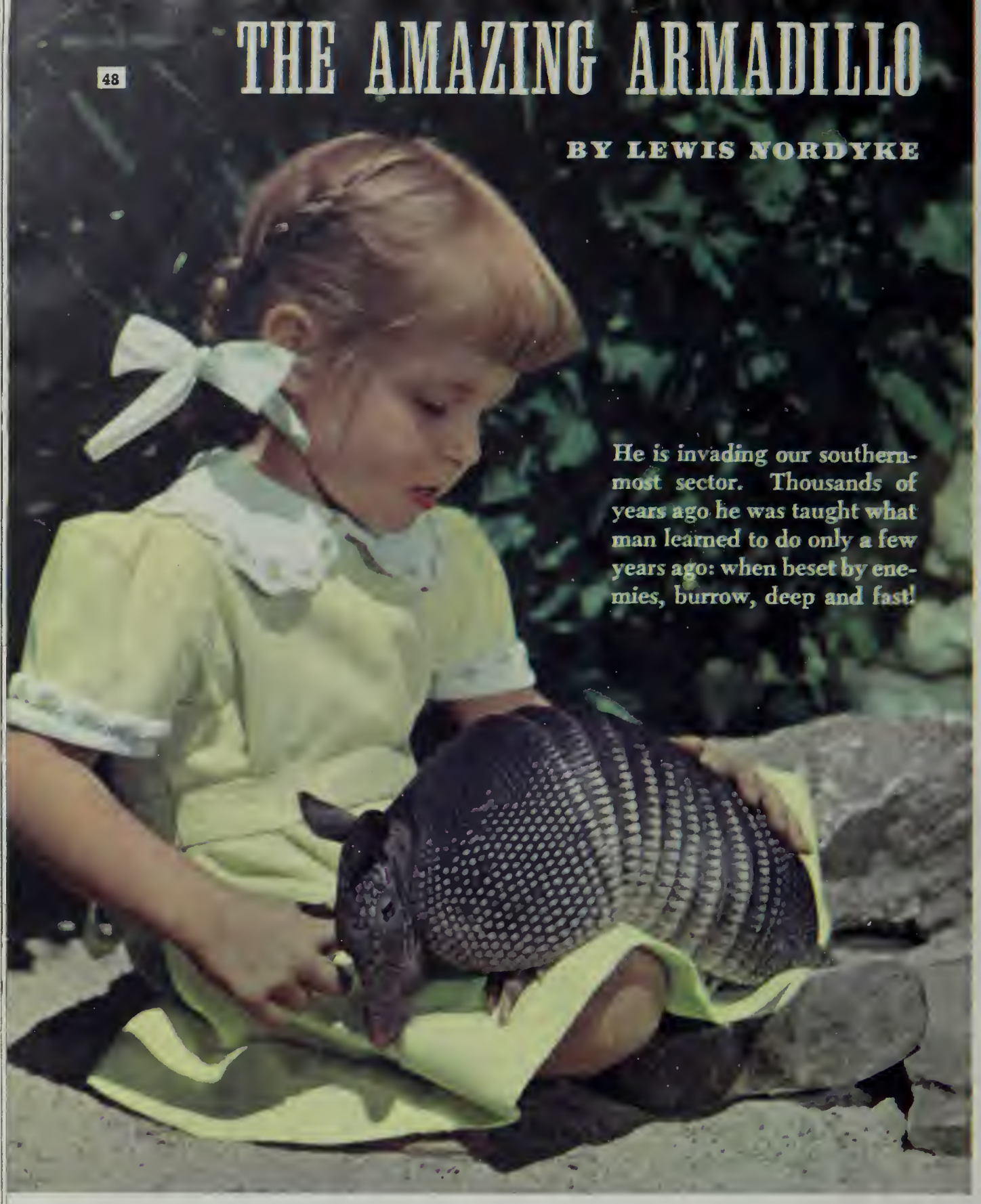
"Well, thanks, Doc," I said. "But, say, that reminds me. You know when we had that talk, I never did understand what you meant by that 'You'll find out.'"

The corner of the doc's mouth wrinkled up in a smile. "You've found out, Captain," he said. Then he nodded to both of us and walked on down the street. An odd guy. But a nice guy.

THE END

THE AMAZING ARMADILLO

BY LEWIS NORDYKE



The sharp-clawed armadillo, dangerous when cornered, befriends this tot

IN THE early evening of a summer day down in Texas a hard-shelled old armadillo and her four daughters amble about an open glade. Grunting hungrily, they root and dig. Occasionally a long, slender tongue darts out and licks in a bug, grub or worm. A man, dog or beast approaches. The armadillos leap into the air. They throw off a strong, musky odor which warns all of their kind in the vicinity; then they dash with amazing speed into the thorniest brush at hand.

With his heavy, hard shell that looks like carefully tooled mail, the armadillo is America's only armored animal and is much older than man. He is a native of South and Central America—a descendant of a family of dim-witted, toothless anteaters. Counting the foot-long tail, the Texas variety is between two and three feet in length. His coat of mottled mail makes him heavy for a small animal. Males, slightly larger than females, weigh up to 17 pounds. More than half the weight is in the armor.

No smith in the days of the knights ever hammered out so perfect a piece of mail, or one with as delicate lines and even patterns, as that protecting the armadillo. The best of man-made mail squeaked at the joints and had weak, vulnerable spots, but not that of the armored pig. Even when in full flight, his mail doesn't rattle. The shell is not a part of the skeleton, but a full suit of bone-hard armor in precision-joined pieces.

One saddle-shaped piece that is studded with bumps like the rivets in an airplane wing fits over the neck, shoulders and front legs. The middle section is a series of nine horny bands that work like a telescope when the armadillo bends his body. Another bump-lined piece of plate fits over the lower part of the back and hips. The separate tail piece is made of fourteen bands that taper from the body like a stack of ice-cream cones. There's a separate plate over the forehead, eyes and long snout, and the ears are covered with tough hide that feels like the pebbled surface of morocco leather. Alligator-like hide protects the legs down to the root of the long, sharp claws.

Even the skin of the belly is studded with warty scales that grow tufts of coarse hair. The bottom of the armor barely clears the ground when the armadillo walks or runs. When he retracts his head, curls up and throws his tail under his belly, he is completely covered by armor, which is a quarter-inch thick and as hard as heavy bones.

Only the nine-banded armadillo has invaded the United States, and Texas Game Department experimenters have never been able to make him curl up in a ball and roll downhill, as hunters claim they have seen armadillos do. He curls tightly—but not in a round ball—only when exhausted or disabled so badly that he can't kick or run.

Contrary to popular belief, the nine-band doesn't play dead when attacked. He has a more clever use for his armor. He dashes into thorny underbrush that discourages or delays even the most vicious animal. In the time gained he can dig himself out of sight in the earth. I have seen an armadillo dig into sandy earth so rapidly that it looked as if it had run into a hole already there. Once in a burrow, even a shallow one, the animal braces his strong legs and sets his claws, and it is almost impossible for dog or man to pull him out.

Although he looks awkward and weighted down, the armadillo is agile; he can climb over a high fence with ease, but he never attempts a tree because it offers him neither food, refuge nor shelter. He's so swift he can outrun a man for 150 yards. Dogs can overtake him, but his hard armor and fast movement make it difficult for them to nab him; it's about like trying to stop a ground-skinning baseball.

Only the trained 'dillo dog knows how to knock the animal over and sink teeth into the comparatively unprotected belly. And that isn't the safest thing in the world; many a trained hound has been gutted by the sharp claws of an armadillo. Like other anteaters, the armadillo has no fighting teeth—only embryo pegs of molars far back in the mouth. The armadillo never picks a fight, preferring simply to escape trouble, but he's a tough scrapper when cornered.

A Neat Trick for Swimming in Armor

For a long time, naturalists had known the animal could cross narrow and shallow streams by walking on the bottom under the water, but they didn't think he could negotiate broad, deep rivers which seemed too formidable for so small an animal. But the 'dillo has his own trick, which he picked up long before man made a stone ax. When he wants to swim, he pumps up his intestines with air. The added buoyance compensates for the heavy armor. In several conclusive experiments by the Texas Game Department, an armadillo placed in deep water could barely keep his head out at first but after several pumping gasps, he floated high in the water and swam like a dog.

The armadillo's manner of reproduction is baffling to biologists. There are always four young ones and all are of the same sex. It is one of the biological puzzles of the animal world. After the mating there is no development in the embryo for 14 weeks; then the gestation period starts. Most of the mating is in July, and the young arrive in March. Deducting the 14 weeks of inactivity of the embryo, this means the gestation period is much longer than that of most animals of equal size. The opossum requires no more than two weeks and the much larger hog only about 115 days.

The young are born with their eyes open. The mother suckles them for a few weeks and then takes them with her on her foraging trips. The father doesn't hang around and never lives with the mother and young.

Only the burrow in which the young are born has any furnishing. The 'dillo enlarges the interior end of the burrow and carries in about a half bushel of leaves and small sticks for a bed.

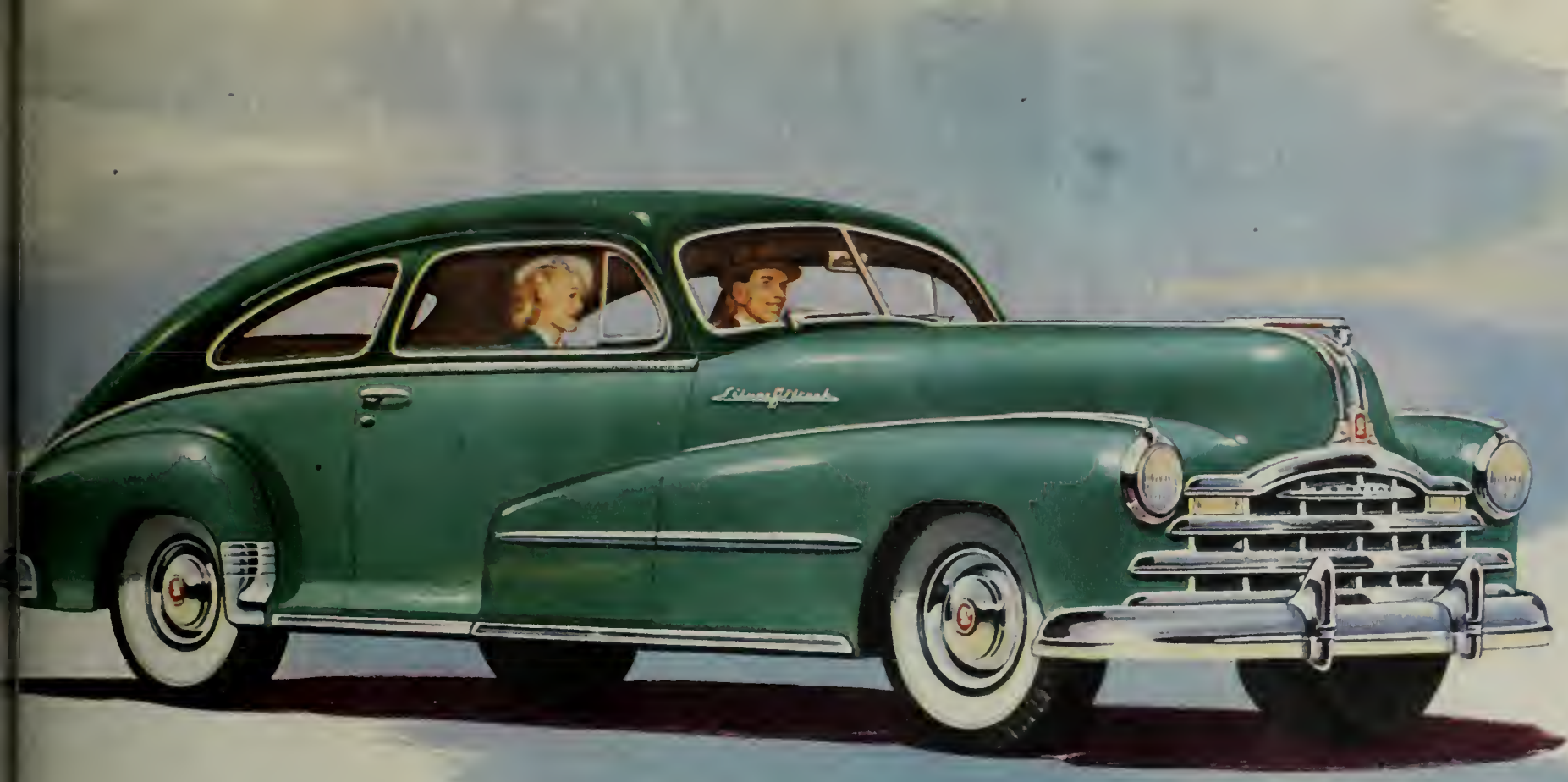
The 'dillo, like the little prairie dog of the Western plains, is forced to take in boarders. Excavation of one burrow in southern Texas uncovered a rattlesnake, an owl, a cottontail and five armadillos.

The 'dillo isn't vigorous in his habits. As a rule he snoozes during the day and forages at night. On cloudy days he crowds the clock and starts his hunt for food by midafternoon. In places where he has not been molested by man he often emulates his friend man, and stays out all day.

In his search for food the armadillo is guided by his keen sense of smell. When he uncovers a bug, grub or worm or spots a beetle on the surface, he licks it in with his long extensile tongue, which is covered with a substance as sticky as glue. His diet consists mainly of insects and their larvae, and the armadillo's appetite is enormous. One stomach analyzed contained more than 3,000 different insects.

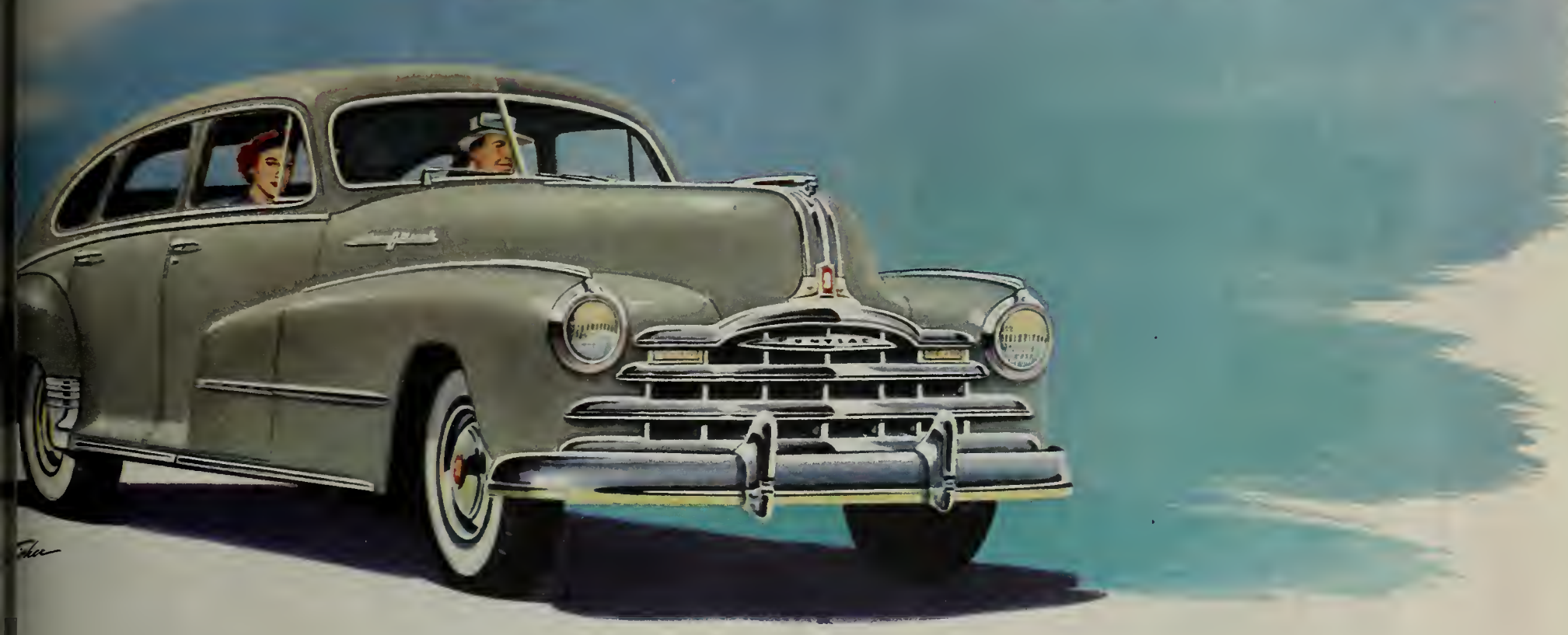
In several communities in Texas and Mexico the armadillo is considered good food. The meat has a pork flavor. During the economic depression of the 1930s, the eating of armadillos became a widespread practice, and the animal was generally known as "the poor man's hog." One 4-H Girl Club in Texas preserved more than 2,000 cans of armadillo meat. ★★

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.



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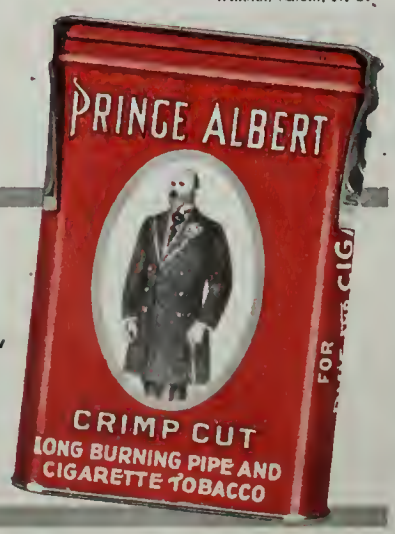
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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

WINDOW TO THE UNIVERSE

Continued from page 16

us and the glowing solid body, we have a combination of effects: black lines cutting across the colored band of the continuous spectrum. This third type is the dark-line or absorption spectrum. Most of the spectra of stars are this kind.

Now, the number, thickness and arrangement of these black lines are determined by the sort of gas through which they pass, and by pressure and temperature. Hydrogen gives one set of lines, helium another, and so on. These line arrangements were all charted years ago and it is a simple matter to "read" on the spectrograph of any star just what that star is made of. By measuring the relative intensity of the lines we can even tell in what proportions the gases exist in a star.

We now have the stars' distances and their chemical make-up. Next, we want to find their temperatures. We all know that as a body is heated it turns red, then yellow and finally white. So if we get a star spectrograph showing an oversupply of red, it is safe to assume the star is of a comparatively low temperature. More blues and violets in the picture tell us that the star is at white heat.

We would like to know where the star is headed: Is it coming toward us or going away, and how fast? This we can also tell from studying the spectrum. If the lines shift slightly to the red end of the spectrum (compared with the lines made by a stationary object), the star is rushing away from us; and vice versa.

The spectrograph consists of a narrow slit with an opening only a few thousandths of an inch wide, which rejects all light except that of the star under study. After passing through the slit, the star's light reaches a prism (or occasionally a grating) that sorts out the light. This is brought into focus with a priate small lenses. The result is recorded on a photographic plate

In studying nebulae, the 20 telescope is used as a giant cam obtain a photograph showing ma the individual stars in a nebula most telescopes the great outer ga show as nebular spirals or und masses. It takes the largest telesco resolve these into the individual st which the galaxies are composed, s show that they are not gaseous—a supposed—but are similar to our Way, composed of millions of se stars.

Measurement and interpretati photographs are done in the obser offices in Pasadena, which are equ with comparators that can measu position of a star image or a spe to within a few hundred thousand an inch. Microphotometers m quantitatively the blackening o photographic images, from whic brightness of the star or the stren the spectrum line can be determine hence distance and chemical m of a star calculated. Often the taken in a single night at the tel may require weeks or even mon measure and interpret adequately.

The 200-inch telescope will cally never be used for visual ob tions. Very few, if any, astron discoveries will ever be made l directly through the telescope The new astronomical facts w brought to light often months or after the photographs are taken. they are measured, interprete compared with other photogra the Pasadena laboratory.

THE END



"I cannot speak for all of you but, for myself, I can say with firm deter nation that neither I, nor the glorious traditions of John Paul Jones Pre Commodore Perry and Dewey will be relegated to obsolescence by bomb based on something which cannot be seen with the naked

COLLIER'S JOH

A BEAST FOR THE TEMPLE

Continued from page 25

as it went. When this happened, Bayini and Rama stepped off the ntil the car had passed. Bayini l Rama's trunk and whispered to the huge animal fidgeted at the stomed noise and strange sight. midmorning they had almost l Kandy. In its last few miles, the tt the shade of the forest and ran n the hot sun. Stone buildings to appear and twisting side roads ople hurrying on their way into . Bayini was getting nervous. y I ride on Rama now, Father?" l finally. "He does not like the d I could keep him quiet." haps we should both ride, if Rama ow me on his back." tell him to, he will let you ride," d Bayini delightedly. boy hissed at Rama who wrapped k gently about his waist and lifted to his neck. He hissed again and s trunk snaked out to clasp Bayin him up behind his son. The ele- shook his enormous head with gravity. Then, as Bayini reached and tweaked his ear, he shuffled forward into Kandy.

NDY is a lovely town lying in a allow cup atop its mountain. Ba- zed in amazement at the paved the shops with great sheets of n their windows, the hundreds of buildings, the tall English hotel, the and mem-sahibs in white suits and walking along the streets. He ever known there were so many obiles in all the world! They stood e curbstones and roared up and the streets, honking and blowing y rushed by. Rama's ears quiv- s he walked in this confusion, his eyes bulged as the automobiles l close to him. Bayini leaned down ooned soothingly in his ear. Even was upset by the speed and noise. ere are many more cars than when last in Kandy," he said wonder- "Pah! How they stink up the

ini did not answer. He was too trying to keep the elephant calm. d not even notice the policeman's whistle or the extra-loud honking middle of the city. yini! Bayini! Make Rama stop!" ther was shaking him suddenly. ini called to the elephant and con- to stroke him. Rama stood stock nd shivered. hat is the matter, Father?" e policeman! He whistled for us p! I should have explained before me into the city that there is so traffic where these streets cross policeman must stop the traffic on reet while he lets that on the other I had forgotten it myself in the . But we have stopped in time." ini looked at the policeman in the e of the intersection. He was a with a tall white turban and curl- lack beard. He wore a white shirt, shorts, white shoes and white socks were rolled just below his knees. A leather belt crossed his chest di- lly, holding a pistol in a leather r. Bayini saw that he was standing little wooden platform, waving for cars to come on the intersecting t. Truly, Kandy was a splendid city e a man must spend his whole day telling the cars to stop and go, be- e there were so many of them! king advantage of the halt, he ed down into a shop window on the er. It was filled with fine silk and of gold. Bayini wished he had a e so that he might take a present e to his mother. He was lost in this rie when his father shook him again.

"Bayini! The policeman is telling us to come!"

Bayini looked up with a start. The Sikh was waving his arms for them to move. All at once, the horns of the cars that were waiting behind Rama began to blow impatiently. A man leaned from the window of the car directly behind Rama and shouted.

"Come on! Get a move on! You're blocking up the whole road!"

Bayini did not understand the English words but their meaning was clear. But to Rama, the horns and shouting were just another annoyance. He curled his long trunk high in the air and trumpeted wildly. His ponderous front feet stamped the road in irritation. Quickly Bayini told Rama to move and leaned down to comfort him. The huge beast trembled all over in his excitement. He trumpeted angrily again as they passed another elephant. Bayini was glad when the roads widened and the buildings and shops fell behind. Rama stopped shaking and walked more slowly.



"No matter how skimpy suits get, men still stare at them!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

"See," said Bayin pointing, "there is a lake on the right. It was built by a king many years ago. But it is only the smallest puddle compared to the mighty lakes that were built in the north. One of those was forty miles around."

The lake lay beside the road, a calm, shimmering sheet of water, bounded by a fanciful stone balustrade, overhung by tall clumps of eucalyptus trees and conifers. Bayini had never seen such a large body of water before.

"And there," said his father reverently, "is the Temple of the Tooth."

The temple was a low, rambling building of gray and yellow stone. Vines grew along its weathered walls; a great, spreading tree rose above them from an inner courtyard and cast a deep shade far out into the road. The main entrance faced the road, looking across the lake. The lintel was friezed with worn sculpture.

They tethered Rama to a stone post before the temple, and Bayini spoke to him before they entered the building. The elephant stood with immovable delight as the boy patted his trunk and whispered softly to him. Bayin's throat choked, his chest constricted with pity watching the small boy soothe the massive animal.

I must tell him soon, he thought, sadly, but first I shall plead with Mahinda and he shall see the Temple and the Shrine.

The temple was dusky and cool. Shaven-headed priests in loose, saffron-yellow robes glided up and down the corridors, their sandals slap-slapping on the smooth stone. Singhalese stood in the shadows, chatting in low tones, their voices making a dim, indistinct murmur throughout the ancient building. Bayin and Bayini walked hand in hand through the halls, the father pointing out the sculptured frescoes of the damned and demented in the Buddhist hell, the saints in their ageless nirvana.

At last they came to the Shrine of the Tooth.

The cubicle seemed to be sheathed in gold; fretted, embossed and pierced with countless symmetrical patterns. The broad steps at its base were banked with flowers. There was no noise in this part of the temple. The walls seemed to exude a slow, smothering quiet. The boy and his father stood silently before the shrine for a few minutes; and then they turned and walked back the way they had come.

"Now," said Bayin gently, breaking the spell, "I must see Mahinda. That is the reason that we have come to Kandy."

"What about, Father? He came to look at the land only a few weeks ago."

"I know. But we have some business to talk over, son. Run out and stay with Rama until I am finished." Bayin watched the boy glide softly out of the dark corridor into the sunlight beyond. Then he turned to seek Mahinda. He was determined to see if he could not convince the overseer to let the elephant stay with them for a little while longer. It would be so much easier for the boy.

BAYIN found Mahinda in the overseer's room. He waited respectfully outside while a temple attendant went in to announce his presence. In a few minutes the attendant returned and told him he might enter. Mahinda inclined his head kindly toward Bayin.

"You have brought the elephant, as I asked?"

"Yes, Honored Sire. He is tied at the main gate." Bayin looked hopefully at the overseer. He must speak now or lose the chance.

"I beg that you let him remain with us for a year or two more, Sire. He is such a help in the fields. My—we have grown so fond of him."

Mahinda shook his head sympathetically.

"I am afraid that cannot be, Bayin. You have had the beast for ten years and now he is full-grown. The temple has need of him. But do not grieve. He will be pampered and cared for here, without work or trouble. He must serve the temple, in his way, just as you serve it in yours and I, in mine. Come, let us have a look at him."

Mahinda led the way out through the yawning mouth of the temple's main entrance, followed by Bayin, whose heart was filled with sorrow. The dread moment of telling Bayini had come at last

He did it manfully, as he knew he must. Calling the boy to him while Mahinda admired the massive bulk of Rama, he sat beside Bayini on the worn steps of the temple and told him that the elephant must stay behind. Bayini did not speak or move, but his father knew that the joy had gone out of the day for him. Clumsily, he tried to console his son.

"It will be best for Rama, don't you see? Here he will be kept in a splendid stable and given the best and tastiest food. The priests will hang him with fine cloths and jewels for the processions. Why! He will be the most magnificent elephant in the world!"

Bayini looked sadly at his father. He was too well bred to cry.

"But he will not be happy here, Father. Rama likes the fields and the jungles, not this noisy city with the automobiles hooting by!"

"That we cannot judge, Bayini. He is the temple's elephant and he must do as the temple commands. Come! You must pay your respects to Mahinda."

THEY walked over to Mahinda. Bayini saluted him deferentially. Rama was uneasy in the nearness of this stranger who walked all about him, poking his thick legs and smooth sides experimentally. Mahinda seemed pleased.

"He is a splendid specimen, Bayin. There is not a finer animal in all of Ceylon. He will be a great addition to the temple elephants. Is he well behaved?"

"Yes, Sire. He is gentle and well mannered. My son, Bayini, has trained him to work and obey. He will answer to no one else."

"Well"—Mahinda patted the boy's cheek—"we will find him another mahout in the temple's stables. It will not take long to train him to a new master. But now I should like to see him walk, to judge how he will move in procession." He smiled down at Bayini. "Will you ride him for me, boy?"

"Yes, Sire," said Bayini numbly. His feet were like lead as he dragged them over to Rama, loosed the tether and hissed to be lifted. Joyfully the long, gray trunk curled down and deposited the boy behind the domelike forehead.

"Where shall I ride, Sire?" Bayini called down to Mahinda.

"Into the town. Your father and I shall go beside you on the sidewalk. I wish to see how the beast handles himself with others about."

Chirruping and tweaking a waving ear, Bayini turned Rama down the road back into Kandy. The elephant moved with cumbersome grace, slowly and methodically, as Mahinda and Bayin walked by his side appreciating his fine points. Bayini took no pride in Mahinda's admiration. The blow of losing Rama was almost too much to bear. He sat dejectedly on his perch, small brown head sunk on his chest, his black eyes hazy. He did not know where Rama was going, nor did he care. For one wild instant, passing the lake, Bayini was tempted to turn Rama into the water and swim away. But he knew that escape was hopeless. Rama, his friend and companion, was lost.

And, although Bayini was too numb to

notice, Rama was also nervous. As he shambled nearer to the center of Kandy, the horns began to blow again and the cars whizzed by his flanks. His ears vibrated uneasily. He lifted his sensitive trunk to catch the disturbing scent of other elephants, and a strange, sour taint that—although he did not know it—was the smell of horse. Wicked things on wheels cut in front of his path, making alarming noises and smothering him with acrid fumes. People with queer clothes and scents ducked in front of him and watched him on the street. He thrashed his trunk nervously.

RAMA did not walk fast but, even so, they were a little ahead of Bayin and Mahinda by the time they came to the traffic policeman. This time Bayini saw that the Sikh had his hand up. He was glad for a reason to halt. He hissed softly into Rama's ear and the great beast shuddered to a stop. Bayini sank back into his unhappiness. He thought dolefully of Rama, dressed in gorgeous hangings, filing along this same street with the other temple elephants. He closed his eyes as if to shut out the sight in his mind.

The heavy folds of skin on Rama's legs twitched peevishly.

Bayin and Mahinda were coming down the sidewalk, Mahinda full of praise for the elephant. He was praising Bayin also, for the careful training he had given the animal and had just promised him fifty rupees for such excellent care and devotion. Bayin would gladly have given them, and the small store he had saved in addition, just to keep Rama for another year. He was looking at his son, almost lost on the tremendous back looming up before him, and thinking of the gloomy walk home.

Suddenly the horns in the street began to blow. The policeman was motioning for the traffic to move ahead. Bayini evidently did not see his waving arm. Bayin called frantically to his son.

Bayini emerged from the depths of his misery to hear his father calling. He turned swiftly to reply. Then he noticed the line of cars behind, the drivers blaring their horns and yelling at him to move. He bent quickly to Rama's ear, but he was too late.

The car directly behind the elephant was trying to pull out of line and pass. Its fender scraped painfully against one of Rama's back legs.

The street was filled with wild, angry sound as Rama loudly trumpeted his fury. He remained rational but for one instant and in that time he plucked Bayini from his back and dropped him softly on the sidewalk. Then, as irresistible as the tide, he turned to demolish the hateful thing that had struck him.

It takes a good deal of provocation to turn a domesticated elephant wild. But once turned, there is no more terrifying living thing on earth. Rama's ears lay back against his head, his eyes burned like red danger signals, his trunk curled fifteen feet above the street and shrieked with clamorous malice. Every one of his thousands of pounds shook with violent rage. Gone was the ponderous walk, his heavy shuffling movement. Rama turned in the narrow street, agile as a cat.

Once more before he attacked the car, he trumpeted. The high, insistent bleat blew down the street like the wind of a monsoon. Then he rolled his trunk inward, to protect it while he attacked, and made for the car. Fortunately the driver had opened the door and run into a shop when he saw Rama turn. The crowd on the sidewalk had prudently followed his example. Peering from windows and doorways, they watched in breathless wonder.

Rama reared high above the car. His forefeet smashed down on its top like twin pile drivers. The automobile buckled with a noise of rending metal and broken glass. Disdainfully, Rama kneeled on the car and pressed his tremendous weight upon it to complete the ruin. A fender fell off in the road. He picked it up with his trunk and tossed it contemptuously into the gutter. Still shaking with fury, the mastodon bore down on a line of cars at the curb.

Bayini had stood dazed on the sidewalk during this instant of carnage. He could not believe that this was Rama wreaking such destruction. Never had he imagined that in his gentle friend could lurk such untrammeled savagery. Gazing in horror at the twisted remains of the car, he called fiercely to Rama to come to him.

He might as well have whistled at a hurricane. If Rama heard, he did not heed him. The elephant was intent upon wrecking every automobile in sight.

"Come here! Quickly!" Bayin shouted

"Stop! Stop, you fool!" Mahinda called sharply to the policeman.

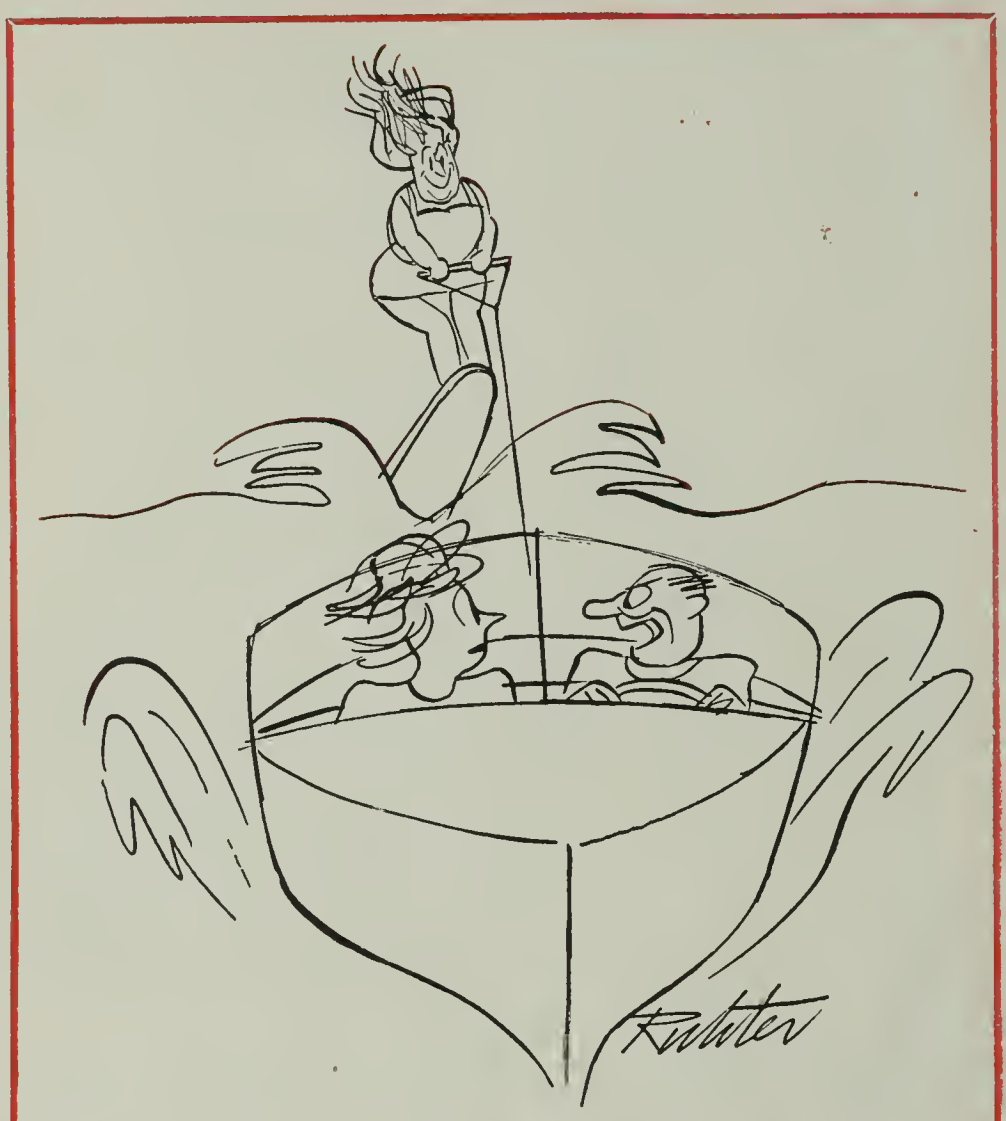
Startled, the policeman turned.

"What do you mean, 'Stop'?" he bellowed. "I must shoot this beast quickly!"

"You shall do no such thing!" Mahinda stepped from the doorway to argue. "You know the law. No elephant shall be shot without a permit, even if running amok! The animal belongs to the temple and I insist that the law be kept!"

"I cannot stay and quibble about the law, old one! The animal is doing damage and must be stopped!"

"With your revolver?" Mahinda's cry was scornful. "You can but wound him with that and goad him to greater evil. He will turn on you and the rest of us and grind us beneath his feet."



COLLIER'S "Must your mother go everywhere we go?" MISCHA RICHTER

to his son from the doorway where he and Mahinda had taken refuge. "He is running amok!"

Shocked and still unbelieving, Bayini obeyed his father. Crouching in the doorway he watched his friend vent his frightful wrath.

Rama carried out the destruction of his enemies swiftly and implacably. He trotted down the street, trunk swinging and eyes blazing, toward the parked cars. Before each one he blew the terrible trumpet call of the young bull elephant, reared swiftly on his hind legs and fell with a ponderous crash. Then he kneeled on the crumpled metal to flatten the car to the road. He moved like the wind at his work. His ears flapped angrily, the round feet pounded with ominous, hollow sounds, as he moved from car to car. One, that took him longer to demolish than the others, he flipped over with exasperation to thump its motor and underpinning to bits.

He was starting on the fifth car when Bayini saw the policeman sidle around the corner, a heavy revolver in his hand.

"Father!" Bayini pointed in terror. "He's going to kill Rama!"

Bayin looked helplessly at the approaching form. The Sikh was trying to get near Rama without attracting his attention.

"Yes! Yes!" Other voices took up the argument. "Do not anger him further or he will kill us all!"

The Sikh hesitated, struck by the truth of the cries. He knew, like the others, that he could empty his revolver into that tough hide without even slowing the elephant down. And the overseer would be a hard antagonist in the courts, if one of his shots was lucky enough to drop the beast. The elephant was temple property, and the laws of Ceylon were strict about the killing of elephants. Even to kill a mad one required a permit from the governor's office. The animal must be running mad when shot and the shooter must carry a signed permit. He slipped the revolver back into its holster.

"Very well, old one!" he called to Mahinda. "I shall go to the government office for a permit and come back with an elephant gun. Then you may quote the law all you wish!" Satisfied that his honor had been upheld, the policeman ran swiftly around the corner.

"Hurry, boy," Mahinda beckoned to Bayini. "You must calm your elephant before the policeman returns. Are you afraid?"

"No, Sire!" Bayini smiled eagerly. "Rama will be quiet when I speak to him. You will see!"

Without another word, the boy darted down the street toward Rama. He lo like a flickering bird flying towa mountain—a David approaching G ath. As he ran, he began to sing in a h honeyed chant.

Rama had crushed the last car in street. He stood in the middle of road, legs apart, like a victorious ch pion bracing himself for another glor battle. He weaved rhythmically lik clever boxer, his trunk high in the scenting the smell of man-things, sea ing for the gassy smell of automob The round eyes were glowing eml set in his massive skull.

As Bayini approached, Rama's t reared threateningly. It paused in air as he heard the boy's lulling s Finally it wavered and fell slack. elephant cocked his huge head to l more closely. Watching him from doorway, Bayin and Mahinda couk Bayini come closer to the mad ani singing louder as he walked forward lessly. Now the song rose and fel seemed to reach out and comfort R. to soothe and lull him hypnotic Gradually the elephant relaxed. Th faded and died in his eyes. His t reached out tentatively and rested ir yini's hand. The boy stroked it ge

Rama's ears dropped. The ma legs ceased trembling and stood still bent his head toward Bayini. The hissed and Rama lifted him gently t him behind his head. The gesture see to be at once an act of contrition a sign of defeat. Slowly, at a nudge Bayini, Rama shambled down the s and stopped in front of Bayin and hinda.

THE crowd, which now clus around the elephant, cheered. people of Ceylon are highly sentim and are more impressed by the red tion of an elephant than the destru of a dozen motorcars. Bayini st proudly down at the people from throne.

"Good work, boy!" Mahinda call from the street. He turned to Bayi spoke with a conspiratorial air.

"Take the elephant back to the fi he said quietly. "He must not rema Kandy. After seeing him amok to do not think he could be trusted to through the city in processions. S shall work for the temple with you your son."

Bayin thanked the overseer w quick look of gratitude. Then his fa bered as he gazed ruefully at the tw shapes of the cars. Mahinda smiled suringly.

"Do not worry about the da Most drivers in Ceylon are in against such accidents. No one but is responsible when an elephant amok."

"But the policeman and his per Bayin remembered him with alarm

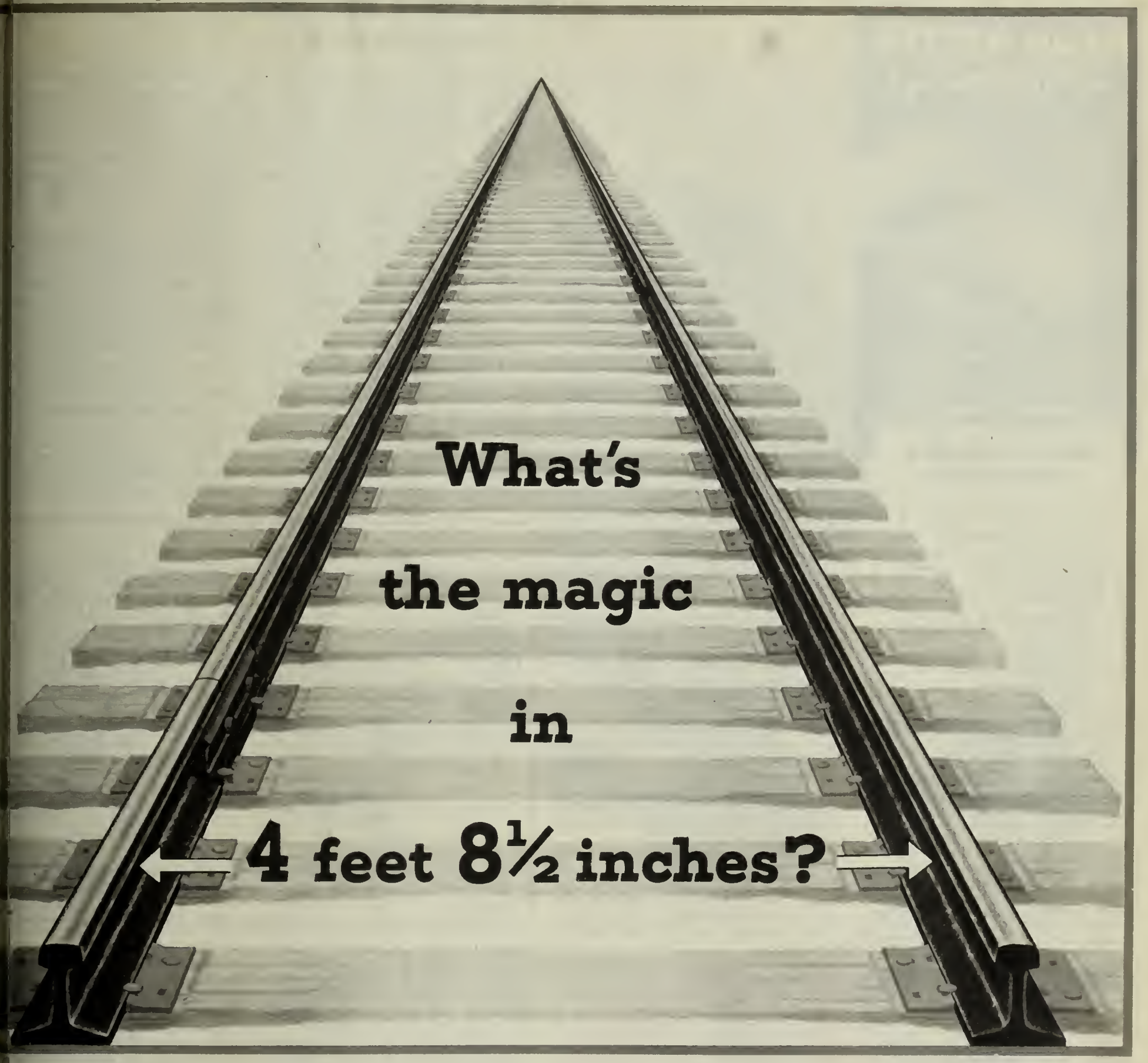
"He can do nothing now, for th mal is not mad. He will not lightly the law to kill a temple elephant. Bu safety's sake, do not bring the bea the city again. He is too nervous to among the cars."

Bayin shouted the good news up son. The boy's face radiated his b ness. "Let us go, Father. The Sikh mean look when he ran for the gu

"Yes, Bayini."

They waved to the overseer as h started down the road. This time went rapidly through the streets; pa shops, the tall buildings, the hotel the people. When they reached th skirts of the city, Rama broke i lumbering trot without urging; so was he to quit the smells, the nois the automobiles he hated. Swift topped the slight rise beyond th house. Then Rama, Bayin and h vanished beneath the arch of tree dropped down the mountain road from Kandy.

THE END



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THE LODGE BROTHER

Continued from page 28

went down to 718 and Will knocked and directly the hollering let up and the door opened and there, in his lodge robes, stood the high and mighty Mr. L. T. Smyth with a glass of whisky in his hand.

"Enter, brothers!" he cries. "Enter! There's plenty of chairs and free seegars and whisky! And if it gits too crowded we'll just knock out a few walls!"

So we went on in and sure enough there was Fred and Barky and E.W. sitting around drinking.

WHEN I'd shook with them Will puts his hand on my shoulder and says he'd like to introduce his old business partner and good brother in the Loyal Order of Eskimos.

"Welcome, brother Karcher!" booms Mr. L. T. Smyth. "Just as long as old L.T. has a single drop of liquor left in his bottle and money in his pants for more there'll always be a drink for any brother in the lodge!"

Then he give me the lodge password "Mush!" and the lodge grip and dragged over a straight-backed chair for me. Now Will Zerby knows I haven't touched a drop of hard stuff since I married Jessie and took the pledge and he don't mock me for it and I don't censure him for having himself a nip now and then for his throat trouble. Back when I was single I just couldn't get enough of the stuff but then I married Jessie and never touched it again. So when Mr. L. T. Smyth shoved that glass in my hand I started to open my mouth to explain how it was and to thank him just the same but Will shot me a look as much as to say I'd be a bum sport not to take it. So I took it and sat down and felt like a derned fool. Mr. L. T. Smyth grunts and plops down in the easy chair and throws his feet up on the bed.

"Did yuh hear?" he booms, waving his glass in the air, his face all red and beaming. "Did yuh hear about the cross-eyed schoolteacher?"

He leaned forward and looked us over with a wild look in his eyes.

"She couldn't keep her pupils together!" he bellers out directly and then goes to pounding his knee with his empty glass. "Got that one, did yuh! Did yuh get that one?"

Will and the boys was laughing fit to be tied and I reckon I was, too, for I didn't want to seem like a bum sport, though I couldn't see it was so extry comical. But directly I took a little sip of whisky and before I knowed it me and the mighty Mr. L. T. Smyth is jawing away like a couple of lawyers on a fishing trip. He said how he'd started out when he was a boy as a tool-dresser in the Taylor County oil fields and how he'd married into the coal business and he said he'd be danged if he wasn't happier back then—thirty-seven years ago—drinking beer in the bar of the old Traders' Hotel with only fifteen cents in his pocket.

"It ain't money, friend!" he roared. "That don't make a gentleman! It's like the poet says: 'A man's a man for a' that and wimmen is sisters under the skin'! It ain't a fancy hundred-dollar suit like this one here I'm wearin'! It's in the heart, friend! It's in the heart!"

And he whacked himself on the chest.

"Well," I says, clearing my throat and crossing my legs. "Well, you can't always tell a mare by her saddle."

"Oho!" hollers Mr. L. T. Smyth. "Hey, brothers! Did yuh get that one! Brother, that's the best one pulled yet! Here, lemme fill up your glass!"

I stood up real quick and said I was mighty sorry but I'd told the missus I'd be back in half an hour and she'd be sore enough as it was for me staying this long and Mr. L. T. Smyth said he was sorry I had to go and he give me a thirty-five-cent Havana. Fred and E.W. and Barky and Will said they was leaving, too, as they wanted to go down on Pike Street and see who all had come in. So Mr. L. T. Smyth sticks his bottle in his coat pocket under his robes and grabs his lodge cap and says he's going, too.

"Look out, girlies!" he hollers, prancing down the hall ahead of us. "Your dingdong daddy is comin' to town!"

Will and the boys done their best to get me to go along but I said I'd just go down as far as the cigar counter with them to get me a stick of clove gum to cover up that drink.

"Friend!" hollers Mr. L. T. Smyth when we steps off the elevator. "I want to see a lot of you durin' the meet this year! And I want your missus and mine to get together! Tomorrow, by damn! How's about breakfast? I want to talk some more about the old days in the oil fields. You know what they say! There's no fool like an *oil* fool! Got that one did yuh! Did yuh get that one!"

Well, with that, him and Will and the others went hollering out through the revolving doors and I got my gum and went up on the elevator thinking what a friendly, common sort Mr. L. T. Smyth was and how nice it was going to be for Jessie to get to meet his missus.

And this happened the next morning at breakfast—the very next morning, mind you. Me and Jessie got off the elevator and went into the dining room and there sat the high and mighty Mister and Missus L. T. Smyth.

"Come on, Mother," I whispered. "I want you to meet a couple of mighty nice folks."

Jessie sort of hung back at first but I give her elbow a little shove and when we was right up by their table I cleared my throat. And Mr. L. T. Smyth's missus went to snatching around in her dress for her eyeglasses which was on a black ribbon, and the mighty Mr. L. T. Smyth himself looked up and put down his spoon and studied us, like he was trying to figure out what we was selling.

"I don't believe," he says directly, "I've had the pleasure, brother."

Them was his exact words. Jessie was there and she heard it.

Well, I was just praying for the floor to swaller us both, and Jessie was tugging my sleeve and I was so red-hot under the collar it's a wonder I didn't set it afire.

"K-Karcher," I says. "John Karcher. I— Last night with Will Zerby and—"

"Oh, to be sure!" chuckles the mighty Mr. L. T. Smyth. "I recall now. Splendid morning, isn't it, brother Karcher?"

I swallered and I said, "This he my missus. Jessie, this here is Miste Missus L. T. Smyth. We—him and n

"Charmed," says L. T. Smyth's n with a voice like a spoonful of ba ice cream sliding down your back.

"We'd ask you to join us, brother cher!" says Mr. L. T. Smyth. "But expecting some guests. Ah! Here come now!"

And with that he jumps to his fee across the dining room come all th wigs and high potentates in the Wes ginia Igloo of the Loyal Order ar their women and directly everyb standing around the table pumping l and clucking and chirping and I'm my best to steer Jessie over to the corner table by the swinging doors.

"John!" whispers Jessie over th of the bill of fare. "You shouldn't done that! Those folks never laid ey us before!"

Right then I got sore. Jessie an has been married for thirty-five and never had a cross word, but then I got sore.



"Next time I turn around when a boy whistles at me, I'll make sure it's not my brother"

COLLIER'S STANLEY BERENST

"Mother," I said, trying to sto hands from shaking. "Shut your r and order the number-three break

Well, by suppertime I had my back down to normal, since most day was taken up with roll call a rade plans at the Igloo Headquart the ballroom and Jessie spent most forenoon with the Northern Lights iliary hearing a speech on "Matt Their Care and Protection" which h take her mind off what had hap We was dog-tired after supper an sie had went up to the room and just buying a magazine at the cigar ter when I heard a loud, familiar screeching at me over by the palms. Well, I couldn't believe m

HERE he come, dancing acro lobby in his fur lodge cap a blue and yellow lodge robes, and one of them trick canes with an au bile horn on the end of it and b him here come his missus in her co of the Exalted Princess of the No Lights Auxiliary and taking up th was Will Zerby and the boys an womenfolks.

"Brother Karcher!" bawls the Mr. L. T. Smyth, wharping me back and honking that fool cane ear. "Meet the little woman! She Kain-tucky, suh! Ol' Colonel D field's fairest daughter! Minnie, th is John Karcher—a brother in the and a mighty dear friend of mine

Well, I couldn't just walk off wi

ut her hand at me with them
all over it. I shook with her
ed my magazine and before I
d down to pick it up Barky
and E.W. had throwed their
nd my shoulders and was har-
on My Old Kentucky Home.
r!" says the great Mr. L. T.
bbing me by the sleeve. "We're
ttle old-fashioned get-together
. Nothin' fancy, understand!
common folks gettin' together
clean fun! And we want you
missus to join us!"
my head. "Thank you kindly,
yth," I says. "You too, ma'am.
d Jessie has put in a right hard

ENSE!" bellers Mr. L. T.
Looky here, brother Karcher!
only meets once a year! And
we don't let our wimmen in
—*they get ideas!* Know what
ET ME!"
a real ornery wink and went
ing, but loud enough so's you
meant everybody to hear.
think we're out chasin' the
-oo—zels!"
jabs me in the stomach with
with the big diamond on it
arky and Will was on my neck
me and coaxing and saying
have to stay a half an hour
omen would just be drinking

said it but I wish to God I had
t wish I'd said, "Well, Mister
th, you've come a peg since
But I didn't. And like being
l of once wasn't enough I said
Jessie. And I did. And we all
to 718 and everybody sang
and Pistol Packin' Mama and
ssie had two glasses of ginger
And when we'd been there
could tell by Jessie's face she
a good time and I thought to
at the lodge conventions is
nly fun she gets all year and if
aving a good time I guess it
urt my soul none to eat a lit-
Then directly Jessie said we'd
nearly an hour and we'd bet-
ing back to our room and ev-
as nice as pie to us and Mr.
h stuck another thirty-five-cent
my pocket and he says, "To-
'Tomorrow just as sure as
e're gonna have lunch to-
damn, Karcher, you've been
! What's wrong, brother? You
it against me that I'm rich, do
amn, I'm just as common as
e, Karcher! And that means
SOLE! Did yuh get that one!
ne, did yuh!"

er we'd turned out the light
en in bed a while Jessie says to
do seem like nice folks, don't
he's a good-natured soul even
s. Don't you think so, John?
you asleep?"
t on I was and I pretended like
ng and laid there not moving,
ck to Jessie, trying to think it
. I'd have gave him the bene-
loubt at that point. Live and
ny motto. But just the same I
be kind of on my guard this
spent most of the forenoon in
looking for Will Zerby so's I
him if Smyth had served him
ssus the way he done us. Will
erwards that he never had the
ce him and Nevada took all
s over at her sister's. So at a
twelve I met Jessie in the
we went right up to the dining
d, sure enough, there they was
t Mr. L. T. Smyth and his
l all the bigwigs and mucha-
the Loyal Order sitting around
I hurried a little—figuring we
And Jessie said, "I'm just dying
r this new quilt pattern I got
e Palace!" And when we was
right up to their table I cleared my throat.

"Oh, hullo, brother Karcher," says Mr. L. T. Smyth, looking up just as cool as you please. "We're just finishing up coffee. You and your missus can have our table. I see the dining room is crowded this morning. We've got to be running along to the Initiation of the Auxiliary down in the main ballroom! Probably see you there!"

And with that everybody jumps up and folds their napkins and heads for the elevator.

Jessie was crying this time—not making no noise but setting there staring at me across the coffee cups and the stogie butts and the gummy plates, with her handkerchief pressed against her mouth.

"John Alexander Karcher," she whispered, "I'll never forgive you if I live to be a hundred for the way you've humiliated me these past two days!"

I never opened my mouth. I guess if I'd said anything it would have been full of words I didn't want Jessie to know I knew. So I just sat there thinking to myself: He's gone just a little bit too far this time. Two hours before, I'd have been willing to pack up my troubles in my old kit bag and smile, smile, smile, and never went home from the convention holding a grudge for no man. And even now, I guess—even setting there at that table of dirty dishes, feeling like a nut and a derned fool and with Jessie crying and sore at me, I'd have been content to go my own way in peace if it hadn't been for what was to happen that night.

IT WAS just after supper. Jessie had went up to the room and I was standing out in front of the hotel smoking a stogie and getting a breath of air. I was watching some of the brothers playing leapfrog over in the courthouse yard and not thinking of a derned thing when all of a sudden I seen him coming. For jest a minute I thought I'd took leave of my senses. He was all dressed up in a cowboy suit and was shooting off two little cap pistols in the air and striding across the street all bowlegged and simple-looking with Barky and E. W. Snyder.

"Reach for yore shootin' irons, pardner!" he hollers, cracking them fool toy guns at me. "Thar hain't room enough in this hyar town for you and me, ombree, and one of us is a-goin' out feet fust! Howdy, brother Karcher! Did I skeer yuh?" And he wharped me on the back so hard it shook my upper plate loose.

I never opened my mouth; standing there, getting madder by the minute and trying to gum my dentures back in place without dropping my stogie. And I started to walk away but he grabs me.

"Oh no you don't, pardner!" he bellers. "Oh no you don't! If'n these hyar shootin' irons was real I'd plug ye! Deed I would! Where you been hidin' yourself all day, you danged bootlegger! Me and the little woman—"

"I seen you at lunchtime," I said.

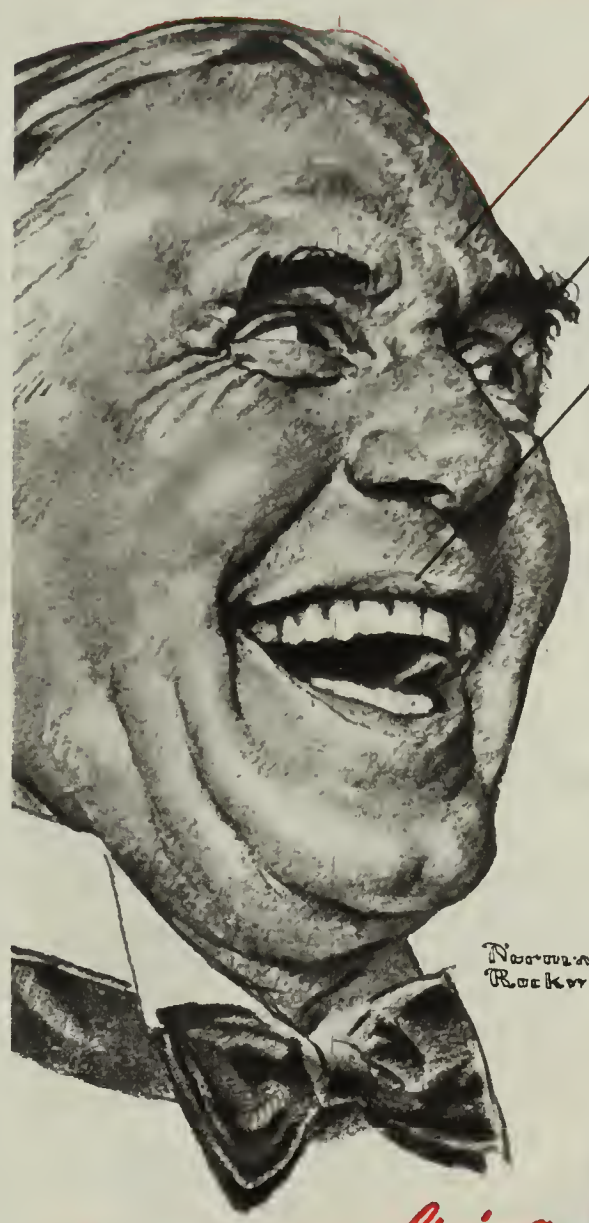
"Oh shucks, yes!" says Mr. L. T. Smyth, pushing back his cowboy hat and scratching his bald head. "I'm right sorry about that, brother Karcher! Got my schedules all mixed up. How was lunch? Say! A feller come up to me today and says he ain't had a bite in two weeks! So I *bit* him! Got that one, did yuh! Did yuh get that one!"

Well, sir, it was a funny thing. When I knowed what I had to do I felt just as calm and peaceful as if the Lord had sent me a sign. And I mean no disrespect nor sacrilegion. It was just like a big load sliding right down off my shoulders.

"Brother Karcher!" hisses Mr. L. T. Smyth, shoving one of them toy guns in my ribs. "Let's go up to 718 and have ourselves a good old snort!"

I'd just like to have said, "All right, Mister L. T. Smyth. You'll see directly that you ain't the only joker in this town with a suitcase full of smart tricks!" But instead I hollered out, "Judas priest,

Does your face say "I love life"?



FOREHEAD: A love of good things is written in the expressive lines of this jutting forehead!

EYES: Bushy browed, deep-set, they twinkle with the joy of living!

LIPS: Long, thin, their satisfied curve seems to say, "I'll never grow tired of living—or of that '*Double-Rich*' Cream of Kentucky!"

Norman Rockwell



Here's great living...

"DOUBLE RICH"

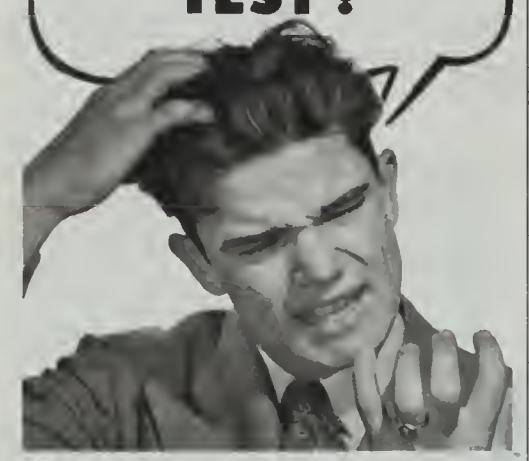
Cream of Kentucky

With that "Double-Rich" Kentucky Taste

A Schenley *Mark of Merit* Whiskey

Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 70% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copr. 1948, Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE
FINGER-NAIL
TEST?



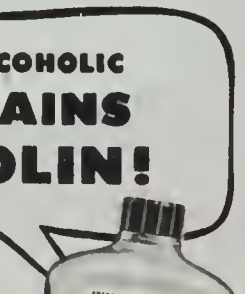
TRY IT! Scratch your head. If you find signs of dryness, loose ugly dandruff, you need Wildroot Cream-Oil hair tonic. Grooms hair... relieves dryness... removes loose dandruff! Contains soothing Lanolin, an oil resembling the natural oil of your skin.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK
LIKE THIS WITH NEW
WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL



A LITTLE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL does a lot for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long. Leaves no trace of that greasy, plastered down look. Makes your hair look and feel good.

NON-ALCOHOLIC
CONTAINS
LANOLIN!



AGAIN AND AGAIN the choice of men who put good grooming first—that's Wildroot Cream-Oil. No wonder when new users from coast to coast were questioned, 4 out of 5 who replied said they preferred it to any other hair tonic they had used before. Ask for it at your barber or drug counter.

IMPORTANT: Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming and for relieving dryness. Also excellent for training children's hair.

TUNE IN . . . "The Adventures of Sam Spade" Sunday evenings, CBS Network.

L.T.! What the heck are we standin' here for! Let's go!"

"Now yore talkin', pardner!" sings out Mr. L. T. Smyth, walking bowlegged so's folks would think he was a cowboy and poking a young girl in the back with one of his cap pistols and then ducking in through the revolving doors with an ornery holler of glee. "I'm an old cow hand—from the Ree-oh Grande!"

"Judas priest!" I hollered. "Let's raise Ned tonight, L.T.!"

"Well, I'd just like to see someone try and stop us!" bawls Mr. L. T. Smyth. "That's what I'd by damn like to see!"

And then we got on the elevator.

We hadn't hardly got started up till Mr. L. T. Smyth gives out a beller and points to the youngster that's running the thing.

"Karcher!" he hollers. "That ugly ombree there looks to me like a derned Apache Indian!"

And he pushed his hat back off his eyes so's he could get a better look and he glared at the poor youngster like he meant to eat him up.

"I'll drill him!" hollers Mr. L. T. Smyth, cracking away with both cap pistols. "I'll plug him full of holes! Has he bit the dust yet, pardner? Has he had enough?"

"Judas priest, yes!" I hollered. "I reckon he won't bother us no more!"

WHEN we got to 718 there wasn't nobody there but his missus and she must have heard us coming for she was just pouring the drinks.

"Hold her, Newt, she's a-rarin'!" I yelled, and snatched up mine and drank her down. And Mr. L. T. Smyth done the same with his, only it was derned near a water glass full and when he'd got his breath back you could see it had hit him pretty hard.

"It ain't gold in the bank, brother!" he croaked. "It's the gold of Human Friendship that makes a true man! That's the way I got it wrote down in my little book! Ain't that the truth, Minnie?"

And he wharped his missus on the back so hard she lost her balance and fell face down on the bed.

"Ain't that true!" he hollers at her. "Ain't you always found me to be that kind of a man, Minnie! Ain't it!"

"That's right, Lawrence," she said, her face all muffled in the bedclothes. "That's exactly right!"

"And when friends and lodge brothers gets together," roars Mr. L. T. Smyth, "they sure ought to raise hell and have fun! Do what yuh feel like doin' is what I say! If a man can't do what he feels like doin' then it ain't a free country! Right, pardner?"

"Why, Judas priest, yes!" I hollered.

"Is this a democracy?" he hollers. "Wait a minute! I'm askin' you one simple question! Is—this—a—democracy?"

"You bet!" I hollered.

"Then it's a free country!" yells Mr. L. T. Smyth, banging his fist down on the washstand. "Do what you want to do is what I say!"

He put his hand on my shoulder and hiccuped in my ear.

"What did you always want to do, brother Karcher?" he says. "Remember—it's a free country! You want to know what I always wanted to do, brother Karcher? Always wanted to raise alligators in Florida! Alligators, Karcher! That's the life! What did you always want to do, Karcher?"

I frowned and scratched my head like I was studying it real hard and never let on like I had it all figured out ahead of time. Then I let out my line and fed him the hook.

"Well, sir," I says. "To tell you the gospel truth, brother Smyth, I've spent most of the years of my life smothering the urge to throw furniture out of hotel windows!"

"Throw furniture—! Say now!" he hollered. "That's a dang good idea, pardner! Put her there! Furniture! Get rid of it! Throw it—throw it out that dang window! Minnie! MINNIE! Open the window!"

And the great Mr. L. T. Smyth's missus went over and opened the window and leaned out waving her handkerchief at the people down on Pike Street.

"Yoo-hoo, you all," she crooned in a soft, happy voice.

"Is this a free country!" boomed Mr. L. T. Smyth.

He leaned out the window and hollered down at the people in the street, "Twenty-three skiddoo, you derned bootleggers! Bombs away, brother Karcher!"

And we all looked over the sill, watching the little straight-backed chair spin down and kind of explode on the sidewalk with everybody standing back in a circle and gawking up at us like nuts.

"Now the dresser drawers!" bawls Mr. L. T. Smyth. "The danged bureau is too big to get through the window, curse the luck! Just like my missus! It's a lucky thing for you, Minnie, you're too big to get through the window!"

And his missus just giggled at him and pitched a whisky bottle at his head and watched it bust and the whisky run down the wall. A real crowd had gathered in the street now and they gave a big cheer when the dresser drawers and the washstand hit the sidewalk. Then out went the slop jar and the washbowl, and another chair follered that. The little bench to the dressing table was pitched out next; then the mirror, the mattress, the easy chair and the writing desk.

"Now!" hollers Mr. L. T. Smyth, dusting off his hands and swaggering around the room all simple and bowlegged. "Pardner! Le's go down and build us a campfire with all that nice kindlin'! It's mighty cold on the ranch tonight! And the fire will keep them pesky kiyotees away!"

"That's a good idea, L.T.!" I hollered.

So he stuck his whisky bottle in the blouse of his cowboy suit and went out the door waving his cap pistol in the air and shouting some foolishness about an alligator ranch. All the way down on the elevator he kept cracking his gun at the poor youngster and his missus was giving the rebel war cry. I sighed to myself and felt kind of sad for Jessie's sake—knowing how it all was sure to turn out—but knowing deep inside there wasn't no other way. And then when we went out through the revolving doors I seen the three constables. Quick as a wink I grabbed Mr. L. T. Smyth by the sleeve of his cowboy shirt. For this tim really thought up a humdinger.

"Judas priest, L.T.!" I whisp "Them fellers looks like Texas Ran Let's sneak up and kick 'em in the pa

The poor souls was standing the the crowd—scratching their heads looking up at the window and then ing down at the pile of busted fur and scratching their heads some Mr. L. T. Smyth blazed away with cap pistols and his missus give the yell and we charged. And we c them all square in the seat of the bc at the same time.

"I'm an old cow hand!" Mr. Smyth was hollering as they dragg off down Pike Street.

"From the Ree-oh Grande!" si missus, trying to put her arms a the constable that had her in tow.

JESSIE never did understand never will, I reckon. There is things you have to do in this worl you can't explain to a woman. She to see me next morning at the Ha County Jail in the cell where I wa the great high and mighty Miste Missus L. T. Smyth. He was be and shaking the bars and holleru his lawyer and yelling something the Constitution might as well b up and this here was a democrac what with all the racket I could hear what Jessie was saying. An her crying to boot.

"I'll stick by you, John," she "Even if you get life."

Then she just plumb went to and was led away sobbing and sl and directly here comes the jaile our breakfast. I could see out courthouse lobby—Jessie setting bench now with her handkerchief her upper lip and Will and E.V Barky and Fred all standing arou ting her on the head and Will's holding the smelling salts.

I hate to say this but I felt just When the jailer shoved through t of hot mush and bacon and black and passed out the spoons I got hungry as a bear. And I couldn't back no longer.

"Hey there, Mister L. T. Sm hollered. "You and your missu join me at breakfast this n Nothin' fancy, understand! But charmed if you was to have a bi me! Did yuh get that one! Got t did yuh!"

THE END



"It's something new in a juke box. If you don't feed it every five minutes it plays Nature Boy"

COLLIER'S

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

ice? It just don't make sense. answer just one question? Why imination?

NEY B. HOLCOMB, Chanute, Kan.

is opposed as always to any re- n the rights to free speech; but is pposed to anyone acting as sales- the Communist line. If that's in- t, well, we're inconsistent.

MISSHAPEN IDENTITY

s: Read Walter Murphy's enter- tter containing some Jane-i ms Ace, radio's forerunner of Holly- unny McLeod (The Week's Mail, h). As Jane would say, Murphy nail right on the thumb." She hat two heads are better than t love makes the world go around that if she saves her money for ay, she'll never be regarded as a that a man who courts several "a regular Bluebird." When hus- odman becomes upset, Jane ad- n to "relapse," and when he with her, she assures him he is p the wrong dog. Yes, when your tic Hollywood correspondents ny McLeod as the originator of ed phrase, it's a plain case of n identity.

TED STITT, New Rochelle, N. Y.

HISTORY LESSON

COLLIER'S: Re G.A.R. by Eric une 5th)—were Lee's men at the Run? No! J. E. Johnston's were. not yet been placed in command.

F. M. DARBY, Chicago, Ill.

Darby is right. Lee won the sec- e of Bull Run.

KITEY HAWK?

COLLIER'S: Alfred H. Sinks' article bject of kites and aviation (Fly- , May 29th) contains this most ous statement: "The invention of kite by Lawrence Hargrave in straight to the first successful Kitty Hawk."

Mr. Sinks or anyone else to show est relationship between the box Hargrave and successful flight by hts at Kitty Hawk. The Wrights perimented with box kites and ed anything original with Har- he features of the Kitty Hawk which chiefly contributed to the l flights on December 17, 1903, ngs of improved design; propel- gh efficiency, designed by calcu- rom theory originated by the a new system of control, still used

says that "the Wright brothers lar got lessons in aerodynamics s." Neither of the Wrights ever ne device that could properly be ite after they became actively in- problems of aerodynamics. That plane glider with six-foot span ur Wright experimented with in 899.

FRED C. KELLY, f The Wright Brothers, Author- Orville Wright, Peninsula, Ohio

y making and flying kites much n my 9-year-old son does. The cessful kite I made this spring of a plastic tablecloth frame- it stayed aloft in a pouring rain- me fun!

CARL THOMPSON, Davison, Mich.

DUST STORM

anti-Communists to the contrary nding, the most un-American have observed lately is the prac- riking at that little pile of inar- ust in Hyde Park by means of emoirs and diaries by authors who couldn't get a hearing so long as that dust remained concrete and articulate.

Stomping a man when he's down is definitely no part of my code as an American. I never voted for Franklin D. Roosevelt. I am a Republican from the core. He was a man unafraid, courageous in personal adversity and loved by many. His family, besides, is still with us.

DORA SESSIONS LEE, Prescott, Ariz.

HOW TO GET UP IN THE WORLD

DEAR SIRS: You write it's Hard To Sleep (May 29th) but some children are hard to get out of Ead Each morning a good way to get them up is Buy a Record—such as Off We Go To The Wild Woods Younder or When Johnie Comes Marching Home or We Can Win—Winsokie We Can Win—you know every souldier has something special in mind when he go to War. Songs such as thoes has a great affect it makes a person feal like marching no matter how discourge they feal—so it is with children they all has somthing special in mind and thoes songs has a very up lifting encourgement. Up they'll get. Also if you can't sleep and have plenty of cover on your Bed and still dont feal warm—no matter how could it is—take a steaming how bath every night or day get Right in Bed from self expearenced I am sure you wont be Bother about being could throuout the night—if that dont work you new to see a doctor some times your blood dont circulate jest right when relaxed is because your body has not had the exercise it should have had throuout the day—everything within should have a certain amount issus to it—so the the hot water stimulate the blood and liven up the untended parts within with everything workin promply there be no lacking of heat. I am 25 I have children of my own but I enjoy trying to help other people with theirs.

LOUISE WALKER, Cincinnati, Ohio

FIVE-PASSENGER HORSECAR

SIRS: Re Schoolmistress Phyllis Sharp's statement (The Week's Mail, June 19th)—that five passengers riding to school aboard Dobbin was impossible in Idaho—well, I ain't a sayin' how fur hit would a took 'em but their grandpappy says as how his younguns uster travel thataway in Oklahoma. So he tried my five boys on fer size. Course, these younguns are sorta big. Maybe iffen they was littler, it could be did. Poor horse.

MRS. HILDA CHANCE, Linwood, Pa.

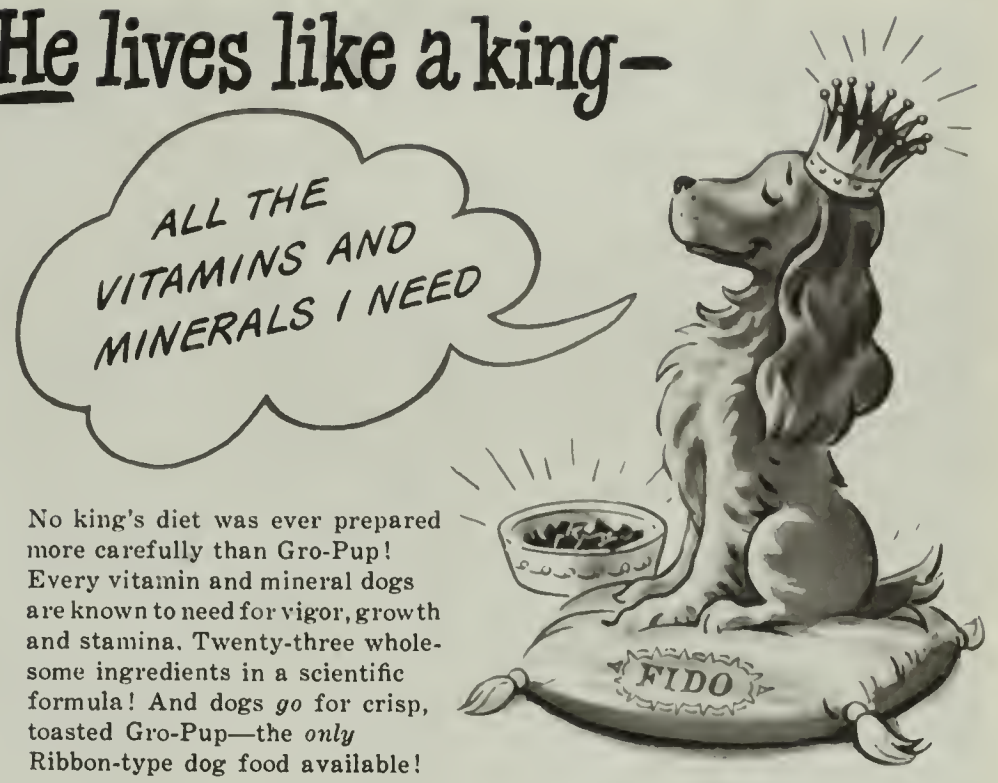


. . . Perhaps Colorado horses are longer than those in Idaho. I am enclosing a snapshot, taken about twenty-five years ago, of a "school bus" horse which transported these seven children to and from a rural school in southwest Colorado . . .

A former Colorado schoolteacher,
ALICE M. BURNETT, Lima, Ohio

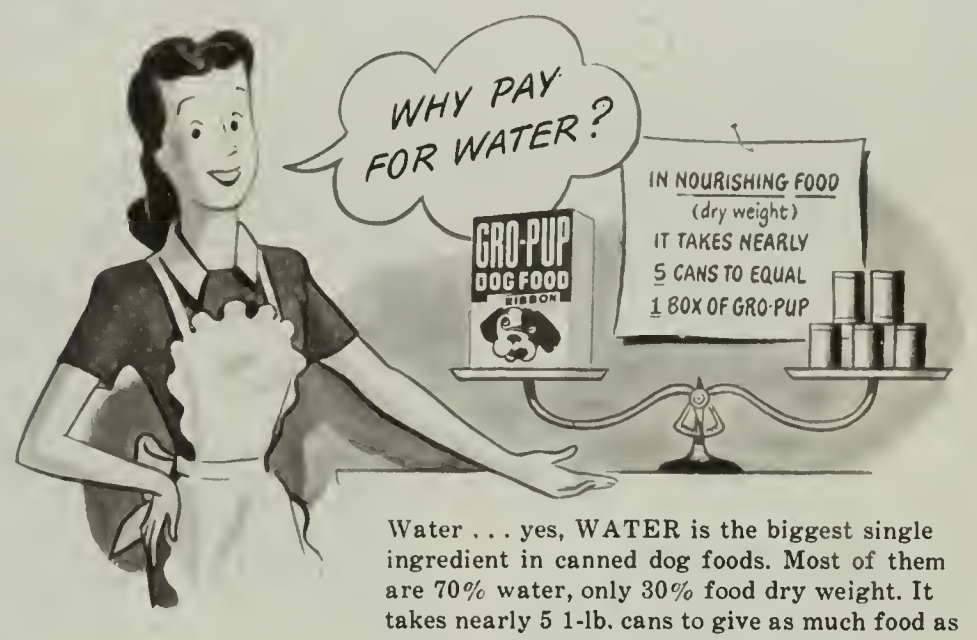


He lives like a king—



No king's diet was ever prepared more carefully than Gro-Pup! Every vitamin and mineral dogs are known to need for vigor, growth and stamina. Twenty-three wholesome ingredients in a scientific formula! And dogs *go* for crisp, toasted Gro-Pup—the *only* Ribbon-type dog food available!

You save almost half!



Water . . . yes, WATER is the biggest single ingredient in canned dog foods. Most of them are 70% water, only 30% food dry weight. It takes nearly 5 1-lb. cans to give as much food as 1 25-oz. box of Gro-Pup. For Gro-Pup is 92% nourishing food! (In Meal and Pel-Etts, too.)

The Biggest Box on the shelf



Dogs Go For Kellogg's GRO-PUP

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

Continued from page 20

nations, large and small, had to carry the burdens of heavy armament in order to survive. Hopkins later told me that Roosevelt was unusually uncomfortable and "his style was cramped" in these meetings primarily because of the enormous language difficulty and the inevitable waits while each statement was translated.

The next morning the President and Hopkins met with Molotov, General Marshall and Admiral King.

Angles on Aid to Russia

Professor Cross's record included:

The President remarked that Mr. Molotov had just come from London, where he had been discussing with the British authorities the problem of a second (invasion) front in western Europe. He had, the President added, been politely received, but had as yet obtained no positive commitment from the British. . . . We regarded it as our obligation to help the Soviets to the best of our ability, even if the extent of this aid was for the moment doubtful. . . .

Mr. Molotov thereupon remarked that, though the problem of the second front was both military and political, it was predominantly political. There was an essential difference between the situation in 1942 and what it might be in 1943. . . . To be sure, as was devoutly to be hoped, the Russians might hold and fight on all through 1942.

But it was only right to look at the darker side of the picture. On the basis of his Continental dominance, Hitler might throw in such reinforcements in man power and material that the Red Army might <u>not</u> be able to hold out against the Nazis. . . . In such circumstances the outlook would be much less favorable for all hands. . . . The decisive element in the whole problem lay in the question: When are the prospects better for the United Nations—in 1942 or in 1943?

Mr. Molotov observed that . . . if Great Britain and the United States, as allies, were to create a new front and to draw off 40 German divisions from the Soviet front, the ratio of strength would be so altered that the Soviets could either beat Hitler this year (1942) or insure beyond question his ultimate defeat.

Mr. Molotov therefore put this question frankly: Could we undertake such offensive action as would draw off 40 German divisions, which would be, to tell the truth, distinctly second-rate outfits? If the answer should be in the affirmative, the war would be decided in 1942. If negative, the Soviets would fight on alone, doing their best, and no man would expect more from them than that. He requested a straight answer. . . .

The President then put to General Marshall the query whether developments were clear enough so that we could say to Mr. Stalin that we are preparing a second front. "Yes," replied the general. The President then authorized Mr. Molotov to inform Mr. Stalin that we expect the formation of a second front this year [1942].

General Marshall added that we had the troops, all adequately trained; we had the munitions, the aviation and the armored divisions. The difficulties lay in transport.

Strategically the idea was, said General Marshall, to create as quickly as possible a situation on the Continent under which the Germans would be forced into an all-out air engagement, but they will not engage on this scale without the pressure of the presence of our troops on the ground. . . .

There was a meeting with the Chiefs of Staff Sunday afternoon, of which Hopkins wrote:

The President told General Marshall and Admiral King that he thought the matter was a little vague and the dangerous situation on the Russian front required that he, the President, make a more specific answer to Molotov in regard to a second front. The President read a draft of a cable which he had prepared to send to Churchill.

The cable referred to said:

Molotov's visit has put us on a personal footing of candor and as good friendship as can be acquired through an interpreter. I think the visit is a real success.

His real anxiety as to the next four or five months has been made very clear and I think this is sincere and not put forward to force our hand. Therefore, I am more than ever anxious that BOLERO [then the code name for the invasion of western Europe] proceed to definite action beginning in August and continuing as long as the weather holds. . . .

When Molotov leaves, I will cable you and I am especially anxious that he carry back some real results of his mission and that he will give a favorable account to Stalin. At present all the Russians are a bit down in the mouth, I believe.

The final meeting of the President, Molotov and Hopkins was held at 10:30 on Monday morning, June 1, 1942. Cross's record said that:

Mr. Molotov was much more gruff and assertive than in the previous interviews, perhaps for the purpose of playing the big shot in Mr. Litvinov's presence. In this case, at any rate, he immediately became terse and pressing.

The President remarked that he wished Mr. Molotov would take up one other matter with Mr. Stalin. We knew, he said, that there would be two kinds of postwar settlements: first, those among the United Nations, and second, arrangements for the reconstruction of the other nations with a view to ensuring a more stable form of peace. The President continued by saying that he had a new thought based on old experience. He believed that, instead of requiring interest on wartime advances, all the United Nations should work out a plan covering a long-term repayment of capital only. He hoped Mr. Molotov would discuss the point with Mr. Stalin for the purpose of exploring it without commitments. Mr. Molotov agreed to do so. The President observed that some such arrangement would facilitate matters for Great Britain, the Soviet Union and the United States, and also prove helpful for other nations. . . .

Mr. Molotov commented that he thought Mr. Stalin would be interested.

The President repeated that we expected to set up a second front in 1942, but that every ship we could shift to the English run meant that the second front was so much the closer to being realized. After all, ships could not be in two places at once. The Soviets could not eat their cake and have it too.

To this statement Mr. Molotov retorted with some emphasis that the second front would be stronger if the first front still stood fast, and inquired with what seemed deliberate sarcasm what would happen if the Soviets cut down their requirements and then no second front eventuated.

"What answer," he asked, "shall I take back to London and Moscow on the general question that has been raised? What is the President's answer with respect to the second front?"

To this direct question the President answered that Mr. Molotov could say in London that, after all, the British were even now in personal consultation with our staff officers on questions of landing craft, food, etc. Mr. Molotov should also say in London that we could proceed toward its creation with the more speed if the Soviet government would make it possible for us to put more ships into the English service.

The conversation ended with decreased tension on the Russian side. The President bade Mr. Molotov a cordial farewell, wished him a safe return home and presented the commissar with his photograph.

Later the Americans and Russians issued a statement about Molotov's visit, making reference to the second-front problem. Hopkins noted that he "talked to General Marshall about this and he felt that the sentence about the se front was too strong and urged that t be no reference to 1942. I called this ticularly to the President's attentio he, nevertheless, wished to have i cluded."

The reference to the second which Molotov wrote and which peared in the public statement issue June 11th was: "In the course o conversations full understanding reached with regard to the urgent of creating a second front in Euro 1942."

The exact meaning of those w and all the implications involved in provoked interminable and often lently acrimonious discussion for a time thereafter.

Hopkins later was aware of an *aide-mémoire* which the British authorities handed to Molotov on this subject said:

We are making preparations landing on the Continent in Aug September, 1942. . . . Clearly, how it would not further either the Ru cause or that of the Allies as a wh for the sake of action at any price embarked on some operation w ended in disaster and gave the e an opportunity for glorification a discomforture. We can therefore no promise in the matter, but, pro that it appears sound and sensibl shall not hesitate to put our plan effect.

Roosevelt cabled Stalin that he a ciated ever so much your sending Molotov to see me. Our visit wa satisfactory and I shall await anx the news of his safe arrival.

F.D.R.'s Reaction to Molotov

This same day Roosevelt Churchill:

The visit greatly pleased me. tov warmed up far more than any expected and I feel confident th has a far better understanding situation here than when he arriv confess that I view with great co the Russian front. . . .

These two cables were sent on J 1942—which was two years to th before the real second front was opened in northern France.

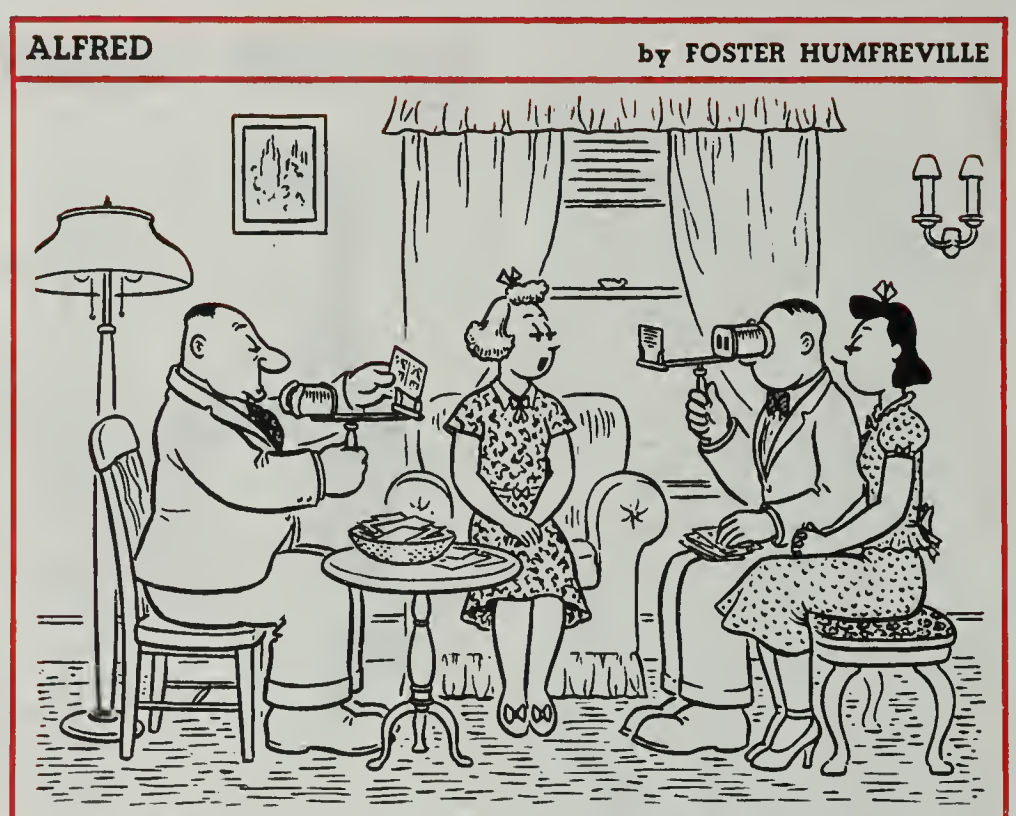
Hopkins wrote a letter about th general to Winant:

Molotov's visit went extremely He and the President got along fa and I am sure that we at least b one more gap between ourselv Russia.

There is still a long way to go must be done if there is ever to real peace in the world. We simp not organize the world betwe British and ourselves without b the Russians in as equal partners.

June 6th brought the climax Battle of Midway, which was, in cific, what the Battle of Britain ha in stopping the Germans on the C and what Stalingrad was to bec the war on the Russian front. It Admiral King has written, "the cisive defeat suffered by the Ja navy in 350 years. Furthermore an end to the long period of Ja offensive action, and restored the of naval power in the Pacific."

General Eisenhower and Somervell were then on a quick London for discussion of probl planning and supply. They retu Washington a few days later, as d eral Arnold who brought with h miral Lord Louis Mountbatte conveyed to the U.S. Chiefs of S disturbing impression that there



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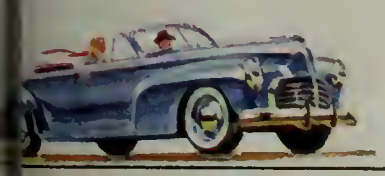


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be some question of revision of the BOLERO-SLEDGEHAMMER [second front] agreements made by Marshall and Hopkins in London six weeks previously. It was believed in Washington that Mountbatten was expressing the attitude of the British Chiefs of Staff, rather than his own.

There was an increasing conviction in Washington that the British were now inclined to dissuade the Americans from entertaining any ideas of engaging the Germans in force on land or in the air in 1942.

Churchill arrived on June 20th and stated his conception of the problems, in writing, to the President when they met at Hyde Park.

Weighing Chances of Failure

Churchill pointed out that the plans then in progress called for six or eight divisions to invade the northern coast of France early in September. At the same time, he stated that the British would be opposed to any move that was certain to result in failure. Such a failure could not in any event help the Russians, he argued, and would merely cause the Nazis to retaliate violently against any French inhabitants who assisted the Allies. Furthermore, he felt that such a failure would seriously delay a full-scale European invasion such as was planned for 1943.

Only if the Allies firmly intended to stay should they attempt any important French landing, Churchill emphasized. He then brought up the question of preparing some other operation which would directly or indirectly give relief to the Red Army. In this connection he suggested that a study should be made of the proposal known as GYMNAST which called for an invasion of North Africa.

Here, then, was the argument that the proponents of the second front had feared: the revival of the North African operation, instead of the trans-Channel assault in 1942. Stimson noted that Churchill had "taken up GYMNAST, knowing full well I am sure that it was the President's great secret baby."

This was the beginning of the protracted and often bitter dispute over the second front. Much has already been written on this extensive subject, and in most of it Churchill appears as the arch-villain from the American and Russian points of view. Certainly, in this argument, he demonstrated to the limit his qualities of indomitability, or of pig-headedness, whichever word you prefer. He was accused by some of a cowardly fear of risking British lives—and that accusation was made by Stalin in brutally blunt words to Churchill's face.

The charge of cowardice could hardly stand up against Churchill who, in 1940, had deliberately risked the lives of the entire British population, including his own, when the United States was still "neutral" and the Soviet Union was associated with the Germans in the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact; but there was no doubt about his reluctance to sacrifice British lives, and American lives, on the beaches of northern France. He persisted in the belief that Germany could be defeated by the combination of superior sea and air power *plus superior wits*. He said time and again that a disastrous defeat suffered by the Allies on the French coast would be "the only sure way for us to lose this war."

It has often been said that Churchill's advocacy of the "soft underbelly" approach to Europe demonstrated his far-sightedness—that he was motivated by the long-range purpose of keeping the Red Army out of the Danube Valley and the Balkans. In the opinion of some of the American authorities who were involved in the strategic discussions, this claim gave Churchill credit for too much prescience. He may have had such thoughts in mind in 1944, but certainly not in 1942.

The American Chiefs of Staff believed that Churchill's strategic concepts were much more easily explained: He had an incurable predilection for "eccentric operations" which depended on surprise, deception and speed. He shrank from the conception of a frontal attack.

Right or wrong, for better or worse, Churchill's arguments always made an appeal to Roosevelt, who was also interested in saving lives. One can only guess at the extent of the conflicts that went on in Roosevelt's mind and heart and soul when he had to decide whether to follow the advice of his own most trusted advisers (including Hopkins) or Churchill's warnings that the Channel would be a "river of blood."

In this period the British were suffering severe military reverses in North Africa and on Sunday morning, June 21st, in the White House, the President handed the Prime Minister a slip of paper with the news that Tobruk had fallen. There was little left with which to stop Rommel's Afrika Korps from pushing on to Alexandria, Cairo—and beyond.



"Never mind how bow-wow goes and moo cow goes and pussycat goes. How does Joanie go?" PERRY BARLOW

COLLIER'S

This sudden turn disrupted the Allied staff talks in Washington even before they could be started. Churchill poured out his matchless prose in opposition to the trans-Channel operation in 1942, and in favor of GYMNAST as a means of relieving the crisis in the Mediterranean. He was vigorously opposed by Marshall and Hopkins, and Roosevelt—for all that GYMNAST was "his secret baby"—refused to depart from the previous agreement.

Thus, there was no revision of plans then, but concentration of attention was forcibly diverted from the northern French coast to the Valley of the Nile.

British Attitude Causes Doubts

On June 25, 1942, Churchill had a final dinner with Roosevelt and Hopkins and then departed for London. He left behind him a growing sense of alarm that the second front was not going to be established in 1942 or in 1943 either.

Disagreement at this stage gave evidence of becoming so acute that the United States Chiefs of Staff seriously considered radical revision of their grand strategy which called for defeat of Germany first, instead of Japan.

General MacArthur in Australia had made his own plans for an offensive in the Southwest Pacific. These were co-ordinated with Navy plans in Washington into the conception of a major operation in 1942 and 1943 along the line of eastern New Guinea to the Admiralty Islands and up through the Celebes Sea to the west of the Philippines to Kamranh Bay in Indo-China, and Hong Kong. This would have involved committing the major part of American ground forces to fighting the war against Japan on the mainland of Asia in 1943—which would have meant leaving the war against Germany in Europe to be fought out by the Russians and British.

Henry L. Stimson has said that this drastic plan was a "bluff"—designed "to bring the British into agreement with the U.S. and Russia on plans for some sort of European invasion in 1942. Roosevelt called it "a red herring" and said that using it to force British agreement was a little like threatening to "take up your dishes and go home."

There is, however, considerable dispute as to this; the Hopkins papers shed no light on it, but it is my impression that the plan was far more than a bluff in General Marshall's mind and certainly in Admiral King's. Indeed, the first step in it—the assault on Guadalcanal—was approved on June 25th. One may indulge in some pretty wild speculation as to the consequences had the plan been followed through—including the thought that the first atomic bomb might have fallen on Berlin instead of Hiroshima.

In any case, the situation became so critical on the Russian front and in Egypt and in the Battle of the Atlantic early in July that a showdown was enforced. With the fall of Sevastopol, the storm of German offensive broke at last in full fury and the *Wehrmacht* swept eastward across the Don in the advance that ended only in the streets of Stalingrad and the mountains of the Caucasus.

Roosevelt had to make some very rapid and difficult decisions concerning diversion to the depleted British forces of Lend-Lease material that was in the Middle East en route to Turkey, Russia and China. The most important items in this were bombers which could be used in hammering Rommel's Nazi supply lines.

When some heavy bombers that were destined for China were turned over to the British, Chiang Kai-shek made emphatic protest in Chungking to General Stilwell, who reported to the President that "both Chiang Kai-shek and Madame were bitter about this matter and they were not mincing words when they asked for an unequivocal answer to the question as to whether or not the Allies were interested in maintaining the China war theater."

On July 4th, Churchill cabled, mentioning that there were 40 A-20 bombers which were then approaching Basra headed for Russia. The Prime Minister asked if the President would feel i to suggest to Stalin that these 40 b were desperately needed by the Br Africa.

On July 7th, Roosevelt Churchill that Stalin had no objec the transfer of these bombers to th ish and he cabled Stalin:

I deeply appreciate your attitu am arranging to slip to you at on hundred and fifteen additional n tanks with ammunition and spare

A month later when Churchill Moscow, he expressed his tha Stalin for the 40 bombers, and Stal "Those were American aircraft. be time enough to thank us when you some of our Russian bomber

In the Battle of the Atlantic, i Churchill advised Roosevelt that s were at "a rate unexampled in t or the last." And on July 15th, Cl sent Roosevelt for approval a co cable that he proposed to send whom he addressed as "my comra friend." The cable made the pain gestion that convoys on the Mu route must be suspended during maining summer period of perpet light. Roosevelt reluctantly agre

July 15th was a very tense da White House. The U.S. Chiefs were in a "fish or cut bait" moo gard to the British opposition to a front in Europe in 1942. Allied ur in immediate peril—and Marshal soldier who had an extraordinary ciation of the strategic necessity o unity. Roosevelt decided to sen shall, King and Hopkins to Lon settle the question.

Quotes from a Dinner Confer

On the evening of July 15th, H had dinner as usual with Roose a long conversation afterward. H careful notes during this conve quoting Roosevelt directly:

I cannot agree that if it be im to develop BOLERO (a limite pean attack) in 1942, we shou our faces away from Germa toward Japan.

Even though we must rel agree to no SLEDGEHAMMER pean invasion) in 1942, I still t should press forward vigorously 1943 enterprise. I see nothing message from England to indic lukewarmness on their part for t enterprise. I am somewhat di about this readiness to give u Will they also give up 1943?

But my main point is that I believe we can wait until 1943 at Germany. If we cannot s SLEDGEHAMMER (Europea sion), then we must take the sec —and that is not the Pacific. T are conducting a successful war. Troops and air alone will decisive at once—it requires creasing strength of our Navy- takes time.

If SLEDGEHAMMER can launched then I wish a deter made while you are in London specific and definite theater w ground and sea forces can against the German ground f 1942.

The theaters to be conside North Africa and the Middle E

The conversation summarized notes led to the drafting of the ders which Hopkins, Marshall a took with them to London. The included:

I am opposed to an America effort in the Pacific against Jap the view to her defeat as qu possible. It is of the utmost im that we appreciate that defeat does not defeat Germany a American concentration again this year or in 1943 increases th of complete German domin

nd Africa. On the other hand, ous that defeat of Germany, or ling of Germany in 1942 or in eans probable, eventual defeat nany in the European and heaters and in the Near East. f Germany means the defeat of obably without firing a shot or life. . . .

remember three cardinal prin- peed of decision on plans, unity attack combined with defense lefense alone. This affects the te objective of U.S. ground hting against Germans in 1942.

d) FRANKLIN D. ROOSE- COMMANDER IN CHIEF

as an expression of belief that, conquest of Germany, Japan's could be enforced without the n invasion of her home islands. he instructions given by Roose- opkins and the Chiefs of Staff, important—and, indeed, the ul- letermining factor—was this: *nd forces must be put into po- fight German ground forces re in 1942.*

s, Marshall and King flew from on on July 16th.

ival at Prestwick in Scotland, it d that the weather over Eng- too bad to permit flying on to Churchill had, therefore, pro- special train and asked that it Chequers so that they might there directly and spend the . However, that did not fit in shall's and King's plans. They o get to London immediately their talks with Eisenhower, aatz and Stark, as Roosevelt ed. So the train did not stop at

after their arrival at London, had Hopkins on the telephone, onversation about their failure ust have been a hot one. Hop- rted to Roosevelt, "The Prime threw the British Constitution th some vehemence. As you s an unwritten document so no amage was done. Winston is lf and full of battle." Hopkins st over the telephone to try to the Prime Minister that no had been intended, but his best ntly not good enough, and Hop- y concluded that he must go to himself to try to absorb some th. He did so.

The preliminary talks in London showed that it was unlikely the American viewpoint would prevail. During one conference Hopkins wrote on a sheet of Downing Street note paper, "I feel damn' depressed." This was written as a note —to whom, I do not know, but probably Marshall—on Wednesday afternoon, July 22d.

Soon after this meeting, Roosevelt was informed that the British would not willingly go ahead with SLEDGEHAMMER. Furthermore, as Hopkins indicated, the U.S. Navy officers involved had been inclined to respect the British position.

There was sufficient unanimity on the British side and a large enough fragment of doubt on the American side to make it impossible to push through the agreement for European invasion in 1942.

A Strong Plea for "Gymnast"

Roosevelt then cabled "that some other offensive be worked out for American ground forces in 1942. Tell our friends we must have a speedy decision."

The next day, the President again cabled:

GYMNAST (North Africa) is preferable in my opinion because relative distances will enable us to obtain control of Mediterranean more quickly and more surely than if we decide on mere reinforcements in Near East. . . . Using many of our troops now in England and Ireland together with expeditionary force from the United States I see no reason why we cannot put 80,000 American troops and air into the initial operation.

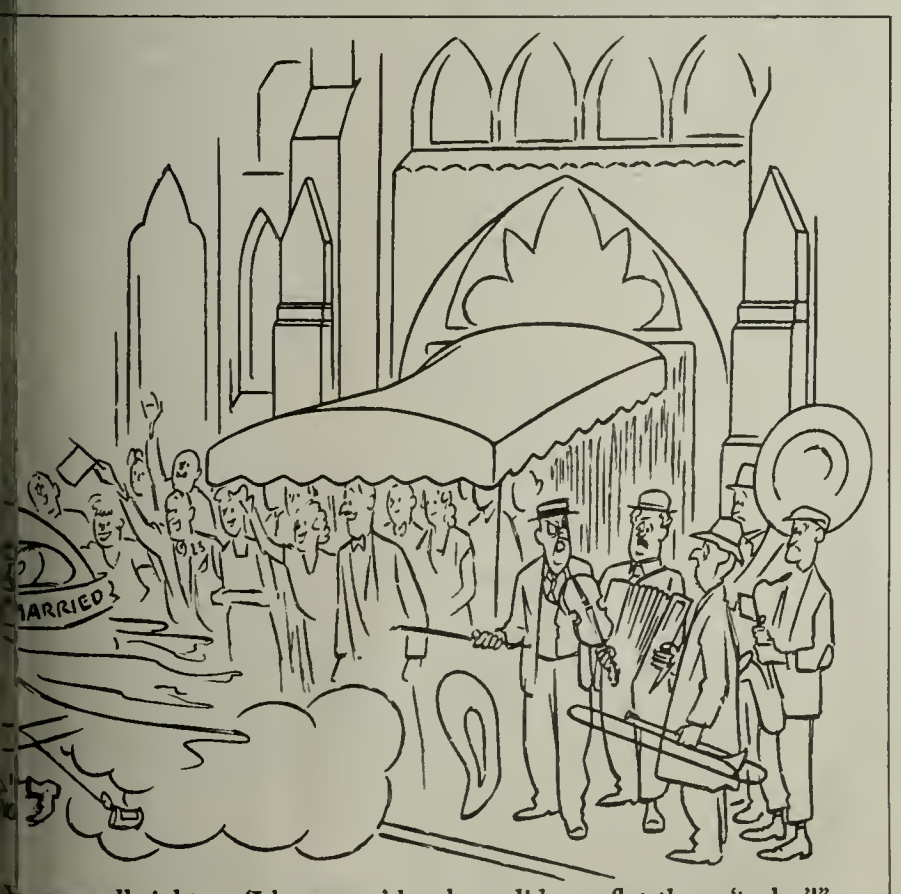
Late in July, Hopkins cabled Roosevelt that GYMNAST seemed acceptable but there was a tendency in the discussions to postpone a final decision until September 15th. He said, however, that "I urge very strongly that you recommend a date not later than October 30, 1942 . . . (as) the Russian situation is very serious."

Roosevelt replied to this:

In my opinion GYMNAST should be started with landing not later than October 30, 1942, and plans to that end proceed at once. Tell Former Naval Person I am delighted that decision is made.

In this way was the decision made to strike into North Africa instead of France.

Next Week: The Soft Underbelly.

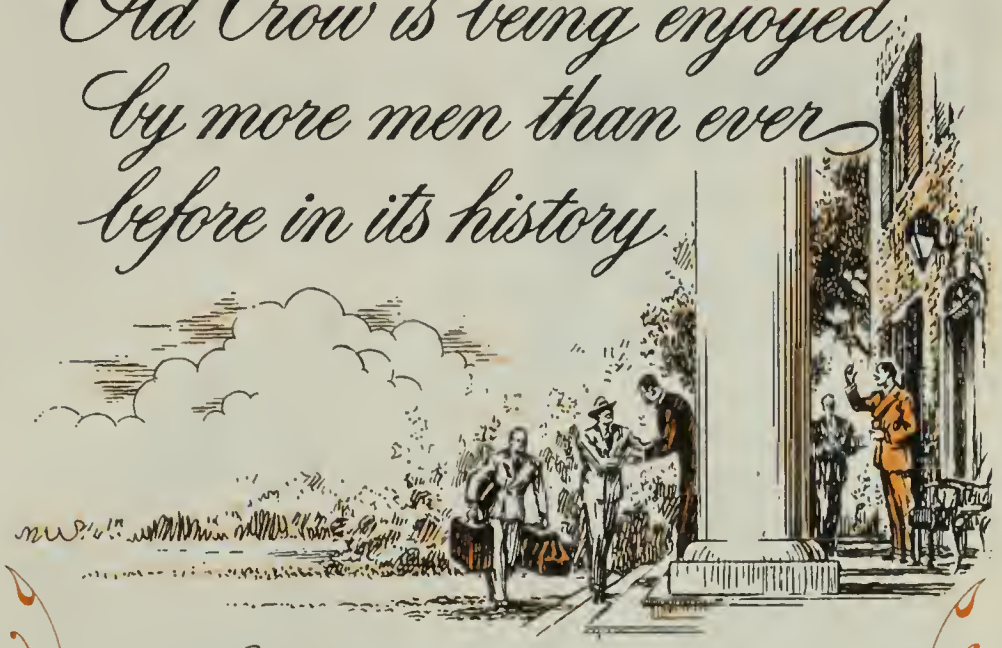


u were all right on 'I love you,' but boy, did you flat those 'trulys'!"

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HERO ON HORSEBACK

Continued from page 27

arrived. Thousands of kids boast an even hundred of Roy's pictures; one girl claims the championship with twelve hundred.

No one knows how many kids belong to Rogers fan clubs, started eight years ago by an admirer—a girl, Gene Ernst, of Hammond, Indiana. The clubs, collectively known as The Roy Rogers Fan Club, get out a publication dedicated to Rogers; they also answer innumerable questions about him.

If the kids make or break Western stars they also furnish more heartbreak than any one man ought to endure. There never are weeks in which some sobbing mother or pleading doctor doesn't call Roy to come and see a desperately ill, or dying child. Sometimes, if he can, he goes; if he can't, he telephones or wires the kid, or writes him a note.

With Only Two Months to Live

There was the boy out in the San Fernando Valley, for example. He had two months to live—and no hope. All he wanted was to see Roy; it was the one thing, his parents and the doctor said, that would build up his fading morale. So one evening, after a day before the cameras, Roy rolled out to the kid's home, not stopping to change clothes or make-up. He walked into the boy's room, unholstered his guns and tossed them on the bed.

"You don't mind if I park my shootin' irons on your bed, partner?" he asked.

The kid grinned and feebly tried to lift a gun.

"You'll have to do better'n that if you're going to make a picture with me," chided Roy. "You better hurry up and get better; then have your folks come to the studio and we'll find a part for you. . . ."

The kid did get better—temporarily. He made it to the studio one day, and Roy made good on his promise, putting the boy into a scene or two. He lived eighteen months—instead of the two his doctor gave him. He was a proud and happy kid—he was a pal of Roy Rogers, and the neighborhood kids knew it.

Roy was born in Cincinnati thirty-six years ago. His father worked in the U.S. Shoe Factory at $11 a day and the family, including sisters Mary, Kathleen and Cleda, lived comfortably. When he was a year old, the family moved to Portsmouth, Ohio, and later bought a farm in Duck Run, a dozen miles from town "up in th' hollow." This was where, under his real name, Leonard Slye, the kid grew up, learned to ride and shoot and play banjos, guitars and other instruments for country dances.

Leonard had a way with wild life. Horses obeyed him; bees wouldn't sting him; his pet skunks never let go; yellow jackets whose nests he disturbed always lit out after innocent bystanders and left him alone. A pet pig won first prize in a "4-H" Club contest, giving young Lenny a free trip to Cleveland and the Slye family a cellarful of lard, ham, bacon and fat back.

On the farm the boy learned to ride on a plow horse—a little black mare named Babe.

Time went along and in 1929, when he was seventeen, the boy went to work with his father in a shoe factory in Portsmouth. This looked like a lifework until one morning they got a letter from sister Mary who had got married and gone to live in Lawndale, California. Then the California fever got them and with a couple of hundred dollars they all set out in an old sedan for the West Coast. Out around Lawndale, Roy drove a gravel truck and did odd jobs during the summer. In November they were back at Duck Run. But the West was in the kid's blood and six weeks later he was headed out again.

He worked at anything that came along and in 1931 his family joined him. The depression was on, and everybody worked at anything handy—one summer they spent fruit-picking around Merced. Meanwhile, the youngster kept working on the clarinet, the fiddle and various stringed instruments, and the notion came to him that maybe there might be money in playing and singing. There certainly was little money in anything else in those dark days.

So he got a start in show business in 1932, at a time when theater owners were leasing out stretches of the balcony for deer stalking and mountain climbing. He got an audition with a show called the Midnight Frolic at a small radio station in Inglewood, a Los Angeles suburb. No dough, but a chance to sing, yodel and play the guitar.

Figuring that six could starve as cheaply as one, he got five other lads together and they formed The Rocky Mountaineers.

Four of them lived in one small house, three sleeping in one bed. They subsisted on chipped beef and gravy mainly, eking out with tips they made by shoving cars out of mudholes. Luckily southern California was having a wet spell at the time and the boys picked up a little change by patrolling local morasses and heaving when necessary.

"The usual tip was a dime," Roy remembers. "Once we got a quarter—but a lot of times the guy just said, 'Thank you,' and drove on."

But the dry spell came on, and the mudholes vanished and The Rocky Mountaineers fell apart. One took to caddying, another to driving a truck. Roy gritted his teeth and formed a new singing group called The International Cowboys—on the strength of one Mexican and one Hawaiian in the outfit. As soon as they got a little cash together they started out barnstorming around the West.

By June, 1933, this outfit had been changed to a group of five called The O-Bar-O Cowboys, which finally landed in Roswell, New Mexico, flat broke. A radio station there let them go on the air, but had no money for them. They used part of their air time to describe the kinds of food they liked, and how hungry they were and how they wished they were back in Mother's kitchen eating those swell doughnuts. . . .

"We must have sounded hungry," says Roy, "because people used to send in pie and cake and doughnuts and we lived on those for a long time. Sometimes we would mention sizzling steaks on the air, but we never got a sizzle. Just carbohydrates."

However, they got a few jobs playing for country dances and one week the five of them made $97. With this they toured Texas, playing for dances and mentioning food prominently over one-lunger radio stations. Back in California in the fall they split up and Roy organi another outfit—this time The Te laws—in which he played as "M Slye."

The Texas Outlaws went the the others. Next came The Son Pioneers, which went on the KFWB in Hollywood and stay Rogers worked up to $35 a wee ing only two hours a day, and co economic security in sight. Bu he heard that people were get for playing and singing at the Te tennial at Dallas, he quit and all for the Lone-Star State. A centennial he homed to Hol joined the Sons again and with t a few jobs singing and playing erns at Columbia.

He did so well in one of the that he got a fan letter—or at l studio did.

The honor of being Mr. Rog fan, and perhaps starting an tional trend, goes to Mrs. J. A. P of Little River, Florida. On July Mrs. Pent viewed The Mysteriou ger, a picture in which Mr. Ro peared anonymously. She sat once and wrote to the studio, e admiration and a belief that th man would go far.

Fan mail now runs around a pieces a year, but Roy still kee Pent's letter in his scrapbook.

While he was playing the gu singing in an occasional pictur show called Hollywood Barn Roy one day called at a store dale to pick up a hat he'd bee cleaned. At the moment, a h stranger—with slightly bowed came in and bought a new hat, ing that he had to hurry out to Studios to take a screen test.

Mr. Rogers inquired about c in the oat-opera field, was told t favorable and tagged along to t for a test himself.

A Short Trail to Stardo

He passed with all A grades signed October 13, 1937, "but starred until March, 1938, i Western Stars," he apologizes little ashamed that it took so l tain stardom.

Trigger, the fourteen-year-o mino stallion who gets equal bil Rogers, probably is the worl known horse—and the most p movie star in Hollywood. O mailed by a kid in Liverpool, and addressed merely "Trigger, livered on time. Trigger gets bil Smartest Horse in the World- cording to Rogers he's just a smart for comfort—Trigger's that is.

"Trigger has fifty tricks," Roy, "and each trick starts fro It's hard enough for a human t ber that many cues, and Trigge oversensitive. It's seldom he m when he does he gets excited fused. I hope Trigger lives to but if I'm still playing, the nex won't have quite so many cues

The horse travels by road i and-sand van, with his presen Glenn Randall. He eats li horses, about $40 worth of ha a month—plus carrots and s arrive by parcel post from kid He gets regular foot-and-mo new shoes once a month at $1 tet, special rubber shoes for p city streets, a thorough clean week and vaccinations when

High spot in Trigger's ca some years ago when he and R Paul Revere's Ride all over aga

From next week's installment of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: When Jimmy Byrnes was appointed Director of Economic Stabilization he told Hopkins: "There's just one suggestion I want to make to you, Harry, and that is to keep the hell out of my business."

Drive, leaving the governor's
Boston and ending in Con-
a fifteen-mile route, with all
osed so the children could
e animal also set another horse
exas by giving shows for more
ion people during 136 appear-
enty days, at Army camps.
nty-four pictures Roy has had
ng lady a red-haired girl from
xas—Dale Evans. Following
death of his first wife Roy re-
rried Miss Evans, with the
nimous approval of forty mil-
It was feared by some movie
hat the romance might work
popularity of the pictures and
ds would sneer, "Aw, they're
yway!" This is not true, be-
nce cuts no ice in Westerns,
, only draws jeers and violent
n from the small fry.
al formula for a Western is
lastards to be trying to steal
om Miss Evans' father. Mr.
es the ranch and dispatches
to eternal fire—being polite
vans throughout the carnage
his guns, accompanies him-
g or two and rides off to save
nch. Each ranch is saved at
P.M., so that Mr. Rogers can
o a color sunset. Kiss Miss
dby? Perish the thought!
rigger, ol' hoss. . . .
just at the turn of the year
Dale were married back in
in cowboy costume. They
mply, either in the Hollywood
the big Lake Hughes ranch
iles north of Los Angeles,
three youngsters: Cheryl Dar-
Linda Lou, five; and Roy, Jr.,
6. Dale has a boy from a for-
ge; he's at the University of
alifornia.
Western stars make huge in-
nsoring" various products
clothes, shoes, guns and toys;
ts; riding tack. Besides such
harm bracelets, neckerchiefs,
lariats, cowboy and cowgirl
radio game, Rogers is deep
re. A dime book for very
runs to 750,000 an issue. Four
r a two-bit Roy Rogers novel
—and sells 100,000. A color-
thly sells 1,300,000 at a dime.
paint book, with outline pic-
kids to color, sells a million
There are already three Rog-
oks and another is in the
ublish amateur compositions.
e's the Roy Rogers Dude
far from Las Vegas, Nevada.

Businessmen write Rogers hundreds of letters, though you might not believe it. They are usually apologetic; not interested themselves, but their kiddies are just crazy to have a letter from Roy, or a signed picture. Often they send him shirts—and report that their little ones are wearing outfits "endorsed" by Roy.

Endorsing products may be a dangerous thing, because if a kid gets a "Roy Rogers Cowboy Shirt" and it shrinks, Mr. Rogers' name is thereafter mud in that home. After several unhappy experiences in early days Roy now spends a lot of money testing everything before he puts his name on it.

Money Pours in from Many Sources

Just how much all this outside-the-studio money totals, neither Roy nor his manager, Art Rush, knows. It may run well over $300,000 this year—and that figure doesn't include the rodeo, personal appearances, movie work or what the ranch may bring in. Roy keeps thirty-six brood mares and five palomino stallions busy and sells the results at handsome figures.

All this fame and fortune have not been attained for nothing. Herbert J. Yates, president of Republic Pictures, figures his studio alone spent around a million dollars in three years in publicity and exploitation for Rogers.

While Roy—as Leonard Slye—was making his first picture at Republic some aesthete balked at his name. So there was a conference between Sol and Moe Siegel, Bill Saal and Herbert Yates and somebody suggested "Rogers." Yates tossed in the "Roy"—and young Lennie was told of the decision. He took it very well, on the whole, and in 1942 made Roy Rogers his legal name.

On a barnstorming trip through Texas he and a friend saw a horse up for sale. The animal, a palomino, was rather mangy, but Roy took a fancy to it and the owner was glad to sell it to him for $150. Roy borrowed the money, figured he should name the animal something people could remember "quick on the trigger." So that's how Trigger got his name.

While making My Pal Trigger one scene called for the birthing of a colt. One was rented from a California horse rancher who was so pleased with the deal he gave the youngster to Roy. It was an awkward, leggy, ungainly little thing and no one figured it would ever amount to much. But today, the two-year-old is Trigger's understudy. Trigger has never missed a show but there may come a time. . . . So Trigger Junior, who has appeared in two pictures as Trigger's son, has been carefully trained, knows all his old man's cues and tricks and goes along on tours. Roy and Glenn Randall, who have trained him, consider him the second wonder horse of the age. Eventually he will step into the famous stallion's shoes and do all right.

Rogers and Trigger represent quite an investment in clothes and equipment. Rogers' shirts start at $30 and run up as high as $150; trousers come around $65; boots cost $75 a pair up. He designs most of his costumes. Of course a "cowboy outfit" can cost anything: One of Trigger's saddles came to $5,500. Silver and gold embellishments on riding gear and guns have practically no limit.

Final accolade for any star is the approval of the crews who work in his pictures. The Western crew at Republic is all for Rogers.

"He's a good guy," said a grip. "You take late last year, when he was sick and under doctor's orders to lay off. It was near Christmas and he knew how the boys needed pay checks. So he goes ahead and makes the picture, just so we'll have some cash instead of a layoff. How can you help but like a guy like that?"

THE END



't get excited! If you had
st night they must be
ere somewhere. Have you
pockets in your gray pants?"

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ROYALTY UNDER WRAPS

Continued from page 22

disposition to release it. However, every month the British government sends him a check to take care of his and his family's living expenses. This income won't permit extravagance, and Umberto is now a subdued and retired gentleman. He and his wife, Marie-José separated after they left Italy.

Villa Jela, in the Smuha quarter, is the home of the widow of King Victor Emmanuel III, Helena of Montenegro. With a small income, she lives a completely secluded life. Blinded in her right eye, the tall queen never recovered from the loss of her daughter, Princess Mafalda of Hesse, who died in the Nazi concentration camp of Buchenwald.

Queen Helena's two other daughters, former Queen Giovanna of Bulgaria and Countess Iolanda Calvi di Bergolo, live in small, simple villas near by. Giovanna, a widow since the mysterious death of her husband King Boris (who was rumored to have been poisoned by either Nazis or Communists, depending on the source), is busy raising her two children, King Simeon and Princess Ludovica, and never goes out.

Her sister Iolanda, however, is gay and active. She has no servants and does all the cooking and housework herself, while her husband, a former general in the Italian army, looks for a job.

While the Savoias are poor, their former foe, ex-King Zog of Albania, is happy and fairly well off financially, despite the fact that he has four sisters dependent on him.

Zog still likes colorful uniforms and paraphernalia. At official functions, he is always covered with decorations, like a true operetta king. He dolls up his pretty half-Hungarian, half-American wife, the former Countess Geraldine Apponyi, the way he thinks a queen should look. Zog and Geraldine are in sharp contrast to some other royal exiles. He has had the unique satisfaction of seeing the king who dispossessed him of his kingdom, the late Victor Emmanuel of Italy, drift into exile himself.

The head of the czarist Russians and legitimate pretender to the throne of All the Russias, Grand Duke Vladimir Kyrilovitch is now a resident of Spain, where he travels extensively, unmolested by Franco's police. But he keeps an office in St. Briac, Brittany, known as the Imperial Chancery and headed by a former czarist admiral. Here all the mail of Russian royalists is opened and answered, and here decisions of titles, morganatic marriages of other Romanoffs and questions of precedence are made.

A lover of outdoor sports, the tall, strapping thirty-year-old Vladimir looks almost exactly like his late granduncle, Czar Alexander III, a fact that his followers consider a lucky omen. British educated, he thinks it silly for him to proclaim himself czar as long as Stalin rules Russia. Grand duke will do, he says, for the time being.

To Vladimir's credit, he didn't care enough about his claims to the throne to sacrifice his honor and love of country. When Hitler offered to make him Czar of the Ukraine and perhaps of the whole of Russia, Vladimir answered: "A Romanoff will not let himself be placed back on the throne by an adventurer and a butcher of the Russian people." That took courage, as Vladimir lived in Germany during the war.

There are other jobless kings and queens and pretenders scattered about the earth. In Switzerland we find the melancholy Leopold of the Belgians and his beautiful commoner wife, Rethy. The Belgians don't seen them back or to place their so Louis Napoleon, in line for s to the throne.

Montenegro has a Prince who aspires feebly to its mo throne. Germany has its Hoh pretender, in the person of F William, the former crown pri lives in the gloomy 400-room (room) Castle of Hechingen in th can zone of Germany. His Prince August Wilhelm, was condemned by a denazification two years of hard labor. His so Louis-Ferdinand, who is ma Grand Duchess Kyra, sister of sian pretender, is the Ford repr in Bremen. If you want to be there are 14 former kingdom duchies and principalities whic the Second Reich that can cla mate pretenders.

Also in Germany, in the Brit we find eighty-six-year-old ex-k dinand of Bulgaria, a sad old m of his sons, King Boris, died; t Prince Kyril, was liquidated by sians.

Brazil has its pretender in th of Dom Pedro of the House of Braganza, great-grandson of the peror of Brazil, whom title-cons de Janeiro society refers to pr "Our Prince."

There's also a Chinese pretend Henry Pu-yi, former Emperor and Manchukuo. But he's in captivity and no one has hear out of him these last few years. tender he has less than a Ch chance.

THE END

THE SMALL TIME

Continued from page 15

do," said Monte. "And you have."

Boy grinned, proud of his larceny.

"Well, call me in a couple of weeks," said Monte.

"Hey, Monte," said Boy, putting on his most winning smile, "you wouldn't let me have twenty bucks, would you?"

"That's right. I wouldn't."

"You gotta, Monte," Boy cried, changing his expression to despair. "I'm gonna get ulcers eatin' in them one-arm joints."

"Wait a minute," said Monte, remembering something. "If it's a good meal you want, I can take care of you. Come to lunch with me. I got two tickets to a testimonial luncheon for Chick Hagen."

Boy leaped to his feet, his face strained with incredulity. "A testimonial for Chick Hagen? He gives a performance that smells, the show flops, so they throw him a testimonial. I don't get it."

"When a man is down and out," said Monte quietly, "that's when he appreciates a testimonial. Chick's done a lot of things for a lot of people. They want to show him they haven't forgotten."

"Aaah," sneered Boy. "If they really wanna do him a favor, they should send him to a good psychiatrist. The guy was nuts to let that young wife of his talk him into comin' back to Broadway."

"Have you ever met Nancy Faricy?" Monte asked.

"What do I hafta meet her for? A guy fifty years old marries a dame of twenty. She wants to play on Broadway. Why do you think she married the old geezer? She needles him till he crawls back to Broadway and puts her in a show. Any schmoe could figure it out."

The agent was silent for a minute. "So you don't want to go to the luncheon."

"I never said that," replied Boy quickly. "Let's go."

They walked cross-town to the Waldorf and took the elevator up to the banquet room reserved for Chick's testimonial. Boy was instantly awed. The room was crowded with great names—not only theater people, but politicians, newspapermen, professional men and clergymen.

Boy looked around him with mounting enjoyment. He had never been in such big-time company before.

A flower-laden speakers' table stood in front of the room. In the toastmaster's seat was Nelson Estabrook, a tall, thin, blond man. On his right sat Chick Hagen. He was fat and gray and hunched; his complexion was sallow. He looked like a tired, old man—except for his face. He had a wistful, helpless-looking utterly innocent face. It was the look of a man who can never be discouraged. "Indestructible cheerfulness," a critic had once called it.

Next to Chick sat a young woman of truly astonishing beauty, even for Broadway. She had none of the vacuous perfection of the typical show girl. Her smile was a little too crooked to advertise toothpaste, but there was infinite good nature in it. Her gray eyes were not made up to look lavishly large, but they shone with intelligence.

Boy's eyes, roaming eagerly around the room, came to rest on this girl. He felt a sudden strange lurching sensation inside of him.

"What's the matter?" asked Monte, noticing Boy's slack-hanging jaw.

"Nothing," snapped Boy. He was angry at himself. He did not believe in love, particularly not love at first s that Nancy Faricy?"

Monte nodded.

"She's beautiful," Boy said re

"What's the matter with yo You falling in love or something

"You got rocks in your head Boy indignantly.

"Well, quit gaping at her."

"I was just thinkin'," Boy said it doped out right. Now that her, I'm sure. Can you picture a thing like that marrying that down Chick Hagen for love?"

"She's a nice girl," said Mont "and she loves him."

"Ha!" snorted Boy. "She's a l niver if I ever saw one. Look, ki around. I know a phony when I

"Eat your chicken croquett Monte.

A moment later Nelson E rose and rapped on his water g the room fell quiet. "Ladies an men," he said, "we are gathere pay tribute to Chick Hagen, to s how grateful we are for the hap has given us. I would like to ca His Excellency, the governor."

The governor rose and began of Chick Hagen. But Boy was n ing. He was staring at Nancy The lurching feeling was upon h This time he did not try to fig did he find it unpleasant.

The governor finished his sp was followed by the mayor. A came an archbishop, a rabbi, t dent of a university. Not a wo tratcd Boy's trance. Once Mor questioning hand on Boy's arm. never took his eyes off Nancy.

he speeches were over and Esta-
as presenting a gold watch to
o was standing up. There were
his cheeks.
ds," he said in a voice made
y years in the theater, and more
ow with emotion, "I don't know
He paused and wiped his eyes.
tell you—" He stopped again;
would not abate. "All I can
Once more he stopped. He stood
ver, his hands flat on the table.
ddenly he gasped and clutched
and fell to the floor.
ests jumped to their feet. There
thousand incoherent shouts.
voice made itself heard above
'Let me through. I'm a doctor."
d parted, and the doctor made
through. Before bending over
turned and said to the crowd,
k to your tables."

Y the guests dispersed. They
lently watching the doctor.
ood by, leaning on Estabrook,
contorted with anguish.
t with Monte, as quiet as the
ll at once Boy jerked upright.
had exploded like a rocket in
"Monte," he whispered excit-
an go on for Chick tonight."
shot him a disapproving frown.
Boy continued eagerly. "I
t 'er Rip. I saw it years ago
first did it. I been usin' gags out
ears. I tell you I know it cold.
n without a rehearsal."
od's sake, Boy, that man up
be dying."
at?" said Boy impatiently. "I
sorry for the guy and all that,
the chance I been waitin' for."
ctor rose from Chick's prostrate
hone for an ambulance," he
rook who started away imme-
he doctor faced the guests. "It's
he said. "Chick's had a slight
ck. He's conscious now."
ne started talking at once. Esta-
ading for the telephones, passed
where Boy and Monte were sit-
started to rise to intercept him.
ked him savagely back into the
o you think you could wait un-
s the ambulance?"
t drumming his fingers on the
l Estabrook returned. "Quick!
e hissed at Monte.
rose and blocked Estabrook's
r. Estabrook—"
ow, Monte," said Estabrook
ing to get by.
stood stolidly before him. "This
Malverne, Mr. Estabrook. He
go on for Chick tonight. He
part cold."
be ridiculous," snapped Esta-
'm closing the show tonight. I
g it next week anyway."
u've sold tickets for this week,"
otested mildly.
' few. We'll give them their
ck. Now let me by."
ped up and seized Estabrook's lapels. "But that means the cast will lose a week's salary. Chick wouldn't want to be the cause of that. He'd worry about it, and right now you shouldn't give him anything to worry about."

Estabrook hesitated.

And Boy knew that he had him. "Honest, sir, I can do it. I worshiped Chick. I know all of his parts cold. Ask Monte. You'll believe Monte, won't you?"

Estabrook turned to the agent. Monte nodded. He turned back to Boy. "Well, if Monte says so—" He paused. "How much money do you want?"

"I'll work for nothin', sir," cried Boy. "I just wanna do it for old Chick."

Monte's eyebrows ascended abruptly.

"All right," said Estabrook, plainly impressed. "I'll do it. Be at the theater at five."

Boy grabbed him again. "Sir, may I make a suggestion? I think Chick would like it if he knew the show wasn't closin' tonight. Would you announce it now?"

"I'll tell him at the hospital," said Estabrook, exasperated.

"Well, sir," Boy argued, "they'll probably give him a sedative as soon as the ambulance gets here. Why don't you announce it now so he's sure to know?"

"Oh, very well. Come along."

With a quick, and unreturned, smile at Monte, Boy accompanied Estabrook to the speakers' table. Chick was sitting in a chair, pale and shaken. Nancy held his hand For a moment Boy felt himself falling again under Nancy's spell, but then Estabrook was making the announcement.

"This is Boy Malverne," said Estabrook, "who is going on tonight for Chick."

"Without salary," Boy whispered.

"Without salary," Estabrook added. "Boy asked me to let him go on and keep the show open until Saturday so Chick would not have to worry about making the cast lose a week's pay."

Chick reached for Boy's hand. "Thank you, son," he said weakly.

"It's nothin'," replied Boy and turned to Nancy. But at that moment the men from the ambulance arrived and Chick was carried out with Nancy and Estabrook following.

Boy rejoined Monte. As the guests filed out, they stopped at Boy's table to shake his hand and assure him that they would be present at the theater that night. Finally Boy and Monte were left alone.

Boy threw back his head and laughed with pure exultation. "I had you fooled, didn't I? Couldn't figure out why I said I'd work for nothin', could you? Well, now you know. All these big shots are gonna be there tonight to see me. And will I give 'em a show! I'll fracture 'em. They'll go outa there ravin' about me. Tomorrow I'll be up to my neck in offers. I'll be rollin' in dough. C'mon, Monte, I'll buy you a drink."

"I'll see you later," said Monte and walked out.

"What's eatin' him?" Boy wondered, but he did not wonder for long. There was work to be done. He spent the rest of the afternoon brushing up on Chick's part. When he got to the theater at five, he went over the part again for Estabrook, and then he went down to the wardrobe department to have Chick's costumes altered to fit him. At seven thirty he retired to Chick's dressing room.

He had just stretched out on Chick's couch when there was a knock on the door. "Come in," he called. Nancy Faricy entered.

"I didn't mean to disturb you, Mr. Malverne," said Nancy. "I came to thank you for what you're doing, and tell you how much Chick and I appreciate it."

The lurching sensation began inside Boy. First love at age thirty-seven is not likely to be a tranquil sensation. *Easy,* Boy told himself. *Take it easy. You ain't a schoolboy no more. Keep cool. You gotta use your head to get this baby. This is a shrewd customer. This ain't one of the dopes you been used to. This is a smart cookie. You be smart too.*

"Don't mention it," he said. "How's Chick?"

"Better, thank you. He's resting quietly."

Listen to her. Somebody would think she gave a damn if the old boy croaked. It takes class to four-flush like that. This is a high-type chiseler, this baby. Nothin' small-time here.

"Of course," said Nancy, "he'll never go on a stage again. The doctor absolutely forbade it. He said Chick had to go to a nursing home for several months. He recommended an inexpensive place up in Saratoga. It better be inexpensive," she added wryly. "We're broke."

If she thinks she's gettin' any dough out of me, she's got holes in her head. Still, I gotta admire her for tryin'. She's got plenty of nerve to go with that class.

"If we hadn't sold our place out in California," she continued, "we could go back there. But that's out. I'll have to try to get a part in a show so I can keep Chick in Saratoga. And I simply detest acting."

And a cat simply detests cream. You beautiful, double-dealin' wench. I love you. What a team we'd make!

"I begged Chick not to come back to Broadway. I was perfectly happy. We had a nice little house in Encino. We'd drive over to the beach twice a week. Sometimes we had a few friends over at night. I was so content. But Chick insisted that we do a play together."

If any other dame came in here and told me big lies like that, I'd hit her over the head with a sofa. But this one is wonderful. No wonder old Chick got took. What we couldn't do together!

She gave a short, embarrassed laugh. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to cry on your shoulder. Please forgive me. I've had an enervating day."

Enervating. Such classy words she knows. Classy, that's what she is. Classy and beautiful and phony as a seven-dollar bill. My type girl.

She offered him her hand. "Thanks again, Mr. Malverne, and good luck. I'll see you on stage."

A cool, firm handshake and she was gone. Boy sat down slowly on the couch.

IN a moment there was another knock on the door and Monte entered. He looked at Boy's dazed face. "What's the matter, Boy? You in love?"

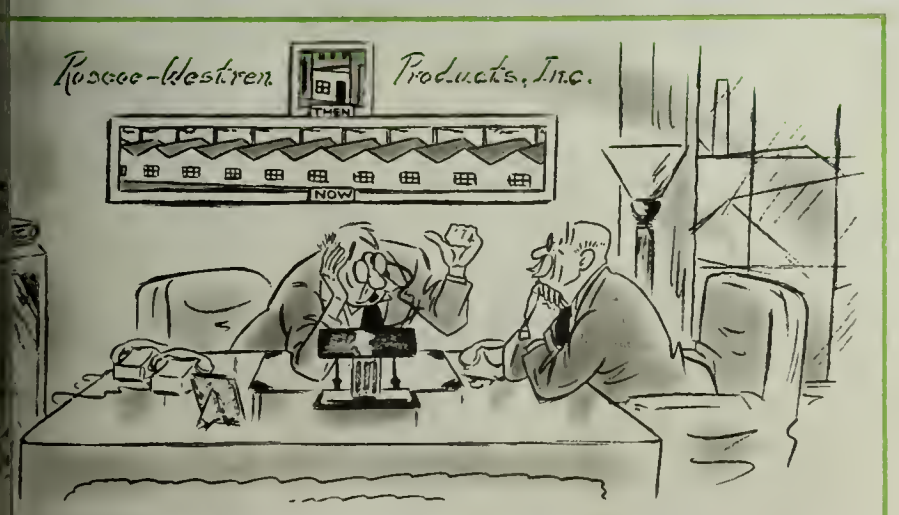
"Yeah," said Boy, nodding his head deliberately. "Yeah."

Monte lighted a cigar before he spoke. "Boy, she's Chick's wife and she loves him, no matter what you think."

"What are you givin' me?" snarled Boy. "Loves him. In a pig's eye, she loves him. She married the old creep so he'd put her on the stage. Now she's on the stage, and she don't need him no more."

"You're wrong, Boy. Dead wrong."

"Listen." Boy prodded the agent's chest with his forefinger. "I can be wrong



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about a lotta things. But when it comes to spottin' phonies, I can't miss. I know phonies, Monte. Don't gimme no song and dance about Nancy Faricy. I know what she is and I'm in love with her and I'm gonna have her."

The agent puffed silently for a moment. "Look, Boy," he said reasonably. "Tonight you're getting your big chance in show business. Nobody ever played to such a distinguished audience. You can move right into the big time tonight. Why are you thinking about this girl? You've got a job to do. You've got to go out there and make yourself a star."

"That's right," said Boy, his face lighting up. "That's right. I'm gonna make myself a star tonight. Then it'll be a cinch to get Nancy. A lead-pipe cinch."

"Boy—"

Boy was on his feet, striding back and forth in the small dressing room. "I ain't gonna miss tonight, Monte. I know all of Chick's business and I'm gonna do it all. But that ain't all. On the entrance I'm gonna walk like this—"

"Groucho Marx," said Monte as Boy demonstrated.

"And I'm gonna swing my cane like this—"

"Bobby Clark."

"And take off my gloves like this—"

"Walter Catlett."

"And pick my teeth like this—"

"Chaplin."

"And do that Leon Errol thing with the legs and the Frank Fay business with the coats and Bert Lahr's bit with the songs. And I know a character who can write me some S. J. Perelman-type gags. Sort of. Then there's some more stuff I can do from Red Skelton. I tell you, Monte, there ain't gonna be a dull moment."

"There sure ain't," agreed Monte.

"But clever, Monte. I mean I mix everything up so nobody recognizes it. I do little switches, combine things. See?"

"Yes," said Monte. "I see."

"What do you think?"

"I don't know, Boy. But I will say this: if anyone can do it, you can."

"First curtain," called a voice in the corridor.

MONTE watched from the wings as Boy went on with his potpourri of plagiarized tricks. At first the laughs were scattered; the audience was frankly puzzled by Boy's hybrid antics. Then the sheer energy of Boy's performance began to break down the audience. The laughs multiplied. They became howls and shrieks. Boy, encouraged by his reception, increased his efforts, and the audience responded by laughing louder. The more they laughed, the harder Boy worked; the harder Boy worked, the more they laughed. Everyone in the theater was helpless by the last curtain, writhing in his seat, tears streaming down his face, his laughter utterly out of control. Never in his long theatrical experience had Monte ever seen an audience so overpowered by a performer. He counted eighteen curtain calls for Boy at the end of the show.

Monte was waiting with a robe when Boy finally came off. He covered his perspiring body and rushed him to his dressing room. But before Boy could get out of his soggy costume, a riot of well-wishers had invaded the dressing room. Boy's hand was shaken until it throbbed; his back was slapped rosy. Not for more than an hour was Monte able to push and cajole the crowd out of the room so Boy could change.

Still they would not leave. Monte came back into the dressing room and told Boy, "They want to give you a party at the Stork. They're waiting."

"Fine," said Boy. "Go get Nancy."

"Now, look, Boy, she's had a tough day."

"She's had an *enervating* day," said Boy. "Now go get her."

Monte shrugged and left. Boy was dressed when he returned. "She coming?" he asked.

"Yeah," said Monte.

Boy grinned triumphantly and joined the throng in the corridor.

At the Stork Club the adulation continued. It was, in fact, compounded. For news of Boy's performance had spread through café society, and now he was being congratulated by great numbers of people who had not been at the theater.

Boy accepted all the praise gracefully, with smiles and murmured thank-you's. Not that he had been suddenly struck modest; it was preoccupation. Across the table from him sat Nancy. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkled; her frequent laughter bubbled merrily. Boy nudged Monte, who sat beside him. "Hey, Monte. If a dame was in love with her husband and her husband was layin' flat on his back in the hospital, would she be havin' such a good time?"

Monte poured himself another glass of champagne without answering.

It was dawn when the party broke up. "Go get a suite for me and you at the Waldorf," Boy told Monte. "I'm takin' Nancy home."



"Don't be a sourpuss . . . Let the kids cover you with sand"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

She readily accepted Boy's offer to escort her home. They hailed a cab and rode for a few blocks in silence, she leaning against the cushions with a smile of deep content, he examining her with a calculating eye. He slid his hand carefully across the seat toward hers, letting it brush hers as though by accident. She took his hand, held it firmly.

"Boy," she said, "you've made me very happy tonight."

"This is only the beginning, baby. I'm gonna keep makin' you happy from now on."

"I hope so," she said.

The cab stopped in front of her apartment as he was closing in for a kiss. He took her to her door, figuring how to maneuver her into kissing position again. It was easy. She turned at the door and kissed him—a hard, long kiss. "Thanks for everything," she said and went inside.

Boy rode in a glow to the Waldorf. Monte was in bed when he entered the suite. "Hey, Monte," he called.

"There's pajamas and a robe on your bed," said Monte.

"She kissed me."

"Go to sleep."

"So she loves her husband? That's a yell. This babe is mine, Monte."

Boy laughed and slapped Monte's bulging behind. Then he undressed, got into bed, lay congratulating himself for a little while, and fell asleep. . . .

It was late afternoon when Monte woke him. "Here's the papers," said Monte, throwing a heap of them on Boy's bed. "Read all about yourself. They say you're every comic rolled into one."

"They're right," said Boy shamelessly. He glanced through the extravagant praise in the columns.

"I was over at the theater this morning," said Monte. "There's a line two blocks long in front of the box office. Estabrook isn't selling any tickets, though, until he finds out if you'll sign a run-of-the-play contract. He offered $500 a week. That's his top price."

"You got the contract?"

"Yeah, right here. But listen, Boy—"

"Nuts!" Boy interrupted. "Cimme the contract."

"Now, wait a minute, Boy. I've got an offer for you to go into the Copa for $3,000 a week. And another one for the Colonial Inn in Miami Beach for $4,500. Metro wants you for a picture. Max Gordon wants you for a new play. Don't sign with Estabrook; you'll be losing a fortune. And you'll be stuck with him for as long as the show runs. That might be two years."

"Gimme the contract. I know what I'm doin'." He wrested the contract from the agent's unwilling fingers. He walked over to the desk and affixed his signature.

The phone rang as Boy signed. Monte picked it up. "Yeah? Just a minute, Mr. Estabrook." He put his hand over the mouthpiece and addressed Boy. "You sure you want to sign, Boy?"

"Of course I'm sure. Tell him it's all set."

"Yes, he's signed your contract, Mr. Estabrook. All right. Goodby." Monte hung up the phone. "He's sending a boy right over to get it. Listen, Boy, you can still change your mind."

"Look," said Boy patiently, "I know what I'm doin'."

"I know what you're doing too, Boy, but you're making a mistake. You're not going to get that girl, and you'll lose a fortune to boot."

"Don't make me laugh. How can I help gettin' her? While her husband is layin' up in a nursin' home in Saratoga—layin' up there at her expense, I might add—I'll be with her every night, remindin' her how nice it would be to get married to a young, healthy fella—who also happens to be a star."

"You're passing up a lot of dough."

"I got plenty of time to make dough," said Boy lightly. "I'm still a young man."

"Got yourself believing it," muttered Monte.

Boy was suddenly serious. "I gotta h her, Monte. That's the way it is. I d care how much dough it costs me. Th the perfect way to get her, and I'm go do it."

"I don't suppose this matters to Boy, but have you stopped to thi Chick? He loves her and he needs now, more than ever."

"You're breakin' my heart," said "Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm go take a shower."

He walked briskly into the bathro singing as he went. Monte sank gra into a chair and lighted a cigar. In a minutes a messenger came from E brook and picked up the contract. A tle while later Boy emerged from shower, pink and beaming. "Nice su ers in this hotel. I think I'll move in manent. Last place I was in had room and an adjoining mouse."

"Bob Hope," said Monte morose

"Who's he?" asked Boy. "Cheer Monte. Things ain't so bad."

"Boy," said Monte slowly, "yo making a mistake about Nancy. I not what you think."

"Get a new bit, will you, kid? Yo gettin' pretty stale with that one."

"It's the truth, Boy. You'll find

Boy whirled angrily on Monte. "W do you want, affidavits? You saw way she was actin' last night. What proof do you want?"

"You're wrong," repeated Monte bornly.

BOY glared furiously at the a There was a knock on the "Who's there?" shouted Boy.

"It's Nancy," came the voice outside.

Boy laughed silently in Monte's "Just a minute, baby." He put o robe and went to the door. "Come in," he said, taking her arm possess

"Oh, hello, Monte," she said. "I I'm not interrupting anything."

"Not at all, not at all," said Bo pansively. "Sit down."

"I can't, Boy. I've got to rush. saw them putting your name up in at the theater. I had to come and te how pleased I was."

Boy looked smugly at Monte patted Nancy's hand. "Your name in lights, too, baby. Just stick with

"Oh, no," she laughed. "Not I'm leaving the show next week."

"*What?*" said Boy, panic rising him.

"Yes, I'm leaving, thank heaven. test acting so. Chick and I are go buy back our old house in Calif This time we can really retire. We ever have to set foot on a stage either of us."

"Now, wait a minute," cried Bo grasped her roughly by the shou "What kinda fast riffle you givin Yesterday you told me you was broke. Now you're gonna buy a and retire. Where's all this dough c from?"

"But yesterday we *were* dead b said Nancy. "Chick put every ce had into the show. Yesterday the was a flop and we were going t everything. But today, thanks to the show is a big hit and we'll be m money for years."

The color drained from Boy's fa groped his way to a chair and sank

"That's swell, Nancy," said B smiling broadly. "Boy and I a lighted."

"Well, I must run now. So many to take care of. Thanks again, Goodby."

She left. Boy sat motionless chair.

Monte put on his hat. "See you Boy," he said softly and softly the door behind him. He walked elevator whistling. Monte hadn't tled in years.

THE END

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DOES YOUR JOB MAKE YOU SICK?

Continued from page 13

causes of ills ranging from headache and upset stomach to asthma, diabetes and even heart disease.

The first thing the company psychiatrists had to overcome was an ancient prejudice about psychiatry itself. As a hang-over from days when the mentally ill were held to be possessed by devils, most employees felt shame and resentment at being sent to the "nut doctor." Managements feared to hire psychiatrists lest outsiders think their companies were infested with screwballs.

When Dr. G. H. Gehrmann, Du Pont's medical director, named Dr. Frederick Dershimer to the medical staff, the latter came as a plain doctor. Slowly, as emotional cases were directed to him by the medical department, his real function became known. When Dr. Walter D. Woodward came to American Cyanamid, he felt it necessary to "desensitize" the word psychiatrist with an explanatory article in the company's house organ.

At Metropolitan Life, Dr. Lydia G. Giberson, a motherly woman of forthright character, had to establish herself as a trustworthy human being before officers and employees accepted her as a psychiatrist and stopped sidling, shamefaced, into her office when they are in trouble.

These psychiatrists regard their work as primarily medical. Up to now, most of the psychiatry tried by industry (and largely abandoned) concerned itself with helping personnel executives screen out the emotionally unfit, determine aptitudes and guide promotions. The doctors at Du Pont, American Cyanamid and Metropolitan Life oppose the use of psychiatry for screening.

"If you do a good enough job of screening out the folk with emotional problems," one psychiatrist said, "you may get people that are as normal as hell. But you would have screened out people who discovered things like nylon. And you would screen out the men with neurotic drives for power who can carry a company to new heights."

Anxiety—A Symptom of Disease?

The company psychiatrists do no orthodox psychoanalysis but usually deal with a patient briefly in three or four visits, turning him over to outside medical aid if necessary. A careful physical checkup by the company medical department comes first, for some psychiatrists contend that early stages of tuberculosis, syphilis and even cancer manifest themselves by states of anxiety.

John Doe, the weeping executive, enters the office of the company psychiatrist. With the door closed behind him, he finds himself in a sanctuary where confidences are respected, and no judgments are passed. Here Mr. Doe can say the things he can't even tell his wife or his boss.

"I'm a failure, Doc," he begins. "I'm not half the man I should be."

"What makes you think you're a failure?" the psychiatrist asks.

"Look at me crying," says Mr. Doe. "If I were any good I wouldn't give in like this and blubber, would I?"

"You're an engineer, a technical man," says the doctor. "Technicians judge by results. Well, look at the results. You feel better, don't you?"

John Doe nods, relieved.

Out pours his story. As a child he had formed a picture in his mind of what a great engineer should be. He would be interested in his work 24 hours a day, and nothing about it would annoy him. When reality didn't fit the picture ideal, he felt guilty and depressed. The psychiatrist tried to boost his opinion of himself a notch, move it closer to what the man actually was.

The next step was to get Mr. Doe to modify his ideal, move it down nearer reality. This cured his free floating anxiety, and the migraine and stomach-aches into which he was trying to escape.

The solution of John Doe's troubles was to get them out into the open where he could fight them himself. Uncritical listening by the psychiatrist played an important part.

In dealing with the hundreds of John Does who troop through their offices, psychiatrists have learned four basic lessons:

A mentally ill man is better off if he stays on the job and is treated as a normal human being instead of as a problem. Unless, of course, he's *too* ill. "If you want to turn an emotionally sick person into a chronic case," says Dr. Dershimer of Du Pont, "say to him, 'You're nervous; take time off.'"

Change of Work Isn't Helpful

Patients who say they're unhappy because they're square pegs in round holes will generally get worse if shifted to other jobs. A man's job seldom makes him ill, say psychiatrists. It's his own emotional reaction to people and things about him.

Factory accidents don't happen by accident. Most accidents happen to emotionally ill, accident-prone workers who are literally walking accidents looking for a place to happen.

When a whole group of workers is insecure and jittery, it might be well to have a look at the boss. Up the line somewhere there may be an insecure, emotionally ill supervisor who is a focus of contagion, a carrier of mental ill health for those below.

At Du Pont, where research has paid off with such discoveries as nylon and neoprene, some top-flight research executives give their emotions the same detached going over that they apply to the contents of a test tube. It's done in one of the most unusual series of meetings known to American business—a Seminar in Emotions.

Around the conference table fortnightly gather a dozen of Du Pont's Rayon Technical Division executives who hold more than 100 chemical patents between them. The sprightly sandy-haired man with the skeptical look is Dr. William Hale Charch, who made Cellophane moistureproof. The fluent man with the round face is Hood Worthington, who helps advise the Atomic Energy Commission.

In the group are Andrew Buchanan, the division's boss, and Dr. Lester S. Sinness, a six-foot-four giant who likes to deflate scientists' pretensions. Dr. Dershimer, the psychiatrist, looks like a chunky plant foreman, and by abjuring the jargon of his psychiatrist's trade, he even talks like one.

Today, the emotion before the seminar is anger. "What does anger do for you—or to you?" someone asks.

The psychiatrist gets the discussion around to fundamentals. "What are emotions anyway?" he wants to know.

The seminar chews on this for about an hour and, prodded by the psychiatrist, concludes that emotions are the nervous energy that sparks us. The psychiatrist explains that when emotions are blocked and turned inward, mental and bodily ills follow.

"Do you mean it's all right to let yourself go and get mad?" one executive wants to know.

"As mad as you like inside," the psychiatrist says; "as long as you control your behavior."

"Control your behavior but no emotion?" a skeptic argues. "It ca done."

"I think Doc is right," an exe chips in. "Look at the war. This w first war in which it was generall sidered all right to be afraid. Th chiatrists said so. The boys let emotions go, but controlled their ior. Performance paid off, not fee

"I wonder if we haven't been more emphasis on how our peop than on the way they perform?" s executive.

"I'll bet that's what I've been wrong with my children," says a "They misbehave to beat hell, bu ward, if they say they're sorry, all given."

The executive with the misbe children took his seminar lesson with him and laid down the law: " care how you feel inside. But you to behave." To his amazement, th line not only cleared up his childr havior, but his allergy troubles, some experts say are due to em disturbances.

Other ideas radiated from the s "Performance reviews" were in for staff workers. Cut out were on loyalty, ambition and attitud stead, only performance counted a year the executive tells subo individually that work is good, too poor to pass. Subordinates tell the boss (or are supposed to he has succeeded or flopped. Th is written up and filed as a part men's company records.

The seminar once took apart admonition: "'Stop worrying." entists, the men looked for cases port the idea that people stop v when told to do so by friends or They couldn't find any.

"Go ahead and worry," the executives decided. "You'll eith your way out of your problem c nothing can be done about it trying."

Noting that Hollywood p boast about their stomach ulc seminar member asked, "Do ulc ing emotions bring success, or c cess bring ulcers?"

That set off a half dozen ses "What is success?", which wan into "Who is secure?" and w with "Do I dare be ridiculous?"

The Seminar Defines Suc

Success, the seminar conclu state of mind in which you can r thing that comes along in a ma is satisfactory to you. In an world, that is about as secure a be.

Since a secure and emotionall boss helps keep a whole plant emotionally stable, the Du Pon has turned out to be excellent p psychiatry.

"I've long noticed things like one psychiatrist. "I go to a hos I am met by a cheerful doorma and find a mentally healthy m head of that hospital. The wh reflects his personality. Durin even troops reflected the cha their better commanders."

When a company with an e safety record had a series of ac one plant, the management cal company psychiatrist. He fo tery group of employees who ness at working with dangerou contrasted sharply with the s and secure work done by em other plants.

"Look up the boss!" the p decided. In a week of gums

n the cause—the superintend- plant. Insecure, the superin- ad made a shambles of his with his men, resorting to a ck of clever tricks and schemes s people submissive."

treme insistence on authority, iatrist explained, is usually to in adults who were submissive s as children. When the su- nt was straightened out emo- he accident rate in his plant

ts aren't always the boss' fault. ases out of five, psychiatrists hey can be traced to an "acci- " repeater. To Dr. Lydia Gib- letropolitan Life, *"an accident le symptom of emotional dis- temporary or permanent."*

ident-Prone Employees

ctors say they can even predict ave accidents. The company t's job is to find the accident- ker before the accident hap-

e accident-prone as well as disturbed workers, psychia- ise foremen and managers, normal!"

e year of service, the Du Pont grants full pay for illness up to ths. Other companies have nerous provisions. Since the will not suffer financially, cticing doctors tell "nervous" ffering from fatigue, anxiety ison to "take a rest; go away ."

appens?" asks Dr. Dershimer t. "The patient already feels d. Then his company, which p to, also says, 'We believe good, and we're willing to pay y away.' You give the man ental unrest. The longer he's worse he's likely to get."

titude is neither as radical nor iled as it sounds, Dr. Wood- merican Cyanamid points out. man on the job (unless his case gone) is to apply occupational ealing through work—more curative than basket weaving. For the emotional fugitive from reality, there is no greater reality than a productive job.

When company doctors could find no organic reason for the headaches and vomiting spells of employee Florence Jones (that is not her name) they sent her to the psychiatrist. Protesting that she was not insane, only exhausted from overwork, Florence Jones, a secretary, asked for a rest.

Florence, it turned out, had come recently with her husband from the Southern town where she was born. Inside, she was a caldron of boiling emotions: rage at being uprooted and moved to an uncongenial (to her) Northern industrial town, and guilt at feeling outraged.

"It's wrong for a wife to feel angry about leaving her home town for her husband," she said.

"Go ahead and feel angry," the psychiatrist assured her. "It's human to be angry, or afraid. Trying to curb such emotions is like trying to curb steam or electrical energy. We can and should control our behavior. That's one thing. But rooting out your emotions and feeling guilty about them is another."

The secretary stayed on the job. With her new understanding, her feeling of guilt and shame vanished, and with them her headaches and exhaustion. Treating her normally had worked the cure.

"Treat 'em normal," worked with the returning veterans, too.

Concerned over the ex-G.I.s' possible emotional problems, many companies prepared elaborate programs of special treatment to "fit the veteran" into civilian life.

At one company, personnel experts prepared a film, They'll Be Coming Back. They wrote a detailed Vets' Manual, instructing foremen how to greet the veteran "cordially," how to watch for "nervousness," "unusual fears," "self-pity," and even for evidence that "he lives just for today." Experts set up seven 90-minute sessions to teach supervisors how to handle vets.

Hard-bitten and earthy plant managers had their doubts. Asked how he would greet a returning vet, one plant man said: "Hello, you old—!"

The plant men took their doubts to the company psychiatrist, who heartily endorsed this sort of greeting.

"Why treat the veteran as a special problem?" he asked.

The company dropped its elaborate plans. The vets turned out to be normal Joes after all.

"One of our most persistent stumbling blocks in controlling mental ill health," a company psychiatrist told me, "is the well-intentioned supervisor who plays psychiatrist and treats subordinates as problems instead of as normal folk from whom he should get a full day's work.

"One of our boys was discharged from the Army as a psychoneurotic," the psychiatrist recalled. "He took the attitude: The whole Army thinks I'm nuts. When he returned to his job, the foreman asked him daily how he felt, if he needed any special help. The boy grew shyer, then morose, and finally landed in my office. We convinced the foreman that the boy would snap out of his sulk when his boss began to expect normal behavior from him. He would accept this attitude as meaning that his boss regarded him as normal. It worked."

When an employee lays his burden of fatigue, anxiety and depression before the company psychiatrist, he is most likely to say, "It's my job, Doc. I'm just a square peg in a round hole. If I could only get a transfer to another job!"

Cure Was Worse Than Ailment

One company psychiatrist studied the careers of patients who had been transferred because their jobs didn't agree with them, and he found that transfers seldom solved mental ill health. To keep a half-dozen employees happy, a foreman transferred them from night production work to day maintenance chores. Then everybody became unhappy. Management found the shifted workers the most discontented group in the plant. The union complained that the shifts had disregarded seniority and were, in effect, a reward for poor work. The psychiatrist found the shifted men were becoming tougher emotional problems.

"You're creating spoiled children," the psychiatrist told the management.

Checking back on his records, he found that about 90 per cent of emotional troubles didn't stem from the job at all. Of five patients who complained about their jobs one day, the psychiatrist found that the following were the true causes:

A secretary disclosed that her boy friend had stalled her for so long she had become terror-stricken at the prospect of losing him.

A young salesman said two girls were in love with him. He was ashamed that he couldn't make up his mind.

A foreman's wife was so depressed that she threatened to kill their two children. The foreman was sick with the feeling of guilt that he was responsible.

A patent lawyer whose mother had died of a heart attack and whose father was a paranoiac feared that he would inherit both diseases.

Flight to another job, some psychiatrists insist, is a flight from reality. When emotions of fear, anxiety and shame that have been churned up by home problems are smoothed, employees become round pegs in round holes after all.

The use of psychiatry in industry is the biggest peacetime experiment in mass mental health. From this experiment will radiate influences on all medical care so that doctors will look for the real causes of physical ills. This experiment may affect the relations between husband and wife, and between parents and children. To the many half-happy, distracted products of our civilization, mass mental health will give a chance for the fullest use of the capacities and the talents with which they were born.

THE END



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—John J. Mahoney, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Collier's believes...



...NOW IT'S UP TO EUROPE

IF PAUL G. HOFFMAN, the automobile manufacturer who is now Economic Co-operation Administrator, is as wise as his words, the Marshall Plan has good chances of success.

Soon after he was appointed, Mr. Hoffman said that the ECA would "lean toward those projects which will get reasonably quick results in productivity." In plain words Mr. Hoffman plans to use American dollars to help people who exhibit a very active determination to help themselves by work. Sounds sensible to us.

Already remarkable progress has been made in increasing production in various European countries. Coal production in Britain and on the Continent has notably expanded. Steel production in north British centers exceeds all previous records. This year's food crops still depend on the weather, but if nature smiles, food production will be increased. The British and other countries are living on lean rations in order to provide products for export. France, Italy and other European countries are already discussing the details of a customs union in order to facilitate the exchange of products. Europe, outside the Russian zone, is giving tangible evidence of a determination to increase production.

Nobody can guarantee the success of the Marshall Plan. If Russia wants to start an unprovoked war of conquest in Europe, Russia is just as free to do so (God forbid) as was Hitler nine years ago. But if Russia is not determined to start a war, the Marshall Plan well administered provides the best hope for the achievement of peace.

However we look at it, the Marshall Plan is one of the remarkable episodes in modern history. Just a year ago Secretary Marshall in the course of a speech at Harvard College made a remark that set in motion vast forces. General Marshall observed that European hunger and need would undoubtedly appeal to American sympathy and charity. He surmised that we would give, and hoped that we would give wisely, so that Europe might be self-sustaining. General Marshall also said that Europeans might well try to increase their own production.

Ernest Bevin of Great Britain read that speech and called up Georges Bidault of France. They invited other European countries to meet and make some plans for a quick recovery. Russia was invited and for a time seemed likely to co-operate. Then Russia, for reasons never clearly divulged, decided to oppose the Marshall idea for European self-help and recovery.

Within less than a year the American people considered, debated and decided that the Marshall idea was good and useful as an insurance policy against war, as well as a plan of international aid and good will. So Congress has authorized loans of $6,030,710,228 to nations struggling to get back to peaceful, normal living. That act of international good will is unique in history.

Paul Hoffman, who has been chairman of the Committee for Economic Development as well as a successful manufacturer, will administer this huge fund.

So we have quickly set into operation this tremendous effort to use American capital to help Europeans recover their own energies and their own productive powers. We don't expect even the loans to be repaid. All we can get out of it is a chance to be at peace with the world. The only magic in the Marshall Plan is the commonplace magic of work and thought and good will. It can fail as other nobly conceived efforts have failed. We hope we succeed. But succeed or fail, we have embarked upon a great enterprise of which we, and those who come after us, can always be proud.

—W. L. C.

. . . DISTILLERS ARE GETTING SMART: Ever since federal prohibition was repealed in 1933, most of the nation's distillers and brewers have been shy and timid creatures. They have cringed when the Drys have yelled at them, as the Drys are still doing. They've preferred to clam up rather than sass back at even the most blatant of the dry fabrications about alcohol.

We're glad to note that these apprehensive gentlemen are turning at long last. The Licensed Beverage Industries organization has budgeted $180,000 for a seven-month advertising campaign to put reliable, factual information on the drink industries before the public.

No frontal attacks on the Drys are planned. But at least these advertisements will concentrate on such significant matters as the enormous taxes paid by the beverage industries (almost $2,500,000,000, for example, in federal taxes alone for 1947); encouragement of moderation in the use of alcohol; the truth about the grain consumed in distilling and brewing, as opposed to the Drys' wild d tions on this subject; and what the liquor in itself has done since repeal to support law forcement.

The general idea, according to one spokesm to "present a few positive points and depend o inherent intelligence of the public to draw conclusion."

All of which leads us to feel that the li wine and beer people are finally getting s The way to fight fanatics is to stand up to before the bar of public opinion with facts figures; pull no punches; make no apologies. most encouraging, we think, to see the bev industry make a start, though a mild and servative one, in that direction.

. . . YOU NEEDN'T BE BORED: Princess Ire Greece blew into this country recently, was viewed by some New York reporters, and i course of the conversation got the followin marks off her mind: "I think everybody is int ing . . . Just people I adore. I have never stupid person in my life."

That can be taken with a mite of salt; but ju same, we believe that Princess Irene has some there.

It is a fact that if you're determined to be ested in the people you meet or associate you'll find most of them interesting to you. dom is not a one-way affair. There has to be son who is bored before some other person c a bore.

As for stupidity, it's more or less a relative A man can be monumentally stupid or uninfo about philosophy, for example, but he can same time be an expert mechanic or lawyer clear physicist. If you can get him to talk on ever subject he knows, you won't find him s and he'll find you an understanding, inter person.

All that, we imagine, is about what Pr Irene meant in the clipped remarks above q Anyway, it's a pleasure to pass them on to th tomers for what use they may make of them we'd bet the lady herself gets a big and ically continuous bang out of being alive. we're not boring you.

Collier's

JULY 31, 1948 TEN CENTS

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"F.D.R. . . . like a small boy playing Cops and Robbers."

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

A new Little Bee Bend story

By Roark Bradford

ook what PLYMOUTH buyers get

VALUE FOR VALUE, COMPARE THE ENGINEERED COMFORT OF PLYMOUTH'S FAMOUS AIR-PILLOW RIDE



Airfoam Seat Cushions, available on Special De Luxe models at moderate additional cost, to give you a buoyant, relaxing ride. You sit on millions of tiny air cushions that soak up the shocks of the road. The seat restfully conforms to the shape of your body.



Look → **Super-Cushion Tires on new, wider Safety-Rim Wheels.** Only Plymouth in the lowest-price field offers you as *standard equipment* these fatter, bigger, low-pressure tires that absorb road impacts from sides *and* below. They put a pillow on every highway—you ride more comfortably.



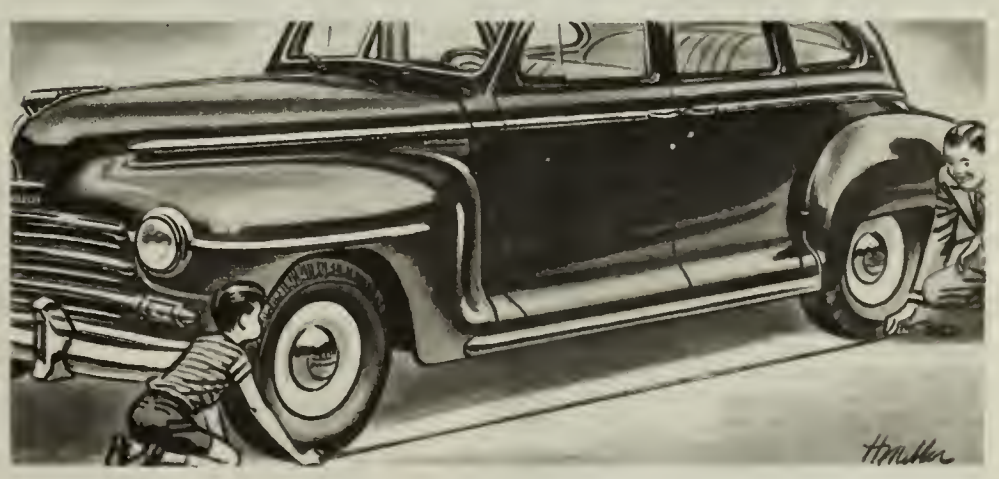
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Hotchkiss Drive. A Plymouth feature of long proved success. The Hotchkiss Drive adds to your comfort by permitting rear springs to cushion the shocks of starting and stopping. And it lessens unsprung weight—another aid to comfort.



Look → **117" Wheelbase.** Plymouth is the *only* car in the lowest-price field with a wheelbase of this length. There's more *base* to ride on—all passengers travel *more on the level* and ride more comfortably doing so, whether occupying front or rear seats.

There's a lot of difference in low-priced cars—and these are only a few of the great Plymouth features that make the difference. Your Plymouth dealer will be glad to tell you of more.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS...GOOD SERVICE KEEPS THEM GREAT

Your nearby Plymouth dealer will provide the service and factory-engineered parts to keep your present car in good condition while you're waiting for your new Plymouth.

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Michigan

Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

GREER GARSON · WALTER PIDGEON

in

"JULIA MISBEHAVES"

PETER LAWFORD · ELIZABETH TAYLOR

CESAR ROMERO

LUCILE WATSON · NIGEL BRUCE

MARY BOLAND · REGINALD OWEN

Screen Play by WILLIAM LUDWIG, HARRY RUSKIN and ARTHUR WIMPERIS
Adaptation by GINA KAUS and MONCKTON HOFFE. Based on the Novel "The Nutmeg Tree" by MARGERY SHARP

Directed by.....JACK CONWAY
Produced by.....EVERETT RISKIN



We've just received the most side-splitting surprise of our movie-going career . . . and we hasten to declare that we are filled not only with mirth but with admiration. For we have just seen Greer Garson, with a wicked twinkle in her eye, shed her famous dignity to become one of the most delightful comediennes you could hope to see. Don't miss seeing her, with Walter Pidgeon, in M-G-M's hilarious new comedy hit, "Julia Misbehaves," adapted from Margery Sharp's famous best-seller "The Nutmeg Tree."

Greer Garson gives an uproariously funny performance as a woman who wouldn't be done wrong. She holds her creditors at bay in a bubble bath . . . joins an acrobatic troupe in tights . . . tries frantically to be a lady and an adventuress at the same time . . . and is found in assorted pairs of arms. But somehow Walter Pidgeon's seem to fit best.

You'll be delighted with handsome Walter Pidgeon's performance, too. As a suave, high-hatted clown, he reaches new heights in comedy characterization.

And with this wonderful pair is the most brilliant supporting cast in years. There's Peter Lawford, Hollywood's brightest young romantic star, giving a gay and charming performance as the lad who loves Elizabeth Taylor, whose fresh young beauty and sweet, spirited performance are completely captivating. And you'll laugh and laugh again at Cesar Romero as the man on the flying trapeze—who lands in Greer's net. Besides these great performers, there are Lucile Watson, Mary Boland, Nigel Bruce, and Reginald Owen . . . and every one of them will have you in stitches.

The director of this merry film is Jack Conway, veteran Hollywood perfectionist. Everett Riskin, noted for a long list of dramatic hits and comedy riots, is the producer.

"Julia Misbehaves" is everything a great comedy should be and can be—with all the gaiety, sparkle, and charm that spell great entertainment.

COLLIER'S

July 31, 1948

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Hat by John-Fredericks

THE WEEK'S MAI

HOPKINS

DEAR SIR: Despite statements that Dram tist-Author Robert E. Sherwood was serve up the *unexpurgated, unabridge* Secret Papers of Harry L. Hopkins (M chiavelli of the New Deal & World War or Rasputin) which *you* as editor *so pr sented;* the first three installments—fc lowing as they do confessions of Cabin officers as to the asinine ignorance of D mestic & World Affairs of all concerne and the cheap claptrap politics in ea arena—should be retitled as follows, "T Secret Thoughts of one of the Pala Guard of would-be 'Emperor Franklin the World' on Secret Policy to *that end* and how to best present it as justifyi same—with *his own* interpretations of sa Secret Policy, and reasons therefor, occ pying *first place,* and Harry L. Hopki revealed as office & messenger boy F.D.R." ROBERT L. PEYTON, Waco, Tex

. . . We have used the material and spok of the articles in various classes in histo and political science. These papers co stitute an important source for both h torians and political scientists.

DANIEL H. THOMA
Rhode Island State Colle

AMEN, BROTHER!

SIRS: PEACE! Someday, some home-lo ing woman shall emerge and be hear "Brothers, build homes! HOMES FO ALL, the path to PEACE."

H. L., Hinkley, C

DEAR SIRS, YOU CADS—

DEAR SIRS: Just noticed how ma "Week's Mailers" address Collier's "Gentlemen." Oh, no! F. M. E.

IN THIS CORNER: LAGEMANN

GENTLEMEN: Re They Cut Down The C Pine Tree (June 19th), apparently M Lagemann took a trip up through Mich gan, listened to a few tall tales in a be joint and wrote his history of the nor Michigan lumberjack. However, I fail see a "sporty" flare in his allusion to t so-called "broad-minded" women.

Mr. Lagemann must feel very sure th the "gallant jacks" have all gone to th reward or that he is at a very safe distan I feel very sure he would not know a pi pole from a peavey and that he wou readily believe that a cant hook is mooley-cow.

Yes, sir, I am one of those old retir

(Continued on page 69)

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We've outgrown the old size, too



The telephone facilities that seemed big enough before the war are not nearly big enough for now. So we've been hard at work on our biggest expansion program.

Just in the past year, we started work on 1500 new telephone buildings or additions to present buildings. In the three years since the war, we've added nearly 9,000,000 new Bell telephones. And still more are needed!

It shows how the Telephone Company must keep growing to meet your needs. To serve a nation like ours, the Bell System can never be too big.

We're going full speed ahead with this expansion program so that everybody, everywhere, can have more and better telephone service than ever before.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Frankie Parker is one of the few non-Californians ever to win the national junior tennis title. He is a Milwaukee native who migrated to Los Angeles

TENNIS' RHYTHM BOYS

BY BILL FA

ONLY two non-Californians—Frank Parker and Buddy Behrens—have won the National Junior tennis title since 1932. Why the monopoly? What have Californians got that youngsters in other parts of the country haven't got? Rhythm, mostly. Rhythm and speed.

"Court surface is the big factor," Bobby Riggs insists. "Californians grow up on hard courts. Every ball bounces absolutely true. They develop smoothness and timing—the attributes which produce speed.

"Youngsters in the East, Middle West and South play mostly on clay—a slow, unpredictable surface. On clay, the bounce of the ball varies with the weather. On damp clay, the ball skids. On dry or dusty clay, it takes a long slow hop. You have to make constant little stroke adjustments to compensate.

"Consequently, few clay-court players attain the smooth power you see in Budge's backhand, or Kramer's forehand. However, hard-court players like Budge and Kramer, once they get their timing down pat, can make the switch to clay or grass without any trouble. Once you get the rhythm, you never lose it."

The Californians who dominated the juniors—Budge, Riggs, Hunt, Schroeder, Kramer—have dominated American tennis. That's why talent scouts will be watching the impending National Junior tournament at Kalamazoo, Michigan, college. Chances are the winner will be the Davis Cup hope of 1951.

The form sheet says Tony Trabert of Cincinnati has power, Dick Mouledous of New Orleans (the '47 finalist) has experience, but either George Gentry of La Jolla or Jerry de Witt of Vallejo probably will win. George and Jerry are from California. They've got rhythm.

LARCENY IN THE OUTFIELD

Tris Speaker—the fellow who used to cover center field like a circus tent for the Boston Red Sox and the Cleveland Indians—visited Manager Mel Ott on the New York bench in Phoenix last March. Naturally, the conversation got around to the Giants' pitching, or lack of it. Mel remarked he'd like to find a third reliable starter—somebody to follow Larry Jansen and Dave Koslo.

"Maybe," Speaker said, "you'll find that extra starter out there." Tris waved toward center field. Whitey Lockman, Bob Thomson and Willard Marshall were spinning and running—practicing the almost forgotten outfield art of chasing back after fly balls.

"You mean make a pitcher out of Thomson?" somebody asked.

Speaker shook his head. "About 85 per cent of your outfield hits drop in front of the outfielders," Tris explained, "because the lively ball has backed them up against the fence. But Thomson and Lockman are so fast they can play in close—say 10 feet closer than average—and still backtrack to grab balls that go over their heads. That 10-foot edge could cut the percentage of short hits that fall safe. Maybe those kids will snag enough singles and doubles to make winners out of average pitchers."

Thomson made Speaker's analysis look good during the Pirates' first Polo Grounds invasion. Dixie Walker was on third base, and Jansen was protecting a 2-1 lead in the seventh, when Danny Murtaugh punched a liner into left center. Thomson stabbed the liner on the run and threw Walker out at the plate.

Murtaugh really "singled" into a double play. Thomson had edged forward to within 100 feet of second base—daringly close by modern fly-retrieving methods, but the normal position for Speaker when he was the best of the center fielders around 1920. In pre-Ruth days, Tris played close enough to the infield to cover second base in sacrifice-bunt situations.

Manager Ott applauded Thomson's thievery, but worried when Kiner came to bat. "Imagine," Mel remarked later on, in the clubhouse, "Thomson and Lockman both played Kiner close—practically on the backside of second! I waved Tommy back, but he just pointed his glove at himself with a surprised who-me look and moved in another foot. I had to remind him that Kiner smacked 51 homers last year!"

In rebuttal, Thomson observed: "By playing close I can catch four or five singles a week. There are only a few hitters who can drive the ball so far I can't reach it. And when they smack it over the fence it doesn't matter how deep you play."

Rival managers credit the Giants' surprisingly steady early-summer pitching to this larcenous outfielding by Lockman, Thomson and Marshall. "You can't keep a rally going on those kids," Cincinnati's Johnny Neun commented. "You have to drive the ball right in the slot to get a hit."

ROUGHRIDING ARCARO

The Jones Boys, Ben and Jim surprised a good many people w they picked Eddie Arcaro to ride C tion after Jockey Al Snider was lost a fishing trip off the Florida keys. Hialeah last winter there was pers ent talk that Arcaro would never w for Calumet again. Reason: Ec shoved Calumet's Armed aro more than a little, while riding Ass in the $50,000 Widener.

While Arcaro was committing sault and battery on Armed, outsi El Mono slipped home in first pl After the race, Jimmy Jones was as if Arcaro apologized for the rough ing. Jimmy shrugged. "We get si seven apologies from Eddie e year."

Arcaro salts his conversation w double negatives—expressive and quently humorous. Once, descrit a popular woman owner, Eddie marked admiringly, "She's a hi class lady. She never has nothin say." Another time, asked for ass ance by an eager apprentice, Ed gravely advised, "Never get beat no noses." Eddie's little pearl of sp wisdom ranks with Walter Hag helpful hint to a young golf Warned Walter: "Never miss a inch putt on the home hole."

WHEN TO USE A SPINNER

Anglers in Northern states have been experimenting with s ning—a pastime popular in Engl since the early 1900s—sometimes in where fly casters fear to tr

(Continued on page 65)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVE PESKIN

Only Pan American flies to all 6 continents!



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EUROPE





ASIA



SOUTH AMERICA

AUSTRALIA



AFRICA



This air-age map shows you the world somewhat as it would look if you were miles high in the air, directly above Chicago, Illinois. It is an "azimuthal, equidistant" projection.

Name your overseas destination!...Chances are that Pan American World Airways flies there direct...*One* ticket and *one* set of baggage checks take you from the U. S., straight through to your destination.

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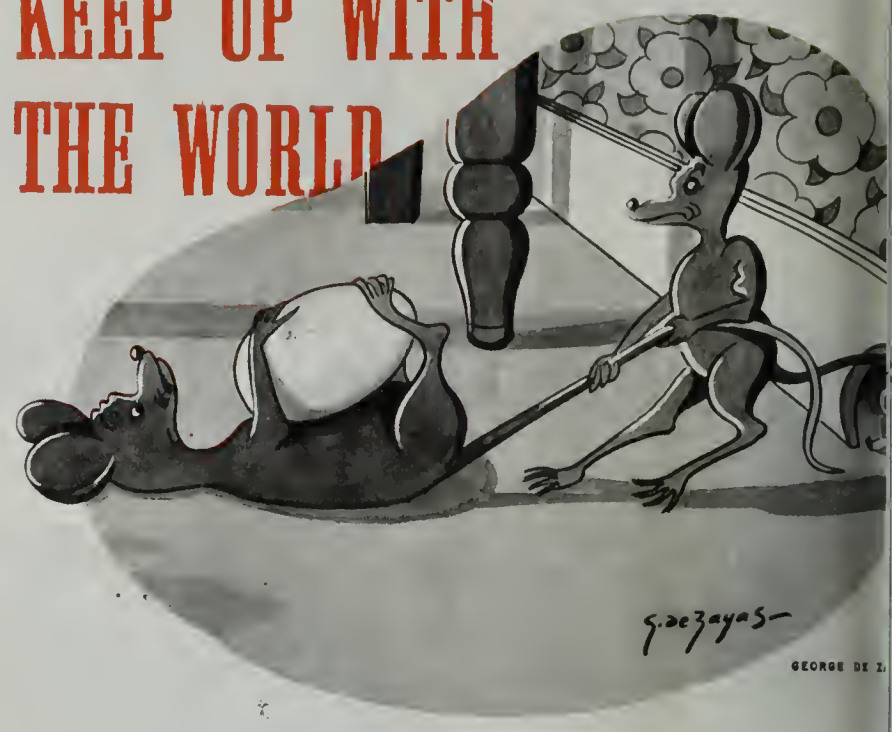
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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD



BY FRELING FOSTER

A strange tale about an egg-stealing method used by rats has been published, with drawings, in many countries since the 13th century. And the story is still widely believed, although it has never been proved by photographs. To transport an egg to a distant burrow, one rat, it is claimed, gets on his back and clutches the egg tightly with his four feet while his partner pulls him by the tail—against the lie of his fur and under and over any kind of obstacle.

The hundreds of strangely named towns in the United States today include Accident, Maryland; Anvil Location, Michigan; Assawoman, Virginia; Birthright, Texas; Boxspring, Georgia; Burnt Corn, Alabama; Cuckoo, Virginia; Doctor Phillips, Florida; Dime Box, Texas; Soso, Mississippi, and Wounded Knee, South Dakota.

Among the Ouled Naïls, a tribe in northwest Africa, the girls are not eligible for marriage until they have earned a considerable dowry. So between thirteen and eighteen years of age, they serve as entertainers in the native cafés of Algiers, Tripoli and other Mediterranean ports. As the dowry grows, they display it in the form of gold coins worn as ornaments, totally disregarding the danger of robbery.

One of the most daring swindles in American history was that perpetrated by Charles A. Ponzi through the Securities Exchange Company which he opened in Boston in 1919. Claiming he was making huge profits by dealing in international postal coupons, Ponzi offered a return of 50 per cent on any sum invested with him for 90 days. Before he was stopped, seven months later, through the disclosure that the few demands made on him for interest had been paid out of the mounting capital, he had taken, from some 50,000 investors, about $18,000,000, half of which was never found. After serving two prison sentences Ponzi was deported to his native Italy in 1934. Today, half paralyzed, he is a charity patient in a hospital in Rio de Janeiro. *—By Mary Ford Roslyn, Long Island, N. Y.*

One of the strangest situatio ever saved the life of a conc man arose as a Negro, Jim W was about to be executed in th ida state penitentiary at Rail 1926. After he had been strap the electric chair and the blac placed over his head, both the and the sheriff on the case ref pull the switch, each claiming the duty of the other. At the their futile and heated arg which lasted 20 minutes, W was unstrapped and returned cell. For being subjected to t ture, his sentence was comm life imprisonment, and eigh later, for saving two lives on a farm, he was rewarded with pardon.

Probably the oddest incic American railroad history v mysterious disappearance of frigerator car from the cent long freight train during a r trip of 25 miles in Pennsylvan night in 1898. Until the c found by a farmer three wee concealed by a group of tree foot of an embankment no on imagine what had happened While rounding a sharp, steep the car had become uncoupled ends and, after it had topple the rails, the rear section of t caught up with and coupled the front section.—*By Gustav Mt. Vernon, N. Y.*

Soon after the mythical George Spelvin first appea Broadway in the cast of Br Millions in 1907, the name a such a reputation for being lu it has since been used in the pr of about 2,000 stage plays, us the second name of an actor two parts. Women and boys i roles have also been billed a gette Spelvin and George Spel and even the Moscow Art when it came to New York had among its players one w listed as Gregor Spelvanovicl

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SAFETY IS YOUR BEST INVESTMENT



DANGEROUS: Death backs down the driveway, and *you* may be at the wheel! The driveway is where some of the most tragic accidents take place, according to the National Safety Council. *Teach children never to play in the drive.* And when *you* back out, *look out*—see what's *behind you.* Let's play safe!



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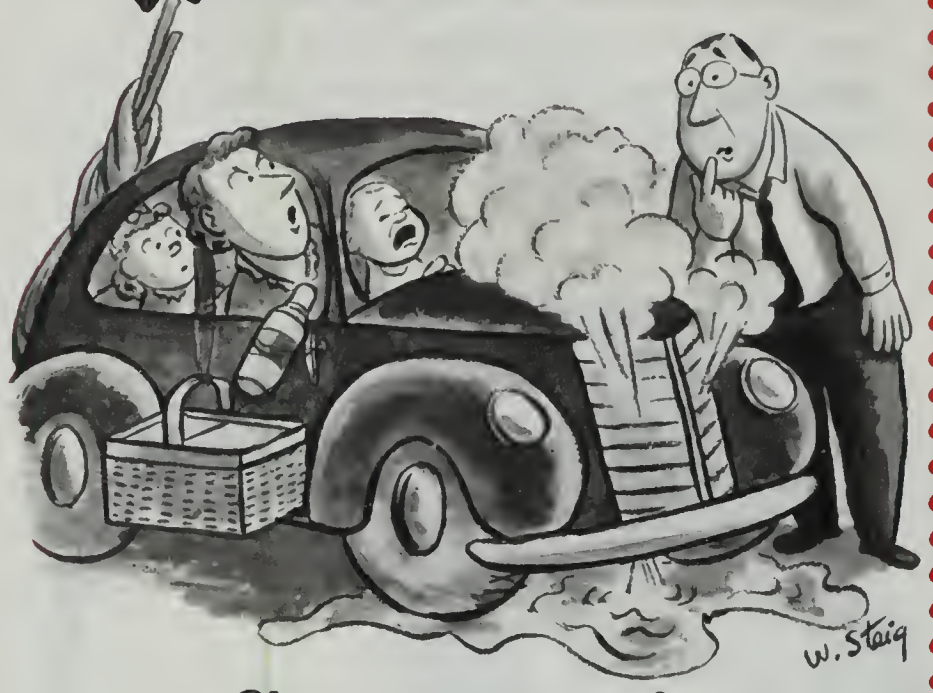
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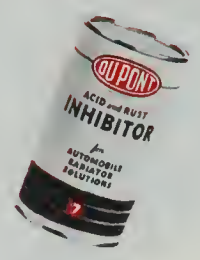
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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY



OKAY



NOKAY

THE dossier on the Jekyll-Hydeish gentleman above is as follows:

Born: Fred John Balk, Aug. 30, '05
Profession: Cartoonist
Height: 6'1" (Slightly higher in mended socks)
Weight: 210 lbs. (Slightly less when Cartoon Editor Wms. isn't buying)
Reach: Table length
Chest: Normal—for a man
Expanded—when bragging
Waist: Beltless, suspender type
Education: American grade; Chicago Academy Fine Arts; various ateliers around Dill Pickle Club & Bughouse Square in Chicago

General

Has cartooned for past 10 years; except for 3½ years spent in service. Enlisted in Navy in May, '42, jumped into sea of matrimony six weeks later. Now, with wife chained to Oar No. 2, paddles own free-lance galley ship. No children; deeply engrossed in raising small mustache; if it can be made to behave, may tackle a baby next.

Remarks

Has two sides to nature: the "Okay" and the "Nokay." Nokays cause him to retire to his lair, make himself up as illustrated above, and ponder the question: "After arms and legs have been removed from humor editors, should torso be filed under finished or unfinished business?" Nokay side also takes care of friends who rush up crying: "I saw something today that would make the funniest gag for you!" The Okay side is accounted for by the cartoon on p. 48.

THE story Flannagan's Last Resort (p. 18) springs out of Nord Riley's early exposure to the northern Minnesota lake country. Nord himself was born in Wyndmere, North Dakota (population 500), where the land was so flat Riley claims water couldn't pull itself together for a stand. "We swam in the railway ditch, then went home and washed the mud off," he tells.

"For a fish we had lutfisk, a Norwegian yuletide horror with one of the most powerful odors known to man. Strangers should approach it with a bad cold. Lutfisk turns silverware blue-green, but all it does to Norwegians is make them want to chase Swedes." This sort of thing drove the Rileys to Minnesota resorts each summer. "Flannagan is about a man pursuing a woman; I should have known better. It is basically unnatural and contrary to the facts of American life," continues this Gaelweigan. (Chaise longue appearing in illustration for Flannagan's Last Resort (pp. 18-19) courtesy of C Stupell.)

Since the war Riley has liv Manhattan Beach, California, a town perched on a sand dune front beams on the Pacific, its buried in Los Angeles smog," unnative son reports. "My little ment has a view every day but day, when I see the Pacific throu trap door of a small boy's unde as it dries on the patio."

COMES now one James Your lee Phillips (The Chousey p. 13) crying trivia anent his ow Deposes that he is 6 feet tall, w 181, is thirty-two, hath wife of appearance and one son, Shawr

Deponent further states he wa a most enjoyable period of ye collegiate bum; hath written n much poetry; some short stories

Deponent hath had several Oil-field roustabout and Big pipeliner; and publicity agen Billy Rose in New York City. time with Consolidated-Vultee. In Charge of Procedures, Tra and Followup on Outside Pur Served with Chinese air force Marine. Later with Leatherneck. writing two novels, one with hand.

Deponent writeth spasmodi usually in shorts and derby, or tered portable. He playeth ten good amateur fashion, also soi golf, and drinking, the way he d is exercise. The Chousey Man from deponent's ups and down amateur rodeo rider.

WE WERE just looking o layout for a fall piece o lege wardrobes by our men's fa editor, Henry L. Jackson. W pretty absorbed in the usual edi problems involved in getting spread set for the forthcoming in which it will appear. Then membered—Henry went down i horrible DC-6 crash at Mount mel, Pennsylvania. Henry was a fellow, a hard-working colleagu a gentleman. We miss him.

This week's cover: Rare Be George Karger first saw Janet A the elevator in his studio bui Then he met her by the water c opposite his studio. Then he seeing her disappear behind an marked "Translations." He won what language she spoke and her slant eyes meant. When he courage and asked her to pose Collier's cover, she answered in old Nawth Cahlina she-all'd b lighted. Janet has never been cover before. . . . TED SH

How to be Coffee-Happy

(on a hot summer day!)



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ACCOMMODATIONS: Plentiful in larger cities and along highways, but reservations advisable. Trailer parks and dude ranches throughout Colorado Rockies and at Mesa Verde National Park during season (May 15-October 15).

FOOD: Good restaurants in all towns; local produce available en route.

CLIMATE: Cool in summer, cold in winter. Quick summer rains. Best season, early June through September.

WHAT TO WEAR: Casual clothes, except at resort hotels. Lightweight coat to double as raincoat. Sturdy shoes. Plenty of outdoor garments.

WHAT TO SEE: Mesa Verde National Park, Black Canyon of the Gunnison National Monument, Great Sand Dunes National Monument, Royal Gorge, Colorado National Monument, old mining towns (Ouray, Telluride, Silverton, Leadville).

WHAT TO DO: Fishing, hunting, hiking, riding, sight-seeing, plus usual facilities at resorts.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION: Write Colorado State Highway Department, Denver, Colo.; Information Division, National Park Service, Department of Interior, Washington, D.C.



MAP BY LEO RACKOW

e along on the old Ute Trail in Colorado Rockies and find out lamb chops are so expensive

Y JIM MARSHALL

gh Kenosha Pass at 9,990 feet. San Francisco via U.S. 40 to ake City, then over Soldier Sum- to western Colorado on U.S. 50. ou are ready to abandon motor- for the horse trails of the high ry, then we had better take a t the outfit we will follow on the o timber line. . . .

s is the Crosby Vandeburg band the Bird Ranch on Little Cimar- 989 ewes and their 1,200 spring . They have wintered down in rigated meadows and on the ush mesas of the home ranches feet up. The bucks—rams to still are down there, held against eeding season in the fall. The ill stay up in the high country, d the old ghost camp of Capitol eeding until the frost cuts down ass in September. Then they will slowly down the hills again—so as not to take off meat—and t lambs and culled ewes will be l onto the double-decked nar- auge cars of the Denver & Rio e for market.

mmer Range in the Rockies

tton chops and lamb roasts will pensive this fall and winter—you've climbed around in the do Rockies with a band of for a few days you stop wonder- hy. This summer thirty-seven of sheep have walked, balked, l, galloped and clawed them- up into the highlands around npahgre Peak to reach their r range ten thousand feet in the . If your lungs and legs will it let's go back and join one

vn on the home ranch it is early r and the timothy and red clo- d dandelion cover the meadows. a master stock country—a pio- g "homestead" country; and it take genius to go hungry in it. ople who have been in the high all their lives live high on a of food the land provides—to their hard work and savvy—anton extravagance—deer and d beef and mutton and fresh golden butter spread thickly on homemade bread; fresh eggs, eam you can stand a fork up in: es made from half a dozen of wild and cultivated berries ot everywhere.

ut up 800 quarts of food last r," says Crosby's mother. ther put up 1,200 quarts one says Crosby, "because she t world conditions were a little ed. . . ."

trail herd—there are no " in the mountains—have been randed with the S-Quarter- mark; the lambs' tails have ocked. Now the outfit starts forty-seven-mile trail. A pack four mules and a horse carries ar for four mounted men: . two herders and a camp Three dogs and a pup in training help keep the band together.

The camp tender has gone on ahead, located a site with good horse feed and a spring for water, spruce and aspen for the fire—a place where the visibility is good and the sheep herd can be watched through the night. The sheep come up about sundown and bunch on a selected bed ground. Ewes mill around looking for lambs they've lost on the trail and the blatting and baaing die down.

"Daylight'll be a little late in the morning," says Crosby. "No use turning out until about 3:30. . . ."

Just before dawn the alarm clock goes off and the herders eat breakfast and move off with the sheep (with or without herders, sheep are ready to leave a bed ground at dawn). The trail leads up a forty-five per cent grade along historic Ute Trail to the top of Horse Mesa. A few crippled ewes and weak lambs can't make it, and are left along the trail to be picked up later. The bunch grass is two feet high and the sheep feed on it and on dandelion greens as they move up. The land on the mesa is an open park of aspen, blue spruce.

Some of the native ewes are old mountaineers. They have been up and down the trail four or five times and lead the way. Here and there is a black sheep.

"We try to keep a black sheep spotted about every hundred ewes," says Crosby. "Use them for markers. If you're short markers, you're short sheep. We used to use goats for leaders, too, but we don't any more. They get spoiled and feel superior."

From ten to fifteen sheep in each thousand are belled, and the tinkling blends with their baaing and the barking of the dogs and the shouts of the trail crew. The more bells you have in a band, the more the sheep will scatter and the density of a herd is regulated in this way. The bells also scare off coyotes and cougars.

The camp tender, left behind at the bed grounds, strikes camp and packs his string. Then he moves on, detours around the trailing herd and gets ahead to set up the noon camp. The sheep cross a ten-thousand-foot flat and plunge down a steep slope into the canyon on the Big Blue River, at an elevation of 9,500 feet. There's a sheep bridge over the brawling stream. This is a permanent bridge, eight feet wide. The herders rush the sheep onto the bridge with a yell, an old ewe and a lamb in the lead. Crosby watches.

"Lucky this time," he says. "Usually a couple of them fall in the creek and we have to ride in and save them. . . . You ought to see some bridges. If you come to a creek and have to get the herd across, you cut a couple of poles, lay them close together, spread pack-paulins on top, fill in the trough with dirt—and haze the sheep over."

Across the Big Blue, the sheep turn upriver, feeding and drinking as they go. The tender has found a noon camp on a knoll and as they come near, the sheep "shade up" for a siesta. No tents are pitched. When the herders arrive, the portable camp stove has been set up and coffee is boiling. Lagging lambs trail in and feed from their mothers. Here and there a ewe tries to hide out in the brush or behind a rock with her lamb.

A Mountain Thunderstorm

After an hour, the herd starts on again, a herder ahead and another behind. The tender takes a short nap, repacks and follows, working around the herd and getting ahead to pick out a night campsite. The trail is still upriver into the Uncompahgre Forest. Along in the afternoon black clouds gather around the snow peaks; the lightning flashes, and the thunder cracks and rolls. This is a real thunderstorm! Red balls of fire—a mountain phenomenon similar to St. Elmo's fire—roll from the riders' metal stirrups to the horses' shoes and go rolling away across the ground. The rain pelts down, cold and dreary. Men's hair stands on end. The sheep plow on stolidly and the horses don't seem to mind. But the dogs howl miserably.

The tender is up ahead, setting up the night camp—the tent traditionally facing east. This is a survival of the days before alarm clocks, when the tender had to depend on the first light of dawn to awaken him. A good tender can set up a camp, have a fire going and everything ready in half an hour.

"I can do it in twenty-three minutes myself," says Crosby, as the herd starts to come in from the trail. Herders try to time the arrival of the sheep just as dark comes; the sheep are tired and bed down without scattering.

There is the usual sorting out of ewes and lambs. Night settles down with only the fireglow and a lone candle for the herders to eat by.

At daylight the herd starts up again toward the Alpine Ranger Station near the fork of the Big Blue and Soldier Creek. Other herds of sheep are converging on the station, where they will be counted through by a forester. Now everyone is alert, because if the herds get mixed, there's the devil to pay. Mountain range law is that the herder responsible for a mixing must unmix the mingled herds—which sometimes takes a long, long time.

It's wet and foggy, with a touch of frost, as the S-Quarter-Circles move up to the counting corrals, leaving the old Ute Trail and crossing to the Ridge Driveway.

Ahead is a band of yearlings owned by Jean Chuchuru, a Basque sheepman from Big Cimarron. They are five days out. Crosby gives them plenty of time to get ahead, then moves his own sheep into the V of the corral. At the point of this V there is a rough sort of podium and here the forester, Lyn Holman, keeps the records and waits to count the sheep through. Some counters use a notched tally stick; Lyn transfers a pebble from one pocket to another at the count of 100. Just outside the point of the V there is a squeeze gate through which the sheep must go single file. Each sheep is counted through the gate on the run.

(Continued on page 68)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CLYDE VANDEBURG

Flannagan's Last Resort

BY NORD RIIS



"If you're delivering fish," she said, "you can take them around back and give them to the cook"

N THE Minneapolis headquarters of a corporation that owned and operated a chain of hotels and resorts across the North Central George Flannagan, president, was conferith his son, a vice-president.

a $25-a-day place called the Saginac Inn," er Flannagan said. "The original owner died ft it to his sister, a mildewed old female who t want to own a resort even if it makes a little . We've had a tip that it's for sale. So far he only ones that know, and that's impor- f the place is in good shape the price we're is very fair."

vice-president, who was nowhere near as ard as he looked, smiled. "Say no more; You want me to go up there, count the tow- ck the bellhops' connections with the under- and in general snoop until I can tell you r the inn is a sound investment."

father nodded. "You've done it before, and I bank on your decisions. I've got you rvation. When you get up there, act like a guest. Find out about fishing and mosqui- Get me the whole picture. Don't let anyone d of what you're up to, or word will leak out ce is for sale and the price will be jacked up. e management might get ideas of covering gs they don't want you to see." The genial old ist eyed his son affectionately. "You won't disguise, son, you were born with one."

r rose to his feet. He was a tall young man, a soupbone and slightly stooped. His eyes lue, his hair was straight, rather fluffy and on the side. On his thin pleasant face he puzzled, faintly worried expression, as if he t quite understand what was going on him, but wished he could. The expression swindle.

start this afternoon," he said.

ac Inn, on Saginac Lake, was a six-hour almost due north. Roger arrived about at evening, registered and was escorted to cottage along the lake front.

vent fishing the following morning and re- in early afternoon with eight walleyed pike inger. As he shambled up toward his cot- s gaze fell upon an object lying on a chaise on the lawn of the next cottage. It was a body and it certainly was female. It had on a sun suit that confined itself to obeying the law and left the other stuff for the glory of man. A nature lover, Flannagan walked over and stared.

The girl looked up at him and the pike. "If you're delivering fish take them around back and give them to the cook," she said. She picked up a magazine, then glanced nervously back at Flannagan. "What do you think you are staring at?"

"I don't think I'd better say."

The girl reddened. "Maybe you hadn't, at that."

She appeared to be about twenty-five years old. Her hair was copper-colored and her eyes were bluer than his own—blue as flax blossoms. She was the loveliest creature he had ever seen.

"I'm your neighbor," he said. "I thought perhaps you would like some of these pike."

She smiled. "That's very kind."

A slight, silver-haired woman had come out of the cottage and walked down to them. She nodded affably at Roger and peered at the fish. "I'll be darned—walleyes! Every fisherman in the resort has been trying to hook just one walleye. And you get eight." She scanned Flannagan's peculiar visage and shook her head. "It doesn't seem possible."

"You'd better be nice to the gentleman," the girl said. "He wants to give us some."

"You see, I'm all by myself," Roger said.

"That's funny, I had a feeling that you must be here with your parents," the old lady said. "Well, then, why don't you dine with us tonight? You look like you needed a good meal."

"I'd be happy to come," Roger said.

"I'm Mrs. Carlson. This is my niece, Tabitha Carlson."

Roger introduced himself. "I wonder, Mrs. Carlson, if it would be all right with you if I made a few passes at your niece?"

"Hey," Tabitha said.

Mrs. Carlson pulled herself together. "I think I'd better warn you, Mr. Flannagan, that my niece is being energetically courted by a young man who will be back tomorrow. She's spoken for." She paused and her old eyes began to sparkle. "However, a few discreet passes don't seem an unreasonable request from a neighbor."

"That's very hospitable, Mrs. Carlson," Roger said. "I'll get right at it." He looked down at Tabitha.

Tabitha's mouth opened to blast him down to size, but his expression disarmed her. He looked like a spaniel who had just brought in the evening paper and was waiting for a pat on the behind.

WITH some difficulty she pulled her gaze from Roger to Mrs. Carlson. "I'm perfectly content, Auntie May, to sit around in the sun. We aren't so backed to the wall that I have to spoon with a neighbor simply because he brought us fish."

"Are you in love with this other gentleman?" Roger asked.

"That is none of your concern. What's more, I'm certainly not going to fall for a guy that looks like he's just wandered off from his mother."

Roger took a deep breath and removed the stoop from his back. He drew on a semblance of dignity. "I regret that you feel it necessary to be sarcastic about my face. I know it isn't striking, but I have to use what I came in with."

Tabitha was touched. "Gee, Mr. Flannagan, I'm sorry. Your face is swell, honest. It's just that it kind of throws me. You don't talk like your face says you ought to. It doesn't fit. It is sort of like seeing a clergyman shooting craps."

He smiled sweetly. "I accept your apology."

"Well, I guess I'll beat it," Mrs. Carlson said. "I dropped out of this sort of thing 30 years ago, darn it."

"Mrs. Carlson, I'll always be grateful to you for this," Roger said. "I estimate that with a couple good days Tabby baby and I will be hugging and kissing with vigor."

"There you go again!" Tabitha said. "Judas priest, Mr. Flannagan, you can't go around saying things like that!"

"Once you get by my face," Roger said, "you'll find I have a good heart and an affectionate nature."

"Mr. Flannagan," Tabitha said, "you take your face and your passionate nature and go take a good shower."

"Tabby baby," Roger said. "Before you change out of those britches I'd like to report that I've never seen rompers filled with nicer goods. I swear." He bowed gravely to each woman and slouched off to his cottage.

Tabitha stared after him, her lovely brows knit.

THAT evening Roger appeared at the door of the Carlson cottage clad in a gray double-breasted suit, a blue tie, and a white shirt. The sun had pinked his skin, and soap had polished it until his cheeks glowed like Winesaps. His hair was carefully brushed and parted. He could have been on his way to choir practice, except that he carried an armful of roses and a box of candy. He gave the latter to Mrs. Carlson and the flowers to Tabby.

"Thank you, Mr. Flannagan," she said, blushing. "It's sweet, but you can't do things like this."

"The candy's lovely," Mrs. Carlson said. "And don't pay any attention to Tabitha."

A tall, powerful man of about sixty came out of the kitchen carrying a tray of beer. John Carlson was head of a flour company. He was introduced to Roger, and while the women busied themselves getting ready the dinner the men chatted about fishing and business. Roger spoke with erudition and authority about walleyed pike, bait casting, corporate structure, financing, the SEC and the grain market.

Carlson studied Roger. "Are you here with your father and mother?"

Roger put down his beer and carefully wiped his mouth. "Mr. Carlson, I realize that I give the impression of being pretty moist behind the ears but I jumped the family nest ten years ago, went through college and a war without either parent helping me and in the past two years I have made enough money to afford this highwayman's resort."

"I'll be damned!" Carlson said.

"Also," Roger said, "it is my intention to woo and wed your niece, starting shortly after dinner. Any objections?"

"Hell, no; give her a whirl."

"Thank you. As a favor, I wish you would not tell either your wife or Tabby about my war or business experience." He indicated his face. "I find that a countenance like mine, if left on its own, has certain natural advantages in dealing with women."

Dinner was a jovial affair. Afterward they played bridge. With an air of engaging male helplessness Roger, teamed with Carlson, somehow won every rubber. Carlson was immensely tickled. At ten Roger looked at Tabitha. "It's time we got started with my courting. Let's go for a walk."

Tabitha reddened. "For Heaven's sake, Mr. Flannagan."

"If you go by the lodge," Carlson said, "get me a newspaper, will you?"

Tabitha eyed him, then her smiling aunt. "Oh, it's that way, is it? All right, I'll go." She turned on Roger. "But a fat lot of good it'll do you."

They went out in the warm sweet air and strolled along the beach. Several times Tabitha had the sensation that her cumbersome escort was about to stumble and it was with some difficulty that she controlled a desire to take his hand and lead him around objects on the sand.

"Tabby baby," he said.

"Now, see here, Mr. Flannagan—"

"Roger."

"Roger, I mean. You've got to stop saying—"

"I've never felt this funny before. It proves that the Lord had you staked out to be my woman."

Tabby was so sure he was going to fall over a boat pulled up on the sand that she took his arm. They stopped and faced each other. "You make me nervous," she said. "Sit down."

They sat on the boat. Ineffectual and bewildered-looking, he sat and gazed at her, and Tabby felt strongly that she ought to cuddle the young man. It was indecent, considering that she had just met him; and she decided the Martini at dinner had loosened her moral fiber.

"Flannagan," she said, "this is silly. What's happened, you've busted the regulator on some of your glands. You're kind of depraved in a nice way."

"Tabby baby, I—" *(Continued on page 51)*

Roger's utter helplessness was definitely his most engaging characteristic—and Tabitha was ripe for an engagement



ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN

Assassin of the Dance

Iva Kitchell is short, wide and handsome. What she does to the mystic art o

BY KYLE CRICHTON

THERE is the sound of a piano on stage and then this pudgy little woman comes on from the wings at the Ziegfeld Theatre in New York and begins going around on her toes. She isn't bad; she isn't good. Then she stops and takes a pose, one foot out behind, the right arm slightly extended. This is all in the classic mode, but somehow she has made the pose too little or too large or too late. There is a titter in the audience.

She sashays around some more and then makes another pause—this one with the left foot planted and the right twisted in a graceful arch. She raises her hands over her head to form a circle and has some slight difficulty in accomplishing this because her arms are obviously not long enough. The titters increase and there are even a few faint bursts of laughter. This stirs her to the point where she runs around in a circle with a fine straight-legged, heavy-footed lurch. This is to express ecstasy, passion or fear.

At this juncture the audience finally succumbs and hysteria reaches a peak. There is a spontaneous roar, a general convulsive heaving of shoulders and Miss Iva Kitchell, the dance satirist, knows that she has them again.

America is a great country and the strange ways people find to make a living prove it. As a serious ballet dancer Miss Kitchell would find herself in competition with 18,412 limpid-eyed people who have made The Dance more important than home. Mother or Congress. They suffer, they labor, they rehearse some more, they take a few private lessons, they borrow money to span the breach between their pitiful salaries and dietary decency. No art in the world is so self-conscious and precious as The Dance. It is a cult and its followers approach it with sharp devotional cries. Miss Kitchell does nothing serious to it: She simply deflates it, gently—gently, and rather lethally.

This was not the original Kitchell intention. At sixteen she was in the ballet corps at the Chicago Opera, and it was here that her life was changed. She had a habit of monkeying around with ludicrous dance steps while breaking stage waits. The ballet master noted this and gave her a word of advice that still worries her.

"I don't know whether he was being kind, tactful or just taking the easiest way out. He could have said, 'Kitchell, take that funny shape out of here and stand not on the order of your going.' I think that's what he had in mind but what he actually said was, 'Kitchell, there are thousands of good ballet dancers and only a few comic ones You ought to do something with that talent.' It all worked out the same way; he got me out of the opera house."

It might be thought that a whole evening of Kitchell kidding the dance could be an evening of exquisite boredom, but it seems not. The bill consists of Harvey Brown, her accompanist, and Kitchell, but she does break up the dance routine with pantomimic sketches. These are considered hilarious by most spectators but the *aficionados* slumber heartily through these and wake up in time for the next criminal onslaught on the dance.

For sheer concentrated murder her satire on Martha Graham and the modern dance wins the badge. For this short exercise in genocide entitled Soul in Search, Miss Kitchell uses the spoken word, as is done by Miss Graham. She wanders around the stage like a woman who has just lost her husband in a bus wreck. She is desolate, tortured and demented.

"Who am I," she cries hoarsely, "that searches and seeks and never finds?" She gets tangled up with a long robe and ends on the floor, temporarily defeated. From that position she sets out on hands and knees in her search. "Seek and search," she howls. "Seek and search." No luck —and then a thought occurs to her. She exits hopefully. "The light dawns," she says as she leaves the stage. "I will go into the fertile fields."

What she does to that old chestnut of the opera, the bacchanalia, is a shame. She uses a fake goblet, a wooden slab painted like a pitcher, a scarf, a bunch of paper grapes. She is joyous and abandoned. She is Sex Repulsive. She capers; she leers; she is the moth-eaten incarnation of every Scheherazade in history. She makes it difficult ever to take that mélange of tinkling bells, tambourines and general frenzied loping seriously again.

She was born Emma Baugh at Junction City, Kansas, where her father was in the Army, but her mother and father died when she was three and she was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Walter Kitchell. She is married to Stokely Webster, a relative of the Kitchells. If she were really a Kitchell, he would be her cousin, but of course isn't her cousin because she is really a Baugh. (Had enough?) Since the Kitchells were also Army folk, she lived in Fort Riley, Kansas, and a succession of other Army posts.

The illness of her foster parents forced her to work and she naturally drifted into the ballet, which she had been pursuing in a gasping fashion since she was four. This brought her to the Chicago Opera ballet, where she made $35 a week and took on airs rather too weighty for a girl of sixteen. It resulted also in some vaudeville work in the Balaban & Katz houses and a bit of tentative touring in spots not too far from State and Madison.

"What I really had," she says now, "was a lot of crust. I'd try anything."

Among other things she tried New York, without which no theatrical story is complete. She had the usual experiences in agents' offices, ate the usual cafeteria meals and rather hoped she would do a stretch of romantic starving, but her ambition and nerve were always too much for her.

Instead of lingering poetically on her attic pallet she went up to the Radio City Music Hall with the express purpose of backing the great Leonidoff into a corner and making him hire her. Leonidoff interviewed her, hired her as a featured dancer at $150 per week, and back she went to the wardrobe lady, who was startled but not nonplused.

"It's been true through the ages," she said, rationalizing the inevitable. "Great dancers don't need a shape. Pick out what you want."

She Goes Over Big in Berlin

After that Iva worked in night clubs and hotels—the Adelphia in Philadelphia, the Jefferson in St. Louis. She had a summer season at the Mohawk Festival, doing acting and pantomime with Charles Coburn and Percival Vivian, and then came her European break. A producer hired her for a big German show called Etwas Verrückt (meaning Somewhat Nuts) and she opened in the Scala in Berlin, where the thing ran two months. She was getting $300 and boat transportation for herself and husband. The Germans found her very droll.

She played one scene as a bratty kid in a restaurant making a nuisance of herself and did it so well that, at the end of a week, nobody in the cast was speaking to her. The producer had to call a meeting of the company to explain that she was ruining their lines at his orders. Her success was so pronounced that she was soon ordered to appear at a party for the Nazi bigwigs.

"Goebbels, Goering, everybody but Hitler," she says. "With one small tommy gun and a little guts I could have changed history."

When Austria fell the company was playing in Munich. Back in New York she decided she would have to do something on her own if she wanted to get ahead. She gave a recital in Studio 61 in Carnegie Hall and 100 people showed up and she broke even. On the strength of that she got a manager who dug up four dates in a year and convinced her that the way was going to be hard. The second year was spent in Oklahoma where Maurice Laraux of Bartlesville booked a tour of twenty towns in that fair, flat and prosperous state. Betweentimes she did t citals at the Barbizon-Plaza H New York.

On the basis of this doubtf cess she launched herself as h manager, wrote her own brochu came her own press agent and booking dates by mail. They mostly from women's clubs ar for $150 each. Her triumph field attracted the attention of Peat, the agent, and he started right well with her—30 dates on 40 the next.

But now arose a problem: H jump from women's clubs to time? What came to her rescu was the well-known Kitchell She rented Carnegie Hall an pared to put on a concert of he This is somewhat comparable t ing Yankee Stadium for a f softball game.

She badgered friends to bu seats and ran all over town as h press agent getting items into pers. It ended with her breakin financially on the engageme getting the reviews that esta her as a major attraction.

"Those costumes," said one 'those wonderful costumes!"

He was referring to the which looked as if they had be up on a very old machine wounded seamstress. They h truth, been made by Miss K herself and she still busies hersc the chore. They look exactly ri they are patently wrong.

The Carnegie Hall business b her a contract with the Nationa cert and Artists Corporation a was immediately booked for 4 and will have more this year, of them repeats. There is in p a tour to Australia and anot Alaska. In short, the girl has m and free enterprise has scored a triumph.

Among her favorite number satire of a chorus girl of the la hibition, Texas Guinan era. person of this plump, bemus desperately gay character, Miss ell has done as thorough a job dissection of a period as would sible for an anthropologist. Th ing is crude but willing; the s perpetual and childlike; the effect is death in the evening.

So the plump little girl t whack at all forms of the dan mows them down as she meets A critic in Boston had this about her:

"And in spite of the barb there was nothing that the most balletomane could resent o could injure any truly great d

More nonsense was never fewer words.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

But it's hilarious



Here is the Vert Brothers number, portraying Extro and Intro. This is the backslapping, leaping Extro



Soul in Search is a satire on the modern dance in general, Martha Graham's Dark Meadows in particular

horus Girl of the '20s is one of a Kitchell's favorite satires. In her smile is perpetual and child-e; her dancing is studiedly crude

The Secret Papers

HARRY L. HOPKI

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOO

While Stalin was clamoring for a second front in Europe, Roosevelt Churchill planned the invasion of N Africa and in the battle of bureauc Washington, as on most of the real figl fronts, this was the lowest point of the

PART X—THE SOFT UNDERBELLY

EVEN after Hopkins, Marshall and Kin turned from London on July 27, 1942, were further attempts to change the Presi mind about the North African operation, the na which had been changed for security reasons GYMNAST to TORCH. Roosevelt, however, in that the decision had been made and must be c through with expedition and vigor.

Roosevelt made his major decision in fav TORCH entirely on his own and over the protests highest ranking advisers. He was now concerne marily with the problem of how to explain to Stali there would be no second front in northern F in 1942.

On July 31st, Stalin extended an invitation t British Prime Minister to come to the U.S.S.R. "t sider jointly urgent questions of war against Hitle menace" which has "just now reached a special c of intensity." Roosevelt then cabled Churchill a sage paraphrased here:

We must bear in mind always the personal our ally (Stalin) and the extremely difficult and da ous situation confronting him. We cannot expec one to approach the war from a world point of whose country has been invaded. We must try t ourselves in his place.

He should be told quite specifically that we determined upon a course of action in 1942. Wi advising him of the precise nature of our pro operations, I think the fact that they are going made should be told him without any qualificati

Of course we should not raise any false ho Stalin relative to the northern convoy, but I agre you that we should run one if there is any possibi success, regardless of the great risk involved.

It is still my hope that we can put air power di on the Russian front.

After Churchill had left London, Harriman on ceived the idea that it might be a good idea for h go along, and Roosevelt cabled him authority to Accordingly, Harriman flew to Moscow, arrivin gust 12th. He cabled to Roosevelt the followin this summarized report:

Stalin and Churchill had an extended meetin night. The British ambassador, Molotov and shilov were there. The main topic was Britis American military strategic plans for 1942 and and their effect on the Russian front.

Stalin disagreed at every point with bluntne proaching insult, with such remarks as you can wars if you don't take risks and you mustn't be so of the Nazis. Thus far there had been no agreem all and the atmosphere was tense.

Churchill then detailed the bombing activity Germany and expressed his hopes for subst increase with American help. At this point the first agreement between *(Continued on pag*

TELEGRAM

The White House
Washington

October 15 1942

Marshall Petain

~~My dear~~ [old friend]

I am sending this message to you [personally] as the Chef d'Etat of the United States to the Chef d'Etat of the Republic of France. [Once also as one of your friends and comrades of the great days of 1918] [May] we [friends and comrades of the great days of 1918] [live] to see France victorious again against the [~~enemy~~]

When your government concluded, [~~of necessity~~] the Armistice Convention in 1940, it was impossible for any of us to foresee the program of systematic plunder which the German Reich would inflict on the French people.

That program, implemented by black mail and robbery, has deprived the French population of its means of subsistence, its savings; it has paralyzed French industry and transport; it has looted French factories and French farms -- all for the benefit of a Nazi Reich and a Fascist Italy under whose governments no liberty loving nation could long exist.

As an old friend of France and the people of France, my anger and sympathy grows with every passing day when I consider the misery, the want, and the absence from their homes of the flower of French manhood. Germany has neglected no opportunity to demoralize and degrade your great nation.

Today, with greedy eyes on that empire which France so laboriously constructed, Germany and Italy are proposing to invade and occupy French north Africa, in order that they may execute their schemes of domination and conquest over the whole of that continent.

I know you will realize that such a conquest of Africa would not stop there but would be the prelude to further attempts by Germany and Italy to threaten the conquest of large portions of the American hemisphere, large dominations over the Near and Middle East, and a joining of hands in the Far East with those military leaders of Japan who seek to dominate the whole of the Pacific.

It is evident, of course, that an invasion and occupation of French North and West Africa would constitute for the United States and all of the American Republics the gravest kind of menace to their security --just as it would sound the death knell of the French Empire.

~~The White House~~
~~Washington~~

In the light of all the evidence of our enemy's intentions and plans, I have, therefore, decided to dispatch to North Africa powerful American armed forces to cooperate with the governing agencies of Algeria, Tunisia and Morocco in repelling this latest act in the long litany of German and Italian international crime.

These indomitable American forces are equipped with massive and adequate weapons of modern warfare which will be available for your compatriots in North Africa in our mutual fight against the common enemy.

I am making all of this clear to the French authorities in North Africa, and I am calling on them for their cooperation in repelling Axis threats. My clear purpose is to support and aid the French authorities and their administrations. That is the immediate aim of these American armies.

I need not tell you that the ultimate and greater aim is the liberation of France, and its Empire from the Axis yoke. In so doing we provide automatically for the security of the Americas.

I need not again affirm to you, [~~the United States~~] America seeks no territories [~~of Europe~~] that the United States and remembers always the historic friendship and mutual aid which we have so greatly given to each other.

I send to you and, through you, to the people of France [~~Warm greetings~~] my deep hope that we are all of us soon to enter into happier days. [~~Your friend~~] And belief

(end) Franklin D. Roosevelt

Churchill protested to F.D.R. that the original draft of this letter to Pétain, announcing our planned invasion of North Africa, was "much too kind" so the President made these cuts



The kid said, "I think the bicycle fell off this way about twenty feet"

FOR *Divers* REASONS

BY EUSTACE COCKRELL AND DANIEL GORDON

THE kid walked out on the pier and then stood a little distance away, watching the man beside ir compressor. The man was short swarthy, maybe sixty years old. It a warm day but he wore a stocking

said to the kid, noticing his ragged , his clean face, "Good evening, son, op of the evening to you; also any part of the afternoon you would to have."

e kid said, suppressed excitement in ice, "Whatcha doin'?"

e swarthy man put his head down to ne of the speaker and the tassel of ocking cap bobbed brightly. "We kid up here wants to know what doing. What *are* you doing down , Matty?"

ere was an annoyed grunt from the er that sat on a box by the com- or. Two lines trailed off into the . They were lashed together, the se and the smaller life line.

could get me a paper route," the id.

e man in the stocking cap said, puz- "You lost me, pal."

here aren't many jobs around in the ner. Deliverin' papers is about the ne and the man promised me a job d a bicycle."

e man in the stocking cap made te adjustment on the compressor. ther words," he said seriously, "you a bicycle."

e boy said patiently, "A rich sum- id lost his bicycle over the pier last n. I thought if your guy down saw it he might not mind tyin' a on it for me."

h." The man said into the speaker, any bicycles, Matty?"

m ridin' one now," the diver's voice

The boy said, "Aw, he's kiddin'."

The man in the stocking cap looked at the boy, noticing him. "H'm," he said, "why don't you get somebody to—"

"I don't take no charity," the boy said, flushing.

"He don't take no charity," the man in the stocking cap said into the speaker's cone. "So if you see a good bicycle—"

"I can hear you and him, too," the diver's voice said. "You don't have to say it all twice."

"What's he doin'?" the kid asked.

"Inspectin' the pilin'," the man said. "For an insurance company. But about that bicycle. Man ain't got the money to buy one, and needs one to make any money and won't take no charity, he's in kind of a fix. You doubtless also have strong feelings against buying on time?"

The kid grinned. "Naw, but the man runs the bicycle shop has."

"A jerk," the man in the stocking cap said carefully.

The kid said, "I think it fell off up this way about twenty feet."

A few yards out from the pier, the little circle of seething bubbles moved seaward, hovering above the diver. The man in the stocking cap considered the bubbles and the run of the lines. "About there, Matty," he said.

There was a steady and constant burbling noise coming out of the speaker, Matty grunted and started to say something, changed his mind and said, "Hell."

The kid said, "He gettin' mad?"

The man said, "He's always like that."

The diver said, "While you sit in the sun and gab." The small voice came out of the speaker in clipped words, precisely spaced from habit. "And if it ain't a kid wants a bicycle, it's some dame wants to know can I find her wedding ring she dropped in this very spot only forty years ago. I'm in mud up to my neck. I can't see my hand in front of the face plate, and you want me to find a bicycle."

"I guess," the kid said uncomfortably, "it's time I was gettin' towards home. He comin' up soon?"

"Naw. It'll be quite some time—if ever. I'm fixin' to cut his lines."

The kid looked at him attentively, then said, "You're foolin'—well, so long—an' thanks." He walked up the pier.

"Hey, kid! If I were you, I'd come down in the morning. The light is better then."

The kid said, "All right. I'll be down—" . . .

The man in the stocking cap lifted the helmet expertly, without scraping the diver's nose.

"It was a nice kid," he said, "needed a bike to get a job. Wouldn't of hurt you none."

Matty said coldly, "I should crawl around in the mud looking for a bike."

"He was proud," the man in the stocking cap said thoughtfully. "A nice, clean kid, and proud." Tugging sharply, he unbuckled a lead-soled shoe.

Matty kicked and the shoe clumped heavily some five feet away. "Let his old man buy him a bike."

"He looked to me like a kid didn't have an old man," the man said.

MATTY was just swinging down the ladder the next day, when the kid came out on the pier.

The man in the stocking cap winked at the kid. and kept paying out the lines. When he stopped, Matty said, impatiently, "Give me more slack." Then soon: "Got a bike down here."

The man shoved back his stocking cap, looked sideways at the kid. "You ever seen this bicycle?"

"Never did." The boy moved to the edge of the pier and considered the diver's bubbles in happy anticipation.

The swarthy man said into the speaker, "Hang on. I'm haulin' you up," and when the shining red bike broke water, he said, with the proper wonder in his voice, "Salt water beats all for preservin' things. That bike looks as good as new."

"Don'tcha think it's his?" the boy asked. "He found it."

The diver said, "Hurry up with the helmet."

"Get goin', kid. He never would have found it if you hadn't of known where it was."

"Yeah. I guess." The kid moved down the pier, pushing the bike. "Thanks." . . .

Turning his thin, pale face toward the swarthy man as he raised the helmet, Matty said bitterly, "Wasn't that bicycle red?"

The man lighted a cigarette and placed it between the diver's lips with a smooth, backhanded motion.

"Yes, it was, Matty."

"Which you bought and throwed in there last night?"

The man in the stocking cap blushed, stammered, but said no word.

"I had a coupla drinks and bought a *blue* one and eased her offa there about midnight," the diver said, abashed. "What the hell we gonna do with it?"

"Yeah," the man in the stocking cap said, "Now we got one bicycle too many. What we really need, I guess, is another kid."

A thin boy with great, dark eyes walked up the pier and stood at a distance. "What're you doing?" he asked.

The man in the stocking cap took one look at the boy's clean clothes, his bare feet, and snatched the cigarette out of the diver's mouth and picked up the helmet.

"Waitin' for you," he said. ★★★

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN GIESEN



Hitherto, Joe the cat has never been anything better than a happy warrior. Behold him now—a cat of shining virtue

Monkey's Uncle

BY RICHARD STERN





EILEEN SAMPSON'S phone call began th afternoon's events. Eileen said sweetly "Darling, I was in town today shoppin and I saw something in a store that I thought yo simply had to have."

"Sweet of you," Lucas said uncertainly.

"It's really for Joe. A playmate, sort of."

"Lovely," Lucas murmured, frowning. It wa just possible, she thought, that this was an overtur designed to re-establish peace and amity, to wip away memories of recriminations made upon a cer tain night. "So thoughtful," she added.

"Darling," Eileen went on, "I simply couldn resist, so I bought it and asked them to send it along I hope you won't think I'm too silly."

"Not at all. I think it was sweet of you to thin of us." Lucas hung up and leaned back in her chai and stared at the ceiling. Those recrimination had been vicious.

She was still wondering about the call when Coo brought in the afternoon's mail. A few bills, an a for a new cleaning establishment, one letter. Th letter was from Aunt Lucy, she of the unpredicta ble enthusiasms. Lucas read it, thinking of th small severe woman, thinking, too, of the Pekinges —what was his name?—who had been the old lady' current passion. "I have come to realize," sai Aunt Lucy, "and I am willing to admit, that I wa mistaken about the nobility of Pekingese. I hav disposed of Chang Poo."

Of Aunt Lucy's letters Tim had once said, " think that she gives you hints, like the time, statio and wave length. Then she settles down and start her mental broadcast and you're supposed to b ready to receive. Unfortunately, I'm not wired fo proper reception." Neither was Lucas. She put th letter down and leaned back in her chair onc more and pondered on Eileen Sampson's curiou behavior, and presently she gave that up, too, an went in to dress for the evening. She was in he dressing room when the gift arrived.

Cook answered the doorbell and glared at th



ddenly Joe's stub tail rose like a flag and began its ominous twitching. His sore whiskers laid themves flat against his cheeks. He let the growl begin deep in the furry chest, and advanced into combat

nning delivery man and signed the receipt with- t examining the package. She closed the door a peered through the slats of the little crate. ncent peered back at her. Cook recoiled a full sp. She thought of Joe, the cross she already bore, a it passed through her mind that flight is not alvys ignoble and is sometimes downright smart. E then she reconsidered, and in the end picked up t crate. Holding it at arm's length, she delivd it to the bedroom door.

"This just came," Cook announced. Overtones of approval crackled in her voice.

"Just put it on the bed," Lucas said and went on h her dressing. Vincent peered through the s in his crate, studying the room in silence. Then he settled himself philosophically, stretched o one small arm and began to pull tufts from d bedspread.

I WAS five o'clock when Tim drove in, slammed he garage door and stalked through the kitchen hout a word. Joe, crouched beneath the stove a is evening bowl of warm milk and rum, raised head and braced himself for an affectionate pull n his stub tail. It did not come, and Joe turned head in astonishment. Then he heard the clink a bottle and glasses and ice and he returned to warm punch. At the close of day, a man ded his drink.

arrying two highballs, Tim marched into the room. He handed one glass to Lucas, ignoring peculiar set of her face, and then plumped him- down upon the bed and drank long and deep. m the corner of the room, Vincent watched ough his bars in silence. Lucas said angrily, "I at going to—"

im jerked his hand. "I found out today," he sa slowly, "why we didn't get that Eastern Steel ac ount." He raised his head and looked at Lucas. ey're new out here, of course, so they didn't kn w the agencies. They went to their bank, Wester Trust, for information. I don't know who they talked to, but they got the wrong dope on our dependability, and on the basis of it, they turned our presentation down. They know better now; I talked to them this afternoon, but it's too late. They're already signed with Forbes."

There was silence. Then, "I can guess who they talked to," Lucas said.

Tim grinned at her over the rim of his glass.

Lucas said angrily, "All right, smarty, who's president of Western Trust? The new, imported president? The bulwark of respectability? The man who used to own a dog that tangled with Joe one fine night and came out on the wrong end of the engagement?"

Tim said, "John Sampson wouldn't do that."

"Wouldn't he? Wouldn't—"

"Look," Tim said patiently, "the whole thing was a mistake. Nobody, particularly a next-door neighbor, would stoop to a thing like that."

"You think so." Lucas gestured toward the corner. "Meet Vincent. He came this afternoon. From the Sampsons. Eileen phoned and told me that she was sending a playmate for Joe." Tim followed her hand. He and Vincent eyed each other. "And if you'll stand up," Lucas said, "and look where you're sitting, you can see some of Vincent's handiwork." She watched him rise and examine the circle of detufted bedspread. "Clever little fellow," Lucas added. "When I finally saw him he was pulling them out by the roots, playing she-loves-me-she-loves-me-not."

Vincent entered the discussion, chattering briefly in a high, squeaky voice.

"Articulate," said Tim, "isn't he?" He sat down upon the bed once more and sipped his highball thoughtfully. "A monkey—from the Sampsons with love and good wishes." He looked at Lucas. "What's the idea?"

"What do you think? It's Eileen's subtle way of getting even because our cat whipped her dog. Vincent's a gift, just like the Trojan horse or a bomb sent in the mail."

"And you think that the bum information at John's bank is all part of the same thing?"

"Think it?" Lucas said rather loudly. "I know it. Eileen has hated us ever since that night."

There was silence. Vincent shifted uncomfortably in his small crate. He looked at Lucas and he looked at Tim and then he chattered.

Tim studied him thoughtfully. "He's a cute little fellow," he said at last. "And he's probably tired of being shut up and he's probably hungry." Vincent listened carefully and with obvious approval. Tim got up from the bed. "Let's—"

"If you let him out of that cage," Lucas said, "he's your responsibility. I'm in favor of shouting for the Animal League."

Slowly Tim advanced on the crate. He hunkered down beside it and held out a forefinger for Vincent's inspection. "If you're right about Eileen's motives, sending him away would just make her laugh at you." Vincent studied the forefinger gravely and then made up his mind. He reached out one tiny hand, grasped the finger, and held it tight. He looked into Tim's face and chattered volubly and with considerable appeal.

"I hadn't thought of that," Lucas said.

Tim was grinning at Vincent. "He's friendly. We'll get along fine. Eileen's campaign will bounce right back on her."

"And John's little joke?"

Tim undid the crate with one hand, letting Vincent hold the finger for assurance. "About John," he answered with a certain grimness, "we'll see. That's a different thing altogether."

"Joe," said Lucas, watching the opening of the crate, "is going to take a dim view of Vincent."

"Joe," said Tim, "is basically a gentleman. And his family feeling is strong. And Vincent is now part of the family."

Vincent said nothing.

NOW it is one of life's verities that relatives come in varying degrees of compatibility. Amongst in-laws, this is especially true. Joe took an unenthusiastic, although unalarmed, view of the new member of the McCoy family. His approach the next morning and his investigation were cool. He eyed Vincent's small, peculiarly human face, and he listened noncommittally to Vincent's excited chatter. Then he stretched himself out on the warm cement of the side porch and apparently dismissed the entire matter from his mind. Vincent was here, obviously under the auspices of Tim and Lucas, who kept house for Joe, and under the sufferance of Cook, who was necessary, if annoying. There was no more to be said upon the subject. Joe dozed.

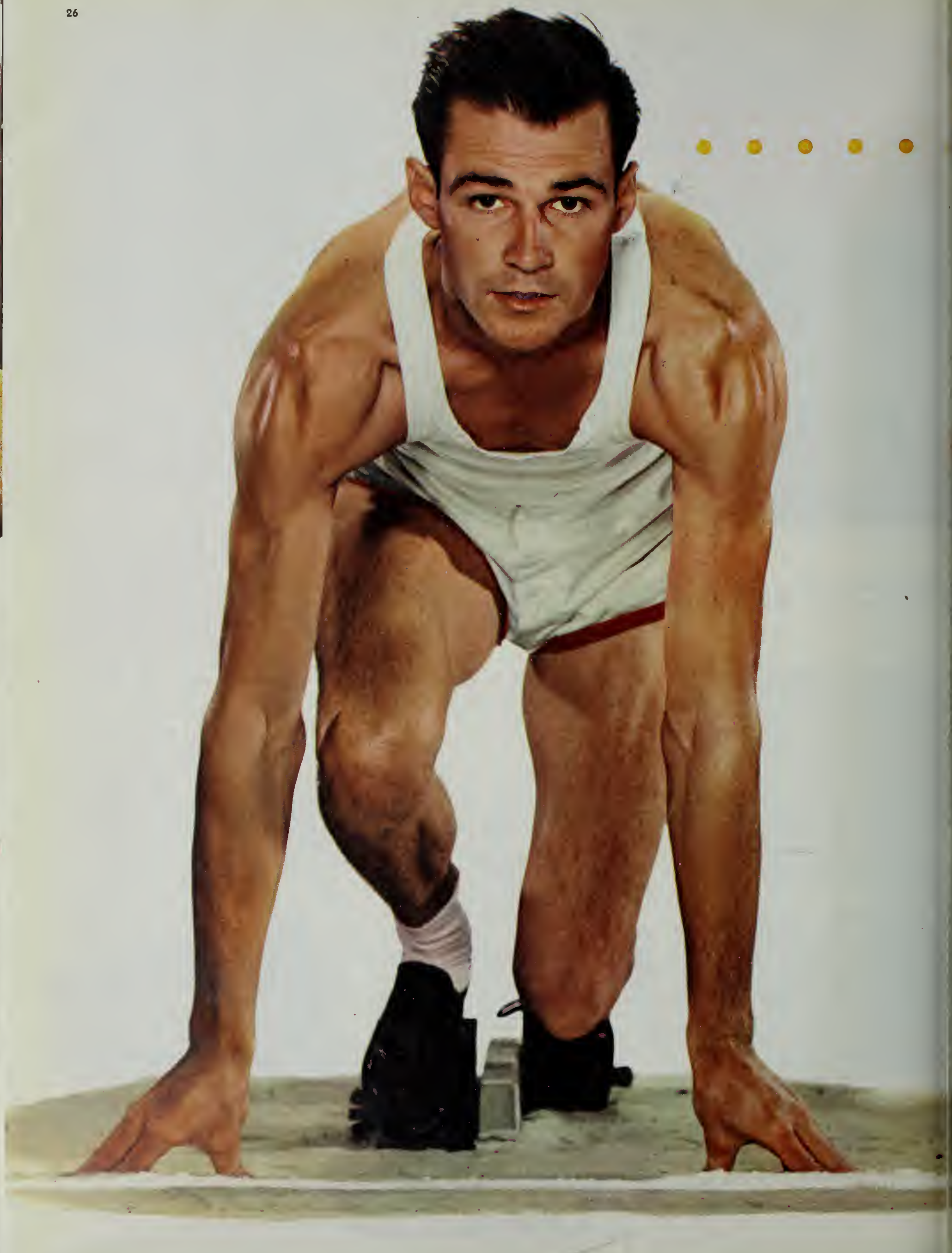
Vincent, moored to a new collar and a long piece of line, sat in a hanging flowerpot, well out of Joe's reach. His fur was carefully cleaned and fluffed to the warm sun. His face, beneath the shining black skullcap that is the mark of the capuchin, was bland and guileless, but his thoughts, like his bright eyes, roamed without pause. And his small fingers picked ceaselessly at the irksome collar, endeavoring to discover the combination. His chattering had ceased. It is not on record how long the decollaring operation took, but the open collar was found, some hours later, resting in the flowerpot. By that time many things had happened.

Vincent, freed, sat quiet for a time, rubbing his neck and laying his plans. His eyes were focused upon Joe, watching for any sign of wakefulness. There was none. Vincent swarmed up the wires which supported the pot and across the porch-roof eaves to the nearest upright. There he disappeared into the heavy ivy, and only a rustling sound and the gentle shaking of leaves marked his progress to the ground. He reappeared, thrusting his head out from the foliage, and rested motionless for a time. studying Joe.

And then, quietly, stealthily, he emerged and crept across the cement on all fours. The last three feet he covered in a soundless rush and as he passed Joe's head he reached out one small arm and grabbed a handful of Joe's whiskers. He did his level best to carry them with him to the next upright.

Joe's awakening roar sent shivers up and down the back of every dog in the neighborhood. He came to his feet in a rush, his stub tail twitching and his eyes narrowed and his great head swinging slowly from side to side as he searched for his tormentor. Vincent paused halfway up the ivy vine. His bright eyes were gay and his entire small body began to shake with *(Continued on page 48)*

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM



PELL-MEL PATTON

BY ANDREW ROBERTS

For years the world's fleetest sprinters hammered at the fabulous 9.4 seconds 100-yard mark. Some tied it, but nobody ever beat it—until Mel Patton breezed through with his smashing 9.3

OUTHERN California has been tried many times and never convicted of modesty. They ding you endlessly with climate, scen- nd general moral superiority. The lights are ter, the mountains are higher, the girls are er, the crowds are larger. Occasionally they up with somebody whose excellence can't ly be disputed, such as one Mel Patton who, ding to the records and the raucous acclaim southern Californians, is the greatest sprinter world.

ton broke the world record for the 100-yard by doing it in 9.3 seconds on May 15, 1948, esno, California. Experts regard this as a su- man feat because the 100-yard record has hammered at by the greatest sprinters in the

he quarters believed the human constitu- was incapable of anything better than the ous 9.4s mark, which had been recognized five times by the international authorities— Wykoff, Southern California, in 1930; D. J. rt of South Africa, in 1931; Jesse Owens, State, in 1935; Clyde Jeffrey of Stanford, in nd Patton in 1947.

Fresno event was something of a grudge t between Patton and Lloyd La Beach, the Negro sprinter from Panama. Since Patton efused to run in the regular 100-yard event led for the night at Fresno, there were hints e was avoiding La Beach. Patton answered reeing to a special match in the afternoon.

Tension Almost Forced Withdrawal

race generated a terrific emotional tension. were four false starts (three of them by La). Patton has said since that he was so near of collapse that one more mishap would rought his withdrawal from the race.

n they finally got off, La Beach was practi- eft at the post, but at 20 yards he was only a ehind Patton and at 80 yards he threw him- rward in a mighty lunge and only missed ng Patton by six inches. When the race was d, meteorologists, surveyors and officials ver.

weather people estimated there was a one- -hour southwest wind which was slightly the runner. The temperature was ninety. gineers brought out their instruments, meas- apes and even a plumb bob. They filed an report that the track measured exactly 300 inches.

e were five watches on the race, three official o checkers. Of the three official timepieces d 9.3s and one showed 9.4s. The alternate s had 9.3s and 9.4s.

zo Stagg, referee, officially approved the and there it was—all signed up and deliv- r the august gentlemen who meet in for- eign parts and decide whether a man is a god or a mere mortal.

On the personal side, Patton is human enough, being a long thin man of twenty-five with the lean and leathery look of a Texan, even to the skin drawn taut over his cheekbones. He is six feet tall, weighs 152 and has a stride of seven feet, two inches.

Mel has been married three years; he has a daughter aged twenty-three months and a desperate ambition to return from the Olympics in London as world champion because it might help him get a coaching job.

He was a great schoolboy sprinter at University High in Westwood, a part of Los Angeles. He did 9.7s in the hundred and 21.3s in the 220. UCLA is on his doorstep, but Mel went instead to the University of Southern California in downtown Los Angeles, under Dean Cromwell, coach of the American Olympic team.

Patton was in the Navy for three years during the war, as a seaman first class and then as an aviation cadet at Jacksonville. He had a hard time getting his sprinting form back on his return.

At the N.C.A.A. meet in 1946, he qualified for the finals but couldn't do better than seventh place in either sprint event. But in 1947, the man who runs like a ghost (the easy flowing style of Jesse Owens and Charley Borah rather than the plunging manner of Charley Paddock and Frank Wykoff) came into his own. He did 9.4s three times. The last, made in the California Relays at Modesto, was accepted by the International Amateur Athletic Federation meeting this year in London on May 14th, the day before the great record at Fresno.

But 1947 was partially ruined for him by leg trouble that kept him out of competition the latter part of the season. "It's just like a cramp you get in bed," he explains. "It leaves a soreness that stays for weeks."

He didn't help any by pushing a stalled car, and in some circles his troubles are felt to stem from this excess.

He started this season very carefully, with his eye on the Olympics. For one month he did nothing but walk; the next month he jogged but never sprinted. Coach Cromwell doesn't believe in tricky training methods, and rarely attempts to change a man's natural style.

Patton has been called a fast starter but he objects to that.

"I work out with Tom Patsalis, the broad jumper," he says, "and no matter how I try I can't catch him before 20 yards. When you can't beat a broad jumper off the marks, you're not a fast starter."

Patton thinks the 100 is his best race, but Cromwell insists he is best at the 220. "Maybe the Dean is right," concedes Patton, with a shrug. "He always is." His greatest thrill was not the cracking of the world record but an occasion in 1947 in the Coliseum in Los Angeles when he beat Bill Mathis in the 100 and Herb McKenley in the 220.

There was considerable heat over the Fresno race when Dink Templeton, Stanford coach, said it didn't look like a 9.3s thing to him. Patton added to the fire by saying: "Honestly, I didn't feel I ran a good race at Fresno. I know in my own heart that I didn't run that last 40 yards in good form. I felt I was floundering, trying to get to the tape."

Events Uphold Timers' Watches

It was generally agreed, however, that the official watches were a better guide than Mr. Templeton's admittedly keen eye, and several events occurred rapidly thereafter to clinch the argument: (a) Patton beat La Beach at Fresno; (b) He beat him by five feet in a race shortly afterward at 200 meters at the Coliseum; (c) At the Compton Relays, in which Patton didn't compete because of a leg cramp, La Beach tied Jesse Owens' 220-yard mark of 20.3s, tied the 100-meter mark of 10.2s and created a new world record in the 200 meters at 20.2s. *Ergo,* if Patton can beat La Beach every time they meet and La Beach can ruin world marks at other times, it seems plain that Patton is capable of the 9.3s record.

Now all he has to do to prove he is the greatest is to win at London. That isn't always as easy as it looks. In strange parts of the world men are working their legs into a frenzy at this very moment with little publicity to give a warning of their threat.

There was the time back in 1928, when Percy Williams, a totally unknown runner from Canada, popped up and ran the ears off everybody in sight. But if Patton doesn't tie up with his cramps the chances are slight that anybody will beat him. He has great poise as a runner and never makes a mistake in a race. Although his nerves may be breaking he will not beat the gun. This comes from Cromwell's tutelage.

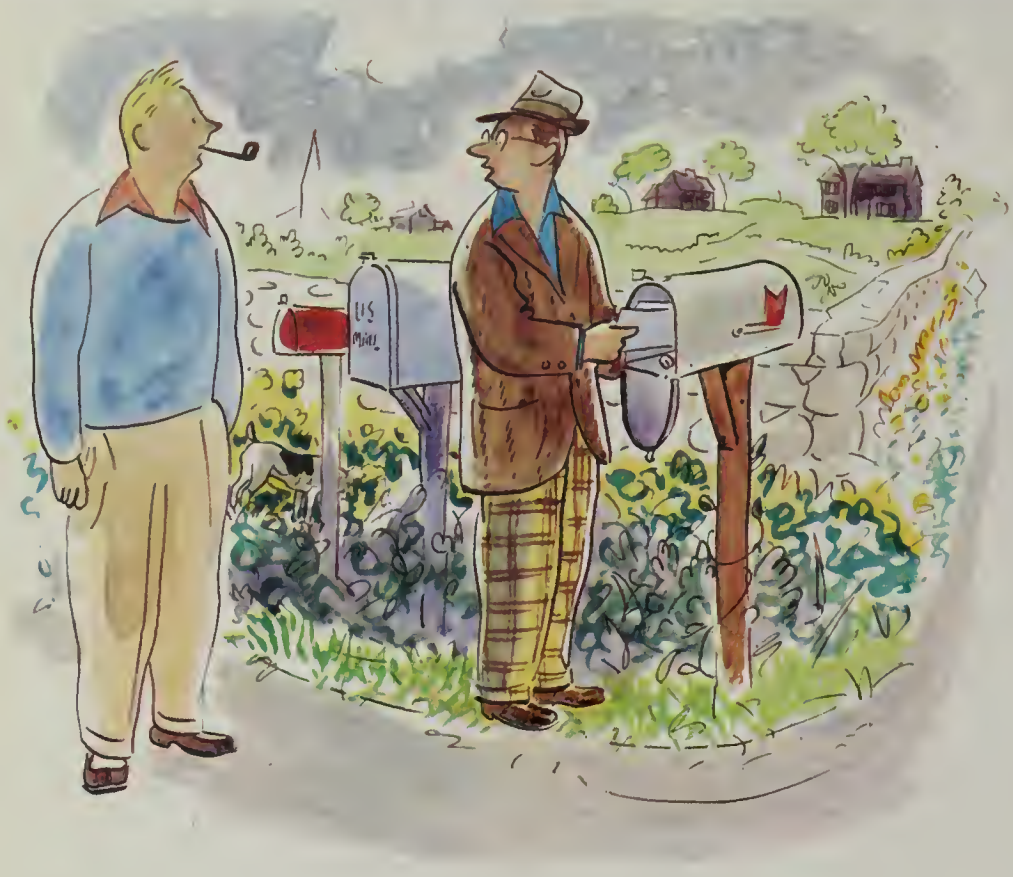
"I've said this a million times to my runners," says the Dean. "Learn to react to the gun. You never see my men try to beat the gun. When they react accordingly they come out of their holes as if shot from a cannon."

Getting to the tape is all that counts with Patton. "I try to keep my mind as blank as I can when I'm there waiting to start," he says, "and then I pay no attention to anything but the tape."

Cromwell says Patton is the greatest of all sprinters, and southern California is sure the climate is responsible for the whole thing. If some monster from Iceland should beat Patton to the finish line it would be the greatest blow to Los Angeles pride since Michigan slaughtered Southern California in the last Rose Bowl game. Another one like that wouldn't be good. Patton will simply have to forget about his cramps and sail along there. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPH BY GLENN EMBREE—PAUL HESSE STUDIOS

Ideas by The Mile



"no, we haven't been able to find a home yet, but we've established this mail box as a permanent address"

SATURDAY: Wife having insisted vacation will pay for itself through the ideas I'll get, we start for Lake Nipissing. She drives while I think. Lonely mailbox along the way gives me an idea



"– and when we have enough money we will go somewhere on our honeymoon"

SUNDAY: Niagara Falls. Good gag groun The bride-and-groom subject is the most obvi idea to work on, but has been done a lot. Stil



"want to keep him?"

WEDNESDAY: Start early with Indian guide named George who never heard of the expression "Ugh." His pet idea of conservation is to throw everything back



"we played him an hour before he straightened

THURSDAY: Big day, lots of fish. Meet our gang on an isl for lunch. Have fried pickerel (supposed to be the best eati and bass. Much talk and the usual tall stories—with gest

mebody once said the human brain is wonderful because it starts working the instant you wake up and doesn't stop until you t to the office. -But the creative instinct of the cartoonist never rests—even on vacation. Here's Garrett Price to prove it



guess this doesn't need a caption)



"you guys go ahead without me. — get seasick in a boat"

AY: Through wild country to North Bay, Ont. e see Quintuplets' home. Maybe they'll have lets. Idea? No. See moose head outside hotel



place has everything; no newspapers, dio, no telephone, no television"

I begin to go native, but it's time to head for late to leave the peace and quiet. There must rm of an idea in that. Let's see—I've got it!

TUESDAY: Rain. I practice casting from dock while friends take two boats and go out. We catch two great northern pike from shore, and another inspiration for a cartoon pops into my head



"now here are some smaller ones, but even the small fish were above the average small fish"

SATURDAY: Back in the studio everybody wants me to prove my fish stories. Have no photos but there must be a cartoon idea somewhere. My wife was right. The gags paid for the trip

THE HIGH HIP RIDER

BY ROARK BRADFORD

TO SAY that Eutaw Graves was completely worthless would be to exaggerate his value as a sharecropper on Little Bee Bend Plantation. Complete worthlessness implies a negative quality, and there was something very positive about the way Eutaw loved to sit in the shade, pick his guitar and sing songs about how tall the Johnson grass was growing in the cotton. Yet, he was popular. The men liked him, the ladies made jokes with him and the children followed him around.

Eutaw's satisfactory financial standing at the commissary was due, chiefly, to Beena. Beena was Eutaw's ever-loving wife and one of the best field hands in the Red River bottoms. Her hoe was sudden death to grass, and the way that woman could pick cotton was the envy of many a man. And while there was a hard and fast rule on the plantation against women plowing in the fields, it had been rumored Beena threw the lines over her shoulders and drove a big two-mule cultivator team up and down the furrows while her husband lay in the shade and sang:

Oh, darlin', darlin', hit grieve me so
To see you plowin' up and down de row
But de cotton so shawt and de grass so tall,
I swear I don't b'lieve we'll make hit dis fall.

If there was any truth to this gossip, Giles, the foreman, never got around to verifying it. Eutaw's field was on the extreme back fringe of the plantation, and Giles seldom managed to get down that way. However, in the foreman's book, a man was supposed to work or "git runned offn de place."

"I don't b'lieve dat boy is worth de patience for me to run him off," Giles explained to the Widow Duck. "Efn he was, how come he ain't long gone?"

The Widow Duck laughed. "Go 'haid, Giles," she chided. "You know good as me when dat boy start pickin' his guitar and singin' dem reels, God jest natchally changes conditions in yo' heart. You lets Eutaw ride high on yo' hip."

Giles was serious. No good foreman could afford to show favoritism among the field hands. "Can't nobody ride high on my hip," he protested. "But I swear when dat boy git to whangin' dem strings and singin' dem songs he look so happy and pert dat hit make ev'ybody else feel mighty satisfied."

Eutaw was no fool. He knew exactly how he stood with the foreman and with Beena. Giles would be tolerant just as long as Eutaw's field was kept free from grass. And Beena would keep it grass-free just as long as her instinct as a natural-born cotton-raising woman drove her into the battle against the Johnson grass.

SUDDENLY in the midst of what seemed an ideal crop year for Eutaw, Beena rebelled. The first indication came at sundown one evening after she had walked all day behind Hawk and Eagle, the fastest-stepping pair of mules on the place. As was his custom, Eutaw dropped by the field at quitting time to take the mules to the barn, so Beena could go home and get his supper. Eutaw didn't believe in a woman doing all the work, and besides, it would look too suspicious if his wife showed up at the barn with the plow team.

"Dem mules," grumbled Beena, "jest about walked me to death. Seem like you c'd git me a slower-walkin' team."

"I'll git old Shotgun and Darlin' for you," promised Eutaw.

"I kin walk faster den Shotgun and Darlin'," stated Beena, "but hit would be a pleasure, after Hawk and Eagle."

At that moment a neighbor woman, Cissie Lee, who lived just across the ditch on Ringgold's Plantation, walked down the turnrow. Across her shoulder was a fishing pole, and in her hand was a string of yellow-belly catfish.

"Hit's a rule on Ringgold's," Cissie Lee announced, apropos of nothing, "which say a lady can't plow in de field. Hit's a rule on Ringgold's which say de mens got to plow in de field and de ladies kin go fishin'."

Beena was in no mood to explain that a similar rule operated on Little Bee Bend. "Ladies on Little Bee," she countered, "don't like for we's husbands to come home all tired out ev'y night."

Cissie Lee laughed. Beena did not. . . .

An hour later, Eutaw sat on his own front porch, picking out twilight-sounding chords, "playin' de seconds" to the songs of the katydids, the crickets, and the tree frogs. Half a dozen children from neighbor families were scattered about the floor at his feet, coaching him. "Play 'bout de frog waltz, when de frog went out to git his supper and dat snake got after him, and man kind! Did dat frog git hisse'f on down de road!" Or, "Play dat song about de old kaing buzzard dat didn't had no nothin' to eat for so long."

"Nawp, dat's all I'm fixin' to play," Eutaw announced. "Y'all chillun git on home to yo' supper, whilst I sits hyar and plays seconds to dat screech owl which screeches about dis time ev'y night."

The children left. From the kitchen came the noises of Beena preparing supper. Usually she worked quietly, but tonight she banged the pots and pans and grumbled to herself. "I gits mighty tired er plowin' all day in de field," she complained, "and den come home and cookin' supper on a hot stove and all."

"No mind de talk, honey," Eutaw called pleasantly. "Jest you git supper."

"De yuther ladies don't plow in de field," Beena reminded him. "Whilst I was out yonder, knockin' dem jackasses up and down de row, de yuther ladies was settin' on de bayou bank, fishin'."

"I'll catch you a mess er fish tomorrow," Eutaw promised grandly.

"I don't want no fish," declared Beena. "I jest wants to set and fish."

Eutaw noted a strangely defiant tone in his wife's voice, and he set his guitar aside. "You mean," he demanded, "you want to quit and go fishin' when hit's work to do in de field? Gal, what kind er shiftless field hand you turnin' into?"

"I mean," asserted Beena, "I'm tired er plowin' and I don't want to plow no more."

Eutaw changed his tactics. "But, baby," he pointed out, "you's mighty nigh done wid de plowin'. Hit ain't mo'n two hours er plowin' left in de field, and whar you done plowed looks so purty."

Flattery failed. "Plowin' is men's work," Beena argued. "And I don't be's no mens. I be's a woman."

Eutaw had one more argument. "Sho, you's a woman," he said bitterly. "And dat ain't all. You's a contentious woman. And you know what old Kaing Solomon got to say about a contentious woman? He say a contentious woman is a 'bomination. Now you jest stop bein' a 'bomination in de Bible, and git my supper."

Beena contritely mixed a pan of cornbread batter. Wanting to go fishing when there was grass in the cotton was a shiftless thing to do. And being named out in the natural Bible by old King Solomon was nothing short of awful. She was thoroughly embarrassed by each situation. She placed the pan of corn bread into the oven, put on water for the coffee and went to the porch. She was stung and hurt. She was also very tired.

"Eutaw, honey," she apologized, "I ain't gonter be shiftless no more, and I ain't gonter be no contentious woman no more. I'm jest gonter speak wid Giles and let him rise up hell about who gonter and who ain't gonter plow dem jackasses in we's field."

Eutaw was busily working out a complicated chord and gave no sign that he had heard Beena's threat. But when the chord suited him, he whanged the strings loudly, and sang sadly:

Ef you don't speak wid Giles
—You'll never git in trouble.
But ef you speak wid Giles
—Yo' trouble will be double.

Beena returned to the kitchen, removed the cornbread from the oven, and placed it on the table with dishes of snap beans, onions, side meat and fig preserves.

"Come and git yo' supper, Eutaw."

"I ain't hungry, jest yit," he told her. "I'm waitin' for dat screech owl to screech. I think I kin ca him in dis new E-flat minor chord I got." . . .

Next morning at the lot, Eutaw forgot to ask a slower team of mules in spite of the fact that had promised Beena. He had Beena's interest heart, but he was so engrossed in a song he composing about what a hard time a woman Beena had raising cotton and cooking and going that the slow-walkers slipped his mind. Alre the first verse of the song had come to him:

Work in de kitchen and work in de field,
Hit'll drive me to rogue and drive me to steal.
But my ever-loving husband is so kind and so t
Darlin', I'd work myself plumb to death for yo

And before he realized it, he had caught Ha and Eagle and was on his way to the field.

BEENA was not waiting for him when he rode to the cultivator. Usually she was on hand help hitch the team before she started plowing. taw waited a quarter of an hour before he saw coming down the turnrow.

"Gal, you's late," he complained. "I been ma up a purty song about how hard you works, hyar you come lazin' in late! You want me to a lie? Can't you git dem dishes washed up and to de field whilst I gits all de way to de barn gits back wid de mules?"

"I been to de barn, too," explained Beena. been speakin' wid Giles."

Eutaw could not believe it. "You been which he demanded.

"Speakin' wid Giles," she repeated. "I axed wouldn't he drap by we's field, ev'y day, and how purty hit look whar us been plowin' hit."

"You done dat?" Eutaw demanded. "Wor you know efn Giles ride down hyar and c you plowin' he'll git mad and fuss at me and bofe."

"I figger he will," admitted Beena, sullenly.

"You like to make Giles mad? Hit's a agin you plowin'."

"Dat's how come I axed him to ride by, tod explained Beena. "Cause when he come dow ain't fixin' to be plowin'. I'm fixin' to be s out yonder on de bayou bank, fishin'."

There it was! Eutaw could recognize rebe when he saw it. So he just smiled and sta plowing. Wrapping his fingers around the cul tor handles was not as pleasant as wrapping around the neck of a guitar and singing p songs. But the immediate situation was so w that his mind refused to consider it. Instea mind raced ahead to the time when things wou right again, with Beena plowing and himself ing songs in the shade.

Just how he would go about re-establishin situation, he had no idea. But he had confid "I'll trick me out some kind er trick," he pron himself. "And den I'll raley lay back and sin about hit."

The first hour, he stepped blithely behind H and Eagle. Then the sun got hot, and he beg sweat. Soft dirt worked its way into his shoes hurt his feet. He removed his shoes and threw on the turnrow. The newly plowed dirt felt go his feet, but the clods bothered his toes.

"Y'all mules walk too fast," he compla "Whyn't you slow down?" But neither Hawk Eagle varied one iota from their swift, relen gait.

(Continued on pag

Eutaw was no fool. He knew Beena wou keep his field grass-free just as long as h instinct as a born cotton-raising woman dro her into the battle against the Johnson gra

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE



MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN MURDER

Santa Claus's hat was off and his whiskers were awry. He sat at the f
the stairs surrounded by his scattered gifts. His eyes were wide with h

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

CONTINUING A NOVEL OF TENDER LOVE AND DESPERATE CR

The Story:

When young engineer STEVE BLAKE, on trial for the murder of ex-convict JEFF NULTY, is saved from almost certain conviction by the perjured testimony of a beautiful stranger, MRS. PATRICIA KINGSLEY, he is sure that she is covering for someone. Determined to find out whom she is protecting, and to remove the cloud of suspicion that sursounds him, he moves into the fashionable Casa Linda Apartments, where Mrs. Kingsley and her husband live, and where Jeff Nulty was found shot to death.

Ignoring Pat Kingsley's husband, REX KINGSLEY, who has taken over Jeff Nulty's job as manager of the Casa Linda night club, Steve takes Pat to dinner several times. She is with him one night when he finds friendly, pretty CONCHITA MONTERO, a Cuban dancer from the night club, strangled to death in his apartment. In her handbag is Steve's revolver, which has been missing since just before Nulty's murder. Ballistics tests show that this is the gun that killed Nulty.

MARTY WALSH, tough detective, who still thinks Steve killed Nulty, is now convinced that he killed Conchita, but Walsh hasn't enough evidence to make any arrests.

To complicate Steve's life even further, PETE CONNOLLY, famous jockey, asks Steve to help him get WADE RAMSAY, owner of the Casa Linda, to fire RUSTY MASON, his beautiful blond secretary. Pete figures that if Rusty is out of a job, she won't keep refusing his marriage proposals. The plan fails. Steve continues to wrestle in vain with the problem of murder, and with a new problem—his growing love for Pat Kingsley.

IV

ON CHRISTMAS EVE the Club Casa Linda was decorated as gaily as a lady of leisure who had been on a shopping spree. There were garlands of imitation holly with big, red, unnatural-looking berries. There was some real holly hanging around looking apologetic. Just inside the main entrance was a vast Christmas tree.

Rex Kingsley was in evidence, too. He was putting on only one show. It would go on after midnight, after Santa Claus had distributed his souvenirs to all the paying guests; and he moved through the crowd now trying to estimate which of the celebrities would respond to clamor for free entertainment.

I told myself that I didn't know why I was there, but I was only kidding. I knew perfectly well what had brought me: the hope that I'd ru
Pat Kingsley. Of course, she
probably at her father's home.

I didn't see Pat. I didn't eve
Rusty Mason. That was odd, be
Christmas Eve at the Casa
couldn't possibly be official w
her. I didn't see anybody I w
to see. Then suddenly a voice so
at my elbow. It said, "Even C
mas can't be as miserable a
look."

It was Floyd Andrews. He
"How's about a quickie?"

That sounded like a good i
waved him to the other seat
table, the one I hoped Pat Ki
might occupy. At least he wo
talk too much.

People were circulating. This
the night for being still. There

(Continued on page 54)

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

TASTE THRILL AT THE BEACH...

ıst sink your teeth into a Milky Way candy bar! At the beach in the afternoon,
or at home in the evening . . . anywhere . . . anytime . . . you will thrill to the taste
of a truly rare flavor combination. For, in a Milky Way you enjoy a
ːk, milk chocolate coating . . . a golden layer of smooth, creamy caramel . . .
ɔft, chocolate nougat center, richly flavored with real malted milk. Here is
taste thrill, right down to the last, delightful flavor that lingers
in your mouth. When you crave good candy, eat a



Milky Way



THE HIGH HIP RIDER

Continued from page 30

"Maybe ef I could whup up a song about dese fast-steppin' jackasses," he mused, "maybe hit wouldn't seem so bad."

He watched their steps. Eagle, tall, leggy and high-headed, took long strides. Hawk was stockily built and had to make almost two steps to one of Eagle's. This irregularity caused the doubletree to jiggle unevenly and irritatingly. Even the gifted Eutaw could not translate the situation into any kind of song rhythm. But he felt desperately in need of singing, and he tried variations on an old song:

Oh, de hawk shot de eagle, and de eagle shot de crow,
And my Beena's on de bayou, gonter catch a buffalo.

The song did not help. "I bet I sung a lie," he accused himself. "Dese mules is fixin' to walk me to death, and ain't nothin' gonter shoot nobody. And I bet Beena is fishin' wid worms instid er dough bait, and she know she can't catch no buffalo wid no worm. Yep," he concluded, "I jest hauled off and sung me a big old rusty lie."

Eutaw next began looking hopefully across the narrowing strip of unplowed field. Less than fifty yards away was the little drainage ditch which marked the lower boundary of his crop. At the pace the big team was stepping it wouldn't take long to cut that strip down to nothing.

"Another hour, maybe," he estimated, "and dis old field will be done plowed." He gritted his teeth and tried to throw his mind out of joint until the bitter ordeal should have passed.

But long before he finished, Giles rode up on Prince. "Eutaw," he greeted pleasantly, "I figgered you'd have yo' guitar along so's you c'd sing me a song."

EUTAW tried to grin, but failed. "Nawsuh, Mist' Giles," he explained. "I'm so busy plowin' I ain't hardly got time to bring my guitar to de field."

"Yo' crop looks fair," Giles said, suddenly becoming businesslike. "And I wants hit kept like dat."

"Yassuh."

"You'll git done plowin' over in about an hour," continued the foreman, "and den I want you to go back and start plowin' hit over again."

"But, Mist' Giles," protested Eutaw, "dis field is clean. Hit don't look like hit need plowin' over again."

"I don't go by de looks," snapped Giles. "I goes by de weather. Ef she come up a big rain so's you couldn't plow for a week, de grass would sprout and ruin dis cotton. So you got to kill dat grass before she git sprouted through."

"Hit don't look like hit's fixin' to come up a big rain," urged Eutaw.

"Ef hit don't come up a big rain," Giles warned, "all de moistures is gonter seep up through de cracks in de new-plowed dirt and dry up, and dat'll make de cotton suffer from a drout'. So efn she don't rain, you got to keep on plowin' to hold dat moistures in de ground. And you got to keep on plowin' to kill de grass which ain't yit come up, in case she do rain."

"Lawd, how long?" groaned Eutaw.

After the foreman left, Eutaw once more tried to throw his mind out of gear so he wouldn't contemplate the misery which lay ahead. "When I sung dat song about Giles, last night, I called him double trouble. And I was singin' de truth."

Before he finished another round, the words for a song came to his tongue, but no tune came to his ear:

Keep on plowin' in case she rain.
And in case she don't, keep doin' de same.

At noon, when Eutaw took the team to the barn for feed and water and to eat his own lunch which Beena brought in a tin pail, Little Bee Bend's happy minstrel was angry and in pain. When Johnnie T, manager and bass singer for the Old Ship of Zion Five-Man Quartet, reminded him to be sure to bring his guitar to church Sunday, Eutaw snapped, "Efn I feels like hit, I will."

Johnnie T was shocked, but he managed to call his quartet together. "Le's try dat trouble song," he suggested. "And, Eutaw, whyn't you practice doin' plink-plonk, plink-plonk wid yo' mouf like hit was a guitar. Hit'd be might' nigh as good as havin' two second tenors in de quartet."

Eutaw merely glared at Johnnie T. His feet hurt, his back ached and his skin was chafed and smarting. He sulked in the shade of a little elm tree in solitude until Giles tapped the back-to-work bell.

By sundown, there was no more pain in his feet nor smarting on his chafed legs. Nor was there any anger or self-pity in his mind. His whole being, mental and physical, was one big, dull ache.

He dragged himself upon his front porch and flopped in a chair. His guitar rested against the wall within easy reach, but he ignored it.

Beena was gay and chipper. "I done pumped you a big washtub full er water, on de back porch, efn you wants to bath off," she announced. "I always feels more better when I baths off after plowin'."

Eutaw rolled his eyes, sadly. "I'll bath off after supper," he mumbled.

"Git up and git washed," commanded Beena. "I done tuck de patience to catch a mess er dem yaller-belly catfish for yo' supper, and you ain't gonter eat none er my catfish whilst you's dirty. Now git clean."

Eutaw went through the motions. But soap and water and fresh clothing on his skin did not help much. His ache was more than skin deep. It was bone deep; it was soul deep.

He ate without appetite, although his capacity held out as long as the food lasted.

"Now, darlin'," suggested Beena, cheerfully, "whilst I'm washin' up de dishes and all, whyn't you set on de porch and play me dat screech owl song you missed last night?"

"Fish," said Eutaw, drowsily, "me sleepy." He got up from the and managed to fall across the bed.

The ne day was little different mules walked fast, the sun shon When Eutaw got home that evenir seat of his pants was just about dr out his tracks.

By the evening of the third day, began to show concern.

"Honey, you ain't picked me n on yo' guitar since I don't know v she reminded him. "Whyn't you p dat song all about how you tuck me f'm big old Buldickie, and marr fool outn me, right in front er my

Eutaw rolled his eyes sadly. "I sleepy," he said.

THE next morning when Giles Eutaw's field, he said, "Son, yo like you's offn yo' feed. Yo ailin'?"

"Nawsuh, I ain't ailin'," said Eut

"Hawk and Eagle steppin' to for you?" he suggested.

"Nawsuh," said Eutaw. "I'm plow f'm sun to sun. I'd as soo fast as slow."

Other questions popped into th man's mind, but prying too deep another man's personal affairs helped Giles get a crop of cotton After all, Eutaw's field was in good Beyond that, Giles could have no terest. He galloped off, dismissing from his mind as soon as he was sight. He had sixty-odd other plow to keep after, and that was no sm when the fields were free of gras man objected to plowing when he see the grass wither and die in the f But to believe you are killing grass unsprouted, "in case she rain," you are preserving unseen moistu case she don't rain," is a great st any field hand's imagination wh sun is hot and the fishing is good.

The image of the sad-eyed little Graves returned to the foreman's But Giles forced the image away. nobody kin ride high on my hi growled, "an' mo' specially a n like Eutaw. He's workin' for de fir since he been on de place, and harms no man."

At noon, Eutaw's three-day sa permeated the entire working c



"Am I glad you're back! This place just cries for a woman's touch"

COLLIER'S

ands. The trouble started when T called his quartet for rehearsal. he was pleasant. But not today. v, dis is a quartet,' he announced, belligerently, "and ev'ybody got his part. Dat mean you tenors tick to de tenors, and you ba'tones tick to de ba'tones, and hit don't v'ybody got to try to sing bass. l to all de bass singin'."

n git lower in de bass den you allenged Nud Haley, second bari- Lower and louder."

hie T ignored Nud. "Now, Dock, to lead out wid, 'I'm so glad,' and t 'glad' cause dat's when I wrops around you and say, 'Yas?' And en Dock git done 'gladdin'' and I 'yas-in',' ev'ybody else pitch in ouble don't last always.'"

come you got to wrop up my demanded Dock, the first tenor. ome you can't wait to I gits done '' before you come in? De way g, 'Yas?' sound like a bullfrog head in a crawfish hole."

rought to an end, even before it ed, the rehearsal of the Old Ship Five-Man Quartet. Among the ow hands there occurred three s, a rock-throwing and numerous guments before Giles tapped the work bell.

realized all the bitter feeling cen- ound Eutaw's unhappiness, and called for a little social work.

next week's installment HE PRIVATE PAPERS OF Y L. HOPKINS: Following vasion of North Africa, "the , after their long, lonely le to keep alight the flame pean liberty, would hardly the spectacle of the Ameri- becoming the noble libera- Europe."

problems which interfered with of the workers were supposed to ed to B'r Charlie, the preacher. s knew that the Widow Duck, her, ruled B'r Charlie, and Giles ferred things to an underling could go straight to the head.

a ticklish matter, however. In place, it would not be good for get the idea that the foreman g into the personal affairs of a d. It also would be bad for discipline for the idea to get at Giles was making a special the interest of so notoriously a character as Eutaw. A man position had to get results, but to get the results in such a way ve no grounds for criticism. y know good as me dat Beena in' his crop for him, and ev'y- villin' to look de yuther way , same as me, wid no skin offn back and ev'ybody satisfied. Eutaw is plowin' his own crop d as de next man, and ev'ybody workin' and gone to quar'lin'."

e directly to the Widow Duck's

Duck," he asked, "is you been de yonder end er de bayou

dow Duck got the idea, imme- You mean on de bayou, down har who live at?" she asked.

ly in particular," shrugged the "I hyar Beena Graves been ome mighty fine yaller bellies, ee-four days,"

e Widow Duck asked in sur- after a moment's thought she Did Eutaw sing you a song yaller bellies?"

disremembers," evaded the fore- 'Sm like I disremembers hyarin' a song about anything, de last days."

He rode away. He had discussed fishing; not Eutaw's business. What the Widow Duck made of it would be her business, and Giles felt comfortably certain that the wise old woman would make plenty of it. . . .

The Widow Duck followed the approved etiquette for a late-arriving fisherman when she reached the bayou where Beena was fishing. She bowed a pleasant but silent howdy to Beena, unwound her line, threaded a worm on the hook, sat down noiselessly, and dropped her hook into the water. For a few minutes nothing happened. Then her cork began bobbing. She yanked out a fat yellow belly.

Beena nodded approval. The Widow Duck rebaited, and soon another catfish lay on the bank. A few minutes later a third one had tangled fatally with the Widow Duck's hook.

"Beena, dem cats is bitin' good," the Widow Duck announced. "I done snagged three, and you ain't even got no nibble. Is you sho you got yo' hook baited good?"

"Baited and spit on," Beena said, sadly. "Only I'm fishin' wid dough bait."

"Tryin' to catch buffalo, at dis time er de year?" the Widow Duck demanded.

"I know de buffalos won't bite," admitted Beena. "I just kind er hoped dey would."

"Catfish is more better, anyhow," snorted the Widow Duck. "How come you so dead sot on catchin' a buffalo?"

Beena squirmed. "Mis' Duck," she said, timidly, "efn I don't catch no buffalo, den Eutaw done sung a lie."

The Widow Duck tried to figure that one out, and failing, she commanded, "Speak on, daughter. You speakin' wid de tongues er men."

BEENA explained: "Eutaw ain't put a hand to his guitar in four whole days, and when Eutaw don't pick his guitar and sing and go on, his name ain't hardly Eutaw no more, hit seem like."

"Eutaw been workin' too hard, on account er you axed Giles to ride by de field ev'y day," summed up the Widow Duck. "I'll keep Giles away f'm de field, and you kin git to plowin'. Quick as Eutaw git rested up, he'll pick and sing."

"Dat's what I figgered," said Beena. "So yistiddy, quick as Giles rid by, I tuck de plow and put Eutaw in de shade. But last night he couldn't pick a lick. He claim de last song he sung was a lie, and hit's on his soul."

"Eutaw singin' lies?" demanded the Widow Duck. "Hit don't sound like him."

"He claim hit's de onliest lie he ever sung, and dat's how come hit's on his soul and he can't sing no more."

"What kind er lie did he sing?" asked the Widow Duck.

"He was plowin old Hawk and Eagle," Beena recounted, "and he felt like he needed to sing a song. He didn't had his guitar and he didn't had no song. But he sung one anyhow. All about old Hawk shootin' old Eagle, and old Eagle shootin' a crow and whilst dat was takin' place he sung about me bein' on de bayou bank, catchin' a buffalo. Dat's how he sung hit, but I wasn't catchin' no buffalo. I was catchin' catfish."

"So," summed up the Widow Duck, "you figgers ef you kin catch a buffalo dat'll make Eutaw's song come true and he'll pick and sing some more?"

"Yas'm," said Beena.

The Widow Duck weighed the situation carefully. "Gal," she concluded, "you's in a mess. But be not disencouraged. God will change conditions."

"I hope somebody change conditions," wailed Beena. "Eutaw ain't happy onless he's makin' songs, and when Eutaw ain't happy he look so sad outn his eyes dat hit makes me too sorry."

"De best you kin do right now," the Widow Duck counseled, "is git out yonder and take de plow f'm Eutaw."

Beena glanced toward the sun. "I kin

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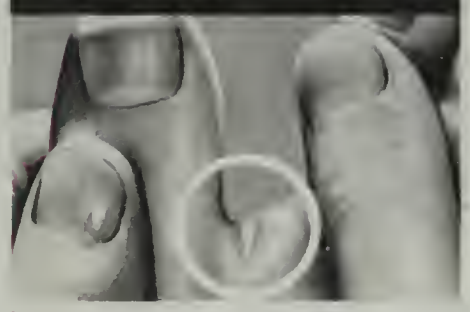
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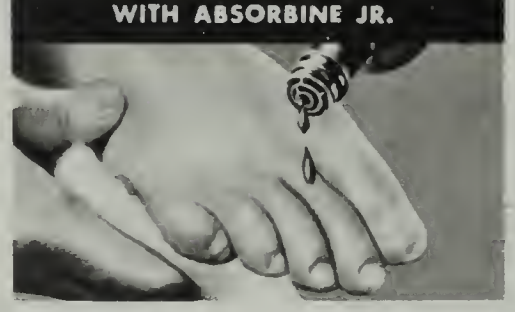
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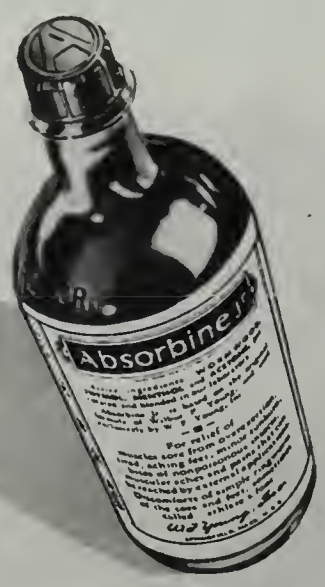
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jest about stand walkin' behind dem mules de rest of de day," she said.

The Widow Duck strung her fish on a willow twig and waddled up the turnrow toward home. Seeing Giles across the field, she waved him to her.

"I been speakin' wid Beena about Eutaw," she told the foreman.

"I ain't got de patience to hyar nothin' 'bout hit," snapped the foreman. "I ought to done run him off de place. He a no-good. He never was no good. He make his wife plow in de field, and when I put a stop to dat, he turned ev'ybody agin me. I'm gonter run him to whar de Southern crosses de Dog."

"What Eutaw did which make you make up yo' mind?" she demanded.

"Hit ain't what he done," declared Giles. "Hit's what ev'ybody else didn't done. I comed up on Johnnie T, de best plow-hand I got, layin' back in de shade, singin' 'plink-plonk, plink-plonk—yas.'"

"He was practicin' for de Five-Man Quartet," guessed the Widow Duck. "Dey gonter sing next Sunday."

GILES demanded indignantly: "And what you reckon I found Dock practicin' for? You know I kin always count on Dock to keep turnin'."

"Dock," admitted the Widow Duck, "is mighty stiddy."

"I been favorin' Dock ev'y since he sprung his ankle," elaborated the foreman. "I give him a slow team, and told him to take hit easy. But he didn't even take de patience to shade his team. Whilst his mules was standin' in de sunshine, Dock was over under a chinaball tree makin' yab-yab talk wid a frizzle-haided gal f'm Duke's Bend."

"Hit don't sound like Dock, for true," the Widow Duck declared.

"And hit's been like dat and a heap more of de same, ev'y since Eutaw won't sing wid 'em at de barn. Ev'ybody fussin' and quar'lin' and won't-workin'. I'm gonter run him plumb to Italy."

"You done runned dat boy off," the Widow Duck announced, sadly. "You done runned him plumb outn his mind. He worked so hard dat he too tired to sing, and when he can't sing he jest hauled off and went crazy. Giles, dat's a shame to work a man crazy."

"I didn't work him hard," defended Giles. "Hit takes de same thing to kill Johnson grass in his field as hit do in de yuthers. De only thing is, I made him do de plowin' instid er lettin' him make Beena plow. Beena been plowin' all summer. How come she ain't crazy?"

"I found Beena fishin' for buffalo," said the Widow Duck in a hushed voice. "In de dead er summer!"

"Dat make her crazy?" asked Giles.

"She got to set dar f'm now to next spring to catch a buffalo," said the Widow Duck. "I don't call dat actin' smart."

"I don't feel so good, myself," said Giles. "I wonder—"

"Yeah, you's right," broke in the Widow Duck. "Eutaw de cause er hit all, and he can't help hit no mo'n you kin. Ev'ybody like to hyar him sing, and when he won't, ev'ybody feel mighty sad."

"Well, git him to singin'," ordered Giles. "I got a crop er cotton to make and efn Eutaw got to sing de grass outn hit, well, make him sing."

"He won't sing," the Widow Duck reiterated. "I told you he done worked hisself crazy."

"I'll make him sing," threatened the foreman. "I'll—"

"Giles!" warned the Widow Duck. "How long since I drug you across my lap and paddled yo' behime?"

Giles laughed. "Too long, I reckon, Mis' Duck," he admitted. "Why?"

"I don't know why," she said. "But f'm de way my mind gittin' shaped up, hit look like efn you might ride down to Eutaw's tonight, say about a hour after moonup, and start raisin' sand about de way things goin' on de place, hit might be dat I'd git mad and drag you my lap and paddle de fire outn y

"I don't know what you got mind," the foreman stated, "but e git folks in high gears again, I'm Cause hit's sho liable to come a bi He glanced at the cloudless sky. ' hit ain't liable to." . . .

The Widow Duck got around t tation for the remainder of the aft Part of her plan was to get those r fected by Eutaw's indisposition g at the home of the unhappy song hope for some sort of a solution taw's troubles—and then have Gi up and raise enough of a ruckus t tain his own dignity as foreman position of complete disinterest affairs of a field hand.

B'r Charlie, the preacher, was just in case the solution included getting religion all over again quiring professional aid. Uncle who loathed B'r Charlie, was in counteract any evil which B'r C presence might generate. The and a few neighbors completed th

The Widow Duck opened the with a brief, factual statement situation. Everybody knew that had plowed the field while Euta and nobody cared. But Beena hac the issue with Giles, and now Eut to plow. Beena had done a wrc that was water under her bridge Beena was willing to plow aga Giles was willing not to notice Eutaw couldn't sing any more, he had sung a lie. She called on for a fuller explanation.

Eutaw was in his Sunday clot his guitar was within easy reac even in the pale light of the moo ple could see how sad Eutaw loo of his eyes. The atmosphere wa funereal than festive.

"Used to," Eutaw explained, somethin' made a noise, hit didn to me like no noise. Hit come to a song in my years. So I'd git m and pick out de song and mak words. And den, ev'ybody feel g dat make me mighty satisfied."

Everyone agreed he spoke w sonableness.

"But now," he continued, sorr "when hit's a sound, hit jest say, you sung a lie. You sung a big o lie.' And I can't pick dat on m nor neither sing hit."

B'R CHARLIE suggested tha had a visitation of evil "Somewhar in de Bible," he ex "hit tell about de time old Kai byka-neezer found a man full sperrits. So Nebbyka-neezer don things and put dem sperrits in a hogs, and de hogs runned and in de bayou and got drownd sperrits and all. Now, efn we ta hogs—"

"You ain't gonter drown no dis place, you old hypocrite," Uncle Henry, and B'r Charlie w

"What dat lie song you sung, asked Cissie Lee.

"I was plowin' a big old pair named Hawk and Eagle," he ex "but I couldn't git me no song. hauled off and sung, anyhow:

Oh, de hawk shot de eagle, and shot de crow,
And my Beena's on de bayou catch a buffalo.

"You didn't sing de right wor gested Uncle Henry. "When young sinnin' man, dat last line say: 'I'll ramble in de canebr catch a buffalo.'"

"Ain't no buffaloes in de can observed Beena.

"When I was a young sinnin' m plained Uncle Henry, "us fast was fast—used to call a lady a He grinned. "I caught many a b de canebrake, in my day and tim

ain't de way us ladies used to sing when I was a sinner gal," snorted ow Duck. "Us used to sing:

'awk shot de eagle, and de eagle t de crow.
ou shake hit at yo' darlin', well, ke hit kind er slow.

one except Eutaw laughed at the woman's demonstration, which anied her song. Eutaw merely sadder and pointed across the Yonder come Giles, ridin' old ke he mad at one and all."

oreman galloped up, and he lost me in getting to the point of his e had made up his mind; things ing into high gear, come sunup. ooled around with Eutaw and he e easy on Dock, and that made dy else slacken down. "Dock's o sore to plow stiddy in de field, ame ankle all okay to walk down night. Johnnie T lays in de ingin' plink-plonk—yas, whilst grows in his field. Buldickie take Dave's wife away f'm him, sends Dave up to de hills to talk wife's mamma instid er plowin' ld. Joe Boody and Eiler gittin' fist-fightin' when hit take all de fe of 'em got to do dey work in nstid er studyin' up devilment to other. And old Grant Chism rocks at de young mens 'cause kes de young ones more better —"

you, Giles," accused the Widow iolently, "spite-ridin' Eutaw's se he got de cleanest field on instid er some yuthers which er on yo' hip."

Duck, you keep outn dis," or- foreman, angrily. "You run de nd I'll make de cotton."

dled you when you was a baby, aid the Widow Duck menac- nd you ain't too big now." She l threateningly. "I'll drag you horse and wear you out."

out," warned the foreman, night kick you."

addle you *and* Prince," she "You come down hyar yippin' hat's water under ev'ybody's d den say ev'ybody got to git in s. Whyn't you tell folks what dey got to do, instid er how fast dey got to do hit?"

"I'll tell 'em what," snapped Giles. "Dock, you got to catch Hawk and Eagle tomorrow, and stop lazin' behind Shotgun and Darlin'. Johnnie T, you got to quit plink-plonk—yassin' and git to plowin'. And, Eutaw, you can't wear yo' field out runnin' up and down hit wid Hawk and Eagle. You got to catch Shotgun and Darlin' in de mornin', and plow slow. And Miss Duck, you got to keep outn my business." He wheeled Prince about and galloped off.

After Giles left, Eutaw shyly reached for his guitar, and picked searchingly at the strings. "You know, Mis' Duck," he admitted, "I reckon I didn't really sing no lie. I reckon I jest tried to sing a woman song like hit was a man song."

"How you mean, Eutaw?" she asked.

Eutaw picked soft, wistful chords as he explained, "Hit's comin' to my years, now," he said. "Hit say Hawk is more stouter den old Eagle and he kin shoot Eagle any time he want to squat down and pull. And Eagle's so long-laigged and fast, he kin shoot de crow—Beena ain't no crow, but she dark enough to be a crow—and you got to shoot things wid a shotgun. So dat make Hawk and Eagle shootin' Beena in de first line, leavin' only old Shotgun. Den in de next line, old Darlin' is shakin' hit slow alongside er Shotgun, wid Beena trompin' along—" He picked soft, rhythmic beat that sounded exactly like Beena's steps in newly plowed ground. "Beena, honey," he said, "I'm gonter catch old Shotgun and Darlin' for you, in de mawnin'."

Beena drooled pure love. "Eutaw," she said, "you de sweetest." . . .

ON HER way home that night, the Widow Duck passed the foreman's house. He was waiting for her.

"Ev'ything satisfied?" he asked.

"Satisfied," she confirmed. "Eutaw done had dat one figgered out before me and you. He picked a nice little song about Shotgun and Darlin'."

Giles grinned. "I swear I'm gonter run dat no-good plumb to Italy, one er dese days."

"Naw you ain't, Giles," she told him. "Eutaw ride too high on yo' hip for you to run him off."

THE END



"This certainly has come as a surprise" VIRGIL PARTCH

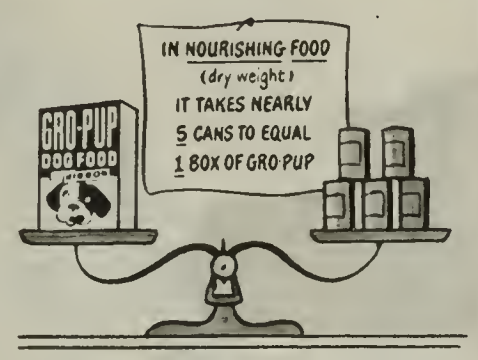
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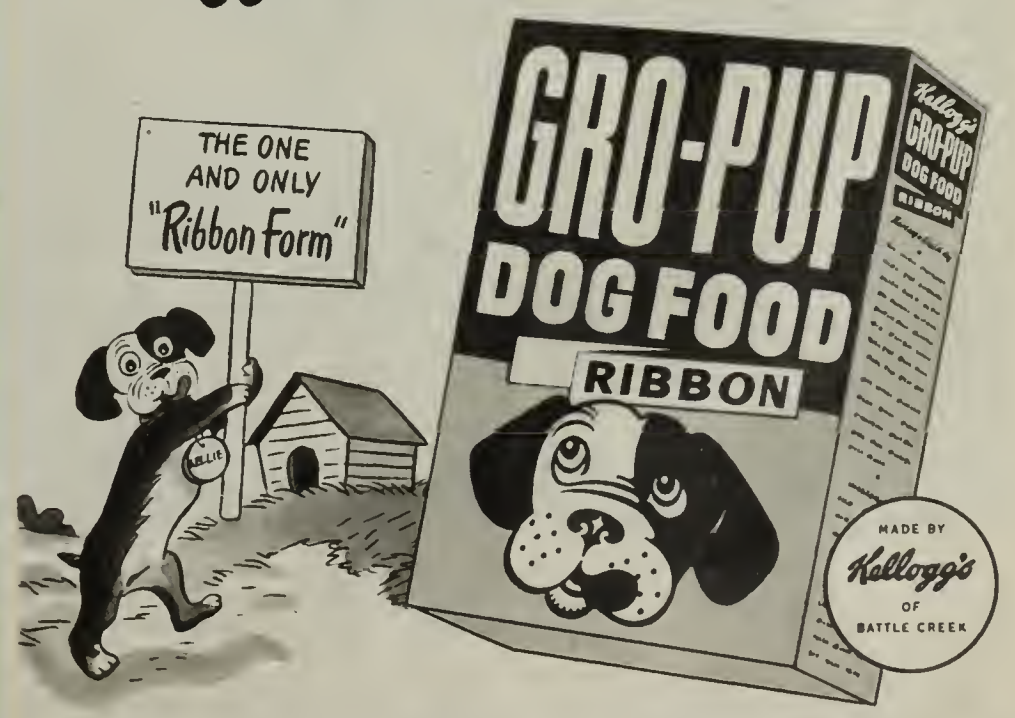
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THE CHOUSEY MAN

Continued from page 13

her pettiskirts and climb down in that chute, on top of Guided Missile. Maybe she would forgive us for the loud shirts if she knew how sudden it can get out there. He was still smiling when the man's voice answered.

"Yeah," said the man. "Strictly a racket, now. These fancy jokers would starve to death on a real ranch. This stuff is nothing but a vaudeville act."

The smile faded off Jeff Hastings' face. He frowned and rubbed at his jaws with a gloved hand. This fellow is a mite unfair, he thought, and turned around. There were three people in the box behind him, and the girl caught his eye first. She was tall and lovely. A look of hauteur was written in every move she made. The man was about her age and had the same tended look. The other woman was older, but just as expensive-looking.

The man and the girl were looking past Jeff, but the other lady was not. Her glance tangled with his, and for a second they stared at each other—he in appraisal and she in amused contemplation. Like she's at the zoo, thought Jeff, turning around again.

He was still slumped on the fence when Junior Bean climbed up to sit beside him. Junior was a thin boy, and in the tight levis he seemed to have no rump at all. A smear of dirt darkened his cheek, and his forehead glistened.

"Well, I dogged it again," he said unhappily.

"Not too bad," answered Jeff. "You was working the spurs so wide you unbalanced yourself. Don't crowd the cantle so much. You got to go along with the horse. It wasn't a bad ride."

Junior lighted a cigarette, frowning into the cupped flame. "First part wasn't so bad," he muttered, and Hastings backhanded him lightly and went sliding to the arena floor. He moved with a peculiar hitching gait that was partly saddle roll and partly a broken hip he had earned at Cheyenne one year. Men called out greetings as he crabbed along, and he answered by throwing up his head a trifle. It saved talking and got the same result. He was outside the arena and headed for his tack room when Guy Dobson hailed him. Dobson was a rumpled, thickset man and all his pockets seemed to be jammed with papers, for he was road secretary for the Rodeo Association.

"You still in both events?" asked Dobson, his cigar angling up and down.

"Yep."

Dobson took the cigar out and spat. "Too much, Jeff. You're too damned old for it."

Hastings grinned at the tips of his boots. Every year it was the same. "No, Guy," he answered pleasantly, "I ain't old. Just quaint."

WHEN they relayed the signal, Jeff toed into his left stirrup lightly and swung aboard. He was under the archway of the arena gates, but still out of the crowd's sight. Taking a deep breath, he settled his hat firmly and patted Conquistador on the neck. After checking his belt and gloves, he looked up and nodded, dark face impassive. The skeins of blue smoke hovering in the rafters wavered as the address system came on.

"Next bulldogger," announced the horns, "and a distinguished fixture of this rodeo, is Jeff Hastings of Plano, Texas, two times World's Champion All-Around Cowboy . . ."

There was a burst of applause, falling out of the tiered seats like a waterfall, and Jeff galloped out and reined Conquistador up sharply. The golden horse reared, front feet pawing, and the cowboy swept his hat off. Wheeling, he turned back toward the chute, after glancing briefly at the box where the two women and the man sat. When his hazer nodded, Hastings murmured to the chute men and the gates swung open.

It was a medium steer and it broke straight out, front legs winging. The two horsemen boxed it on the run, and as Jeff leaned down he knew he had a chance for good time. He was almost out of the saddle when the steer slackened and fell behind the stampeding horses.

CURSING bitterly, Jeff cut a tight turn and thundered for the far wall. When the steer came around, he banged Conquistador in close again, knowing he had lost six seconds. Hands outspread, he launched himself and for one dangerous second seemed to be hanging in space, falling with outflung arms.

His clutching fingers closed over the steer's horns and his body pivoted down, legs thrust forward and boot heels bouncing as the steer's drive carried them forward. When the steer stopped, Jeff slipped his off hand under the sweaty muzzle and started twisting the head. Slowly, under the hush of the crowd, the little man in scarlet strained and the steer's head turned. When the circle was half done, the animal's braced legs buckled and the body flopped over. Jeff wriggled free and jumped up, fanning the oiled sawdust from his pants with both hands.

"Time for Jeff Hastings," said the horns crisply, "was sixteen and two-tenths seconds—"

There was more applause, but not so heavy, because it always looked faster than it was. The crowd was disappointed. The hazer brought Conquistador around and Jeff swung up. He went cantering out of the arena to a rippling surf of handclaps. The hazer was shouting at Hastings; he was apologizing for letting the steer break, but Jeff only winked at him and rode on out. Junior Bean was waiting at the tack room, and Jeff swung off the horse neatly. Not vaulting with both feet, because too many horses in too many shows had sapped a lot of the spring from him. Now he saved it all for that brief moment before the crowd.

"Sounded good," said Junior, unsaddling the palomino. "What was it?"

Jeff hunched the fatigue out of his shoulders and rubbed at his neck. "Little over sixteen," he answered. "He stopped on me or I'd 'a' shaded ten."

Junior was grinning into the flaxen mane. "You ain't never satisfied. Sixteen will get day money."

"Might." Jeff took off his gloves, went into the tack room and washed his face. "Let's go get a drink and eat something," he called.

"Roger," answered Bean. "Soon's I take the champ down." The tall boy led the horse away, into the barn across the alley, and Hastings combed his hair, feeling irritated. "Roger." Airplane talk in the horse stalls, he thought. Maybe the glossy people in the box were right. Maybe it was just vaudeville. . . .

Their passage into the Buckhorn was, as always, in the nature of a triumphal entry. The same cluster of kids was at the door, wanting autographs, and as Jeff balanced the pads and made his scrawl, he remembered how all this had started. It was the cereal ad, the full-color shot of him roping a calf, with a loud lettering over it to the effect that Jeff Hastings, internationally famous cowboy, never ate anything for breakfast but Peppies. If he couldn't get Peppies, the ad implied, Hastings grew sulky and wouldn't eat anything.

Remembering the pictures, plastered on billboards and in magazines, Jeff smiled. Now he nodded to all his friends, and when they were really his friends he grinned or winked. He and Junior got a small front table, and ordered two bourbons. He had taken the drink and was savoring its warmth when he heard the voice again.

"Well, well," came the ironical comment. "The clowns are here." It was the man's voice.

Jeff put his empty tumbler down and sighed. Out on the range, when cattle got excited and ready to stampede, the men who handled them said they were "choused." Now Jeff Hastings was beginning to feel a little chousey himself. He made a neat wet circle with the bottom of the tumbler, and when Junior Bean heaved up, the older man pushed him back into his chair.

"Maybe," the younger woman pl lazily, "it's all part of the act. M they get extra money for providin mosphere between shows."

The chair scraped as Jeff stood Moving with that fluid, hitching mo he took three steps and was at the c table. The three people from the watched him come, amusement fain their faces. The man looks a little loa thought Jeff; must have had the b with him all the time. The women even more alike close up. They gla at each other when Jeff put his hand the table.

"Folks," said Jeff mildly, "you for tickets to the show, so I suppose bought the right to talk about the formers." The older woman had fingers on her chin, and Jeff figure man would outweigh him by tw pounds. "But not in here," he wen "Regardless of what you think of r cowboys as a breed, in here we're having a drink off duty, quiet-like."

"Now, really—" said the you woman.

"This stuff"—Jeff pointed at his ing shirt—"is a trifle loud, but we another show to do before long. It polite to make rude remarks a clowns and atmosphere."

"I assure you—" began the woman, but Jeff cut in on her smo

"Got a lot of scars," he murm pleasantly, "because this is dang work. Got my back broken in Cal smashed a hip in Cheyenne and b a leg in Fort Worth. I know it uncouth, but it's only business. way your husbands could get thei gernails scratched, maybe even a nail, working down at the bank."

THE man had his head down; h looking sullen. He started to and that was what Jeff had been w for. His right hand bladed across t ble and caught the man across the m It was a backhand slap that quiet whole bar and brought a spurt of between the cowboy's fingers.

Notice thus having been serve moved back a step and waited. Th came with a rush, and when he p his left hand out, Jeff knew he was trouble. It was no wild-rage bl was pistonlike and professional. get in close, the cowboy thought, o butcher me with that reach. So he d inside, banging away at the short

The ladies were both screamin the din became general. Jeff coul the crowd banking around, and when his boots slipped on the s floor, a right-hand shot nailed hi exploded rockets in his head. B belly punishment was sapping the man: he was blowing heavily.

Jeff went down again, from a right hand he never saw, and w the floor raising his boot heels fo tection when he remembered that h fighting a Harvard type. Scra back up, he closed again. H crouched inside, working on th of midriff fat, when the police shou through and broke it up.

There were questions shouted then more questions in answer original ones. The young lady, immaculate now, pointed a trembli ger at Hastings, but the other v seemed almost amused. Jeff smoothing back his hair and licki dry lips, and the policeman in feigned sorrow, ignoring the othe

"Don't you get enough exe asked the cop in mock despai grinned and felt his teeth. "You v prefer charges against Rollo her policeman continued. Rollo was disheveled; his pompadour was



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SELF-SHARPENING . . . ONE PIECE

with sweat and his cheek was bruised. But he didn't seem angry. He kept staring at Jeff with a kind of fascination.

"Naw," said the cowboy. "No harm done. We was just practicing."

"I see." The cop put his charge book up. "Just in case you ever decide to have a real fight, eh?"

"That's it." Hastings bowed slightly to the two ladies and went back to his own table. The crowd drifted away, and Junior went into an impassioned tirade about what a rannie Jeff was to give away fifteen years and twenty pounds. Hastings told him to hush, and they had another drink and ordered steaks. When they got up to go, the table behind them was empty.

AS HE dressed for the arena the next afternoon, Jeff could tell the crowd was big. That anticipatory rustling was louder than usual. Opening the closet door, he glanced over his gaudy wardrobe. His face and shoulders were still stiff from the fight, and, smiling a little wryly, he pulled out a dark blue shirt and put it on. It was the most subdued garment he owned, and he admitted to himself that he was wearing it because of what the fashionable trio had said the day before. He was adjusting the flaring collar when Junior Bean sidled in.

"Lady here, Jeff," he drawled. "Wants to see you."

"Okay." Hastings turned around and had a moment of complete surprise. It was the lady from the box, the older one. She wore a coat of lustrous brown fur, and a chaplet of bright flowers was woven into her hair. She held out a slender hand and he shook it briefly.

"I'm Mrs. Evans," she said, her dark eyes directly on him. "I came to apologize about yesterday."

That startled him again, and he swept his coiled lariats off the only chair and motioned at it. She sat down gracefully, but kept her eyes fixed on him.

"Why, ma'am," he answered; very formal, "that's hardly necessary. I had no business getting so provoked."

She smiled at that, and Jeff thought of the stars over Laramie, on a bright night. "Nevertheless," she went on, "we owe an apology. My daughter feels the same way." The red curve of her mouth deepened with mirth. "My son, Dan, feels that he has already—rendered a certain amount of apology."

Jeff's pulse was beginning to hammer. "The boy fights very well, ma'am," he murmured. "But he had a few drinks and I went at him without much warning." Stooping, he picked up one of the ropes and turned it nervously in his hands. "Nice of you to come back like this, but no apology was necessary."

"Fine. We'll be friends, then?" She rose and held out her hand again, and he took it gingerly. Her fragrance made him uneasy. "Will you and your friend have dinner with us?" she asked.

They were coming a little faster than Jeff could field them. He said, "Ayannh," and coughed, and dropped the rope, and said he and Mr. Bean, Jr., would be honored. Mrs. Evans nodded and moved toward the door, and he rushed forward to help her down the step that was all of three inches high. She thanked him and was going away when he called out, "Hey!" and immediately cursed himself for bawling out so crudely. "I mean," he went on, "you might enjoy the calf roping this afternoon. Horse does most of it, and I got the best horse in the world—"

She was smiling again. "I'll watch very closely," she promised. "The horse, I mean." Shrugging the coat around her shoulders she went swinging away on absurdly high heels. Now I wonder, mused Jeff from the doorway, where Mr. Evans can have got off to? Turning, he went inside, ripped the dull blue shirt off, and changed into the suit of pure silver brocade, the one he had worn before the King of England.

Junior Bean sauntered back into the tack room and stood watching silently. Although Junior hadn't said a word, Jeff told him to shut up. Then he grabbed his ropes and bolted out the door.

The roar was there, as always, and Jeff waited nervously, praying for a good calf. When the flag dropped, he fed Conquistador the spurs, and the golden horse shot forward. The calf was big, but it went straight, legging wildly. As he made the throw, Jeff's lips tightened. The loop snaked out, flared, and the running calf's head was in it. When the line tightened, Conquistador stood like a rock and the calf found the lasso's end and did a complete flip.

Backing up slowly, the horse kept the line taut from saddle horn to calf, and Jeff peeled off and went running down the rope. He grabbed the bawling animal, flanked and flopped it with a solid thump, and made three ties so fast his hands blurred. When he stepped back, the flag fell again and the crowd voice rippled in excited conjecture. One of the judges dismounted, turned the calf over, and inspected the tie. It was secure, and, as Jeff remounted, the loud-speaker horns boomed hollowly.

"Time for Jeff Hastings," said the voice, sounding pleased, "a new record for this arena is ten and five-tenths seconds!"

That turned them loose. Bedlam washed out of the packed stands until the smoky air swam with it; it was a thunder that kept shaking the afternoon. Jeff put the palomino smartly across the tanbark to a spot directly under the box. There, with uncovered head, he made the horse kneel gracefully three times, and went riding quickly out of the arena. Applause was still churning behind him and most of the people were standing up, but he did not go back in.

WHEN the dinner party sat down, both cowboys were dressed so somberly, in dark suits and conservative ties, that they looked like coffin salesmen. Jeff had insisted on this. Dan Evans was laughing and pointing out his bruises, and Mr. Bean, Jr., was beaming idiotically at young Angelica Evans. All in all, things were progressing nicely. Mrs. Evans had become Ruth; she wore a sheath of wine taffeta that flared around her bare shoulders, and the faint perfume slugged Hastings again. When they got up to dance, he had the slightly dazed look of a man under anesthetic, and he asked her casually how was Mr. Evans these days.

She smiled, moving into his arms, and asked him how was Mrs. Hastings these days. That was in the nature of a minor bafflement, since there was no Mrs. Hastings, but Jeff thought it might not be insurmountable. He was stiff to the music, at first, but she went so neatly to his lead that he relaxed and moved out with dawning appreciation. When trumpet notes showered an end to the number, she clapped her hands with delight and said he was a superb dancer. Jeff grinned and answered that many new things were drifting into the Southwest, like dial telephones, and Cellophane, and even the samba. She laughed out loud at that.

Somehow, during the next number, he allowed himself to be wheedled out of pertinent information. His ranch in Furr County (which happened to be larger than the state of Rhode Island), his college days at Hardin-Simmons, and certain other matters of personal interest.

She was properly attentive, and when the music stopped he left her standing in the center of the floor and walked to the bandstand. The musicians had finished their set and were breaking up. Hastings' hand turned green with currency, and the band leader, thus stayed, said yes, they knew the number. Yes, they would play the number. For that kind of money his glass-blowers would play it skillfully, putting in all the notes. So, while the orchestra sat back down and swun Lady Be Good, the cowboy turn Ruth Evans and took her in his again.

"It's a beautiful song," she said q

"It's the one for you," he ansv and they moved smoothly away strings rippled out the lovely melo was a moment of some enchantme when the music stopped they were a trifle subdued.

"We could not ever be happ gether," said Jeff abruptly.

"No?" She looked startled; th of the music drained off her fa gave way to faint surprise.

"No," repeated Jeff. "It would unequal contest. Never the twain– turned toward the table, but she c him.

"You are an insufferably co man," she said, a flush mantlir cheekbones. "And a very prej one."

"Yes, ma'am," he answered s "But I bet we could have a lot finding out why."

"Why what?"

"Why we couldn't ever be hap gether."

"Really!" She was blushing high "I never heard—"

"But you will, ma'am. You w answered politely, and handed he to the table with a flourish.

AT MATINEE time the next noon. Jeff Hastings stood bef mirror for last-minute inspection. blue pants were snugged into his stitched boots, and he adjusted hat to a jaunty angle. As he was to pick up his ropes, Junior Bear shadow fell in the doorway.

"Oh, my! Got on his velvet c britches," sniggered Junior. Hasti not turn around; he was seemin disturbed by such ribaldry. "Ai going to use just a dab of rose back of the ears?" inquired coarsely. Jeff turned, smiling, boy knew that look of old and treated swiftly.

He was twenty feet away and up speed when one rope walke the ground and noosed his righ The other hissed over his head a ioned his arms. Junior, arrested flight, took off on a soaring arc to the ground with a grunt. Hu Jeff walked up and trussed him s to a near-by bale of hay.

"More respect for age and Junior," he admonished, and over Conquistador's rump into dle. Tapping the flaring hatbrim, toward the arena gates at a gall chute boys saw him coming and the signal, and as the golden hor dered out before the crowd, th band broke into Lady Be Good. ing Conquistador on the run, took him under the Evans box. was a rising storm of applause an ter. Ruth Evans was sitting in alone, looking vexed with herse the blush mantled her cheeks "Lady, be good," implored the brass band, "Oh, lady, take care

Down below her, Jeff and the horse were motionless in a lo They stayed that way until the s over, and then, grinning and Hastings rode to the chutes. forward, he patted the palomin neck with a gloved hand and wh "Horse, if you don't fox-trot make me look good picking up th I will sell you to one of them Hollywood cowboys." Conqu ears twitched, the flag fell as bolted out, and the man an stretched in hot pursuit. The br was in a rut; they surged back ir Be Good, and the chousey man stood up in his stirrups and tu long loop loose.

THE END

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

Continued from page 22

vo leaders. Stalin took over the ient himself and insisted that as well as war plants should be yed. Churchill was in agreement ivilian morale was a military ob- but the bombing of workmen's must be considered the by- cts of near misses on factories. The n then started to ease, and an standing of common purpose to grow. Between the two of hey soon had destroyed the major rial cities of Germany.

h marvelous adroitness Churchill dvantage of this more friendly nange to bring the talk back to cond front. Explaining the de- regarding TORCH and its tactics, phasized the need for secrecy.

rchill drew a sketch of a crocodile plained that it was just as damag- hit the belly as the snout. Plans etailed for the offensive in Egypt. this greatly interested Stalin.

ln Churchill brought the discus- ick to the Russian front. He said ou and he were exploring the lity of sending an air force to the Russia front but only after Rom-

n next week's installment THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF RY L. HOPKINS: Hopkins es, "Churchill liked the idea pictures because he loved icity. He told me he could on a very warlike look when- he wanted to. . . ."

s defeated. He asked how this ould suit Stalin, and the answer nple and brief: "I would grate- cept it."

n the talk came back to TORCH, talin summed up its strategic ages with a masterly understand- ts various implications. The oper- eally aroused his enthusiasm.

n then asked: Where would the on eventually lead? It was at this hat Churchill drew the picture of codile—the "soft underbelly" be- Mediterranean front, and the " to be struck subsequently, n France.

man assured Stalin that Roose- s in full agreement with the Prime r on the decisions reached.

enly Stalin exclaimed, *"May God s enterprise to succeed!"*

e been told that it was by no unusual for Stalin, who had been d for a time in a religious semi- invoke the aid of the Deity.

he second day of the meetings in v, Churchill had a short talk with v which was evidently less satis- —Molotov expressing the view e North African Operation was uous" and reminding Churchill ommuniqué that had been issued s visits to London and Washing- months previously.

even o'clock that night there was large meeting in the Kremlin. pened this meeting by handing f an *aide-mémoire* to Churchill riman, as follows:

e result of an exchange of views cow which took place on the gust of this year, I ascertained Prime Minister of Great Britain, urchill, considered the organiza- a second front in Europe in 1942 possible.

well known, the organization cond front in Europe in 1942 decided during the sojourn of Molotov in London, and it found expression in the agreed Anglo-Soviet communiqué published on the 12th June last . . .

It will be easily understood that the Soviet Command built their plan of summer and autumn operations calculating on the creation of a second front in Europe in 1942.

It is easy to grasp that the refusal of the government of Great Britain to create a second front in 1942 in Europe inflicts a moral blow to the whole of the Soviet public opinion, which calculates on the creation of a second front, and that it complicates the situation of the Red Army at the front and prejudices the plan of the Soviet Command . . .

(Signed) J. STALIN.

From that point on, the visitors from the West encountered "very rough sledding," as Harriman put it. The cordial atmosphere of the previous night's meeting had vanished. Stalin made it painfully clear that the Soviet government took no interest in the TORCH Operation. He spoke caustically of the failure of the Western Allies to deliver the promised supplies to the Soviet Union. He spoke of the tremendous sacrifices that were being made to hold 280 German divisions on the eastern front. He said that he thought it would not be too difficult for the British and Americans to land six or eight divisions on the Cherbourg peninsula. Churchill described in great detail the perils of an operation across the English Channel, but Stalin was unimpressed.

There was considerable puzzled speculation in the British delegation as to what had produced the dismaying reversal in Stalin's attitude as between the first night's session and the second. The same technique was to be encountered on subsequent occasions and the most usual explanation of it was that when Stalin got really tough he was expressing the attitude of the mysterious Politburo rather than his own personal appraisal of the main issue.

Cordial Relations Are Restored

On the evening of August 15th, Churchill went to the Kremlin for a final meeting with Stalin and came out of it more surprised than ever—for now the atmosphere of cordiality was completely restored and enthusiasm for the TORCH Operation was again running high. At the end of this session, Stalin asked, "Why not come over to my apartment in the Kremlin and have some drinks?" Although Churchill's airplane was to take off at dawn, he accepted this invitation and remained for seven hours, discussing all manner of subjects including the possibility of a meeting between Stalin and President Roosevelt in Iceland.

Churchill got home at 3:30 A.M., then wrote and dispatched a long cable to Roosevelt. He reported that the meetings had ended in an atmosphere of the greatest good will and that a personal relationship of real importance had been established.

During this summer Roosevelt had established his week-end retreat called Shangri-La in the Maryland hills about sixty miles north of Washington. This enabled him to get away from the White House at times when it was dangerous for him to travel even as far from base as Hyde Park. It was a simple woodland lodge with three bedrooms.

Roosevelt sat by the hour on the little screened porch with a fine view over the Catoctin Valley. He worked on his stamp collection, he played solitaire, and he wrote his name or his initials in books

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OUTSTANDING



-and they are mild!

from his library. He gave one of these books to me that August, 1942. It was an old Book of Psalms that someone had sent him. He had marked certain passages—he wanted me to study them with a view to future speeches—and one that he marked was the last verse of the 39th Psalm:

Oh spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more.

There was continued correspondence between London and Washington about the planning of the TORCH Operation. On August 30th, Roosevelt cabled Churchill:

I have considered carefully your cables in reference to the Torch Operation . . .

I feel very strongly that the initial attacks must be made by an exclusively American ground force supported by your naval and transport and air units. The operation should be undertaken on the assumption that the French will offer less resistance to us than they will to the British . . .

. . . I am reasonably sure a simultaneous landing by British and Americans would result in full resistance by all French in Africa whereas an initial American landing without British ground forces offers a real chance that there would be no French resistance or only a token resistance.

Then your force can come in to the eastward. I realize full well that your landing must be made before the enemy can get there . . .

In all the discussions preceding TORCH it was obvious that the eternally sore subject of De Gaulle and the Fighting French would again manifest itself. Roosevelt was obdurate on this point. He wrote, "I consider it essential that De Gaulle be kept out of the picture and be permitted to have no information whatever, regardless of how irritated and irritating he may become."

A Decision by Eisenhower

At a meeting in London on the morning of September 22d, Churchill, Eisenhower and their staffs reviewed the whole TORCH prospect. Because of the expansion of the operation and the added shipping required for transport of men and matériel, Eisenhower made the decision that the date must be postponed to November 8th.

The postponement had considerable political significance in the United States; November 3d was Election Day and it would have been obviously advantageous to Roosevelt to have this exciting news received before the voters went to the polls—but this was a decision, according to Roosevelt's order, that must be made by the responsible officer, Eisenhower, and not by the Democratic National Committee.

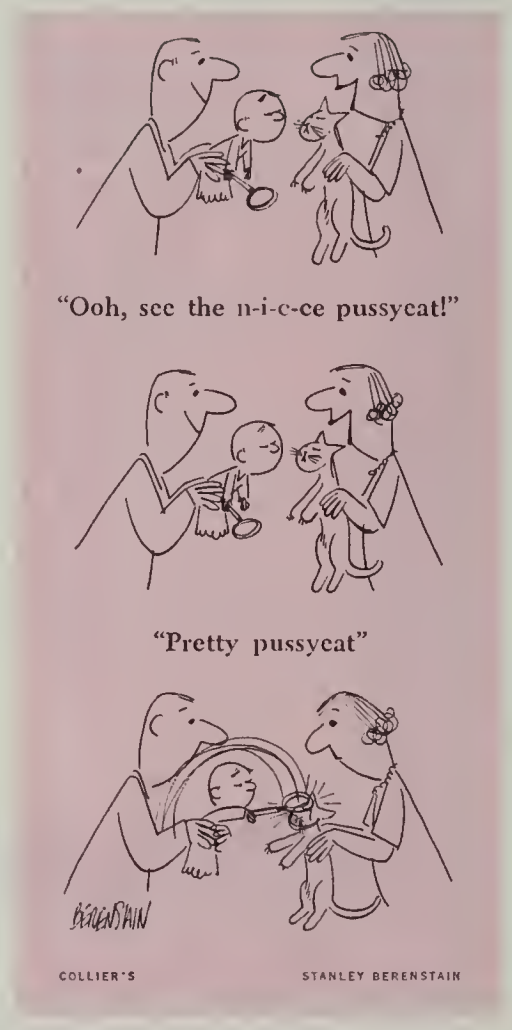
Roosevelt had to give a great deal of attention to the domestic political scene in this summer and fall of 1942. He hated it but he couldn't escape it. The Congressional election was approaching and the partisan voices were becoming more and more strident. They had plenty of targets for criticisms—more, in fact, than most of them knew about. The progress of production was in some important respects disappointing and in a few respects downright alarming. The war man-power situation was in a dreadful mess.

There was even more than the usual bickering and backbiting between departments and agencies. In the battle of Washington, as on most of the real fighting fronts, this was the lowest point of the war.

Worst of all was the failure of the Congress to do anything toward meeting the threat of inflation. The President's requests for higher taxes and more rigid controls on the civilian economy had been ignored or evaded by congressmen afraid to face the voters, especially the farmers. Roosevelt was urged to take drastic action to stabilize farm prices, for which Congress was willing to provide a floor but no ceiling.

The principal force in this urging was Leon Henderson, director of the Office of Price Administration and currently the center for the storms of criticism and complaint. A public servant of exceptional ability, courage and imperviousness, Henderson had an unfortunate flair for flamboyant publicity: He was often photographed dancing the rumba and wearing funny hats and that made him all the more unpopular with the conservative elements, which, as always, were strongest in the rural areas. Henderson, who was in a bad enough spot anyway, made it all the worse for himself by allowing himself to be represented as a frivolous fellow in wartime.

It was usual for the President to speak to the nation on Labor Day and Roose-



velt decided that this was the occasion for decisive action against inflation. The preparation of that speech was ten days' work—at Shangri-La, the White House and Hyde Park—and involved some arguments among Roosevelt's advisers. The President had the power to stabilize prices and wages by executive order without reference to Congress, and some of us believed that he should do just that immediately and not run the risk of hostile action or no action at all on Capitol Hill.

There were unquestionably many congressmen who fervently hoped that he would do it this way and thereby absolve them from all responsibility for decision on such a controversial issue. (It was an ironic fact that many of the congressmen who were loudest in accusing Roosevelt of dictatorial ambitions were the most anxious to have him act like a dictator on all measures which might be unpopular with the people but obviously valuable for the winning of the war.)

Roosevelt himself was in favor of an arbitrary executive order to achieve stabilization, and his speech was at first written as a proclamation and explanation of that; but some of his advisers, notably Hopkins and Henderson, strongly recommended that he put the issue up to Congress in the form of an ultimatum—"You act before October 1st or I will"—and their arguments finally prevailed.

Roosevelt concluded his speech of September 7th with these words:

Battles are not won by soldiers or sailors who think first of their own personal safety. And wars are not won by people who are concerned primarily with their own comfort, their own convenience, their own pocketbooks.

We Americans of today bear the gravest of responsibilities. All of the United Nations share them.

All of us here at home are being tested—for our fortitude, for our selfless devotion to our country and our cause.

This is the toughest war of all time. We need not leave it to historians of the future to answer the question whether we are tough enough to meet this unprecedented challenge. We can give that answer now. The answer is "Yes."

After this speech, Roosevelt decided to take a trip around the country to visit defense plants and various Army training camps, airfields and naval stations. It was a good chance for the President to see a great deal of production and training progress—and he was one capable of understanding the essentials of what he saw—but the main purpose of the trip was, of course, for political influence on the Congress and on the Congressional elections.

The secrecy surrounding all of Roosevelt's wartime journeys would seem to have been greatly overdone, especially on occasions such as this one when the President was visible and often audible to millions of citizens over a route of some 9,000 miles. There were many stories at the time of workers who came home late for supper, explaining to their wives that "President Roosevelt was at the plant," and when the wives saw no mention of this important event in the local newspapers, they accused their husbands of lying.

Roosevelt loved all this air of mystery. It was part of his nature to wear the mantle of military security like a small boy playing "cops and robbers." Furthermore, he loved to irritate the press which had so often irritated him.

He returned to Washington on October 1st, the deadline set for Congressional action, and the next day the Stabilization Act was sent to the White House and he signed it, expressing certainty that it would "assist greatly in bringing the war to a successful conclusion" and "will make the transition to peace conditions easier after the war." The same day he named James F. Byrnes Director of Economic Stabilization, which made him, in effect, Assistant President in charge of the home front. This relieved Roosevelt of a considerable amount of work and worry, and consequently greatly reduced the accumulation on Hopkins' desk.

Hopkins later laughed and said, "Shortly after Jimmy Byrnes moved in I went to talk to him about something and he told me, 'There's just one suggestion I want to make to you, Harry, and that is to keep the hell out of my business.' He smiled very pleasantly when he said it, but by God he meant it and I'm going to keep the hell out." It is improbable that Hopkins was entirely faithful in living up to this resolve.

In the elections on November 3d the Republicans gained 47 votes in the House which was only nine short of a majority. They gained ten votes in the Senate. Roosevelt had only just escaped the overturn inflicted on Wilson in 1918 and he was now down to the narrowest margin of his entire Presidential career.

During September and October, Wendell Willkie made the journey to Africa, the Middle East, the Soviet Union and China which he described in his influential book, One World. He flew this enormous distance in an Army transport plane with, of course, Roosevelt's hearty approval.

Willkie's trip did an enormous amount of good and it also stirred up some trouble. In Moscow he heard direct accusations that the British had "sto American Lend-Lease material inte for Russia. Hopkins was in a positi know that this charge was grossly u He himself had given instructions some ships which could not get thr to Murmansk should be unloade Scotland so that the ships thems would be freed for service in TORCH Operation. But Willkie given only the Russian version In Chungking, Willkie heard the G alissimo's expressions of bitte against the Allies in general and B in particular and also against the American ambassador, Clarence Gauss, and General Stilwell. The feud between Stilwell and Chen was then much in evidence.

Mission Ends on a Sour Note

From Moscow, Willkie chided th lies for failure to open a second and from Chungking for failure to an all-out effort in aid of China statements which caused Roosev remark: "You can't have it both w (It might have been added that a stage of the war it couldn't be had way.) Shortly before Willkie retur Washington via the Northwest P. from Siberia on October 14th, Roo let fall some remarks about "type strategists" at a press conference, ing an impish imitation of Willkie' nunciation of some words, and W consequently ended his mission o will in a fury of rage at the Presid

It is my belief that Roosevelt regretted having yielded to the t tion to indulge in unworthy wise at Willkie's expense. He was talk the record, but he had plenty of to know that his little quips wo given wide circulation by the spondents present, many of whom accurate reporters.

There is no doubt in my min Roosevelt had far more admirati Willkie than for any opponent h faced: he respected Willkie's en courage, if not his political acum he was profoundly and eternally ful for Willkie's persistent battle the isolationism of the Old Guar Republican party.

Once I heard Hopkins make slurring remark about Willki Roosevelt slapped him with as reproof as I ever heard him utt said, "Don't ever say anything li around here again. Don't even You of all people ought to know might not have had Lend-Lease lective Service or a lot of other t it hadn't been for Wendell Willk was a godsend to this country w needed him most." The skeptica suspect that Roosevelt's affectio gard for Willkie was due at least to the fact that he had defeated h he had none of the same respec gard for Herbert Hoover or Tho Dewey, whom he also defeated.

There were many messages l Washington, London and Mosc ing these critical weeks of the fig Stalingrad and the Solomons, measurably complex preparati TORCH, and the build-up of forces in the Middle East prep to the battle of El Alamein. Jus Roosevelt left for his swing aro country on September 17th, he note to Admiral Leahy:

I am anxious to get the cable from the Prime Minister and oth of government in various countr my replies to them, co-o through Harry, because so n them refer to civil things.

I am asking him to see that a military aspects of these cable ferred to you and the Combine of Staff and he will co-ordina and give them to me for my a

When Roosevelt was in

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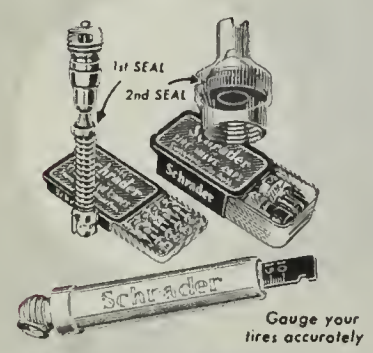




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WRITE FOR **FREE FOLDER**

Churchill sent cables containing a message he proposed to send to Stalin relative to the canceling of another convoy (PQ19) to Murmansk and the proposal to establish a British-American strategic air force on the Russian flank in the Caucasus. The argument for the canceling was powerful; the preceding convoy to Murmansk had lost one ship out of three but had required 77 warships for escort duty. In view of the enormous naval requirements of the impending TORCH Operation, it would be obviously impossible to assign anywhere near that number of warships for another convoy.

Hopkins immediately cabled Churchill a message paraphrased here:

The President is now at a distant point and your urgent messages are being relayed to him there. I very strongly urge you not to send Stalin the proposed message until you hear how the President feels about it. It seems very clear to me that the turning point in the war may well depend on what is now said to Stalin and what firm commitments we are prepared to make to him . . .

Hopkins also sent a telegram to Roosevelt in the Northwest:

. . . I have no doubt there are compelling reasons for discontinuing the northern convoys for the balance of this year . . .

In replying to the Former Naval Person relative to a wire to Stalin, I hope you will give full consideration to the importance of the proposal for a joint Allied air force on the Caucasian front . . .

The Canceled Convoy to Murmansk

From his train Roosevelt cabled Churchill that he agreed with him the realities of the situation required canceling PQ19. He said he realized how disappointing this would be to the Russians but that the need for the escort ships elsewhere at that time made it inevitable. Roosevelt urged, however, that since PQ 19 was not to sail for another ten days the Russians should not be notified of its cancellation until that time had expired. He pointed out that there was nothing to gain and much to be lost by telling Stalin in advance.

On October 24th, Churchill cabled Roosevelt that he was baffled and perplexed by the correspondence from Moscow—or, rather, the almost total lack of it. Two weeks previously he and the President had sent long, parallel messages to Stalin detailing the proposals for supplies and for the air force in the Caucasus. The only reply that Churchill had received consisted of two words, "Thank you."

Churchill had sought to obtain further information through the British ambassador in Moscow, Sir Archibald Clark Kerr, who had been able to gain nothing but evasive replies from Molotov's secretary. Churchill wondered what was going on inside the Soviet Union.

Roosevelt cabled him that he was not disturbed by Stalin's silence, since he felt the Russians "do not use speech for the same purposes that we do."

The mysterious silence out of Moscow at that time was not due, as some alarmed authorities (not including Roosevelt or Churchill) then feared, to the possibility of a separate, negotiated Russo-German peace; it was the direct result of the improvement in the situation at Stalingrad. The need for immediate help became less desperate day by day and the Russians never did agree to the project for a British-American air force in the Caucasus. Some time later, General Burns prepared a memorandum for Hopkins which is presented here in highly condensed form because it was an excellent statement of Hopkins' own views on the subject of relations with the Soviet Union:

. . . We not only need Russia as a powerful fighting ally in order to defeat Germany but eventually we will also need her in a similar role to defeat Japan. And finally, we need her as a real friend and customer in the postwar world . . .

It is generally conceded that the "step-by-step" plan for reaching Tokyo by way of the Pacific Islands must be supplemented by large-scale bombing attacks based upon Asia . . .

This will require very substantial ground forces for the defense of bases, and in addition a large air force, together with its personnel, its ground installations, its planes, its gas, its spare parts, its ammunition and all other supplies. This strength can hardly be placed in Asia without the assistance of Russia.

If the Allies are victorious Russia will be one of the three most powerful countries in the world. For the future peace of the world, we should be real friends so that we can help shape world events



"You'll like the little woman— after she gets through letting off steam"
COLLIER'S DON TOBIN

in such a way as to provide security and prosperity.

Furthermore, Russia's postwar needs for the products of America will be simply overwhelming. She must not only rehabilitate her war losses in homes, industries, raw materials and farms, but she must provide the resources for the inevitable advances in her standards of living that will result from the war.

From the above, it seems evident that Soviet relationships are the most important to us of all countries, excepting only the United Kingdom. It seems also evident that we must be so helpful and friendly to her that she will not only battle through to the defeat of Germany and also give vital assistance in the defeat of Japan, but in addition willingly join with us in establishing a sound peace and mutually beneficial relations in the postwar world.

On the same day, October 24th, that Churchill sent his message to Roosevelt confessing perplexity and bafflement about Moscow's silence, he sent another short cable that was full of the emotions of one who, having for long stared defeat in the face, now saw the first glimmer of victory:

At 8 P.M. London time the battle began in Egypt. The whole force of the Army will be engaged. I will keep you informed . . . all the Sherman tanks you gave me on that dark Tobruk morning will play their part.

This was the first word of El Alamein which came to Roosevelt with his breakfast at Shangri-La; it was four months almost to the day after "that dark bruk morning." But it was impos to be exultant, for those were indes ably nerve-racking days for eve aware of the fact that hundreds of carrying tens of thousands of me sailed from the United Kingdom the United States across the subm infested seas to North Africa. TORCH Operation was on and the sibilities for leakage in Washington be (and were) so terrifying that it s inevitable the enemy would kno about it and would have ample ti take effective measures for combat

Preparing the Invasion Messa

The final stages of preparatio TORCH involved a great deal o careful word-choosing for the v messages from the President to I Franco, General Antonio Ca (President of Portugal), Yves (Governor General of Algeria), th tan of Morocco and the Bey of These messages were to be flashed troops hit the beaches—and at th instant every international radio mitter in the United States and would start broadcasting the sam gram which had been in preparat weeks. Every word of General Eis er's proclamations had been cable and forth between London and W ton and scrutinized and many wo vised, for it was obvious that the s political slip could cost lives.

Most interesting of all was the ing of the message to Pétain. know who drafted this first, but wi text of it was cabled to Churchill tested that it was "much too kind Prime Minister reminded the Pr that Pétain had "used his reputa do our cause injuries no lesser ma have done." Roosevelt then took look at the message and what he it can be observed in the reproduc page 22. The original draft start

My dear old friend:

I am sending this message to y only as the Chef d'État of the States to the Chef d'État of the R of France, but also as one o friends and comrades of the gre of 1918. May we both live to see victorious again against the enemy.

When your government con of necessity, the Armistice Conve 1940, it was impossible for any foresee the program of sys plunder which the German would inflict on the French pe

The words that I have underlin cut out by Roosevelt. At the enc message he deleted a reference venerated hero of Verdun," ar warm regards" and the subscript friend."

Pétain replied:

It is with stupor and sadnes learned tonight of the aggres your troops against North Africa

I have read your message. voke pretexts which nothing just France and her honor are at stak are attacked; we shall defend ou this is the order I am giving.

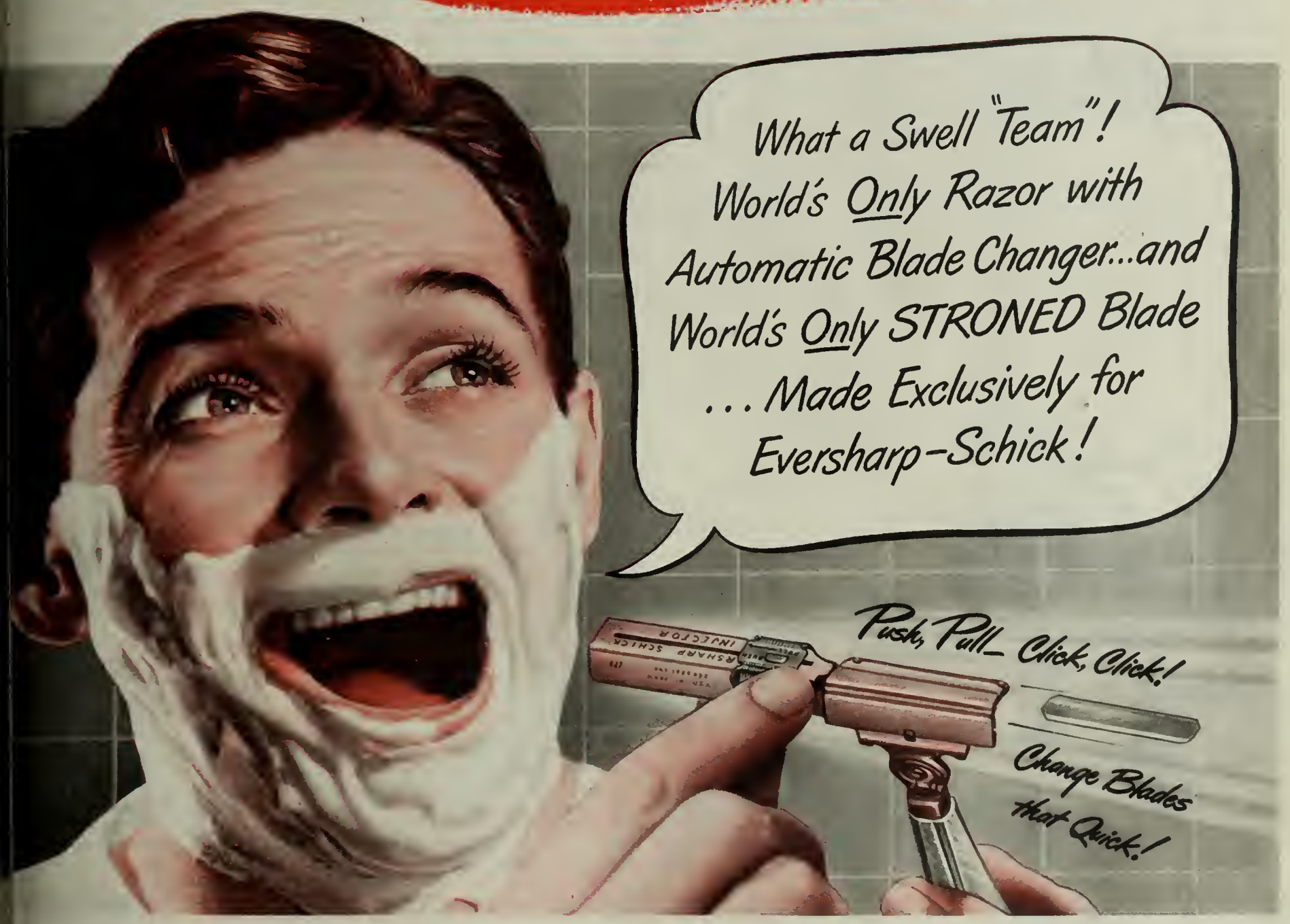
Thus, for the "honor" of th government, was enacted the sorc tacle of Frenchmen shooting at ing Americans, and Americans at and killing Frenchmen. It w tragic misprint on the pages of

In three days of fighting, the suffered heavy losses in ships and American losses were not as he they were deplorable because th so unnecessary. Furthermore, t in landing caused by the resista the U-boats time to assemble a considerable amount of damage.

Next Week: At Casablanca R and Churchill plan the invasion

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looking the yard. Joe was not in sight. Vincent, his collar latch secured with wire, roamed at the end of his rope, past the potting shed, under the oak tree, out onto the drive and back, and every now and again one small hand went to the collar and fussed with it. Tim turned back to his coffee. He remembered the Eastern Steel account and Air Machinery. Thoughtfully he lighted a cigarette.

Lucas came into the study. In her hand she carried the proposed membership ballot and the return envelopes, the large one for mailing and the small, plain one which went inside. She handed them to Tim. "Decision time," she said grimly.

Tim took the papers. He held them in his hands, staring. Then he looked at her.

Lucas said, "There's only one way to fight nastiness, and that's to be nasty yourself. Eileen will know who voted against them. And every time anybody mentions the club, she'll think of it, and pretty soon she'll begin to realize that maybe feuds aren't such fun after all."

It carried a specious sort of conviction. Tim looked down at the list. Slowly he got out his pen and held it in his hand. "I suppose you're right," he said.

When he was done, Lucas said, "Now, about that beast Eileen sent us."

Out in the yard at the moment the beast was chattering furiously at an untidy dog who had appeared from nowhere and in whose attitude there was more than a trace of hunger. Vincent waved his small arms and he danced on his small legs and his voice was shrill and provocative. Behind him, in easy reach, was the oak tree.

Slowly the dog advanced, his head low and his ears tucked back. He stopped, studied Vincent, and listened to Vincent's epithets. His head dropped a little lower. Almost imperceptibly he gathered himself and then, without a sound, he charged.

VINCENT let out a little squeak of glee. He skipped nimbly to one side and sprang for the tree. The dog went past, pulled up quickly, turned and made ready for his return charge, and Vincent, chattering victoriously, swarmed three feet up the trunk and then stopped dead, his rope securely snagged around a lath of the potting shed.

Seizing the rope in his little hands, he tugged hard. The rope was caught for sure. Vincent picked desperately at his collar and his chattering rose quickly in pitch. He tugged and he hauled, and the dog, watching, gathered himself with care.

And it was then that Joe strolled into the picture, silent, unnoticed by anyone but Tim and Lucas. He stopped short to survey the scene. A strange dog, obviously out of bounds, obviously trespassing. There was temptation. On the other hand, readily accessible, the small, tormenting Vincent.

For a moment, for one brief moment, Joe hesitated. Then the ruff of fur lifted all across Joe's heavy shoulders. Family honor was the stake; against that, whisker pullings and birds' nests were unimportant. His stub tail rose like a flag and began its ominous twitching. His sore whiskers laid themselves flat against his cheeks and his eyes took on their opaque shine. He let the growl begin, deep in his furry chest, and advanced into combat.

It was not much of a fight; it was scarcely, as a matter of fact, more than a brief warmup for Joe, and it did little to discharge the emotion stored up by recent torment. It is doubtful if the strange dog, who has not been seen since in the neighborhood, really understood what it was that descended so savagely upon him. Nor did he remain to investigate. He chose the driveway as the straightest, the most direct route to a more friendly world, and he went down it at a rate that argued whippet ancestry. And then he was gone and quiet descended again upon the yard.

Joe turned around. Vincent, shaking clear down to his small toes, clung to the tree trunk, still pulling vainly upon the snagged rope. Joe eyed him carefully. In the set of his great shoulders, in the steady gaze of his opaque eyes, purpose was plain. He advanced a few steps and stopped, crouching, within easy spring of the little monkey. Vincent's eyes blinked like small lanterns and he tugged pitifully upon the rope.

And then, quite slowly, the tenseness began to leave Joe's body. The ruff of fur across his shoulders lay flat and his stub tail ceased its twitching. He sat down on the grass and his ears resumed their normal posture. Slowly he raised one great paw, examined it gravely, then put out his tongue and bent to his work.

Vincent watched him, unbelieving. His small hands stopped their tugging and the shivers died away. Relaxing a little against the tug of the collar, he drew his first full breath in minutes. Slowly, his eyes fixed upon Joe, Vincent began to creep down the tree trunk to the ground. Joe paid no heed; his tongue worked steadily, cleaning, polishing, working industriously between his spread toes. Vincent was on the grass, still watching, still moving slowly as a man moves in a dream. He crept closer, closer, and then stopped. He sat down and he stretched out one small hand and touched Joe's great shoulder. Joe's tongue worked on, undisturbed.

In the study Tim said softly, "Well, I'll be damned!"

Lucas said nothing.

Tim turned away from the window. There was a strange expression upon his face. "That ballot," he said. "If Joe can forsake revenge, I don't think we can do any less."

Lucas only nodded.

The doorbell rang. Lucas started for it. The phone rang. "I'll get it," Tim said. He picked up the phone. "Hello."

"This is John Sampson, McCoy."

There was a silence. Then, "I—uh, McCoy," Sampson said, "I find I owe you an apology."

"So," said Tim, thinking of the ballot. "Oh."

Sampson said, "After our talk yesterday I—uh, I looked into that matter of references. I found, to my chagrin, that you were perfectly correct when you said that we had misrepresented the facts concerning your firm."

"So?"

"Yes," said Sampson. "One of our employees, hoping to ingratiate himself with the Forbes agency and, as a result, gain a position with them, had deliberately maligned your firm to two prospective accounts."

"Omigod," Tim said.

"I have discharged the man and I have talked with Henry Forbes, who assures me that the misrepresentation was done completely without his knowledge and that the man will not benefit by it in any way. I have written to the two firms in question stating that the st your agency is beyond repro explaining that the mistake wa ours."

Tim opened his mouth and again. He looked out of the Joe and Vincent were still sitti side and Vincent's small fin busy in Joe's fur. He said, "I— quite know what to say about

"I understand," Sampson sa was a long silence. "Of course Sampson added, "that the acti employee has made this bank li

"No," Tim said gently. " Revenge doesn't do anybody a He was still looking out of th "It's all straightened out now."

"I—uh, I must say," Sam slowly, "that you're taking a v ous attitude, McCoy."

TIM was grinning. "I've ha of examples recently." H the phone carefully and tur Lucas was coming through the her face was red and unhapp hands she held an opened pac card and a small, unidentifia She held it out for Tim's inspe

"It's a rabbit," she said, "a bit with a squeak. Hear." She the toy. It emitted a faint sou

"Good Lord!" said Tim. "W

"There's a card with it," L "From Eileen. It says, 'I hope think this is too, too ridi thought Joe might like it. F leen.'" She looked at Tim. " playmate she said she had bo

"Then where did—" The stopped there. Tim gestured thumb toward the window. he said. "Who? Whom?"

Lucas' eyes were suddenly round. "Aunt Lucy! She to she'd given up Pekingese, an only mean that she's found thusiasm. Monkeys! *She* sen

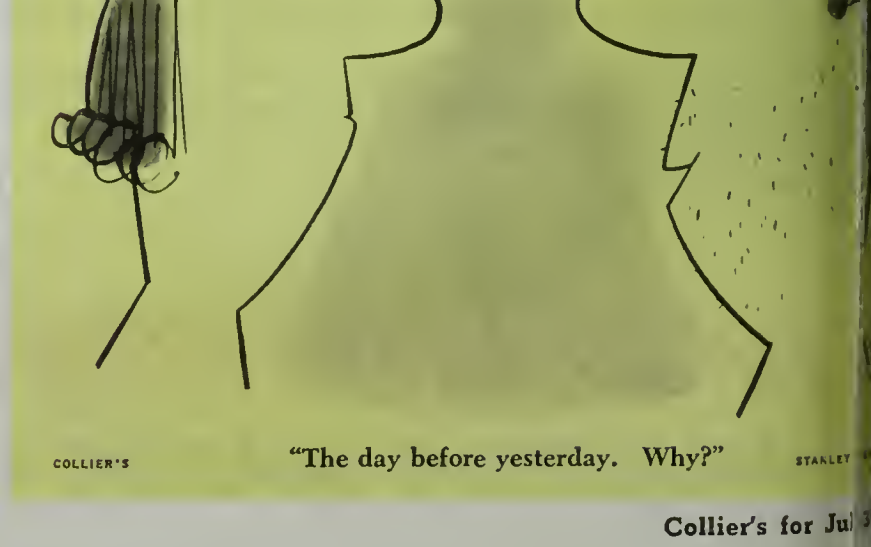
"Oh, Lord." Tim brushed against his forehead. "And w ballot all marked and ready t looked out of the window think," Tim said, "that we ow tle something."

"Yes," said Lucas in a sma

In the kitchen they set ou of warm milk and rum. Joe with his tail raised and his wh ing briskly. Beside him, trail of rope astern, came Vin sniffed the concoction. He briefly and began to lap crowded in and lowered his for investigation. He looked and at Lucas and then back at again. Then he put his small against Joe's shoulder. He p moved a little sideways. Vin almost disappeared. The sou drinking were audible.

And in the human section Coy family, there was silence

THE END



FLANNAGAN'S LAST RESORT

Continued from page 19

"...at's another thing. You stop that."
"...ou mean Tabby baby, Tabby ...b"
"...s. It sounds awful unless you ..."
"...onsidering the way I feel about ...Tabby baby, it's conservative."
"...ow let's break it up and go home. ...oy friend had to go away for the ...ut he'll be back tomorrow, so I ...be seeing—" she stopped. Roger ...saned toward her. She realized ...he was going to be kissed and she ...d suddenly that if you're going to ...hing you might as well do it right. ...she opened her eyes he was gazing ... with adoration.
"...t's go put in an order for a par-..." he suggested softly.
"...at does it!" Tabby stood up. The ...he-goat had overpowered her. She ...d and had some queer feelings of

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... dashing for the swimming ...pool.
...strictly quarter-witted fool ...res digestion with a dive.
... lucky to come out alive!

—By Margaret Fishback

...o. "Come on, we're getting out ..."

...he allowed him to accompany ...ile she bought a paper for her ... Roger told her a little about him-... his birth in Sioux Falls and of ...o school at the University of ...ota. He was vague about his ... condition. Tabby, in turn, re-...that her parents were dead and ... had spent a couple years in the ... come home and landed an ad-...g job. She was on her vacation. ... friend, Howard Ruud, she had ...ear ago, at the inn.
... ard Ruud, the manager of the ...

"...you know Howard?"
"... yet." They were at her door. "... continue my suit tomorrow."
"...dickens you will. This is the end ...de. Good night and thanks for ...eyed pike." She kissed him on ...k. "This is all there is. If you ...ne again I'll send a note to your ... about the way you get around ...."

The next morning Flannagan rose ...d walked to the main lodge, an ...us, rather ugly though com-... structure. He noted the con-... the furnishings and the courtesy and efficiency of the clerks and bellhops. He talked casually to maids and to guests. He then investigated boats, docks, outboard motors and icing facilities for shipping fish. Shortly after noon when he had finished his snooping for the day he ate a light lunch and telephoned his father. He told the old gentleman that so far the place looked good, but that he wanted a couple more days to check fishing at near-by lakes. He did not mention that he needed more time to work on Miss Tabitha Carlson. His father said the deal was hot and to get the lead out.

When he had rested from his lunch Roger changed to his swimming trunks, donned an elderly robe and strolled over to the Carlson cottage. Mr. and Mrs. Carlson were both fully attired, but Tabby and a hairy-chested young man were clad for the water.

"Hello," he said to the Carlsons. "Hello, Tabby baby."

Tabby winced and gritted her teeth. The young man rolled over and regarded Roger with sour interest.

"Mr. Flannagan," Mrs. Carlson said, "I don't believe you've met Howard Ruud. Howard, this is Roger Flannagan, our next-door neighbor."

"Mr. Flannagan—" Tabby began.

"Roger, Tabby baby," he said gently.

"All right, Roger then. Roger brought us some walleyed pike, Howard, and had dinner with us last night.

"How nice," Howard said

"Flannagan," Carlson said, "will you have a drink?"

"Thank you, no. I came over to ask if Tabby baby would like to go swimming. You can come too," he said to Howard.

HOWARD grunted and the three of them walked to the dock, dived in unison and raced to the float. Howard was first, Roger a gasping third. When he reached the float Tabby reached down and gave him a hand up.

While Roger lay on his back panting, Howard, brown and muscular, did a jackknife from the low board. Tabby glanced at Roger. "He's really marvelous in the water, isn't he?"

Roger eyed her solemnly. "Watch me," he said. "I'm going to do a swan dive from the high board."

He climbed the ladder to the upper level of the float and stood there a moment looking frail and rickety. His dive was in earnest and in its way spectacular, but he failed to come out of it fast enough and landed almost entirely on his face. When he finally came up he had a nosebleed.

"Gee," Tabby cried, "are you hurt?"

"It's nothing," he said.

"You can hurt yourself that way, fella," Howard said. "Better leave diving to grownups. Watch this one."

Howard stood on tiptoe on the high board, his furry chest bulged like a robin's, then hurled himself into a smooth somersault.

"He's pretty limber," Roger admitted. "All muscles and no brains, like a bull."

Tabby laughed sardonically. "Better wipe your nose, bub."

For some time after that, while Howard entertained the Carlsons and Tabby with accounts of the droll carryings-on of the resort's screwballs, Roger sat dripping at the nose and staring ravenously at Tabby baby. After an hour he said. "Do you suppose someone, Tabby baby maybe, could apply some ice to the back of my neck before I hemorrhage myself to death? I think I am getting weaker."

Tabby hurried into the cottage and returned with ice cubes in a napkin. She held them against Roger's nape. "Your

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mother ought to make you eat more vegetables," she said, smiling. "Don't you want to get big and strong so you can chase girls without getting a nosebleed?"

Roger regarded her with grave, hurt blue eyes. "If you have finished your ghoulish comedy I'll take my remaining hemoglobin and go home."

"So long, fella," Howard said. "Be a good boy now."

Tabby walked with Roger to his cottage, chuckling.

"It is not humorous," Roger said.

Tabby suddenly began to feel a little contrite. After all he'd gotten his bloody nose showing off for her. His heart had been in the right place even if his nose hadn't. She yearned to take his battered head to her bosom and comfort it.

At his door he stopped. "Temporarily, I'm not hemorrhaging," he said. "If it starts up again I'd like you to know I'll love you clean down to the last drip."

"I'm glad," Tabby said.

He eyed her piteously. "I suppose you've made up your mind to marry the gentleman with the built-in rug on his chest? He couldn't possibly give you the lifetime of love that I could."

Tabby rubbed her pretty nose; she bit her lip. "A girl's got to look out for her future, you know. She can't live just on love. She'd have malnutrition."

Flannagan groaned inwardly at being restrained from stating that he was a prosperous executive. "As I told you, I don't have a job right now, but I have a little money and—"

"Now, see, that's what I mean. No job, yet here you are throwing your money around in a clip joint like this."

"That's just it," Roger said. "I ought to have someone to look after me."

"Golly, Roger, don't say things like that. It makes me go all motherly-like inside. But that's all it is. It's not love. It's just that you appeal to the Red Cross in me."

He sighed glumly. "Well, that's that. I might as well go in and open another vein." He looked as if he ought to be on Mommy's lap having his hurt kissed.

She felt awful. "Take care of yourself, Roger. You're not strong you know. Maybe I ought to call a doctor."

He shook his head. "I'll probably pull through, even if I don't care to." Stooped and despondent, he went in.

After an hour's soul-searching and evaluation of his chances with Tabby, Roger convinced himself that he was whipped. She was going to marry Howard. There was no longer any point in stalling his father. When he had dressed he called the old man and read him his findings. He recommended immediate purchase.

THAT night after Mr. and Mrs. Carlson had driven in to the nearest town to see a movie, Howard and Tabitha sat on a davenport before a fire. Tabby seemed moody and detached. After circling his arm about her shoulders, Howard kissed her antiseptically on the cheek. "Honey, what day shall we make it?"

"Make what?" she asked. "Oh, that!"

"You're going to marry me, aren't you, sugar?"

"I like you a lot, but a girl's got to feel more than that."

Howard's face darkened with a noisome thought. "You're not, by any chance, falling for that goon with the runny nose?"

She turned on him with indignation. "That's no way to talk about a sweet, harmless man like Mr. Flannagan. Everybody can't be built like a bull, you know, all beef and no brains."

Howard colored. "I'll match my I.Q. against that bundle of bones any day in the week. And I don't go for the way he hangs around playing on your sympathy. He does that much more and I'll shatter him like a bulb."

"He's not playing on my sympathy! He was hurt and I helped him like I would any wounded animal. He doesn't mean a thing to me, but if you so much as twist his arm you'll never lay another hand on me."

Howard smiled. "Okay, sugar, now how about us?"

"We'll let it set a few days, Howard," she said wearily. "Maybe I'll know then." She gave him a sharp look. "And don't let me catch you pushing poor Mr. Flannagan around meanwhile."

They did not see poor Mr. Flannagan until the following afternoon when he appeared at the Carlson cottage looking, if possible, more futile and gloomy than ever. As upon an earlier day, he had fish, this time black bass that he had taken that morning. He nodded bleakly to the Carlsons, Howard and Tabitha. "Could you use some bigmouths?" he said to Mrs. Carlson. "I'll be leaving soon and I would like you to have these."

"So you're leaving?" Howard said. "That's tough, fella."

Roger was peering at Tabby. "My nosebleed never came back," he said.

"You look awfully peaked though," she said.

"He looks strong enough to me," Howard said.

Roger regarded Howard somberly. "I'm not well," he said.

"Oh, brother!" Howard said. "What an act!"

"Howard!" Tabby cried.

Roger had a perplexed, hurt expression. He looked like a pup trying to figure out why he had been booted out for something he did on the kitchen floor. "Mr. Ruud," he said, "any more slights from you and I'll be compelled to flatten you."

"It's not my policy to mangle a paying guest," Howard said, "but anytime you feel like mixing, fella, speak up."

"Howard, I told you!" Tabby cried.

"He's asking for it, sugar," Howard explained.

"Just a minute," Roger said. "You told him what?"

"She told me not to slug you, fella," Howard said.

Roger's despondency dropped from him like a dark coat. "You told him that?" he asked Tabby.

"Well, Judas, Roger, I had to. You're in no shape to defend yourself."

"That was very thoughtful of you, Tabby baby," he said. He gave her his gentle smile and looked invigorated.

"Another thing, fella, I don't go for this 'Tabby baby' routine," Howard said. "I don't go for it at all."

"You don't, Ruud? She engaged to you or something? Got a lien on her, maybe?"

"Just about," Howard said.

"Just about is not enough," Roger said happily. "Either apologize or get up on your feet where I can swat you."

Howard grinned at Tabby. "I won't hurt him seriously."

IT WAS a short bout, but absorbing. Howard swung at Roger's head and missed it. He swung again and hit Roger's forearm, banging it sharply against his nose and springing an old leak. Roger took a few more blows on his elbows and shoulders before his long thin arm, swinging like a bent rake, came whistling out of nowhere. The enraptured Carlson family heard knuckles crunch on the spot where Howard's jaw joined his skull. Howard collapsed soundlessly and lay inert.



"I'm new around here. What time am I supposed to take you out to lunch?"

COLLIER'S — REAMER KELLER

Roger gave the spectators a diffident smile. "Lucky punch," he said. "Couldn't do it again in a million years."

"Gee, Roger, you're busted open again," Tabby cried. "Here, let me wipe." She used her hanky on his face.

She took Roger into the cottage and made him lie down. She sat beside him. "You know, Flannagan, in your strange, pitiful way you are marvelous. Even if you were lucky, it took a lot of nerve to stand up there and fight Howard. I know you did it for me and a girl appreciates having bucks battle over her. I'm going to kiss you for it."

Roger hadn't felt so wonderful since birth. "Do you think that what you feel for me is what I feel for you? I mean this isn't just the Florence Nightingale in you, is it?"

She stroked his cheek. "I don't know, Roger, but I certainly feel funny."

He suddenly had a thought so horrible that he cringed. In a few hours, maybe less, the inn would be part of the Flannagan chain. News of it would be in the papers. Howard would be notified. Unless something fast and drastic was done to keep his name out of it, Tabby would certainly find out that he, Roger Flannagan, vice-president, was a liar, deceiver and a loose man with a woman's heart.

He sat up. "I've got to get to a phone," he cried. Then he kissed her quickly and raced out the door like a sprinting crane, and legged it for the lodge.

He called the main office and was informed that his father was playing golf, proof to Roger that the deal had been consummated. All that he could do was to pray that the old man hadn't tioned him to the papers or in the n that Howard was sure to get. If he h he still had time to figure something He slouched back to the Carlsons' found everyone waiting for him, e one, that is, but Tabby. Howard h telegram in his hand and appeared t on the verge of tears.

"Mr. Flannagan," he said, "I've been informed that you and your f have purchased this resort. It says h am to report to you, the vice-presi for instructions. What can I say? W it help if I let you hit me again?"

Roger waved a hand at him. "F it, Ruud. You run an efficient, plea place here. If you want it the mana job is still yours." He set his jaw a ment. "And don't let this make any ference between you and Tabby."

Obviously moved, Howard "That's white of you, sir, but I k when I'm licked. I knew last night. told me."

"She did? Where is she now?"

"There's a very funny thing. I sh her the telegram and all she did wa out a yell and charge into the hou don't think I ever saw a female wi bigger burn on."

Roger winced. "Thank you, Ruud drop in to see you and the books la He faced the Carlsons, who were more or less spellbound. "Do you I've got a chance to square myself?"

Mrs. Carlson just winked and cla her hands over her head like a fighter.

HE FOUND Tabby in the kit waiting for him. "There you you big phony! You and your p look and danged old nosebleed! M me want to protect you! Probably w ing through me to spy on poor Howa wish he'd beaten your ears off!"

"Tabitha, please don't think—"

"You don't care what you do girl's feelings. Just have a good time her as a business trick and make a of her, that's you!"

Roger suddenly straightened. The on his face set in hard little furrows eyes took on a cold, calculating He looked, in a second, forceful commanding. It was a pretty pow thing to see. "Quiet!" he roared. ' down and listen. I've had enough o sentimental jabber. I had to act like because I was scouting the resort f father, preparatory to buying it. I to be secretive in order to find out things really are, not how the o might want me to see them. The dea hot and I couldn't talk about it. I know you would be here. I had n of knowing I was going to fall in with you. When I did I was snook Can you get that through your bea head?" He sounded somewhat li irritable first sergeant addressing a ward platoon.

Tabby stared at him, impressed. ' may be," she said weakly. "Just the you didn't have to—"

"That swan dive and the nose were planned, I admit that. You mi well know too that I was on the u sity swim team and I did some boxi can dive and I can fight a little. ceived you, but damn it all an you're the woman I want for a wif I had to do it! I had to work fast!"

"Well, gee, Roger, you don't ha get sore about it. I'm sorry. I ju maybe you didn't really like me, I g

"Nuts!" Roger said. "Come here!"

Tabby baby came over and whe had completed some of the huggin kissing he had predicted for them h her down. "I've got some pull arou joint. I'll reserve the bridal suite."

"Yes, sir," Tabby said. "Shall I sa

THE END

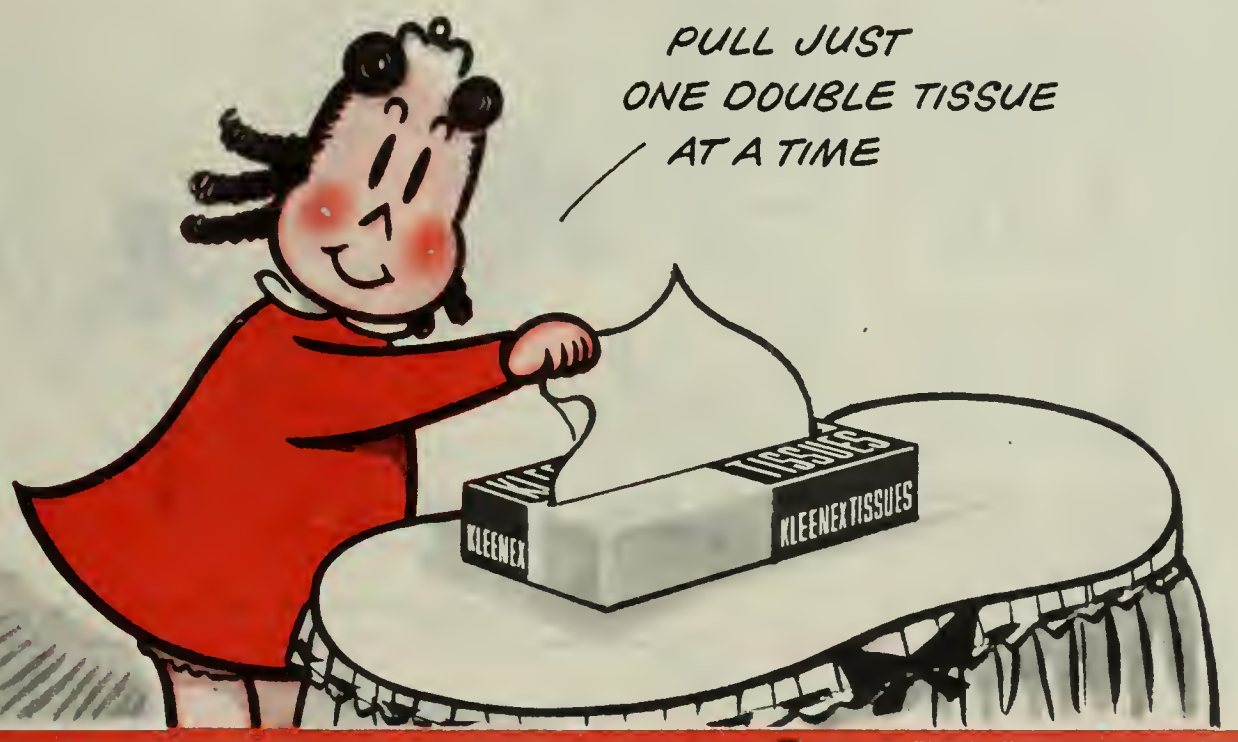
LITTLE LULU

by Margie



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MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN MURDER

Continued from page 32

lot of silly chatter, of gay laughter, of greetings called back and forth. When Vince Mabry and his boys gave out with the music, the floor jammed instantly and stayed that way.

About ten thirty I saw Pete Connolly standing in the archway which separated the main dining room from the bar. His clothes matched the decorations in gaiety, but his face didn't. He looked mean and ugly. Something had hit him wrong. Several people spoke to him, and he shrugged them off. I was willing to lay even money that he was drunk.

THAT was one of two surprising things about Mr. Connolly that Christmas Eve. I knew he wasn't a drinker. He was a bear cat on ginger ale, but ginger ale hadn't got him the way he was now. The second surprising thing was that Rusty Mason was nowhere around.

Pete's sharp little eyes searched the crowd. They picked me out eventually. He started toward me. I didn't think I was going to like it. He looked as though he'd had several too many.

He shouldered his way roughly through the crowd and came straight to where Floyd Andrews and I were sitting. I started to greet him, but he cut me off. His voice was hard as nails and deadly as cyanide. He said, "Blake, you're a dirty rotten louse."

I blinked. Maybe this was a Christmas gag. Maybe I was supposed to laugh and call him names, too. But he didn't give me a chance. Taking it from where he'd left off, he proceeded to express his real opinion of me.

It wasn't flattering. He called me everything I'd ever heard and a lot of things I didn't quite get, being unfamiliar with racing-stable profanity.

I knew he must have discovered that I'd seen Wade Ramsay, and that Wade had refused to check in with his little scheme for influencing Rusty Mason. But even so—take that plus all the drink he'd had—it seemed that he was carrying a logical idea too far.

I tried to keep my temper. I sat there and took it, pretending that it was all right because he'd been drinking. I didn't want to start something.

Once again it was Floyd Andrews who pulled me out of a jam. He got up slowly and ranged alongside Connolly. He said, calmly, "Let's go have a drink, Pete."

Next thing I knew he was leading the bitter little jockey away from my table. They disappeared through the archway to the bar.

Floyd rejoined me in about ten minutes. This time he was welcome. He said, "Mad little turkey, isn't he? What's his beef?"

"He's nuts about a gal named Rusty Mason—Wade Ramsay's secretary. Wanted me to grease the tracks of true love so they'd roll smoother. The deal got loused up. He probably thinks I did it deliberately."

"Did you?"

"No," I said, "I didn't. I like Connolly. I thought he liked me."

"He probably does. He merely expresses himself badly."

Shortly after 11:30, sunshine burst through the gloom. I glimpsed Pat Kingsley standing alongside the white and blue Christmas tree. Just as though she'd been passing through the lobby and happened to look in at the merrymaking. I was on my way instantly. I grabbed her arm and said a couple of silly things and smiled for the first time that night. I said, "You've got to join me," and she agreed.

Floyd Andrews stood up as we reached the table. I had a flash of sanity and watched them closely as I performed the introduction.

I still couldn't tell if they'd ever met before. I got no hint of why Andrews had seemed so interested in Pat, or in me.

He stuck around for about ten minutes. Then he excused himself. I protested, but not vehemently. This was working out as I had wanted it. Pat, myself, and Christmas fifteen minutes away.

He vanished into the crowd. Pat said, "I watched you from back yonder, Steve. You looked like a funeral."

"I was busy missing you."

Pat smiled. "You say that as though you mean it."

I said, "I was afraid you were with your father."

"No." Her face grew serious for a moment. "I was upstairs."

"Doing what?"

"Thinking a little. Maybe crying—"

"About what?"

"On the thinking part, I can confess. Some of it was about you."

"Willing to tell me more?"

"Do I have to?"

The look she gave me did more than all the drinks I'd had. I started to say something, but the band broke in on it. Vince Mabry waved his baton, and the boys started playing Jingle Bells.

A big spotlight made a circle in the middle of the floor. All the other lights went out except the little blue lamps on the white Christmas tree. Rex Kingsley limped onto the floor, looking very handsome in white tie and tails.

He told us that in a few minutes it would be Christmas. He said that on the stroke of twelve Santa Claus would appear with presents for everybody.

He stopped talking and the band hit it up. Heavy on the Jingle Bells. I wanted to take Pat's hand, but that didn't seem quite in order.

A few seconds before midnight, the big spot went off. A smaller spotlight moved across the floor and came to rest at the foot of a little flight of steps. Those were the back stairs leading from the club to the dressing rooms on the mezzanine. That was where Santa Claus had been getting ready.

The crowd hushed. The music died down, just a gentle melody of Jingle Bells to hold the mood. Rex Kingsley said, "And now, folks—Santa Claus!"

Everybody watched the stairway.

From the head of the stairs we heard a deep, jovial voice saying, "Here I come . . ." Then suddenly everything changed. The voice rose to a bellow. There was a crash which grew into a series of bumps and thuds, punctuated by the clatter of a hundred gay little packages which rolled down the steps.

A man's terrified yell rose above the din. Down the stairs came Santa Claus, battered and bedraggled. His hat was off, his whiskers were awry. He banged to the bottom of the stairway and sat there surrounded by his scattered gifts.

His eyes were wide with horror. He was gazing up the way he had come, and then, grotesquely, he scrambled away.

A body came rolling down the stairway. It rolled down awkwardly, slowly, as though reluctant to interrupt the festivities. It reached the bottom and sprawled there, sightless eyes turned upward, lean little legs spread.

Someone said, "Good God! It's Pete Connolly!" And someone else said, "He passed out."



COLLIER'S "I hope you've already had the measles, Senator" MISCHA RICHTER

A man rushed across the room. He bent over Pete Connolly's body, then straightened. He said in a voice which he couldn't quite control, "He isn't drunk, folks—he's dead."

The electrician in the basement didn't know about that. All he knew was that he had orders to do something at midnight. He threw a switch and an elaborately gay sign blinked on over the bandstand. It said MERRY CHRISTMAS.

SOMEBODY telephoned somebody. Two radio-car cops appeared. Maybe by this time there was a private line into Hollywood Division, to be used only for Casa Linda murders. Anyway, the uniformed men stood next to the Christmas tree and told everybody to keep calm and to remain where they were.

The battered Santa Claus had crawled as far as possible from Pete's body and was saying, over and over again, "He must of been lying at the top of them stairs. It was dark and I tripped over him." The doctor who had pronounced Pete dead now stated that he had been shot. The word spread. Men and women said they hadn't heard any shot, but that was understandable: There had been a lot of noise, and nobody knew when the shot had been fired. Sometime between eleven o'clock and now.

Two more cops appeared. Lanky, efficient Lieutenant Lane of the Hollywood Detective Bureau, and the sto prematurely gray Sergeant Ehr Lane saw me, walked over to my t and said, "Howdy, Blake. Just like times, huh?"

I didn't say anything. Ehrlich sai a nice, quiet, conversational tone, " reckon this is tied up with Jeff Nulty that Conchita babe?"

I said I didn't know, but that guess yes. Lieutenant Lane said already asked the complaint b downtown to notify Marty Walsh. said that this was a hell of a way to s Christmas Eve, and I agreed.

IN a few minutes Marty Walsh and geant Vic Tremont came in. All ent or accounted for. The fireworks c begin. They joined the other two d tives at the foot of the steps and st talking. Lane whispered somet jerked his head in my direction, Walsh looked over at me. His eyes cold and hostile. Then he turned and started talking to Rex Kingsley Wade Ramsay.

I closed my fingers on Pat Kings arm and begged her to relax. I go back in her chair and pulled mine alongside. I took her hand. It fe though I had picked up a piece of ic

I still didn't understand the effec tragedy was having on her. She see shocked, but not so surprised as I n have expected. I told myself that I imagining things. Well, perhaps I w

I was too interested in Pat and i own thoughts to pay close attentic what was happening elsewhere. The were talking to everybody but us. didn't mean a thing. Marty Walsh my buddy. He wouldn't neglect me

Pat and I didn't talk. We jus there with her hand warming up a lit mine, looking at nothing and seeing After a while I said, "Get a grip on self, Pat. Walsh is storing up amm tion. He's going to ask an awful l questions."

I was right, but Marty took his about it. It was almost one thirt fore he came over to where we sitting and invited us into Rex King office, which was on the same flo way over in the corner. I thought was a neat touch, but I didn't sa People stared at us as we walked a the room: Walsh, Lane, Pat Kingsle myself. On the way I passed Andrews. He was staring at us hard

Kingsley's office wasn't much. I a little square room shoved off i corner of the club. It had a modern desk and against the opp wall a flat-topped table piled with a of things which I presumed had t with the running of a night club.

Rex wasn't there, which was fine me. Marty Walsh motioned Pat t swivel chair in front of the desk pulled over a second chair, placed it to hers and invited me to sit in it. idea was simple: he could see both all the time. And what he missed be observed by Lieutenant Lane, was leaning against the door frame.

Marty Walsh said, "Quite an eve eh, Steve?"

I said it was quite an evening.

"Of course you've got an alibi. was a statement, not a question. Kingsley was with you. She alwa when people are being killed."

I didn't say anything.

"What did you and Pete Con fight about?"

I said, "We didn't fight. He w over to my table and cursed me ste and bitterly for several minutes."

"Why?"

"I don't know."

Marty leaned back against the

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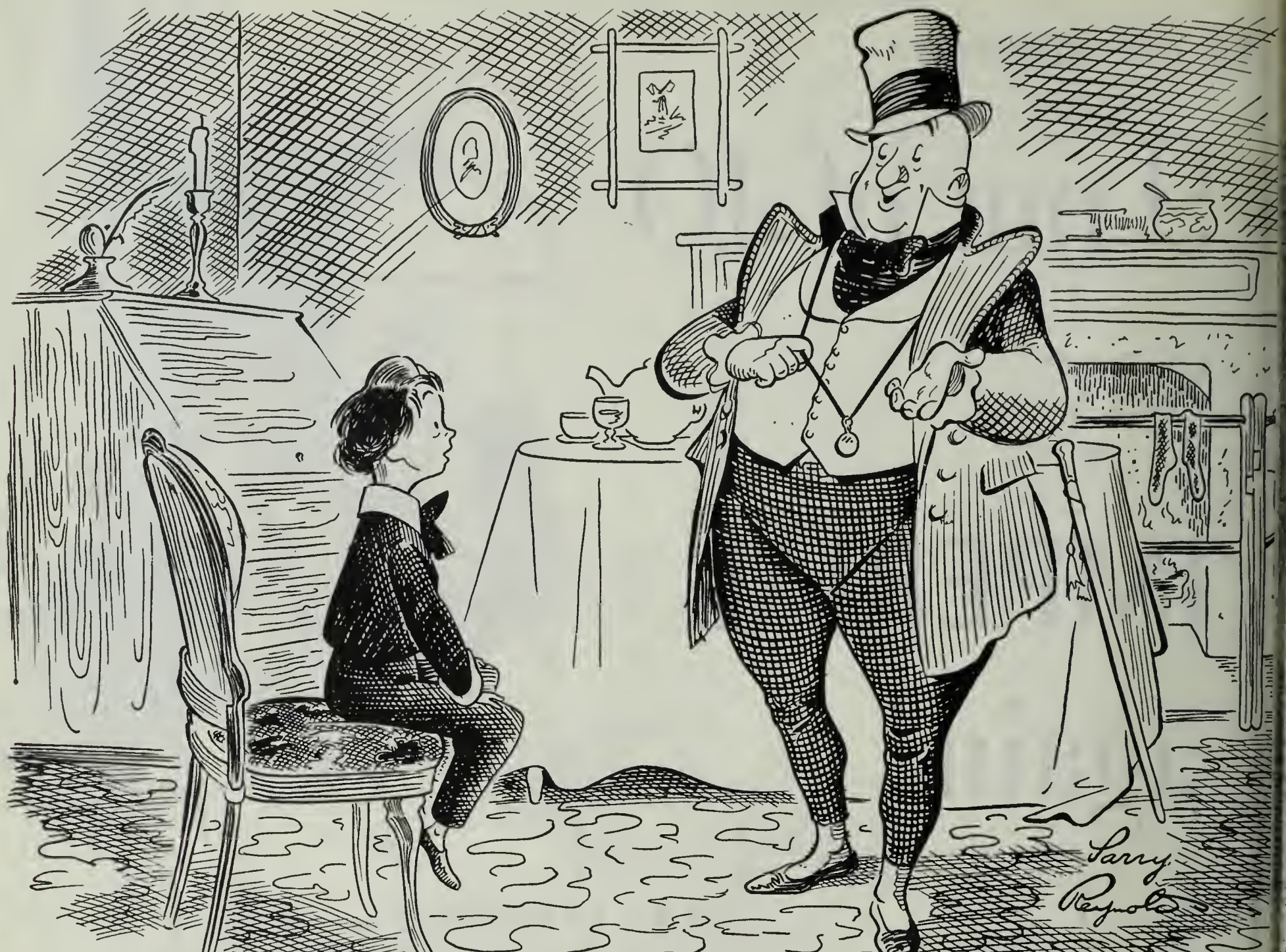
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Mr. Micawber was only half-right !

MR. MICAWBER'S financial advice to young David Copperfield is justly famous.

Translated into United States currency, it runs something like this:

"Annual income, two thousand dollars; annual expenditure, nineteen hundred and ninety-nine dollars; result, happiness. Annual income, two thousand dollars; annual expenditure, two thousand and one dollars; result, misery."

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AUTOMATIC SAVING IS SURE SAVING - U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

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his eyes didn't waver. He said, t's don't play like that, Steve. A docsn't blow his top that way with- reason."

I didn't say he had no reason. I I didn't know what it was."

You had any fuss with him rccently?"

No. I liked him, and I thought he d me."

What made you think that?"

OLD him about the Rusty Mason tup. "About all I can figure is that ound out it wasn't going to work, figured I'd double-crossed him."

How?"

erhaps by advising Mr. Ramsay not re Miss Mason, even tcmporarily."

Why would he think you might do "

don't know. I also don't know her someone might have told him Rusty had tried to be friendly with

said, "You must have somcthing ain't visible to the naked eye. en kinda go for you, don't they?"

hey never used to, Lieutenant. And e an idea that they don't now, really. pinion is that Miss Mason had ideas r own, and that they weren't what e thinking."

re you accusing . . ."

I'm not accusing anyone. Miss n tried to make me think that I was Moment in her life."

hy would she try that?"

id, "Look, Marty, all you've asked do is guess. I can tell facts as I them."

said, "You don't look like the kind who would let another guy bawl ut in front of a crowd and do g about it."

iked Pete Connolly."

ty said, "I think you killed him."

course you do. But you're ."

n you prove it?"

I supposed to? Isn't there such as a legal presumption of a man's nce?"

ty said, "That's double-talk. It's d for trials. When a cop thinks done something, he has good s for thinking so. It's always when you can prove to him that rong."

dded. "That should be easy. I t that table all evening except got up to meet Pat at the Christ- e."

u weren't alone for a minute?"

." Then I remembered some- "I'll change that. I was alone for en minutes when Floyd Andrews ed Pete Connolly away from the But I was surrounded by scores of "

v many of 'em did you know?"

e. But they saw me. They t help it."

y smiled. "You probably t put your finger on a single per- o would remember that, Steve. nt was crowded. People were and dancing and having them- helluva time. Under conditions t, no one who wasn't especially d would know how many times up from the table or where you how long you were away."

ld see his point. That was the I always could.

could have been away from le any time," he continued, "at t of the evening—without being —provided you didn't do any- attract attention to yourself."

any time," I said. "Not when ndrews was with me. Not after ngsley joined me."

Marty appeared to be amused. something here you haven't e straight. Pat Kingsley has ou often enough; so often that doesn't carry much weight any

"Telling the truth docsn't help much, docs it, Marty?"

"It might. Why don't you try it?"

I said, "You sure hang onto an idea. Any idea. Now it's Connolly. Before that, you thought I killed Jeff Nulty."

"Didn't you?"

"No."

"But if you did, you could also have killed Conchita Montcro and Pete Connolly. It's my guess they're all three tied up."

"I think so too. But I didn't do any of the killings."

"Always the little guy that wasn't there,, the boy with the cast-iron alibis. You got ideas, too?"

"Yes," I said, "but you probably won't like them. I think that so long as I was on the spot for killing Nulty, the real murderer was content to take it easy. I was the fall guy. If I'd been convicted, that would have ended it. But when I was acquitted, the case was reopened.

"We don't know how long Connolly's dead body had been lying at the top of those stairs. It could have been there even before you entered the club. Could be you're so accustomed to dishing up for Steve, here, that it had to be."

I said angrily, "That's lousy."

"So it's lousy. So I'm just a cop doing a job."

Pat touched my hand. She said, "He's right, Steve. He's got to learn the truth."

"Or anyway," said Marty, "he's got to keep on pretending like he thinks he is. Me, I ain't optimistic."

He walked across the room and started whispering to Bert Lane. Lane's head moved up and down in assent. He said, "It ain't a bad idea, Marty. Not bad at all. I'll go get her."

He opened the door. Noise surged in at us, then choked off as the door closed again. Marty grinned with his lips, but not with his eyes. He said, "Either of you see Rusty Mason tonight?"



"I do happen to have a house priced at $3,000 —but I never show it on a rainy day"

COLLIER'S ERIC PETERS

That seems the answer to why things were tranquil until they turned me loose —and have been popping ever since."

Marty said, "You make it sound good, Steve. Too good maybe."

"You were wrong before, Marty."

"I still ain't sure of that. What a jury says and what I think are two different things." He dropped his cigarette and ground out the light with the toe of his right shoe. "After Connolly finished bawling you out, what happened?"

I told him about Floyd Andrews convoying Pete back to the bar. Lieutenant Lane said, in a placid, drawling voice, "That's the lad who came up in the ninth inning when those two hoods were working Steve over."

"They been picked up yet?" asked Marty.

"No. But we think soon."

Marty asked, "What's this Floyd Andrews to you, Steve?"

"I don't know. He's interested in me, but I don't know why."

"You ever met him, Mrs. Kingsley?"

"Not until tonight." Pat's voice was under control. "Mr. Blake introduced us."

Marty was focusing on her. "Where were you before you joined Steve?"

"In my apartment."

"Do you—or maybe your husband—do either of you have a small-caliber gun? We don't know yet the exact size, but probably a .32 or a .25?"

"No."

We both said no.

"Lane's bringing her in. It oughta be good. She comes in, you keep your yap shut, Steve. Savvy?"

I nodded. I didn't know what was cooking, but whatever it was, I figured it couldn't make things much worse.

Several minutes passed. Then the door opened and Lieutenant Lane appeared. He was holding Rusty's arm.

She looked terrible. Still tall, voluptuous. But her eyes were big and wild and haggard. Grief had etched deep lines on her face.

She stood just inside the door, taking it all in. Then she looked at me.

She called me a name. She threw the epithet at me. She waited a second, then repeated it.

She said, "If I had a gun, Steve Blake, I'd kill you."

Rusty kept staring at me, stark hate in her eyes. I could understand that she had been hit hard by Pete Connolly's death, but why I rated all this was beyond me.

Marty Walsh let her run down. He didn't rush her, didn't prompt her. But he didn't try to stop her, either. He let her call me all the names she wanted, as though he'd have liked to do the same thing. Then he said, "Sit down, Rusty."

She sat down. Hard. Her lovely body sagged. Her blue eyes traveled around the room as though searching for a friend. There were traces of tears on her make-up, but she wasn't crying then.

Walsh looked at me. He said, "How much do you know about Miss Mason's past, Steve?"

I said I didn't know anything.

Marty asked, "Ever know a girl named Olive Palmer?"

I shook my head.

"Try again. Maybe you'll remember."

"The answer is still no, Marty."

"In San Francisco, maybe?"

"No."

He looked at Lieutenant Lane. The tall night-watch commander of the Hollywood Detective Bureau shrugged as though to indicate that he didn't think Marty would get very far on that road. Walsh said, "This Olive Palmer was connected with Jeff Nulty. Long time ago."

There wasn't much I could say about that. He was telling me things now, not asking questions. Only odd thing was Jeff Nulty cropping up again. He seemed to be having a hard time staying dead.

"The thing Nulty did three years in San Quentin for," Marty went on quietly, "was armed robbery. His girl friend helped him. She was the lookout. Part of the loot was a fur coat. That, he gave to the girl. The San Francisco police found her wearing it. The rest was easy. They had Nulty hog-tied in less time than it takes me to tell it. Nulty knew they had him. He evidently liked the girl, because he advised her to make a deal, turn state's evidence, and buy her freedom that way. No use both of them taking the rap. So she did. Her name was Olive Palmer."

Walsh took a long, narrow envelope out of his pocket. From it he extracted a couple of yellowed newspaper clippings. "These," he explained, "are from San Francisco newspapers. Nineteen thirty-eight. All about what Jeff Nulty did. The second clipping is about his trial, and about Olive Palmer testifying against him. Pictures of Nulty, and pictures of Olive. Take a look and see do they register."

He handed me the clippings. Nice, big, sensational stories. Nulty's picture didn't mean anything to me. I hadn't known him well enough to guess what he would have looked like in 1938.

THE girl—this Olive Palmer—jumped right out of the clippings and hit me in the eye. She looked exactly like Rusty Mason.

She was Rusty Mason.

I showed the clippings to Pat. She was as surprised as I had been, and as shocked. Walsh let her hold the clippings, as though to say she could read 'em if she wanted to. Then he said to me, "Guess where we found them, Steve?"

I looked at him.

"Right in this envelope. And the envelope was in Pete Connolly's pocket. It was there after he died and probably before he died. It was mailed in Los Angeles day before yesterday. We figure it was delivered to Pete Connolly this afternoon . . . or yesterday afternoon if you remember that it's now Christmas morning. Mean anything to you, Steve?"

"No."

"You claim you liked Connolly, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Could it be that you liked him enough to figure he shouldn't marry a girl unless he knew all about her, unless he knew, for instance, that the woman who called herself Wilma Mason was really named Olive Palmer and that she'd been mixed up in a criminal affair many years ago?"

I said I didn't know what this was all about. He paid very little attention. He continued calmly: "Of course, we might have here the answer why Miss Mason didn't rush into matrimony with Pete. Could be she was afraid to get a marriage license under an assumed name."

I said, "But I didn't know any of this Olive Palmer business. How could I know?"

"She tells me Jeff Nulty had the clippings. So maybe whoever killed him found them."

"Oh, for the love of Mike!" I made a hopeless gesture. "We're back to that!"

"Yep. We seem to swing back to it no matter how hard we try otherwise. So I'm asking you again . . ."

"Save your breath, Marty. I didn't kill Nulty. I didn't find any clippings in his apartment. I didn't mail them to Pete Connolly as a warning he'd be smarter to steer clear of Rusty Mason. I didn't kill Connolly."

"But you know now why he got drunk and started cursing you, don't you?"

"Why?"

"He obviously thought you sent the clippings. He thought it was your answer to his plea for assistance in getting Miss Mason to marry him."

I said, "I never saw those clippings before . . . ."

"He's a dirty liar!" Rusty's voice swept harshly across the room. "I've known from the first Blake had them. I knew he killed Jeff Nulty . . ."

I said, "Look, Rusty . . . that doesn't check. You've been more than friendly."

"Sure. And why? Because I wanted those clippings. Nobody in Los Angeles knew I was Olive Palmer. You're thinking I made a play for you. Well, I did. But what I wanted was the freedom of your apartment. I wanted to find out if you had 'em. I wanted to get my hands on them and burn 'em."

"But why . . ."

"I think you suspected all the time that I knew you killed Nulty. You figured I'd keep my mouth shut as long as you could hold this over me." She turned to Marty Walsh. "Jeff wasn't a bad guy, Lieutenant. He treated me swell. It was his suggestion that I turn state's evidence. I never saw him again until I read in the papers about him being made manager of the Club Casa Linda. I went to him for a job. That was a couple of years ago. Good secretaries were scarce. He recommended me to Mr. Ramsay."

"Why didn't he give you back your clippings? You knew he had 'em."

"Yes. He told me. He was an angle player; a guy like Jeff always is. He was keeping them just in case. But he wasn't using them."

Walsh asked, "How about you and Nulty? Were you playing games after you got the job with Ramsay?"

"No. That was all washed up."

"Why? Wasn't he still human?"

"We just didn't, that's all."

"But you'd have been happier if you had known those clippings were destroyed, wouldn't you?"

"Sure. But what . . ."

"Well, what's to say you didn't try to get 'em? What's to say you didn't kill him yourself and then hunt for them?"

SHE stared at him, badly shaken. She said, "It wasn't that way. Why would I make a pitch for Steve Blake—"

"You knew he'd been in Nulty's apartment the night Jeff was killed. Could be he somehow got the clippings without killing the man."

She said, "Steve Blake killed him. You don't want to think it, because a screwball jury acquitted him. You gotta hang it on somebody. You're trying to elect me."

"That wouldn't be difficult, Rusty." Marty wasn't any more excited than a teacher explaining something to a classroom. "See how this sounds. You helped a criminal in San Francisco. You got off on a state's evidence deal. You came to Los Angeles under an assumed name. You re-established contact with Nulty after he got out of San Quentin—as soon as he fell into something which looked like soft money. He held you in line with a batch of clippings which could ruin you if he ever spilled about them. You had other men on a string: perhaps Blake, certainly Pete Connolly. There may have been others. You weren't at Blake's cocktail party, but you knew all about the beef he had with Nulty. That could have been your chance. You could have killed Nulty with Blake's gun, knowing the finger would be pointed straight at Steve. You hid the gun in that catchall closet in your office, where nobody but you ever went. You maybe forgot it was there until the night Conchita found it. You didn't have anything against her personally, but you were at the table and heard her insist on talking privately to Blake. And as for Pete—it's a cinch bet you and he quarreled last night. He had received the clippings. He'd maybe ended your romance. So you killed him right there at the top of the stairs outside your office."

She said, with an odd, haggard dignity, "I didn't kill Pete Connolly. I was in love with him."

"You quarreled, didn't you?"

"It wasn't a quarrel. I was upset."

"That's the way you tell it, Rusty. A jury might not think that way."



"I don't, either. But then, as I always say, Fred works hard all year, and he certainly has a right to get away for a couple of weeks and do what he likes—"

COLLIER'S JON CORNIN

She said bitterly, "You jump on the first suspect, don't you, Walsh? Once it was Steve Blake. Now it's me. Anybody you've got a case against. To hell with you!"

Marty took that in stride. He said, "Is that why you hired those two hoods to work over Blake? Maybe if this lad, Floyd Andrews, hadn't got there in time, they'd have beat out of him where he had the clippings."

She said something to indicate her supreme disgust. But she wasn't fooling anybody. She was badly frightened.

She had every reason to be. The case Marty had built against her was good, almost as good as the one he'd constructed against me on the Jeff Nulty thing.

Pat leaned over and whispered to me: "She didn't do it, Steve. I'm sure."

"What makes you so sure?"

"Woman's intuition, I guess."

Lieutenant Lane was doing things. He pulled out the side compartment of Rex Kingsley's desk, and a typewriter popped up. He looked through the drawers and found an envelope. He examined the envelope carefully. Then he slipped it under the platen of the machine and typed slowly.

When he finished he went over to Marty Walsh and took from him the envelope in which the clippings about Olive Palmer had been mailed to Pete Connolly. He studied them for a half minute, then drew Marty Walsh into a corner. I saw Walsh's face brighten, and heard him say, "You got something, Bert—you sure got something."

Lane's soft friendly voice floated across the room. He said, "This is mighty interesting. This envelope was typed on Rex Kingsley's machine."

Pat Kingsley's hand flew to her mouth. It pressed tight against her lips. She said, "No! Rex wouldn't have killed Pete Connolly. He had no reason to."

She was too sure, too vehement. Looking at her, listening to her words, I got a sick, sinking sensation in my stomach.

THE cops worked hard on the Pete Connolly murder, but they didn't get very far. Within seventy-two hours several things were discovered, but none of them was terribly important. Connolly had been shot through the heart, once, with a .32. There were a lot of .32s in Los Angeles.

There was a bruise on Connolly's forehead which could have come from a fist, or a door. There was very little blood, and the floor of the dark, narrow mezzanine hallway indicated that he hadn't been shot where the body was lying. He'd probably been killed somewhere else, somewhere close, and carried there. Since he weighed only ninety-seven pounds soaking wet, that wouldn't have been too difficult, even for a woman.

Everybody I knew and a lot of people I didn't know could have been on the mezzanine at some time between eleven o'clock and midnight. Including myself. Of course, I hadn't been, but I couldn't prove it. Marty had been right when he said that no one of the strangers who sat at adjoining tables would have been watching me every minute. I myself couldn't have testified as to the movements of any given person at any nearby table. There had been too much activity, too much noise. Of course, Pat knew I'd been right there most of the time, but Marty had made it clear that he wasn't inclined to give too great credence to any alibi she handed me, and I couldn't blame him. As for the others: Mario and Rex Kingsley admitted they had been there, the former to see that things were going okay with Santa Claus, and Kingsley to make sure that no pieces of his costume were missing. Both said they hadn't seen any corpse.

Rusty Mason said she had stayed in her room, crying. That was because she had battled with Pete Connolly. Brian Garland, Wade Ramsay and Floyd Andrews claimed not to have been on the mezzanine at eleven. They had, according to their stories, just wandered around spreading good cheer.

The verdict of the coroner's jury was the usual thing: that deceased came to his death by a bullet fired from a .3 caliber gun in the hands of a person persons unknown. The gun wasn't foun

I spent the next few days adjusti myself. I saw Pat Kingsley infrequent and for not too long at any one tim She looked drawn and tired. I thoug she was avoiding me, but I couldn't sure. Business downstairs spurted. Not ing like a few good murders to dra a crowd. New Year's Eve was already sellout, at ten bucks per cover.

On the night of the twenty-eighth was alone in my apartment. I was stru gling to concentrate on a tricky proble of wing design, and getting nowhe fast. The telephone rang. It was Lie tenant Lane of the Hollywood Detecti Bureau. He said a couple of his boys h just brought in two men who answer the description of the pair who had b tered me around on a lonely cany road. Could I come down and ma positive identification before they start being persuasive? I said I could. asked him whether he'd told Ma Walsh and he said he was trying to c tact him.

I drove to the Hollywood station, unimaginative two-story building of y low brick. It looked exactly like a p lice station.

Downstairs there was a jail and a de behind which clustered a lot of u formed policemen. They sent me u stairs to the Detective Bureau, wh was on the second floor. I walked i a little room with a railing.

It was full of detectives, some lar some larger. Lieutenant Lane was hind the desk. He stood up to sha hands with me.

THE detective outfit occupied a se of tiny squad rooms. Lane took into one of them and beckoned Serge Ehrlich to follow. Two other detecti came in also: a long, lanky one wit round face, very little hair, glasses, a a big gun; and another, equally tall, much younger and heavier.

Lane said they had picked up the men in a bowling alley. Both had der knowledge of the incident, and the c didn't want to start really arguing v them unless they were sure. They t me back into the main office and let peep through a gimlet hole into the r room where two policemen were sitt

I recognized them right away, b wanted to be even surer than that. W I was still looking, Marty Walsh Sergeant Tremont came in. Th driven all the way from Homicide D sion in City Hall. We said hello around, and Lane asked me the score

I said, "Those are the two, all right

"Mind walking in on them?"

I said that was okay with me. opened the door and walked in: Wa Lane, Tremont and Ehrlich. They sho the policemen out of the room. and Ernie looked at me.

I repeated my positive identificat They swore they'd never seen me bef and—what was more—that they never beaten up anybody in any can at any time. Marty Walsh started t ing to me in a placid conversati voice. He said, "The public has a lo wrong ideas about third degree. St Walloping a statement out of a man worth soup. It doesn't stand up in c and it hurts your case. But when yo dealing with hoods, and when you k you've got the right ones—when yo sure of it like we're sure of these —why, we got to go as far as they us go to get some truth out of them."

He looked at Tremont and Ehr Both were big men, both powe Calmly and dispassionately, they off their coats and folded them ne One stood in front of the two priso in whose eyes the faint, flickering of apprehension was beginning to sl

Marty Walsh spoke softly. He "This is going to hurt you more th

o us, boys. You've both been around. W you have it the easy way?"
m cracked first. "We ain't done o in'," he growled.
'low much nothing ain't you done?"
'Vell, not entirely nothin', but we n mixed up in them killings."
'hen you *do* know Blake, eh?"
'ure, we seen him."
'Vhen?"
'he night we had that mix-up in the ion."
'ou've decided to talk?"

EY looked at each other, and again im acted as spokesman. He said, , there ain't no percentage gittin' it out of you."
lsh said, "This is your chance, boys. try playing cute."
n said, "It's so screwy, you ain't believe it. But no matter how you bounce me, I ain't gonna be change it."
officers waited, patiently.
was like this," Slim went on. "Me rnie, we live in one of them back- Hollywood hotels. One day comes r addressed to the both of us. We it and there is five one-hundred- bills. No letter, no nothing. Just ough. We think maybe we're only we ain't. Then we think it's . We take it to a bank and ask the ight out is it real. We say we won maybe it ain't genuine. They over, say it's okay and break it little bills for us. We go back jernt, wondering what's happen-

ybe an hour later, the manager s to the phone. It's on the street nder the stairway. Just the one There's a guy on the other end. me have we got an envelope with ndred smackers in it. I say yes. would we like another five hun- go with it, and I say yes again. him who is it, and he says that matter.
yway, he gives me a description of ake here: name, size, coloring, ev- g. He says he knows me and ave got a car. He says we're to ery night outside the Casa Linda. ight Blake will come out alone ve away. We're to follow. If we in a dark spot we're to grab him, im over, and tell him to keep his t of things that ain't none of his . He says he'll know if and when it, and the day after, we'll get a five hundred."
you get it?"
, no! Can you imagine a guy on us like that?"
said, "Keep going."
, anyway, the third night we're ut, things work beautiful. Ex- don't have no easy time fol- Blake on account he drives fast But we get him. We tell him was told to say, and we work r. Then somebody else comes d that makes it two on a side so it."
thought it over for a moment. "You wouldn't happen to have ope the money came in?"
, I got it." Slim fished around cket of his dirty sport jacket and a battered, typewritten en- He handed it over to Walsh. He e looked at it and walked into t office together. Walsh took r envelopes out of his pocket examined the three together. y called me in.
sting," Walsh said. "They check nvelope Lane typed on the ma- Rex Kingsley's office, and with g on the one which was used ng the clippings about Rusty Pete Connolly. You wouldn't ng anything about them, would e?"
Lots of people had access to e. Any one of them could have typed the envelopes. And I'm sure even you wouldn't believe I'd pay two hoodlums five hundred dollars to beat me up."

"I don't think you would, at that." Walsh walked back into the squad room. He said, "One thing more, boys. Would you recognize the voice that talked to you over the phone?"

They said they thought they would. Marty said, "I'm going to talk to somebody. When Lieutenant Lane here gives you the word, you're each to pick up one of the extensions. You're not to say a word. Nothing. Just listen."

He went in the front room and called the Casa Linda. He identified himself and asked to speak to Rex Kingsley. Lane picked two telephones off their cradles and handed one instrument to each of the prisoners.

The conversation didn't mean a thing. Marty asked a few questions about how the club was running. He stretched it out for about three minutes. Then he hung up, and Slim and Ernie did the same. He said, "What's the answer, boys?"

Slim said, "That's the guy."

Ernie said, "I'll ride along with that, Chief."

"How would you know?" asked Walsh sharply. "Slim was the one talked to him from the hotel."

"Yeah. But I was interested, 'count of the five hundred, see? I was crowdin' the phone all the time they was talkin'. That's the guy."

Walsh and Lane nodded at each other. Lane said to Sergeant Ehrlich, "Take these monkeys down an' book 'em, will you? Anything you can think up."

They disappeared down the hall. Marty looked at me and then at Bert Lane. He said, "You busy, Bert?" and Lane said no.

"How's about riding over to the Casa Linda? Maybe you and me and Stevie boy could have a cozy little talk with Rex Kingsley, huh?"

Lane said he thought that was a good idea. We started down the hall. Marty Walsh said, half to himself, "And we might as well make it real good, while we're at it. We'll bring Mrs. Kingsley in, too."

MARTY WALSH, Bert Lane and I went through the lobby and up to the seventh floor. Walsh pressed the buzzer on 7-A, and Pat Kingsley opened the door.

She had on a powder-blue negligee. The general effect was Grecian, and didn't hide the fact that she was a perfect 34. It was very lovely.

She recognized the two detectives. Then she looked at me. She asked, nervously, "What is it? What's wrong?"

Marty said, "May we come in, ma'am?"

She stood aside and we walked in. It was quite an apartment. There were two doors in the living room. Both opened into bedrooms. Walsh asked which was Kingsley's. Pat pointed to the nearest one.

The living room was huge. Lots of windows, lots of view. Evidently Pat had been reading, because an open book lay face down in an easy chair under a standing lamp, and a half-smoked cigarette smoldered in an ash tray alongside. Off the other end of the room there was a dinette and quite a kitchen, much bigger than the setup in my next-door apartment. There was a telephone on the little table just beyond the archway separating living room and foyer.

Marty Walsh said he had merely dropped in for a little chat. He asked Pat to phone downstairs for her husband. She hesitated, but only briefly. Her eyes were still full of questions. I managed to grin, trying to convey to her the information that everything was all right—or as nearly all right as it could ever be while indiscriminate homicide was in the air.

"Less than ten minutes after she

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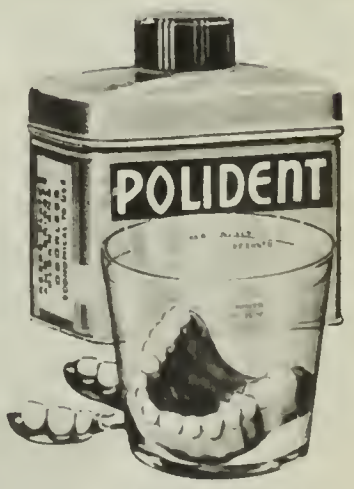


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phoned, a key grated in the lock, the front door opened and slammed and Rex Kingsley walked in. He looked very handsome and very annoyed. He took three steps into the living room, looked at each of us in turn and said, "What the hell goes on here?"

Marty invited him to have a seat. Rex didn't refuse, but he didn't sit down, either. He was overflowing with hostility and ill temper. It seemed to me that he wasn't playing it very smart.

Walsh started talking, his voice soft as silk. He described Slim and Ernie. When he finished, he said, "Do you know either of those men, Kingsley?"

"Why should I?"

"I didn't ask that. I asked, do you?"

"No."

"They're a couple of rough characters," Marty stated. "They trail people and beat them up. They do it for money. They're not awfully good at it, but they try their best."

Kingsley asked, "What has this got to do with me?"

"They say they know you. Not personally, but by mail and telephone. Just a little while ago when you and I were talking on the telephone, they listened in. They identified your voice. They claim you sent them five hundred dollars anonymously, through the mail, and then followed up with a phone call offering an extra five hundred if they beat up Mr. Blake and warned him to keep his nose out of things that didn't concern him."

Kingsley said, "They're both liars."

"Maybe. I'm just trying to find out."

"Couple of cheap hoods. Why wouldn't they identify any voice you asked them to identify?"

"You got a point there, Kingsley. Could be that way. Only I don't think so."

"You'd take their word against mine?"

"Here's the deal, Kingsley. Those clippings we found in Pete Connolly's pocket after he was killed: they were typed on a machine in your office downstairs. The envelope these two characters say they got the five hundred in—that was typed on the same machine."

"So what? I don't keep that office locked. People are in and out of there day and night. Anybody could use that typewriter."

"But *do* they?"

"How would I know?" He picked a cigarette out of a cigarette case that looked like solid gold, and lighted it with a lighter that also looked like gold. "You boys will have to do better than that if you're trying to tie me in."

WALSH said, "We're not trying to tie anybody in, Kingsley. We're prospecting, is all. We're asking questions, and sometimes we're getting mighty unsatisfactory answers. I'm going to try a few on you. I'd advise you to answer straight. You might fool us for a little while, but not always."

"I'm not certain of that, Walsh. You've been fooled before."

"About Steve Blake? Tell you the truth, Kingsley—I'm still not entirely sure I *was* fooled. That's one of the things I came up here to talk about. Blake was acquitted on the strength of your wife's testimony. You know what she testified, so I won't rehash it. What's been happening since ain't exactly according to Hoyle."

Rex's expression was ugly. "What kind of a crack is that?"

"You understand me, all right. Either you know she lied on the stand and know *why*, or you know she told the truth and you go right on living with her. Which is it?"

Pat started to say something, but Marty cut her off. He said, "Just a minute, Mrs. Kingsley. What I've just stated is fact. If it's embarrassing, I'm sorry. Maybe there's a good answer. If there is, I'd like to hear it."

Kingsley said, "Just what way is your dirty mind working, Walsh?"

Marty's eyes grew a shade colder. He said, "You ain't buying yourself a lot of good will, Kingsley."

"I'm not asking for it. What happens inside this apartment—between my wife and myself—is our business."

"She couldn't have been covering for you, could she?"

Rex didn't answer. He leaned against the mantel, obviously enjoying the theatric quality of the scene.

"Or is it," continued Marty easily, "that you were willing for her to play house with Blake for reasons of your own?"

"Why, you lousy . . ."

Lieutenant Lane's long figure uncoiled and ranged alongside Rex. He said, gently, "Ain't any sense getting mad."

"But when he insinuates . . ."

"He ain't insinuating. He's saying it right out. When a man's wife tells the world she's another man's mistress, the husband usually does something about it. Not shooting, or anything old-fashioned like that . . . but maybe just walking out on her, or throwing her out. He doesn't just take it. Kind of makes him a ridiculous figure if he does."

That got under Rex's hide.

"Of course," Lane went on, "could be you're a noble guy. Could be you think Mrs. Kingsley killed Jeff Nulty. Only you don't strike me as the noble type, Kingsley. You look to me like the wrong end of a horse."

Marty picked up the needling. He said, "Who pays for this apartment, Kingsley? You or the missus?"

"None of your business."

"Did she buy you that swank new convertible you're driving?"

No answer.

"And all those expensive new clothes you had tailored recently? And those gold accessories? You couldn't afford those things yourself, Kingsley."

Marty Walsh was doing a nice little job of whittling away at Rex's ego. "Killing Nulty, I could figure," Walsh went on. "You don't mind being kept by a rich wife, but you'd hate to be anybody's assistant in a night club. Maybe also you and Nulty didn't agree about Conchita. And maybe Conchita didn't agree about you. Must have hit you hard, too . . . when you're such a bear cat with the women. Now about Rusty . . . there's a gal who could have gone overboard for a collar ad like you. You're the type who might think she was worth having. You could hate Steve Blake because Rusty went for him, so it might have been worth five hundred dollars to get him beat up. And since you knew that Rusty and Pete Connolly were talking about getting married . . . that could have made you mad, too. So damned mad maybe you would put a .32 right through his heart."

Kingsley moved away from the mantel. Bert Lane moved with him, his arctic eyes watching warily. But Kingsley didn't do anything except talk. He started telling Walsh what he thought of him. His language was straight out of the gutter. It was vile and shocking.

Walsh relaxed on the couch and took it imperturbably. When Rex ran down, Marty said, "You sure waste a lot of words, Kingsley."

Rex said, "Are you accusing me of murder?"

"Not yet."

"Do you plan to?"

"It all depends. But I'm interested. You're in the middle of everything. You're neck-deep in motive. I came up here to give you a chance to talk your way out. You haven't played it that way. You know why? I think you're scared."

"Of a cheap cop like you?"

"Nope. Of something else. Of something I might have overlooked."

"You mean you haven't enough evidence to arrest me, is that it?"

"Perhaps. I believe those two hoods I've got locked up. But they could be lying. Maybe they're covering for somebody they know. What they said didn't *have* to be the truth. For all I know, that telephone call they got could even have been from a woman. Maybe they just said it was a man to throw us off." He turned to Lieutenant Lane. "Smart crooks pitch curves like that all the time, don't they, Bert?"

Lane nodded gravely. He said, "It ain't impossible that Mrs. Kingsley did the telephoning. Keeping on living together this way, how do we know but what she and this louse are still crazy about each other?"

I felt myself getting tight inside. I said, "Take it easy, Lane."

"You keep out of this, Blake. It ain't your party. And take my word for it, *anything could be*. Especially where there's a lot of murder concerned. I'll ask you just one question, then you can get back to the side lines: Haven't you done some wondering why Kingsley and his wife didn't bust up after what she testified about her affair with you?"

Pat Kingsley said quietly, "It probably does look odd, Lieutenant. But that's the way things are."

"Why?"

"Isn't that our business: Rex's and mine?"

"I ain't so sure."

"It certainly is," broke in Kings "unless you get something more to on. And I've had enough of this. Eit you arrest me or get the hell out."

Marty asked, genially, "What are y Kingsley—tough or frightened?"

Bert Lane said, "Looks like we a welcome, Marty."

"You're not!" That was King again, whipping himself into fresh f "You'd crucify me if you could."

Walsh and Lane started for the d They motioned me to follow. Rex st where he was. But Pat walked half across the living room with me.

We looked hard at each other. In face I saw worry and fear. But I di see guilt. Maybe that was because I prejudiced—because I knew then, mistakably, that I was in love with



"Some of the boys are getting up a card game for tonight and they dared me to ask you if I could go"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

FOR several days I did nothing r than work and think. But thoughts were not on aerodynar No matter what I tried to think ab I would come back to Pat Kingsley.

That scene in her apartment h been pretty. Not much of a persona ture had been discussed that she a hadn't touched on before. But this bringing it out in the open.

They had a lot on Rex Kingsley. much perhaps. By all the rules, he sh have been scared to death. He *had* frightened, but not nearly enough. had played it like a man who held p good cards and was determined to them for all they were worth. He h even reacted violently until they ne his vanity.

Anybody could have typed the m ing envelopes. Rex hadn't lied abo office being a thoroughfare. If som wanted to cover, there couldn't more logical front than Kingsley. I like the guy, but I couldn't see that had any more on him than they h me when they'd thrown me in the for the murder of Jeff Nulty. No as much, actually.

New Year's Eve came arou watched the beginning of the show stairs and was surprised to see that Mabry, the orchestra leader, wa ceeing. I wondered what was ailin Kingsley.

I didn't see Pat. Maybe she an husband were together somewhere brating privately. I didn't relish th I finally turned in and flopped arou the bed for hours before getting to When I woke, the clock told me after nine, and outside there was th pressive quiet that follows a too- night.

The day passed miserably. I w tain of only one thing: No matte happened, I wasn't going to conta Kingsley. It was a New Year's reso and I wasn't one of these we who make resolutions idly. I ke one until afternoon: the early aft of Friday, January 2d. And eve circumstances had to conspire me.

Twice my apartment telephon Twice I answered it. Twice the li been crossed with the line to the K apartment. Twice I heard Pat ta not about anything in particula talking. Both times I replaced the ment on its cradle.

I went into the hall and rapped door. We were both embarrassed

"I've been wanting to talk t she said.

I suggested having dinner toge said I thought it'd be fine if dressed right away so we could long pleasant drive and just ta said she'd rap on my door as soo was ready.

When she knocked on the opened it with my hat in my ha said, "May I come in a minute f

I said sure, gave her my best c offered her a drink which she d

e said, "If you hadn't come to see me, was going to telephone you, Steve. I'm orried."

"About what?"

"About something we might discuss fore we go out." She looked everywhere but at me, as though wondering ether to go through with it. Then she sed her eyes to mine and said, "Rex s disappeared."

"Disappeared? You mean . . . ?"

HE said, more steadily, "Nothing wrong that I know of. He's simply he."

"Where?" I asked. "When? How?"

I don't know. The first time I was are of it was night before last, just ore the show. Wade Ramsay dropped to see me. He was up in the air a e. Asked me where Rex was. I said I n't know. He said Rex wasn't in his ce, wasn't anywhere around the club. said their special New Year's Eve w was about to be ruined."

You haven't heard from Rex since?"

No . . . I'm afraid I won't."

Why?"

His big suitcase is gone. He has taken t of his clothes, about all he could into that suitcase. His new convertisn't in the garage. He drove out in it t four o'clock Wednesday."

said, "He wasn't here at all New 's Eve or last night?"

No. This morning I contacted his t. I spoke to one of the officers who ens to be a friend of Dad's. He had ght to tell me, but he told me any- The day before New Year—nesday—Rex drew out practically e money he had in the bank."

low much was that?"

round eight thousand dollars."

laid, "Wow!"

he amount surprised me, too. Any- he took it and left. It sounds as gh he didn't intend to come back." aid, "Listen, Pat—I've got to ask omething. What's between you and really? Most times you act as h you hated his insides. Other —like now—you seem about to down because maybe he's got him- nto a jam."

looked at me a long time. Then id, "How much do you know about nd me?"

ite a bit. Not as much as I'd like, h."

said, "I feel directly responsible hatever mess he's made of his life. was an auto accident . . ."

heard about that. It seems to have ff pretty well."

kept me tied to him. That, and my I went against Dad's wishes when ried Rex. I knew better than he Or, anyway, I thought so. I was uch in love with Rex then."

t now?"

. Not now. I haven't been for a me. But I owe him something. r wrong, any time he's in trouble, my best for him."

aning you're not reporting this to lice?"

t immediately. I asked Mr. Ram- to. Rusty Mason called Rex this g. I said he wasn't able to come hone. I didn't lie straight out, but erately created the impression that here, sick. Of course, if a lot of asses and I don't hear from ."

i, "That could be awkward, Pat. Walsh won't like having you hold him. What do you think that his dicates?"

worried. He's my husband, le- any rate. I won't be a party to anything happen to him."

's just another way of saying you mething you're not telling. Isn't tructing justice, Pat?"

Her answer was direct, as she had thought it over for a e. "The law provides that a wife cannot be compelled to testify against her husband. There's another provision which holds that she isn't even a competent witness against him except in certain types of actions. That seems to indicate to me that if I know something which might injure Rex, I'm legally as well as morally justified in keeping it to myself."

I said I wouldn't argue the point with her. The important thing was that she had elected to follow a certain course, and it was none of my business whether or not she was right.

We got ready to go somewhere. She was standing at the door waiting for me to close the windows when the telephone rang. It rang long and loud. I knew it was important before I even said hello.

It was important, all right. A woman's voice asked whether this was my number. I said yes, and the other voice said, "Victorville calling." Pat was close to the phone. She came even closer. That was fine with me.

I said hello again. There was a brief pause and then a man said, "Who is that?"

"Steve Blake."

"Are you alone?"

I thought I recognized the voice. I said, "Yes. Who is this?"

"Rex Kingsley." He sounded shaky. "I need help. Lots of help. Right away. You're the one person in the world I feel I can trust."

That struck me as odd.

Kingsley continued nervously: "Will you keep this to yourself—no matter what you decide to do?"

I said, "Yes."

"Okay. You've got to come where I am. No one else knows where that is. It's terribly important."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because," he said tensely, "if you do exactly what I say I'll be able to give you tangible, documentary proof which will clear up all three of those murders."

THE distant voice said impatiently, "Hello—hello!" and I said, "I'm still here, Kingsley."

Rex said, "Are they looking for me?"

"I don't know."

There was a brief pause. "You know the San Berdoo-Victorville road?"

I said I knew it.

"I'll meet you at ten o'clock tonight. You won't throw me down, will you, Steve?"

"Where are you staying?"

"It doesn't matter where I'm staying. Where I'll meet you is the important thing. Listen carefully, but don't write it down. Don't write anything. Ready?"

"Yes."

"You don't go all the way into San Bernardino. You swing left before you get into town. That'll put you on the Las Vegas road. Keep on it until you get almost to the top of Cajón Pass. There's a curve in the road—a left curve the way you'll be driving. On the right of it there's a gas station with a few auto cabins scattered around. Everything painted in black and white stripes like zebras. Your headlights can't miss it. Follow me so far?"

I said I followed him.

"Okay. Right in front of the gas pump, check the mileage on your speedometer. Exactly three and two-tenths miles from there a narrow dirt road winds off into a canyon. The mileage is important: you'd miss it otherwise. Be sure no other car is anywhere around when you turn off the main highway. Go about a quarter of a mile along that dirt road."

I said okay. I thought of a lot of questions, but I knew he wouldn't give me the right answers. He talked as though this might be pretty important. He made it sound like this was my big chance to get somewhere. He said, "You won't tell the cops, Steve?"

"No. I won't tell the cops."

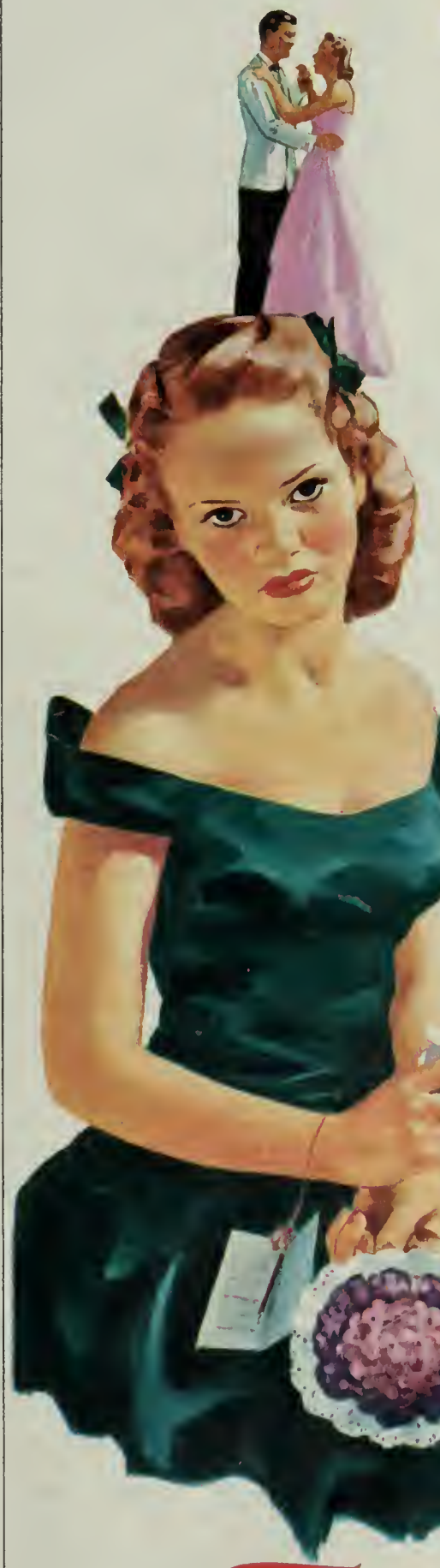
"You got plenty of time. Even driv-

BE A BEAUTY ON THE BEACH, BUT

DON'T BE A DUD

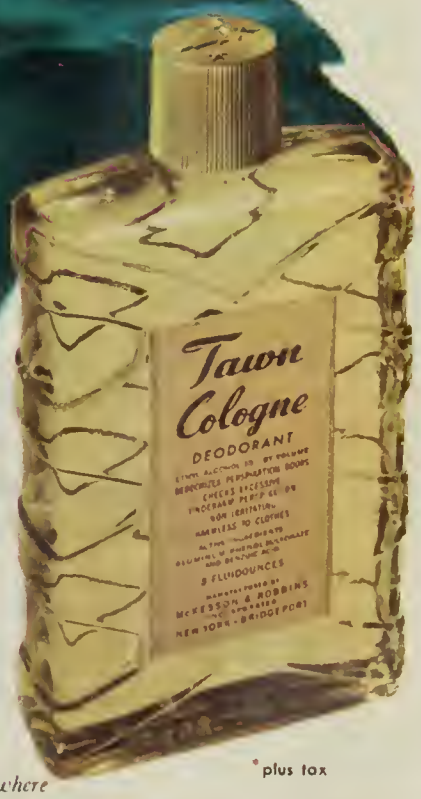
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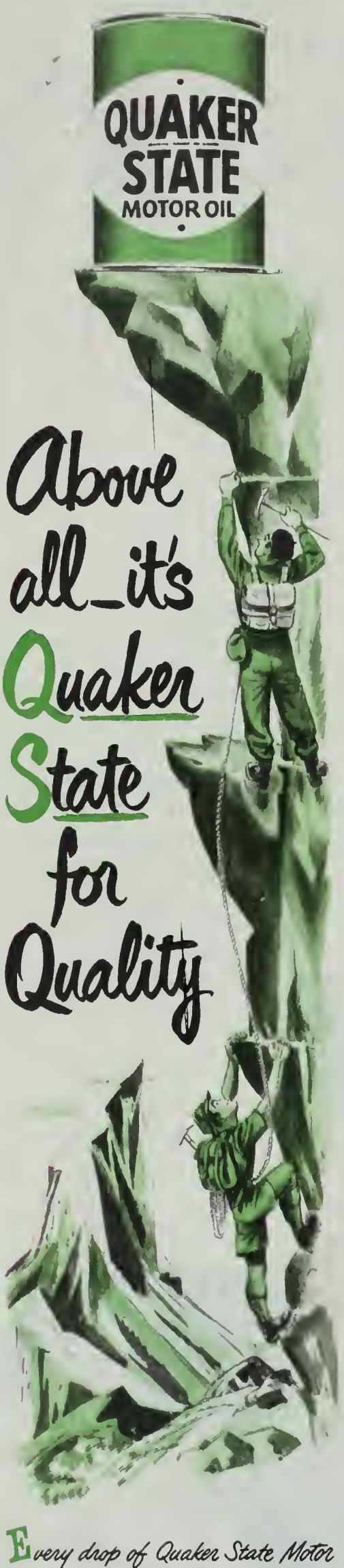
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ing slow you can make it in less than three hours."

"I'll be there," I said. "Now let me check back on the directions." I repeated them carefully.

Rex said nervously, "You haven't written any of that, have you?"

I told him I hadn't. He said goodby and the line went dead. I put the telephone down and looked at Pat. Her cheeks were pallid, her eyes too bright. She said, "You're not going, are you?"

"Why not?"

"You might be killed . . ."

"By Rex?"

"Even that. He's frightened."

"He sounded on the level," I said. "Just because he was frightened and desperate. Figure it out, Pat. He didn't have to tell me where he was."

"What's your guess, Steve?"

"You won't like this," I said. "I haven't much admiration for your husband. Maybe he thinks I'm in love with you. Maybe he'll offer a trade: He'll step out of the picture if I'll help him. There's nothing chivalrous about that, but it might be the way he's thinking."

She looked at me oddly. "Suppose he shot you?"

"If he's got that in mind, he's certainly doing it the hard way. Uh-uh, Pat. This I've got to do."

"You'll tell Marty Walsh?"

"No."

She said, "I'm going with you."

"No soap."

"I'll either ride with you, or follow in my own car. Take your choice, Steve."

She wasn't kidding. I asked what she had in mind, and she said—plausibly enough—that she knew Rex better than I did; she'd be able to evaluate whatever it was he intended to say; she'd know whether he was trying to pull a fast one. I finally gave in.

We took my car and drove out Sunset slowly; traffic both ways was heavy.

PROGRESS through Pasadena was slow. Plenty of traffic cops lurking around, and I didn't want a ticket. We continued moving at a modest pace until after we'd passed the town and come within sight of the gaudy magnificence of the Santa Anita track. After that we picked up a little speed. Just short of San Bernardino I pulled up across the street from a big lunchroom which specialized in short orders, thick malts and juke boxes. I said, "We've got a lot of time to kill. We'd better eat something."

I finally sold Pat an order of bacon and eggs and ordered the same for myself. She ate a little, but not much. I did all right by mine. We each had three cups of coffee, and we wound up on lemon meringue pie. Some high-school kids barged in, dropped nickels in the juke-box slot, and a name orchestra began to beat out loud jive. I paid the check, tipped the waitress and we went back to the car. We leaned against the cushions and just talked. We still had too much time.

The food had helped me, and it had done wonders for Pat. She was still tense, but not jittery. Finally she said, "I can't help being apprehensive, Steve."

"I hoped you had quit worrying."

"Worrying has become a habit with me." She lighted a cigarette for herself. "Will Rex be there?"

"I think so."

"How far will you play along with him?"

I said carefully, "It all depends on what he's got on his mind."

"You'll be careful? Every second?"

I said I'd do my best. I didn't like the setup any better than she did, but it still looked like a smart play. Anything seemed preferable to the doubt which had been plaguing me for so long. And there was another angle I hadn't discussed with Pat: Marty Walsh hadn't checked me out of his calculations. Not by a long shot, he hadn't. He couldn't touch me for the killing of Jeff Nulty, and he didn't have any gripe against me personally, but he still thought the jury which acquitted me had been wrong.

We turned left at a highway intersection, and I stopped for more gas. We didn't need it, but a checkup is always in line when you're heading out into the mountains and desert.

I headed north, avoiding the town. I knew the approximate distance we still had to travel. By taking it at a conservative thirty, we ought to hit it on the nose.

The road started to climb a few miles north of the town. It would keep right on climbing. This was the beginning of Cajón Pass.

Up and up. Twisting and turning. We were in the mountains now—among peaks and ravines and canyons. There was a quarter moon and a million stars. The air was cool but not cold. It was fragrant with the odor of sage and manzanita. It was mountain and desert all together: lonely, stupendous, impressive country.

At the top of the pass, the road swung left in a long, leisurely arc. Our headlights picked out a gas station and a half-dozen forlorn cottages painted in broad, diagonal zebra stripes. This was our checking point. I looked at the speedometer, made a mental note, and added 3.2 to the total.

I drove meticulously from there on, remembering Rex Kingsley's warning about the danger of overshooting the mark. Precisely at the 3.2 point I saw what looked like a trail jutting off to the right. I made sure there were no other cars about, went into second and nosed cautiously along the path.

Thirty feet after leaving the road, it dropped downward. It kept right on dropping. I wondered how a car could manage to turn around, but that was something to worry about later. I shifted into low, and moved even more slowly.

A quarter of a mile. That's not far, but it's still difficult to estimate. I put my lights on bright. Lots of sage, a few Joshua trees. Hills, ravines, nothing else.

Then suddenly my headlights picked out a long, sleek convertible. Rex Kingsley's car. It had been backed off the trail, as though in preparation for starting its upward climb suddenly.

I didn't see Kingsley. I got out f under the wheel, leaving my lights Pat got out the other side. I took hand.

We approached the car slowly. I c Rex's name. My voice seemed to c forever. There was no answer.

That was odd. If he were anyw around, he couldn't have failed to me. But even when I called agair didn't answer.

And then, suddenly, I knew why: Kingsley was there, all right. He lying on his face on the far side o new car.

It took me less than ten secon realize that he was dead.

WHATEVER I had expected to it wasn't this. I had looked for to a long, informative, perhaps un ant, talk with Rex Kingsley. But the wouldn't talk again. Not ever.

Pat was down on her knees besic body. She was limned in the head of my car as sharply as a stage sta big scene. Only she wasn't acting, all. She had one hand on Rex King cold forehead, the other on his sho She showed more shock than grief, couldn't be sure. It hadn't been s since she reminded me that she hac loved this man.

The scene was too brilliantly li too stark. I walked back to my c got a flashlight out of the glove partment. I snapped off the head I went back to where Pat was, thr a little circle of light wherever I w it to go.

I put my hand on Pat's head. It much of a gesture, nor all that I have liked to do, but it was som More than anything else in the w wanted to help her, to soften th that already had fallen, and to shi from what was still in store.

I didn't know how to go abou had the insane feeling that Rex ley was listening to whatever I say; that he could see me with hi that I must be careful not to intr things which were none of my b

I had disliked Kingsley from t ment of our first meeting, but I dislike him now. I was sorry f



VAN SCHREIBER

SPORTING ODDS

Shortly after the turn of the century, Marysville, Missour had a baseball team in the Mink League, so named because it wa cornered on four states: Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska and Kansa Their second-base pride and joy, and occasional despair, wa Bulger Walsh. In one game, Bulger was at bat with two strike on him. The pitcher put everything he had on the next pitch, low ball with a lot of drop. Bulger took a mighty swing—an missed. This was lucky. For the ball slammed into the fro edge of the plate, bounced high over the catcher, umpire an grandstand, and disappeared. Bulger waddled around the base all four of them, for a home run—and a strike-out. And the hom was allowed, for there was no ground rule covering interferen by the grandstand. —C. E. Kane, Chicago, Illino

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I was experiencing that much of
tional impact, what must his wife
ng?
e voice came up to me, scarcely
han a whisper. She said, "This
make sense, Steve."
t doesn't, Pat?"
Killed. Why? By whom?"
ldn't answer that.
can't understand it," she said.
le a quick but thorough exami-
Rex had been shot twice, both
st under the left breast. Either
bullets could have killed him.
was on his face, I didn't know.
ed the flash on Pat. She looked
h she might crack wide open. I
lish the thought. Not that I'd
sing her under ordinary circum-
ut this was something different.
"Listen, Pat—and this is awful
t. Until later, try to forget it's
p a grip on yourself. Promise?"
dded stiffly.
s have got to be done." I went
ve to look around. I'll have to
one out here pretty soon. I
go through his pockets."

t of women won't have
s these days because
e afraid of another war,"
Pickett told Jeff Baker.
that's why I won't have
r man. I'm afraid of losing
The young diplomat tried
vince her that was cow-
—but when Susan agreed,
almost too late. The cold
as getting hot, and Jeff
aded for the middle of it.

GINNING NEXT WEEK

AFFAIR OF STATE

/ NOVEL BY PAT FRANK
THOR OF MR. ADAM

l over the phone that he had
ry proof which would clear
mess. If that proof is still in
or in his car, I want to find
o find it first."
sound a little way up the hill.
ff my flashlight. I was jittery
ot the idea the killer might be
newhere. It would be a lovely
im: Rex Kingsley dead. Pat
d Steve Blake in perfect tar-
.
d down alongside where Pat
I wanted to put my arms
, but I didn't. I wondered
understood why I couldn't
that this was Rex's last scene,
ught to leave the spotlight to
heart was hammering. The
neone was lurking up the hill
ly intelligence told me that
r was long gone from Cajón
e sound I had heard was just
at was probably twice as
was, if that were possible.
he flashlight on again, and
Pat. If someone wanted to
g, this was his chance. I
isn't going to be easy, Pat.
'd spare you if I could. But
t, and I also need both my
you help?"
answer. But she did what I
eld the light steadily.
back the right side of Rex's
rst thing I saw was a long,
t. Expensive tooled leather.
ay in the pocket, halfway
e could have taken some-
m that pocket and left the
ay.
side. It was filled with nice
y: hundreds and fifties. I
didn't take time to count it, but Pat had said he'd drawn eight thousand dollars from the bank, and this would come pretty close to being that much. In any event, it was a lot of money.

There was another wallet in his left hip pocket. Perhaps a hundred dollars in that one. In the other trousers pockets, some dollar bills and a little silver. The smaller wallet had identification cards. In his other pockets were cigarettes and matches. There was the beautiful gold cigarette case I'd seen before. He was wearing an expensive wrist watch and a ring set with a too-large diamond. You could think anything you wanted about his death, except it couldn't be robbery. Whoever had killed Mr. Kingsley had done so because he wanted Mr. Kingsley to be dead. Period.

I looked all around for a gun or a shell. No sign of either, but that didn't mean anything. A gun could have been tossed forty feet away and I could have looked for a week without finding it.

I got up and pulled Pat to her feet. She didn't protest. She followed me to Rex's car, walking like an automaton. His keys were still in the ignition. Again I had her hold the flash for me, while I went over the car. Everything seemed to be shipshape. I flicked the light around, looking for a third set of tire tracks. I didn't find them. Whoever had killed Rex had walked down the trail. Or had ridden with him.

I FOUND a hummock near by which was just about of bench height. I pulled Pat down beside me, and put my arm around her. I knew that no matter what the circumstances I would always be poignantly aware of her nearness, that I would always want my arm about her. I tried to keep my feelings out of my voice. I said, "Whoever killed Rex took whatever it was he wanted to show me. It must have been in his inside coat pocket, where the long wallet was. Have you any idea what it could have been?"

She shook her head.

"Anything you can think of," I prompted. "No matter how far-fetched it seems."

She shook her head again. Then she began to tremble, as a person trembles at the beginning of a chill. It wasn't the cold, although it was plenty chilly here. It was a trembling that came from inside, from too much emotion pent up too tightly and too long.

She started to cry. She put her arms around me and kept right on crying. It was a quiet crying, rather dreadful. I didn't try to stop her. I didn't say a word. After all, what was there to say? I kept my arm about her, holding her body close against mine. I reached over with my free hand and stroked her cheek. Eventually the crying stopped and her body was still again, and we sat that way, just the two of us lost in a world that was bigger than all eternity.

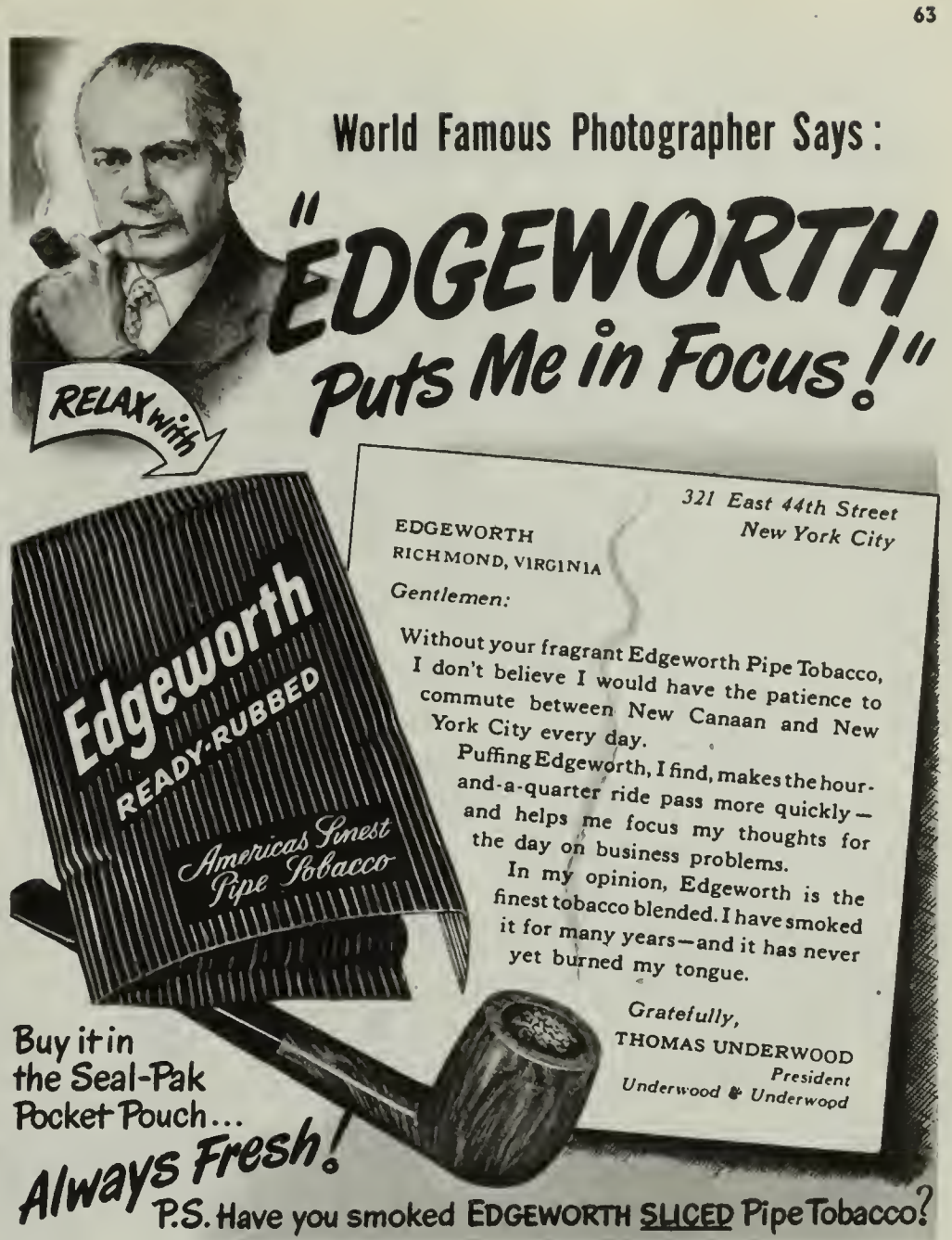
After a long, long time she got herself under control. I told her we had to do things. We had to get word to the sheriff in San Bernardino, and ask him to notify Marty Walsh. Walsh would be mighty interested in this.

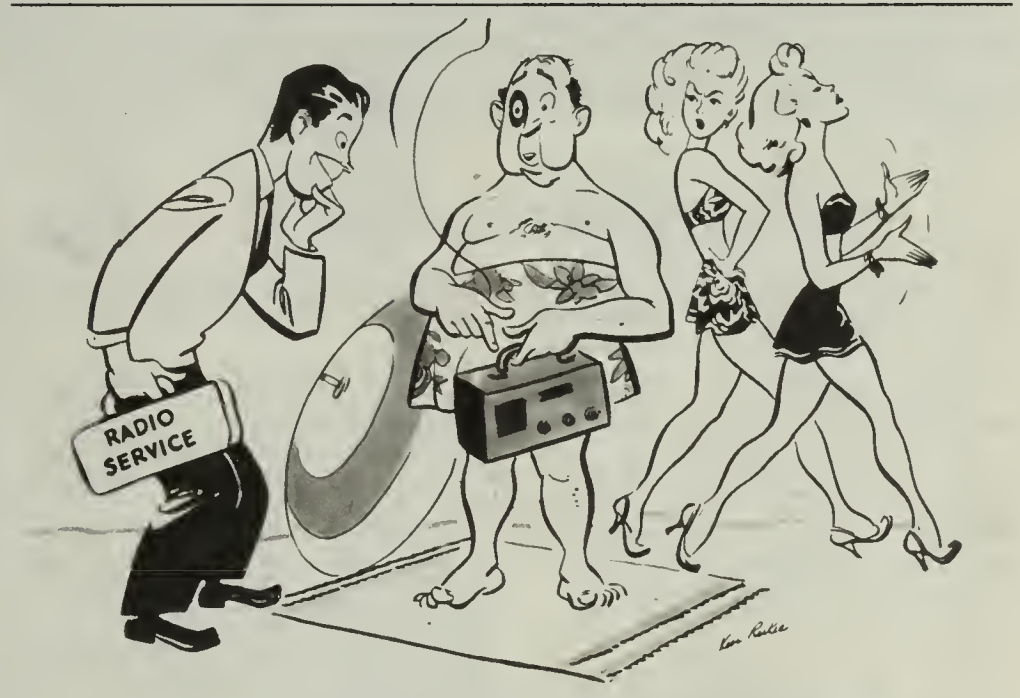
I said I was going to try to flag a car headed for San Berdoo. I explained it would be better if we didn't leave the body of Rex Kingsley. I took her hand and we walked slowly up the trail to the main road.

Three cars appeared, traveling south. They didn't even slow down in answer to my thumb appeal. I said, "They don't want any part of a man hitchhiker on this lonely stretch, Pat. I'll step back here in the darkness. You flag the next one. They'll stop for a woman."

She nodded.

One car ignored the lonely woman on the deserted highway, but the next one stopped. There was a couple in it, a young man and his girl friend. Or maybe she was his wife. They had been seeing





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the New Year in at Las Vegas and were headed home. Even when I stepped into the picture, the man didn't turn a hair.

I pointed down the hill and said there had been a bad accident. I let them think it was my car. I said a man had been killed. Instantly the man and woman became solicitous.

I said there was only one thing they could do. Get into San Bernardino as fast as they could and go straight to the sheriff's office. I handed the man my card and asked him to give it to the sheriff. I told him it was of vital importance to ask the sheriff to telephone Lieutenant Marty Walsh of the Los Angeles Homicide Division.

THE woman in the car looked at my card. Then she looked at Pat Kingsley. I saw recognition leap into her eyes. Steve Blake and Mrs. Patricia Maxwell Kingsley. All alone in the mountains with a dead body. Sure, they'd know about us, if they could read.

The driver reached into the glove compartment of his car. He said, "It's cool up here. Maybe you and the young lady might be able to use this."

I accepted gratefully. He gave me his card, renewed his promise and drove away. His car was a good one. It vanished swiftly and smoothly. Pat and I found another hummock by the side of the road, far enough back to be clear of headlights. I made her take a big drink.

We sat silent for a long time. I began to think back over all the things that had happened since I had first seen her: the things I understood and the ones I didn't expect ever to understand. I took her hand and started to talk.

I said, "I don't know what's right and what's wrong about this, Pat—but there's something I'd like to say. Now. For whatever it's worth, I want you to know that I love you. I've loved you for a long time. I've never understood you, but that still hasn't made any difference."

She was silent. I started worrying. And then her voice came to me, ever so faintly. She said, "I've loved you for a long time, too, Steve. I couldn't help it, either."

I drew her closer in the circle of my arm. It was out in the open now, for better or for worse, for happiness or for misery. I made no attempt to kiss her. We simply clung to each other, not talking at all. It was a hell of a love scene, but for the moment I forgot tragedy and doubt and uncertainty, and remembered only that I was happy.

Two people in love can say a lot without words. Pat and I were that way. For a while there wasn't anybody else in the world. The mountains and the desert were there just for us. Someday perhaps we could act like normal human beings who loved each other. Now we could just sit quietly and know that it was so.

A car came whirling up the pass. I touched Pat's hair with my lips and said, "Steady, darling." It was the first term of endearment I'd ever used with her. It gave me a nice, possessive feeling.

I walked out on the road and flagged the car down. I knew it had to be the sheriff. It was.

The car jerked over to the side of the road, and three men tumbled out. One of them carried quite a bit of extra weight, but he was solid, too. He showed me a badge and said he was Sheriff Watterson of San Bernardino County. I told him who I was and introduced Pat. He, in turn, introduced the other two men. They were deputies. He said, "Who's down yonder?"

I said, "Rex Kingsley. Mrs. Kingsley's husband."

"Accident?"

"No. Murder."

He took it in stride. His soft, pleasant voice didn't betray any excitement. He said, "Got any ideas, Blake?"

I said no. I told briefly about finding the body. I didn't mention the thing Rex had called documentary proof, and which was apparently missing. He conferred with his deputies and sent them down the hill. They looked tall and rangy and efficient. I suppose they had to be. Policing an area as vast as San Bernardino County must be a considerable job. He told them to search carefully, and not to disturb anything, especially anything which might have fingerprints on it. "Even these folks' prints," he finished. "Of course, you've kind of poked around, haven't you, son?"

I said I had. He didn't seem surprised. I don't think he was ever surprised.

I asked him about Marty Walsh. He said he'd phoned right away and had contacted Marty. He said the lieutenant seemed mighty interested. He was on his way. We were all supposed to wait for him. "And if I know those L. A. homicide boys, he's practically here now," the sheriff finished.

He asked a few questions. I told my story, again—still omitting the supposedly missing document. That, I was saving for Marty. Watterson listened patiently. He spoke only two or three times, and then merely to say, "Ain't that a helluva note! Excuse me, ma'am."



COLLIER'S "And here's your pull-out bed . . ." DICK SHAW

The story took quite a while in the telling. Down the hill I could see two flashlights poking around. Then the ravine was lighted up. That would mean that they had turned on the headlights of both cars.

The San Bernardino coroner showed up. The official photographer was with him. They chatted with Sheriff Watterson and stumbled down the hill.

Watterson didn't try any tough-cop stuff. He was plain as an old shoe, and as comfortable. He put himself out to please Pat Kingsley.

Another car came racing. Watterson said, "That'll be your friend from L. A." He was right. It was Marty Walsh, looking slender and dapper and efficient. Behind him bulked the tall, solid figure and granite face of Sergeant Vic Tremont.

Sheriff Watterson and Marty shook hands. They conversed in whispers. Then they approached us. Pat and I got up.

Marty was neither friendly nor hostile. He said, "The sheriff tells me Rex Kingsley is lying down yonder, dead."

I nodded.

"You think it was murder, Steve?"

"Yes. He was shot at least twice. Right around the heart."

Marty Walsh looked up at the moon and the stars. He looked at me. He looked at Pat Kingsley.

"Same old rat race," he commented. "Just a different background." . . .

Sheriff Watterson was a nice guy. He sat around with us until they'd taken what remained of Rex Kingsley far away from Cajón Pass to the morgue in San Bernardino. Then he took us to his home—us being Pat, myself, Lieutenant Marty Walsh, Sergeant Vic Tremont and one of his two deputies.

We sat around and talked. Everybody knew the questions, but no one seemed to have the answers. It was like that. Same old story against a fresh backdrop. Cajón Pass instead of the Casa Linda. Watterson didn't try to take the ease away from Marty just because it happened in his territory. That was good, because otherwise we'd have had to do a lot of explaining about things that never had been in the newspapers.

Marty Walsh left it up to us whether we'd prefer to hole up in some San Berdoo hotel for the night or beat it right back to Los Angeles. He didn't suggest that we were under arrest or likely to be, but that didn't mean he wasn't considering it. Pat said she'd prefer to go home. It was decided that Vic Tremont would drive my car while Marty, Pat and myself rode in the police car.

Marty stopped long enough to buy gas, have his oil and tires checked and lay in a half-dozen packages of cigarettes. While he was doing that, I sat in the front seat of the police sedan with Pat. I held her hand. I said, "You've been pretty wonderful, darling."

She said, "Don't do that, Steve."

"Don't do what?"

"Call me darling. I could go to pieces on much less."

"You poor kid." It sounded silly, even when I said it, but it fitted, just the same. "Someday I'll make it all up to you."

She kissed my cheek. It was a kiss light as a butterfly's wing, but it made me tingle all over. I had just started to do something about it when a voice broke in, Marty Walsh's voice. It came from right close, and it was friendly. It said, "Like that, huh?"

He climbed under the wheel and we started west. We passed beyond the city limits and rolled into the vineyard area. Marty Walsh said, "Well . . . ?"

Pat said, "I'd like to do some talking, Lieutenant . . ."

"Couldn't you change that to 'Marty'? After all, we're old friends." He said it pleasantly, not as though he were needling her. For my money, he was being too cordial, too friendly. He was too obviously unconcerned about the part either or both of us might have played in the death of Rex Kingsley.

Pat said, "I can talk now, Marty. I was going to tell Steve while we were waiting up yonder in the mountains. But I couldn't see any sense going ov twice." She was staring at the broa bon of road ahead of us. "I can cle one part of this case."

"Which part?" Walsh's voice wa motional, but I detected a note of ness in it.

"The beginning," stated Pat q "I can tell it now because my husb dead. Rex killed Jeff Nulty."

For a few seconds, silence hung in the ear. Then Marty asked, sure of that, Mrs. Kingsley?"

"Yes."

"What makes you so sure?"

"He told me."

More silence. I could feel thinking. His profile didn't show w he was surprised.

Marty tried to make it more s He said, "Are you telling me tha husband confessed to you that he Jeff Nulty?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"The day before I went on the to testify for Steve."

"Go ahead, please."

I was sorry for Pat. She wasn't it easy. But she kept going. "Re haven't hit it off for a long time. I stuck with him because there ha been affection, because I had p too much pride . . . and maybe be was stubborn. I hadn't made o well. I had married Rex against vice of my father and friends . . was determined to make the best seemed like an exceedingly bad b

"We didn't quarrel much. you'll understand if I say he nagg Ever since I caused his injury accident—"

"It wasn't your fault," I br harshly.

"I was driving. I was careles only thing in the world that mea thing to Rex was his dancing. W learned that he could never danc I think he hated me. He didn't but he was bitter. And, no matte felt about him, I was terribly so him. Sometimes pity can be a s emotion than love."

Marty said, "Yeah. It sure ca

"From the day I heard abo Nulty being killed, I had a s that Rex had done it. I didn't b was Steve . . ."

"It couldn't have been," said "Wasn't you with him in his ap when it happened?"

I tried to stop Pat, but she igno She said calmly, "No, Marty. I You knew all the time I was lyi

"Uh-huh. Especially after I n You ain't the type you adverti was."

IT WAS a backhanded com But it was well meant. Walsh "Then, of course, it could ha Blake."

"I was sure not. Rex hated think they were both fascinated chita. What was fully as import that Rex loathed being anybo sistant, especially someone like who didn't know the first thin running a night club."

"Seems to me he did a pret job."

"Rex was doing that. He kne Nulty knew it. They never quar cause Rex didn't want to be kic But he'd get sore at Nulty and about it. After a while, his ha pretty deep. Holding it in all th suppose that can cause a sort of a sort of emotional corrosion."

"Yeah . . ." Marty was just along. "Kinda eats on you insid

"Rex was present at Steve's party. He saw Nulty's brutal at heard Steve's threat. That nigh I heard anything about Jeff ha killed, I knew something was wr had a bad case of the jitters.

...l what had happened, I figured
t ex had done it."
Faching kinda far, wasn't it, Mrs.
ney?"
S. I knew Rex pretty well. I didn't
ow he had got the gun . . ."
It'd be easy," Walsh volunteered.
ody could get a key to a lock like
Blake's door at the Collins."
Re took too much interest in Steve's
He did more than brood over it;
ned worried. He was too anxious
Steve convicted. That seemed to
with what I already suspected.
he day before the trial ended, I
n I knew he had killed Nulty. At
was panicky, then he got mad.
arreled bitterly. Finally he ad-
hat he had killed Nulty. He told
o to the cops with it. He said I
ecked his life and ruined his ca-
ow I could top it off by sending
he gas chamber. I knew I couldn't
that."

voice had become low and al-
st pleading. "I don't even expect
nderstand how I felt, Marty. Or
er, Steve. But you can't be mar-
man, you can't have been in love
once, you can't feel responsible
isery . . . and say the words that
his life.
was dead. There was nothing
o about that. Right or wrong, I
iously considered telling the po-
Rex had killed Jeff Nulty. But I
ing to see an innocent man con-
ther.
Rex what I intended to do. He
elieved. I think if he'd believed
ended to betray him, he would
d me."
u were scared of him?"
ose so. I don't know how fright-
as. Or how much courage I
ve had. I cooked up the story
the stand. I went to Mr. Gar-
volunteered to testify. He didn't
s perjuring myself."

"You sure went whole hog."

"I had to. The jury *had* to believe me. The only way I could be sure they would was to show that I was sacrificing something. They'd believe I wouldn't ever do that unless it was true. I'm not defending myself, Marty. I'm not saying how you, or anyone else, would have felt or what you would have done. I'm only explaining how I felt and what I did. I committed perjury—"

"We can skip that for a while. Alongside of murder, it ain't important. Tell me this, Mrs. Kingsley—why did your husband hide the murder gun in the closet in Rusty Mason's office?"

"I don't know."

"Were there any shenanigans between Miss Mason and Jeff Nulty?"

"I don't know. But there could have been. Not only because of what we know now about their previous association, but also because Rex insisted that Nulty was a rake."

Walsh nodded. "Could be, of course. And that Rusty—she's the luscious type." He passed cigarettes around and slowed down to light his and hold the match for Pat. He said, "You sure loused us up good, Mrs. Kingsley. You sure did."

"You believe me now?"

"Why not? Your boy friend here is safe on the Nulty deal. Your husband is dead. Yeah, I believe you. Your story is just screwy enough to be true. And it sounds reasonable to me that you'd prefer to sacrifice your own reputation than to see an innocent man convicted. Provided Blake *was* innocent."

Walsh turned his attention to me. "What do you think of the setup, Steve?"

I said, "I believe Pat. I understand her motives. When a person confesses that he murdered another man, you've got to believe him. Everything she did was based on that belief. It was aggravated by her odd relationship to her husband." I drew a deep breath. "But I still don't think Rex Kingsley killed Jeff Nulty."

(To be concluded next week)

TENNIS' RHYTHM BOYS

Continued from page 6

firing from long range took
Minnesota trout in shallow
spring. Fly casters, who op-
shorter range, frequently had
shallow water because their
yle scared the fish.
se, spinning isn't going to re-
r fly or bait casting, but there
and places where spinning
es in handy. Outdoor writer
n found that out on a recent
to Bridger Lake in the Wy-
arokas.
was packed with trout," Bud
rappy two- and three-pound-
wasn't a good spot for fly or
. Timber grew right down to
edge, and the lake bottom
ruptly. Wading was too risky.
uently, the trees cut off the
om you need for flies, and
plugs wasn't much fun, be-
f bait rod is just a little too
two-pound trout. A spin-
which I didn't have—would
he sporting solution."
blends fly and bait casting
Bait casters use sturdy rods
need much windup because
($\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{7}{8}$ ounces) are heavy
pull line from a revolving
enthusiasts need lots of
ack-the-whip backcast) be-
hey row the line and their feath-
ht (50 ounce) lures go along for
e.
rods—almost as light and
rods—handle $\frac{1}{4}$-ounce lures
od backcast. The secret is a
eel mounted parallel to the axis of the rod. The spool doesn't revolve like a bait spool. Instead, the line rolls easily off the forward end, much as you pull thread from a spool. But the line must be light.

Spinning tackle operates successfully in hard-to-fish spots where you need distance and light lures, or there isn't enough backcast room. It works well on trout, salmon, smallmouthed bass and pike—particularly if you like to go after pike with light flasher spoons and pork rind.

THE BIG DRIVE

Who hits the longest tee shots? Some pros say Jim Thomson. Others say Skip Alexander. Golf fans in the Pittsburgh district nominate amateur Frank Souchak, burly varsity end on Pitt's 1937 Rose Bowl champion team.

Souchak supporters like to tell skeptics what Frank did to a 575-yard par-5 hole at Grove City, Pennsylvania, where the fairway curves around a lake. Frank took the all-water route—330 yards from tee to green—and socked his drive eight feet from the cup.

Wind and roll have to be considered in all long-drive arguments. Souchak had a slight tail wind. Alexander drove 290 yards last spring on an uphill fairway with no wind and no roll.

Craig Wood probably blasted the longest ball in major tournament competition—a 430-yard wallop in the 1933 British Open. Craig had a strong wind and a long roll on a brick-hard fairway.

THE END

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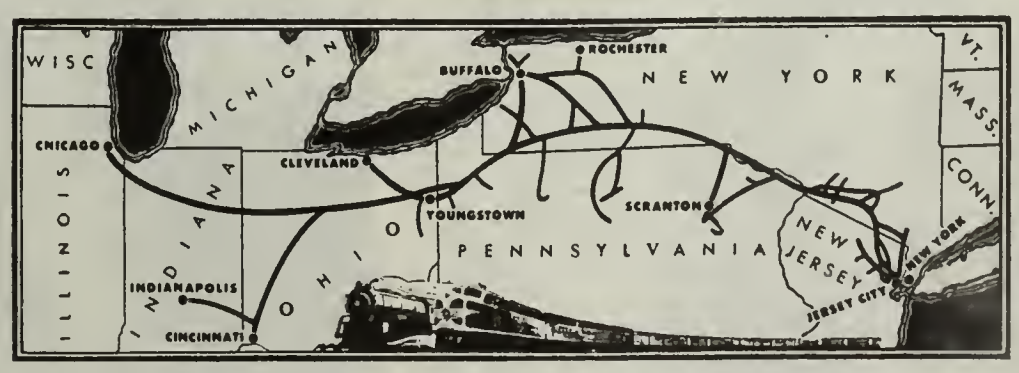
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NO. 4972—SIZES 11-17—50 CENTS
FABRIC—BURMIL SLIPPER SATIN
JEWELRY—CORO
SHOES—CAPEZIO
FUR JACKET—GINSBERG AND ACKERMAN

Above, a slipper satin formal that is certain to conquer stag lines. Adele Simpson, one of America's leading designers, demonstrates the importance of fit and correct choice of fabric in achieving the custom look. Right, Toni Owen, who specializes in mix 'em and match 'em separates, suggests a gathered flannel skirt and separate wool jersey top for a dressy sportswear look



NO. 4969—SIZES 11-17—25 CENTS
FABRIC—WYNER JERSEY
JUILLIARD FLANNEL
JEWELRY—CORO

MAYBE it was letting down their hem year that set some women to s Maybe it was the high price of rea wear. Whatever it was, girls are hard at it no home sewing is enjoying its biggest boom.

Pattern companies report that they did a 000,000 business last year, selling 167,000,00 terns as compared to 60,000,000 in the best p year. Sales are still mounting. Piece goods ya have more than doubled since 1940. Sewi chine manufacturers say they can't catch u orders before next spring. Sewing classe tripled in four years, and they're harder to g than a Broadway show.

Young girls are a big part of the sewing because they want more clothes than Dad is to buy. And they've found it's a cinch to mak

Falling in with this idea, Collier's asked America's most popular designers of young to design costumes typical of their new wint We asked the Advance Pattern Company struct patterns from the designs. These will b able in leading stores through the country the week of August. Then we asked for sewing from Miss Helen Yeo, designer for Advanc Edna Bright Bishop, some of whose sewing r have been included in these patterns instructi Mrs. Mary Campbell, director of the popula sewing center on New York's Fifth Avenue.

We wanted to know typical errors of the sewer. From experts, here's what we learne

1. Most beginners buy their patterns to A woman who wears a 16 in a ready-ma may need an 18 pattern. Order by bust r ment, and adjust waist and shoulders if n

Young girls have the additional probler ciding whether they are Teen Age or Junior shape. Teen Age patterns are sizes 10 to squarish; Junior Miss patterns are 11 to 17, a shapely. A girl needs to let her mirror as w measurements on the pattern envelope be h says Miss Yeo. The patterns here are Jun

2. Inexperienced sewers sometimes fail the *grain* of the fabric in cutting patterns. is the straight up-and-down thread and w pattern comes a cutting layout, showing h the pattern pieces on the fabric. Be sure these directions accurately.

3. The beginning sewer grips her clot nervous desperation. This can create a st strain from which the cloth never recove and hold your fabric easily. When you really *press*. Don't iron the daylights out

Admiring glances indicate the success of Emily Wilkens' low-cut neckline, snug bodice and full skirt

A matching faille bolero added to this graceful dress gives an informal touch for a less festive evening

With hat, bag and gloves, Miss Owen's make a smart ensemble in town for the ear

HAT—MAOCAPS







Y RUTH CARSON

r the benefit of girls who make eir own dresses, Collier's pre- nts styles by four top designers

armhole, a neckline, or wherever cloth has across the grain, stretching is a hazard. Mrs. roposes a row of machine stitching, which the stay-line, to prevent it. The stay-line is scant half inch from edge of the material. If ay-lining a neckline, for example, stitch from lder to the center front. This line of machine holds cloth as the pattern intended.

Bishop has taught her system, which she calls Construction Techniques, at Syracuse and Tech and in lectures throughout the country. special tricks of stitching, she maintains, lit- g and no basting are necessary.

nes shown, say our experts, are easy to herc are a few helpful tips.

ay and purple two-piece dress by Toni Owen r famous separates. "The tight basque top," s, "represents the dress look in sportswear." e, say the pattern people, to cut the contrast- ands on a true bias so that they will lie flat. s Sider's dark green velveteen jumper with blouse is another popular pair of separates. jumper with the blouse all day," says Miss n park the blouse for your dinner date."

stitch the skirt seam up from the hem instead rom the waist, you get a smoother job.

Simpson designed a dance dress with fitted line, tiny puffed sleeves, graceful off-the- eckline and handsome sweep of gored skirt. ed heavy slipper satin, but it could also be ille, taffeta or waffle piqué for summer.

directions carefully for lengthening or the pattern to hug your waistline, if you ok precious in the middle.

Wilkens, who designed our fourth costume, s the first to specialize in clothes for Teen ed Junior Miss. Her new book, Here's You, tells them how to plan a wardrobe. needs a basic suit, a wool dress, a black silk dress and a dinner dress," she says. "This low-necked faille dress with bolero jacket d for Collier's to fill the tea dress bill."

your stay-lines. Mind the grain. Have fun r's dresses. ★★★

weeks Advance patterns may be pur- eading stores in your city, or enclose price and order from COLLIER'S, Dept. 873, ve., New York 17, N.Y. Pattern sizes 11-17

iew of the portrait neckline of Miss Simp- t satin dance dress gives a flattering effect



NO. 4970—SIZES 11-17—35 CENTS
FABRIC—COHN-HALL-MARX JACQUARD FAILLE
JEWELRY—CASTLECLIFF
SHOES—CAPEZIO

Above, the date dress in Jacquard faille with velvet bows is typically Junior Miss and Emily Wilkens. Miss Wilkens' designs for the young teens are largely responsible for starting a trend in fashion-wise clothes for the awkward age. Right, Frances Sider designs for the busy career girl. From desk to date, the velveteen jumper may be worn to the office with crepe blouse, as shown, or without, if you're rushed and have a festive evening and an important date

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ZOGBAUM

NO. 4971—SIZES 11-17—25 CENTS
FABRIC—BURMIL RAYON FAILLE CREPE
CROMPTON VELVETEEN
JEWELRY—CASTLECLIFF
SHOES—CAPEZIO



Without the blouse and with jewels added the jumper becomes a dress for a social evening of fun

SCARF—GLENTEX

The modified fullness in the skirt of Miss Sider's jumper is indicative of skirt styles for fall wear





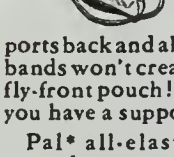




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CHASERS

MOUNTAIN MUTTON

Continued from page 17

It's all over in twenty-five minutes. "Twelve hundred lambs; nine hundred eighty-nine ewes. Right?" says the forester.

"Close," says Crosby. "The old ewe wearing a herder's hat made you miss a couple."

The herd drops down into the canyon again and fords shallow Soldier Creek. There is a steep ride through heavy spruce and a gray cloud bank and then a long climb up a seven switchback slope to a park on the ridgetop at eleven thousand feet. The timber is gnarly and stunted up here and the going is hard across the slide-rock. Down off the ridge there is a steep seventy-five-foot slope and the sheep flow down like a cataract.

Here and there are the old rock monuments, erected by early herders, that used to mark the trail, but now the Forest Service has put up black-and-orange signs: "Center of Driveway," in English and Spanish.

Sheep raising in the Rockies is always a gamble. The trick is to breed the ewes late in December so that the lambs will come just after the last snows and blizzards the following spring. Once the breeding is over, the chips are down; the crop will come 145 days later, regardless of weather.

After lunch we hit the trail again; it winds on over high mesas and bald knobs of slide-rock and so to Upper Ketchum Spring and past timber line at 11,500 feet. Here the camp tender hacks up some dead red spruce and packs it on the mules for firewood. It will be five meals farther on before he hits timber again.

A Narrow Escape from Death

After dinner—which is "lunch" in cities—the sheep climb to the big mesa between Big Blue Creek and Elk Creek, where an altimeter would read 12,000. The jutting snow peak of old Uncompahgre looms through the mists and the trail flows around it. Superstitious sheepherders call it Vandeburg's monument. Just four years ago Crosby Vandeburg was rounding the peak when lightning struck him in the top of the head. It broke an eardrum, fused the coins in his pocket and exploded out the toe of his boot. He lay on the mountain thirty-six hours but lived to go up again.

The night camp is at Ketchum Lake, 12,750 feet. Here the frost is heavy and sheep huddle in the lee of a ninety-foot snowdrift hard enough for the horses to walk over. Camp is on the bare ground beside the drift.

The lambs aren't playing tonight. "Too tired," explains Crosby, "and besides, they don't fool around much after their tails are docked. I don't know why, but it seems to take the spirit out of them. . . . Plenty of stamina, though. Once in a while a lamb will be born on the trail. We give it three days and then it has to walk along with its mother.

"And don't get the idea sheep are dumb. These old ewes are pretty wise. They can remember a trail they've been over just once. You take them around a detour this year, and they'll head around it next year, too. They can pick out their own lambs by a sense of smell from among hundreds—which is more than a human mother can do."

We ask if it is true that, if a lamb dies and its pelt is stripped off and fastened on an orphan lamb, the ewe can be tricked into accepting it as her own.

"Yes," says Crosby, "if you leave on the tail. That's what the ewe goes by. She decides by sense of smell. After a day or two, you can take off the pelt and the ewe will go on mothering the orphan as if it were her own."

The morning brings the herd around Uncompahgre Peak, through the drifts and over a slide-rock trail. The sheep must keep moving on the rock, or they'll all slide down into the canyon. It's 13,000 feet now. The herders and dogs pant and the pack train gets frequent rests. (Sometimes horses collapse and die of heart failure.) The sheep plod along, tired and nervous. The driveway leads along the ridges, down into a small basin, and onto the top of the pass. This is the summit—13,800 feet—with Uncompahgre Peak only a scant five hundred feet above. The wind howls dismally and snow flurries melt on the sheep's backs and settle on the horses. This is "high country" sheep pasture. Cattle cannot live at this altitude.

The herd moves on over a 'dobe hill and over another high pass into the Wetterhorn Creek canyon. Night camp is down a fast two and a half miles, at timber line. Here the stunted spruces appear again, the grass grows and the scrub willows sway in the gale.

A new morning, frost-laden, and the drive heads down through mountain parks to hit an old ore road built in 1857. The trail edges around iron beds, worked long ago with burros and scrapers.

Down, always down, to "Quaky Line," where the aspen start again. The end of the drive is in sight now, at the old ghost camp of Capitol City on North Henson Creek. Capitol once came within a few votes of being selected as the capital of Colorado. Here are open parks with green grass floors and willow patches, working beaver dams and the remains of the old Vulcan mine that flourished for exactly one week at a cost of $90,000—with not a cent taken out.

This is snowslide country and the scars of the runs are like strips of hair torn from the timbered head of the mountain. Bear and red fox prowl the timber. Of the camp, there remain one old cabin, a falling stage barn, the remnants of the schoolhouse, long since taken over by trade rats. A narrow-gauge line once got up here, ten thousand feet in the air, but nothing is left now.

The herd is now on its summer range, on forest land leased under the Taylor Grazing Act. Crosby has a tract twelve miles long and from one to three miles wide leased for ten years. It will c eight cents a month a sheep to past herd. For that, everything from th roots up is his; everything from th down belongs to prospectors and

The sheep will stay up here unti the fifth of September. After tha is too much danger of blizzards; th will freeze down and lose its go Lambs that straggled up in spring ing around thirty pounds will down in early fall weighing arou enty-two—having put on more than lambs kept in valley mead below on softer feed.

Grazing in High Pasture

To tend the herd during the there are one herder and on tender and mover. Trucks bring around eighty miles by an old d road, and camps are changed as is eaten down. In the fall the five old lambs and ewes not war breeding will be shipped away to

"You should have seen the bo the old days," says Crosby, as set for the last time on the driv of their favorites was baked shee —baked in the wool. They mill for drink, and for a treat they thirty feet of the milk gut arour and fried it in deep grease. T Spaniards here learned that f Indians and passed it along to ers."

But tonight it's canned goods other rack of lamb, black coffe tatoes boiled in snow water a preserve with condensed milk. sheep are bedded down in the the frost comes creeping down peaks, black in the moonlight.

Behind are forty-seven mil hardest mountain trailing in As you slide into your bedroll in your ears Crosby and the he the camp tender are speculati price of lambs this fall.

"Might make a few dollars t says Crosby, remembering ye everybody went broke.

However many dollars it'll b certainly will have earned it.

THE END



"Try to meet us later. I'd like you to see what a marvelous build Mr. Twimble has in street-clothes"

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

ks." And I can lick Lagemann any of his life. If you or Lagemann wants nake a date with me you better ad- s me as Old Lumberjack, in care of Petersen, Sand Lake, Mich.

WHO'S WHO WITH THE CLUTTERBRAINS?

SIRS: After reading the many letters sponse to Albert Maisel's article in May 1st issue calling him clutter- ed (The Week's Mail, June 19th), as derstood the article it was one with n an intelligent veteran would agree. point I thought he was trying to , which seems to have been missed ether, is that some of these schools ypping the veterans. They arrange e courses to be longer and more ex- ve than necessary in order to use as as possible of the veterans' educa- allotment.

veterans so shortsighted that they t see that they are going to be pay- emselves for many years in taxes l they are getting?

—Albert Maisel is not clutter- d—and they certainly are.

E. M. CALVERT, Los Angeles, Cal.

CHILD CUSTODY

WALTER DAVENPORT: In your May sue in Open Letter to Jimmy Fidler roneously reported that my daugh- bbe Junior lives with Mr. Fidler present wife. That is completely I have custody of the child.

RS. JOHN SUTTON, Los Angeles, Cal.

stody proceeding instituted by Mrs. the custody of Bobbe Junior was o Mrs. Sutton for nine and one- onths of the year and temporary was given to Mr. Fidler for the re- r. During the period that the child e custody of one foster parent, she week ends with the other.

29 HORSE PARLAY

IR: I enjoyed reading the article on Menke (Figurin' Frank, June 5th). re was a slight error when you at Frank, with all of his statistical und, never picked a winner at a ck. Back in 1937 we drove out ith Lyons, then CBS program di- o cover the Latonia Derby. Frank's kidder and on the way out to the kept riding Ruth about her age. o Latonia just in time for the daily

for want of a better system. th's age, 29—number two in nd race and number nine in the ure enough Frank gathered in 70. Quite a system. llowing Saturday, assigned to de- running of the American Derby. two and nine. and I got $81. I don't think nine have won since. I know. playing it.

CY NEWMAN, Des Moines, Iowa

OND THE FINISH LINE

TOR: In reading your A-bomb of ort story, What Would You Do? . in which a "foreign" power to take us by secreting A-bombs y cities, I have an idea for the the story which makes me feel nfortable (?). is picking it up from the last : "Gentlemen," the President of said, "that is the situation. We than one hour. What shall we

as a moment of stunned silence gradually rising hum of con- hat took place when little knots members spoke in hushed tones ther. After a few minutes of resident asked again if anyone had the solution and the grim silence that followed told him as well as words that no one had.

At this point, the President started to speak again. "Gentlemen," he said. "I have dreaded this moment for a long time —ever since our Intelligence learned that (Russia) had an atom bomb. At that time we couldn't announce it, but I took it upon myself to order the Atomic Commission to place bombs all over (Russia) just as they have done here. (Russia) has been notified." WHAT DOES THE WORLD *DO NOW?*

I will let someone else pick it up from this point.

FRANK ROSSI, New York, N. Y.

One question: How does reader Frank Rossi propose to plant the atom bombs in Russia? Please communicate with our Chief of Staff.

HIGH SCHOOL AWARDS

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: It has made me very happy and proud that my student, Sueo Miyagawa at McKinley High School should have been selected to receive one of the Collier's high-school art awards (Teen-Age Talent, May 29th). My confidence in his ability has just been further justified by his winning a year's scholarship to the Honolulu School of Arts, where he will continue his studies next year.

I have found Sueo to be a very intelligent and sensitive boy.

IVALEE HARRINGTON, Honolulu, Hawaii

LWV

DEAR SIRS: We cannot tell you how much we appreciate your editorial about the League of Women Voters (June 5th). We have had several letters of comment on it, many of them wanting more information. It goes to show how many people your magazine reaches and what impression your editorials make on the readers.

MRS. DONALD B. STOUGH,
Press Sec'y., League of Women Voters,
Washington, D. C.

UNHANDY MAN

DEAR SIR: In your June 12th column The Week's Work you mention Jay Hyde Barnum. Well, in 1914 he worked for Meyer Both & Company, fashion artists at Eighteenth & Indiana, Chicago, Ill. He was very good on color but he couldn't draw hands or feet. He was pretty foxy so he always tried to buy the hands and feet. If you notice on page 21 of June 12th he has part of the left hand buried as usual. But his color technique cannot be beat. How do I know this? I used to work at Meyer Both's in 1914.

GEORGE BUEHN, Los Angeles, Cal.

In all my years of study in the realm of art I never found that beauty of design went hand in hand with academic accuracy of drawing. El Greco never thought so, nor do Matisse and Picasso. So why should I worry? JAY HYDE BARNUM





James Kimble, Sr.

The Kimble Garage at 1401 So. Harrison Street, Fort Wayne, Ind., has a reputation for fine workmanship. James Kimble, Sr., the owner, has been tearing down and repairing cars since 1911. He *knows cars.*

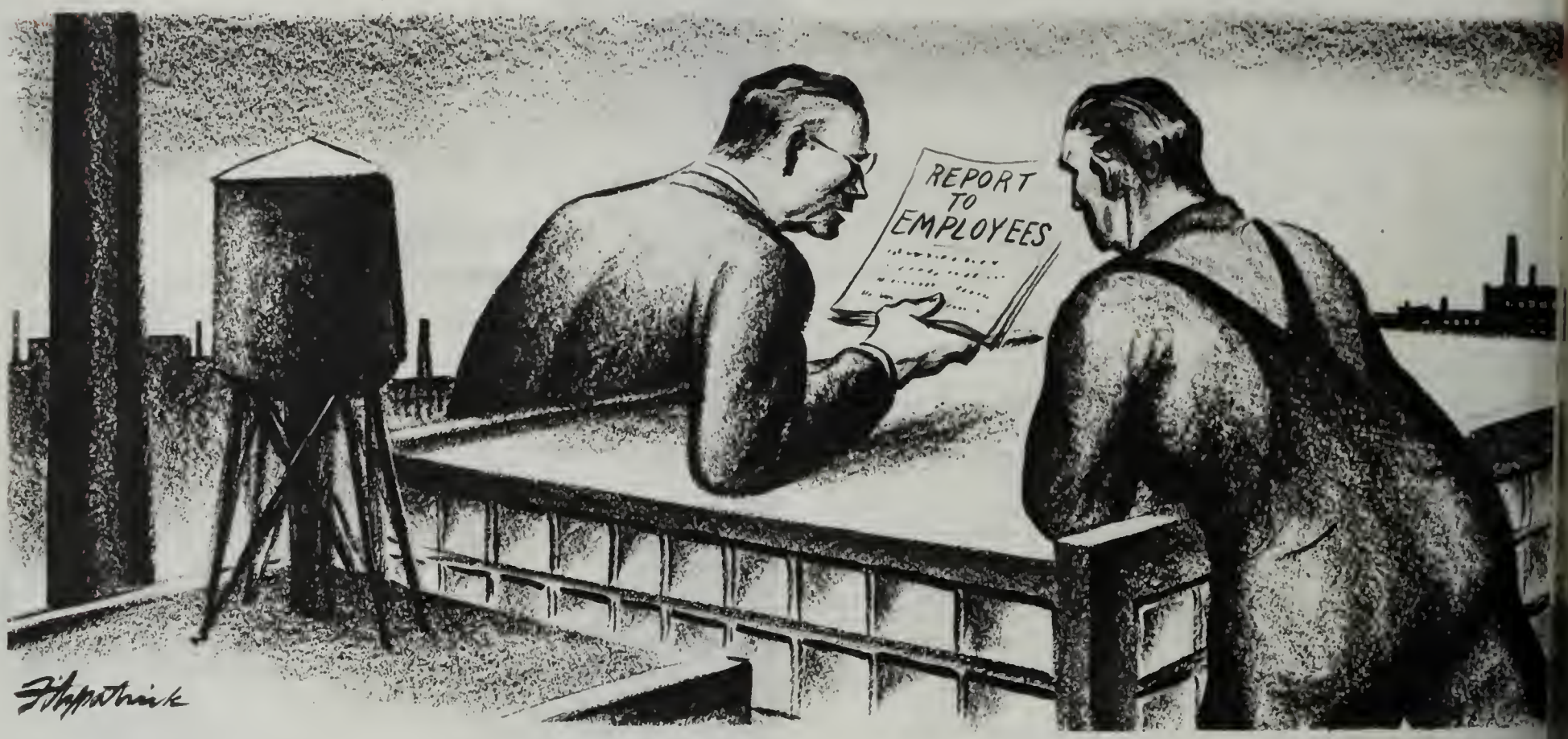
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Collier's believes...



...SOME COMPANIES ARE TELLING 'EM

IN COLLIER'S for May 1st last, we shot an editorial entitled Collier's Believes . . . That Igleheart Said a Mouthful. It noted a recent speech by General Foods Corporation President Austin S. Igleheart, about the need for management these days to explain to employees the workings of and the reasons for the profit system—the idea being to counteract radicals' and crackpots' attacks on that system and to show workers that their interests are practically the same as those of employers.

At this writing, we have received three particularly interesting and instructive replies to that editorial, and expect quite a few more.

The International Harvester Company informs us that it has got out a booklet entitled Profits Mean Progress for Everyone, for distribution among its employees, and sends us a copy. The pamphlet is written in language that anybody can understand, and impresses us as a masterpiece in the art of social engineering, which was what Mr. Igleheart was talking about.

In Baltimore, the Glenn L. Martin aircraft concern for some months has been getting out a single-sheet company newsletter for its employees. Title: Talking It Over; and the sheet does just that, in plain English and the frankest possible manner. This is only one activity of the Martin company's Personnel and Public Relations office—a department to which any employee can take grievances or suggestions and expect a sympathetic reception.

At the Avco Manufacturing Company's American Central kitchen-equipment plant in Connersville, Indiana, General Manager Eric O. Johnson for a little more than a year has been personally running a "tell 'em what we're trying to do" program of occasional speeches to the employees. Mr. Johnson is described as a man who came up the hard way in the metal processing business, and consequently still speaks the language of the average employee. His creed: "Be honest with them. Tell them the truth. If nothing else has been accomplished, you certainly have a clear conscience."

We'd call all this most encouraging; and we hope this present report on what three leading companies are doing to explain the job to the jobholder may inspire a lot of others to similar activities. We're well aware that many others are already doing it, but the custom, it seems to us, cannot become too widespread in U.S. industry.

We don't know of a more important task facing management in these times, when the American capitalist system is under multiple attack from innumerable quarters, despite its having proved itself the most exuberantly productive and result-getting economic system yet evolved on earth.

●

...FIGURES WOULD BE HELPFUL: Every once in so often, some person or group gives with a loud blast against the comic books and/or the radio melodrama programs which are such favorites nowadays among millions of American children.

You're familiar with this complaint, no doubt—how it's alleged that these entertainments are too strenuous, and that they either tend to make nervous or emotional wrecks out of children or inspire them to go whooping out and commit murder or mayhem.

What we always look eagerly for, and don't find, whenever this complaint comes up, is a nice selection of statistics going to prove that the comic books and radio spine-wrinklers are as bad as all that.

For example, how many children in the year 1947 actually did blow their emotional or nervous tops and have to be sent to rest-cure homes or insane asylums as a direct result of reading comic books or bending the ears too steadily into the radio? And how many children in that same year did no such thing?

Again, how many children in 1947 or any other period really did try to fly out the window or up onto the roof like Superman, or kill some little playmate in ways approved by various comic-b villains? And how many didn't?

We never see figures bearing on these quest Yet without such statistics, it seems to us the mies of the present-day thrillers are merely blo off a lot of unsupported theories.

Until concrete, convincing, fully docume proofs of this kind are forthcoming, we think just go on pretty much ignoring these earnest alarmed persons. Our own guess is that the the spiritual heirs of the heavy thinkers who us moan two generations ago about what the novel would do to the youngsters of that era of the alarmists of a generation back who fo hideous evils flowing from the then popular movie serials like The Perils of Pauline and Iron Claw. None of the nightmares came tr either case.

●

...BLOOD DONATIONS ARE ESSENTIAL: The ea value of blood plasma and whole blood fo number of medical uses was dramatically de strated in World War II. Now, the America Cross is putting together a steady, year-in-ye peacetime blood-donation program, so that cians and surgeons all over the country can access to dependable supplies of plasma and blood for use in treating accident victims, orrhage sufferers, women in childbirth, etc

It is estimated that 3,700,000 pints of d blood per year will fill the bill—meaning th pint a year is needed from at least one out of 20 Americans between the ages of twenty-o fifty-nine. That is hardly an excessive reque

The Red Cross at this writing has set up t six of what will eventually be a nation-wi work of blood collection and distribution c

Will you please make a note of this, if healthy and near a blood center and anxi do something patriotic and public-spirited time to time? Why not?

AUGUST 7, 1948 TEN CENTS

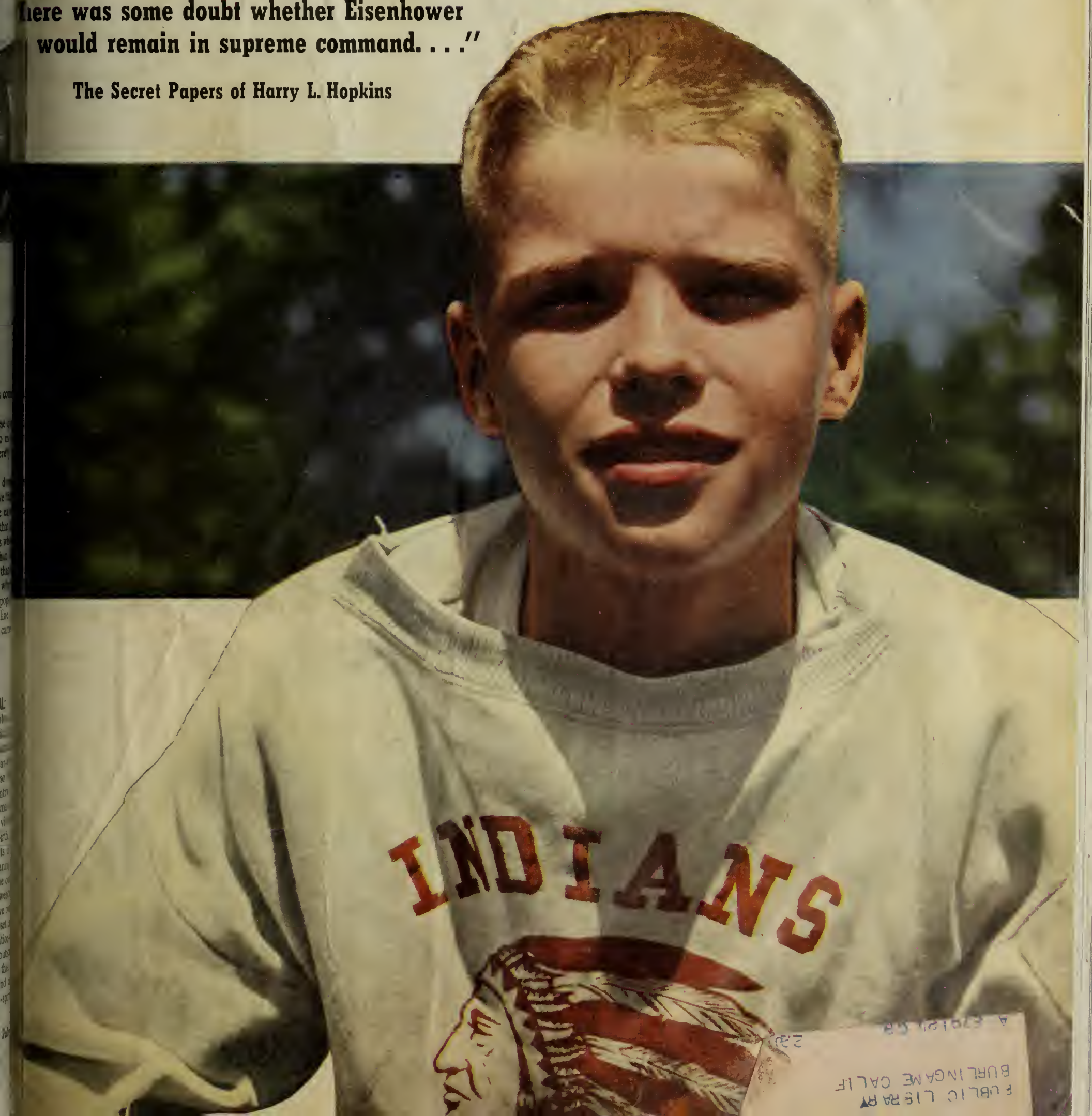
Collier's

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

PHILADELPHIA: CORRUPT AND NOT CONTENTED

"...here was some doubt whether Eisenhower would remain in supreme command. . . ."

The Secret Papers of Harry L. Hopkins



PUBLIC LIBRARY BURLINGAME CALIF

"It's fun to be a Model Mother!" says Taffy Wood



And she's a natural . . . with a "model" smile that owes so much to her Ipana dental routine!

JUST A YOUNG Riverdale, N. Y. mother? Yes—but a famous fashion model, too!

That's green-eyed Taffy Wood, whose heart-shaped face and sparkling smile have made her a favorite with top-flight fashion photographers.

Taffy is terrific in close-ups (not an easy job—you can't fool a camera at close range!) and she loves to do fashion shows. Like all successful models, she knows how important a "model" smile is to her career.

No wonder, then, that Taffy takes no chances with her precious smile! Even at her busiest (and she has two lively youngsters to take care of!) she never misses her prized Ipana dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana, then gentle gum massage.*

Taffy's is the routine of so many successful models. Get started toward a "model" smile yourself—get a tube of Ipana today.

fashion headlines is the new Sally Victor hat that Taffy models . . . with its soft green veiling and white lilac clusally beguiling is Taffy's sunny smile . . . the smile she keeps so bright with Ipana Tooth Paste. How wise of Taffy! For tists recommend and use Ipana than any other tooth paste, a recent nationwide survey shows.



Daughter of a tennis champ, Taffy gets 6-year-old Melinda off to a good start on the courts. Off to a good start, too, when it comes to sound dental care. For Mommy knows that firm, healthy gums are important to sparkling teeth. If *your* gums flash a warning tinge of "pink," *see your dentist.* Let him decide whether yours is a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and gentle massage."



your dentist's advice about gum massage. Corage is so important to the health of your gums and ty of your smile that 9 out of 10 dentists recomegularly or in special cases, according to a recently d national survey! *Help your dentist guard your eauty.*

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

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for your Smile of Beauty



r correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth th the *twist* in the handle (pictured above). 1,000 helped design it!

You don't have to coax to get Melinda and Sheila out for a ride. No coaxing needed, either, when it comes to brushing their teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste! The whole family goes for its lively, refreshing flavor. Try Ipana—*you'll* love the way it leaves your mouth so much fresher, your breath so much cleaner, every time you use it!



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COLLIER'S

August 7, 1948

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: I want to congratulate you on the very fine short story in the June 26th issue, What Would You Do? by Russell V. Ritchey.

I think this sort of hypothetical situation, which could conceivably happen, is very helpful in the effort to make the people of our country understand the danger of aggressor nations . . . and practicably take steps to defend the country adequately. . . .

STYLES BRIDGES
U.S. Senate, Washington, D. C

. . . What Would You Do? is one of the most compelling arguments for national defense I have ever seen. I wish everybody could read it.

GEORGE E. ALLEN, Washington, D. C

. . . A loud razz to you for that phony short short. It belonged in the back, under the head, Collier's Believes.

Get back to formularized slices-of-life—boy-meets-girl. When I want a scare I read Weird Tales.

HERB WILLIG, Brooklyn, N. Y

. . . Russell V. Ritchey has scared the very living daylights out of me because of what I love, yet awakens the realization of my negligence by what I think. Still scared.

MRS. FRANCES B. CYRUS, Louisa, Ky

. . . All my roots are here in America. I know no other way of life and want no other. But this story is, I believe, a hideous distortion of reality in a time when folks everywhere want peace. . . .

G. J. SEGAL, Cleveland, Ohio

. . . Always, I have been of the opinion that the government made a great mistake selling surplus war materials. Now that opinion is stronger than ever.

MILDRED P. MARCHAK, Rochester, N. Y

. . . If I believed this story, I would have to believe that Americans are idiots, our generals crazy, and half our people traitors. And when did U.S.S.R. get atom bombs? S. KAYE, New York, N. Y

. . . One thing is sure: Mr. Ritchey did not have in mind the President who said, "The only thing to fear is fear itself."

JANE KELLER, Santa Ana, Ca

. . . 1. We have two hours in which to ac
2. We have planes with speed faster tha

(Continued on page 73)

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HOW SAFE ARE YOUR CHILDREN?

In the past 35 years, the death rate from disease among children 1 to 14 years of age has been reduced more than 80%. Today, *accidents*, in the home and out, are the leading cause of death in childhood. In addition, thousands of children are temporarily or permanently crippled by accidents each year.

Fortunately, many accidents can be prevented. Parents can do most to guard their children's health and happiness by removing possible causes of accidents, and by establishing common-sense rules of safety.



…s cause most fatal home accidents. So it's … parents to turn the handles of pots on a … they can't be reached, to keep matches in … place, and to place a sturdy screen around … ce or unguarded heater.



2. Falls head the list of serious nonfatal accidents. Parents can help prevent falls by providing a storage place for toys, so that they won't be left on the stairs, or on the floor. Windows should be guarded, and stairs and halls well lighted.



3. Check your home for other ways to make it accident-proof. Try to keep poisons, knives, and scissors where young children can't reach them. Guns and ammunition should be locked away. Electric cords should always be in a safe condition.



…ty in the streets is extremely important. … should learn to cross only at crossings, to …affic lights, to look both ways before step… to the street, and to face traffic if they … walk on a road.



5. Bicycle riding can be much safer if children know and obey such rules as keeping to the right and signaling for turns. Parents should be sure the bicycle has good brakes, a warning bell, a front light and rear reflector.



6. Drowning accounts for many accidental deaths. That's why a grownup should be present whenever children are playing in or near the water. During the winter, parents should regularly check ice conditions where children skate.

…rents can also be helpful in protecting their …ren by setting a good example and by show… …hem safe ways to work and play. If, in spite …l your precautions, your child seems to have … than his share of accidents, it may be a … idea to consult your family doctor. Some… …s accidents may be caused by physical or …tal conditions which he can help correct. … learn more about protecting your child, … for Metropolitan's free booklet, "Help Your …d to Safety."

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R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

BY FRELING FOSTER



GEORGE DE ZAYAS

KEEP I WITH THE WORI

Among the world's half-dozen miniature public railroads, the busiest and best equipped is the Romney, Hythe & Dymchurch of England. Fourteen miles in length, its gauge is 15 inches and its nine steam locomotives and 56 coaches are five feet high by 16 feet long, or about one quarter the size of standard rolling stock. Although each coach seats but eight passengers, the road has carried as many as 5,000 in a single day.

Of the some 110 species of mammals known to have become extinct since the beginning of the Christian Era, at least 70 have died out within the past 100 years. Furthermore, 600 other species of mammals are now vanishing and will disappear unless measures are taken to preserve them.

In British history, no swindler ever approached the record of Whitaker Wright who, starting in London in 1889, floated 42 companies, most of which were purported to be engaged in gold mining in Australia. By making members of the nobility large stockholders and directors and by duping them and the public with faked financial statements, Wright built a vast and profitable empire—on paper. When it collapsed in 1903, its total capitalization of $110,775,000 was found to be 91 per cent water; and Wright, upon being convicted of fraud and given a sentence of seven years, swallowed poisoned pills and died in the courtroom.

Sand hogs, the men who dig tunnels or do other work under compressed air, command exceptionally short hours and high wages, yet there are only about 1,500 of them in the United States. Depending on the pressure of the air, their work ranges from two three-hour shifts to two 30-minute shifts a day; and their wages range from $19 to $26 a day.—*By Reese Wade, Independence, Mo.*

The largest spectacular electric sign in existence, erected on a building between 44th and 45th streets on Broadway in New York, features a real waterfall 27 feet high and 130 feet wide. Behind it, 23 giant pumps return the water from the base to the top at the same rate it falls—600,000 gallons an hour.

Few figures in history becam mous in as strange a way as Aug the minstrel who is commemorat statues and festivities in his n Austria and immortalized by the Ach, Du Lieber Augustin. One in Vienna nearly four centuries the gentleman became highly ir cated in a tavern and, upon le through an alley door, stumbled and fell asleep among several b of plague victims. Awakenin dawn and finding himself being b with them in a cemetery trenc fled from the scene and thereafte celebrated for his "resurrection the dead."

A weaver in Paris several ago made an "antique" tapest skillfully that it defied detectic experts and sold for a record The fraud would probably hav mained a secret had it not bee closed some months later b weaver's assistant to avenge hi on his employer. Woven of a s thread, the tapestry had been away by being dragged behind a tomobile, given a musty odor certain smoke, faded with ultra rays and even ingrained with ries-old dust collected from the ers of a church.—*By Harr Kidston, Centreville, Nova Scot*

The International Peace C ence, held at The Hague in 189 the first meeting of the princip tions called to discuss and means of maintaining world Proposed and promoted by Nicholas II of Russia, it was at by delegates of 27 countries. It accomplishment was the creati the Hague Tribunal for the settl of international disputes.

To win the large Negro vot elected him military governor o isiana in 1868, Henry Clay Wa made an incredible campaign ise. If put in office, Henry pl he would invent a machine that pump out black blood and rep with white blood in all colored p

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THE WEEK'S WORK



Mr. Adam's Pat Frank

THE tip that Collier's send down someone with a powerful nose to learn what's rotten in Philadelphia came in from a citizen with a conscience. Bird dog Dickson Hartwell was dispatched forthwith. He found plenty (Philadelphia: Corrupt and Not Contented, p. 14). "When I went to Pennsylvania twenty years ago," Hartwell says, "Philadelphia was a pretty quiet town. Now some of the cops accept a pay-off casually. I watched a slew of them get folding money after a sporting event. They didn't even have the decency to be furtive about it. This is not the patrolman's fault, however. If he arrests a gambler he may get into trouble."

Hartwell was also impressed by the intensity with which Philadelphia's new political boss, Sheriff Austin Meehan (whom you'll meet in Hartwell's article) works. When Meehan isn't listening to the problems of the citizenry, his phone rings from morning to midnight—Saturday nights it's later—with incessant requests for favors. Says Hartwell: "Meehan will see anybody. He isn't interested in money. He has eight kids and loves them dearly. He's just the kind of guy who can clean up the town—and he'd better. I can smell it from here."

ALTHOUGH he was educated by the Jesuits at Boston College across the Charles River from Harvard, Joe McCarthy confesses that his Mrs. O'Brien Holds That Tiger (p. 28) —all about a boarding-houseful of Harvard Law students—isn't entirely imaginative. Joe's draft board met in the basement of the Phillips Brooks House in Hahvahd Yahd and it was from there McCarthy reported for induction at 6:30 A.M., February 21, '41. "I spent the next year in the field artillery as a hinny chiropodist. I cleaned the feet of mules."



Hartwell, Cleanup Man

But such are the vagaries of Army life, McCarthy was elevated to Yank, the Army weekly, winding up 3½ years later as its managing editor, and a master sergeant to boot. On his discharge, McCarthy was drafted by Hearst as article editor for Cosmopolitan. He recently resigned to write, a craft he'd once tampered with on a Boston paper. "This story is the first piece of fiction I've ever written," announces Sergeant Joe, modestly adding, "as any fool can see."

Incidentally, when the yarn from McCarthy, it fell into th of Knox Burger, one of our fic itors, and an old comrade-in- the ex-mule skinner. "I h exquisite pleasure of asking while boss to make some slig sions," says Burger. "He'd much for me when he edited for Yank."

THE new serial: Pat Frank eign correspondent in E during the terrible inflation when he got to thinking abou Little Man's personal probl affect the foreign policy of a g tion. Last October, after two contemplation on the theme trip back to central Europe ther material, Pat got to wor Affair of State, which begins away on p. 11.

"I found it hard to ge started," Pat says. "I gues scared. After a guy's first no unexpected success, the secon like hitting 00 twice in a rov lette."

That first book, it is he plained, was Mr. Adam, a d Frank discussion of the pr the only virile man left in a wrecked world. It sold arour 000 copies in this country, a its way into eight European l "It was never published in R was banned in Spain," s Frank. "I think this significa

Otherwise Mr. F. leads the to-Dream-P He's forty-c ried to a newspaper boy and gir old house lower Huds he says wil standing wh houses built are forgotte

"When I battling my lawn along allies: the weeds, dog sects," s atom-consc "I travel a like to go t places like Oonadatta, Aust Merauke, Dutch New Guir

This week's cover: Good S towheaded lad in the Ind shirt is Wallace Dobler, th Flint, Michigan. Now a hi frosh. Wally plays football ball, is a Y.M.C.A. India Photographer Jerry Cook Wally's exuberant All- ism. . . . TE



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An Affair OF STATE

BY PAT FRANK

n his first novel since Mr. Adam, Pat Frank has written an exciting tale of deep ove and high adventure. It eoneerns Jeff Baker, a young U.S. State Department Foreign Service offieer. The girl he loves nd many of his assoeiates in the Depart-nent seem sure there will be war. As he oards a plane for the United States Em-assy in Budapest, Jeff resolves to put verything he has into the fight for peace

ONE day late in September, 1919, Nicholas Baker ran up the steps of the State, War, and Navy Building at five to nine and when reached his office on the third floor, West Execu-ve Avenue side, he was gratified to find that as ual he was first. Miss Grimsby, the red-haired enographer, came in a bit after nine, and the others Eastern Mediterranean not long after that, and en at ten Horace Locke arrived.

Mr. Locke accepted a cigar and pumped his hand. Nick," he said, "you did it. You produced a boy. m proud of you."

"Thanks, Mr. Locke." Nick was senior to Horace ocke by six years, both in age and in the depart-ent, and had given him his elementary instruction tariffs, visas, admiralty law, code and cipher, and otocol. Within this room they were friends. As en of comparable mentality and similar feelings ey discussed the department's policies and the eat issues of the day—the peace treaties, the ague, the Army's Siberian adventure, the disas-ous strike of steelworkers the month before and e threatened strike of coal miners within a few ys, the disquieting international organization lled the Comintern formed in Russia, Alcock's n-stop flight across the Atlantic, the new Vol-ead Act, and the high cost of living. But Horace cke was a Foreign Service officer, and Nicholas ker was a clerk, and so it was always "Mr. cke," and "Nick."

"What're you going to name him? Nicholas, of urse."

"Well, my wife wants me to call him Nicholas."

"Nick," Mr. Locke asked, his long, handsome ce suddenly sober, "did you hear the news?"

"No. What news?"

"The President had a stroke yesterday. In Wich-a. Apoplexy. It isn't generally known yet. I heard from the Assistant Secretary last night at dinner."

"Do you think it's serious?"

"Apoplexy is always serious."

"I wasn't thinking of that, exactly. I was thinking the League." Nicholas Baker had a theory, hich he discreetly pushed when the moment was ght, that the League of Nations would fail unless was led by the United States, and there would be other war. He had another theory. It was too dical to voice openly. He believed that all the untries in the world should be formed into one

"Susan, this isn't the way I was hoping it would be. Look at me"

government, as all the states were bound together in the United States.

"The League is finished, I'm afraid," said Mr. Locke. "It seems that our people are aroused and united only when they are immediately threatened. You take away their food or their jobs, or put fear of sudden death into them—then they are aroused. But this League seems to them a faraway thing. It's like joining a lodge in another city. They don't see any quick benefit. They don't see how it can help them personally."

"But certainly they must think of their children."

"They don't think of their children. Only one generation in ten considers its children." Mr. Locke sat down in his swivel chair and looked out of the wide window, over the White House, and over the Capitol beyond, so that the warm autumn sun was full on his face. "Poor Wilson," he said. "Poor, idealistic Wilson. What was it Jefferson said? It went something like this: 'The tree of Liberty must be refreshed from time to time by the blood of patriots and tyrants, for this is its natural manure.' "

"It's always the patriots' blood. The tyrants never seem to bleed," Nicholas said.

"Well, that may be because most of us are patriots, really."

"Do you think so, honestly?" Nicholas asked.

"Yes, I do. The world is getting better. It must."

"Perhaps. We're due, and overdue."

Nicholas Baker spent his lunch hour at the hospital with his wife, and washed down a cheese sandwich with a glass of milk at the drugstore on the way back to the department. Mabel had assured him that she was perfectly happy, and so he did not ask for the afternoon off. Just before he left the office at six he drew up a chair to Mr. Locke's desk and announced: "Well, I've decided on a name, Mr. Locke. Do you know what I'm going to name him? I'm going to name him Jefferson Wilson Baker."

"That's a very ambitious name," said Horace Locke.

"For my son," said Nicholas Baker, "I'm a very ambitious man."

As he left the department he was already considering where little Jefferson should go to school, and what he should be taught at home.

WHEN Jeff Baker got out of the Army he knew it was time for him to try to become a Foreign Service officer. The War Manpower Act was a godsend. It saved him a written examination. Two years as a line private, and three as a company grade officer, and then two more on occupation duty didn't fit a man for passing written examinations. He mailed his application after he returned from Vienna, while still on terminal leave, and then tried to forget about it.

He was offered jobs, and he could have stalled them, on the grounds that he had to settle his father's estate, but he turned them all down. Ever since he could remember, he'd wanted only one job.

Early in 1949 the department sent him a letter regretting the delay in passing on his application. There were thousands ahead of him. In addition, he must realize that delays and bottlenecks had developed in conducting the necessary investigations. That was easy to understand. With things as they were, practically everybody was being investigated. So he went to Canada and Mexico because he had never been to Canada and Mexico. His friend, Stud Beecham, said the war had given him a chronic case of itchy foot. But he just felt restless. When his savings ran out he returned to Washington.

There was pitifully little to do about the estate. His father had died while he was in Italy, about the time of the campaign on the Garigliano. (He hardly remembered his mother at all, for she was gone when he was six.) Nicholas Baker left the house in Georgetown, encumbered with a mortgage, and some Victory bonds, and two thousand in cash after all debts were paid, and the deed to five building lots in Florida, at a town called Welaka Springs. The building lots had been purchased in 1927, and Jeff surmised, from his father's correspondence over twelve years, that they would still be under water.

The house on Q Street, its bricks crumbling under the porch and its bedroom wallpaper peeling, seemed dreary and aloof as a summer cottage in January. It held him a stranger, and hostile. When Jeff found he could sell it for twice the mortgage, and he might never get such a price again, and that he could move in with Stud Beecham, he sold it. They had grown up together in Georgetown, he and Stud, and together fought the tough kids from Foggy Bottom, and double-dated to their first dances. Now Stud was a field inspector for Interior and had a three-room apartment in Riggs Court, off Dupont Circle; it was ample for both of them.

The letter from the department reached him there. His application had been approved. He shortly would be asked to report for the oral examination. "Well," said Stud, who was watching him, "you're in! I can tell by your face. You'll have to do something about that. Diplomats have poker faces."

"Not yet," Jeff said. "Not hardly. Four out of five flunk the oral. It's supposed to be like the Spanish Inquisition in a one-hour capsule."

"You won't flunk it. You teethed on the stuff."

"Then there's the physical, and the final security check."

"Physically," Stud estimated, "you'll be the finest specimen in State. They'll keep you in Washington, and use you once a year to model striped trousers at the English garden party."

He was okay, Jeff knew, so far as any Army medic could tell. But there was something about his physical condition—or maybe it was mental—that he never mentioned. It was a souvenir from September, 1944. It was very simple. Sudden, loud noises blacked out his mind and panicked his will and on occasion menaced his dignity as a human being.

"And as to security," Stud went on, "I guess you're secure enough. You don't know any Communists, do you?"

"Sure, I know some Communists," Jeff said, "but they're all Russians." He wasn't certain this was an accurate statement. He had met Russians in Bari and Trieste, and later in Vienna, but he wasn't sure all of them were Communists. "Stud," he said, "do you remember that girl at the Eaton party?"

"What girl? There were six or seven, or maybe ten or twelve."

"The one—you know, Susan something." He knew very well that her name was Susan Pickett, and she lived at the Bay State Apartments, 1701 Massachusetts, and her telephone number was Michigan 8218, and she worked in the office of the Secretary of State, and on the night of the Eaton party she'd come with Frederick Keller, who had some sort of a hush-hush job in the European Division.

All this he'd managed to learn, although he'd been alone with her for only a minute or two.

"Oh, you mean Susie Pickett?" said Stud.

"That's the one." At least once each day since the Eaton party he'd thought of her. She'd said, "I want you to call me," and it had seemed a definite invitation, and not cocktail courtesy.

"Well, what about her?" Stud said. "If you're going to celebrate tonight, why experiment with new stuff?"

"She's pretty nice."

"Nice, hell, she's gorgeous. But how do you know she's not going steady with Fred Keller?"

"I don't think so," said Jeff, but at the same time he suspected this might be true. In a city where most of the women seemed as gray and sexless as sheets of mimeograph paper, it wasn't likely Susan Pickett would be unattached.

AT SIX that evening he called her apartment. She said of course she remembered him, and wondered why he'd asked for her telephone number if he didn't intend using it. He asked whether she'd like to go out that night, and told her of the letter from the department. She said that was very exciting, and she would like to go out, and should she wear a long dress. He said not to bother, and he'd be around at eight.

The apartment was a Washington two-and-a-half—a bedroom, living room with alcove, and compact kitchen. She poked her head out of the bedroom, and said she'd be a minute, and he prowled around outside. It didn't look like a woman's apartment. There were too many bookcases, and they were not lined with women's books. There were too many utilitarian ash trays. The bar in the alcove was solid masculine teak. There was a man's photograph on an end table, a Marine Corps colonel in his forties, or older.

When she came out of the bedroom he wanted to put his hands on her, right then, and she instantly sensed this and seemed a bit amused and said, "Must be the perfume."

"It's something!" he said, surprised that the girl could have such an immediate effect on him.

"It can't be the dress." She pivoted with a model's confident grace, and he saw that the dress was not daring, except for its color. Only a woman of her lustrous dark shading could wear such brilliant emerald.

"It could be the dress, or it could be the perfume, but it isn't. You know exactly what it is, and you ought to be ashamed."

"You're pretty direct, aren't you?" she said. "I'll be direct too. I'm hungry."

He took her to Hall's, down near the water front, and they ate lobster flown from Maine that morning. She cracked the claws expertly, and neglected nothing, not even the succulent globules of flesh hidden under the base of the legs. "You must have eaten here before," he suggested.

"My husband used to bring me."

She would have been married, of course, but it didn't seem the proper time to ask about her husband. "Did you know this was General Grant's favorite restaurant?" he asked.

"No, I didn't know."

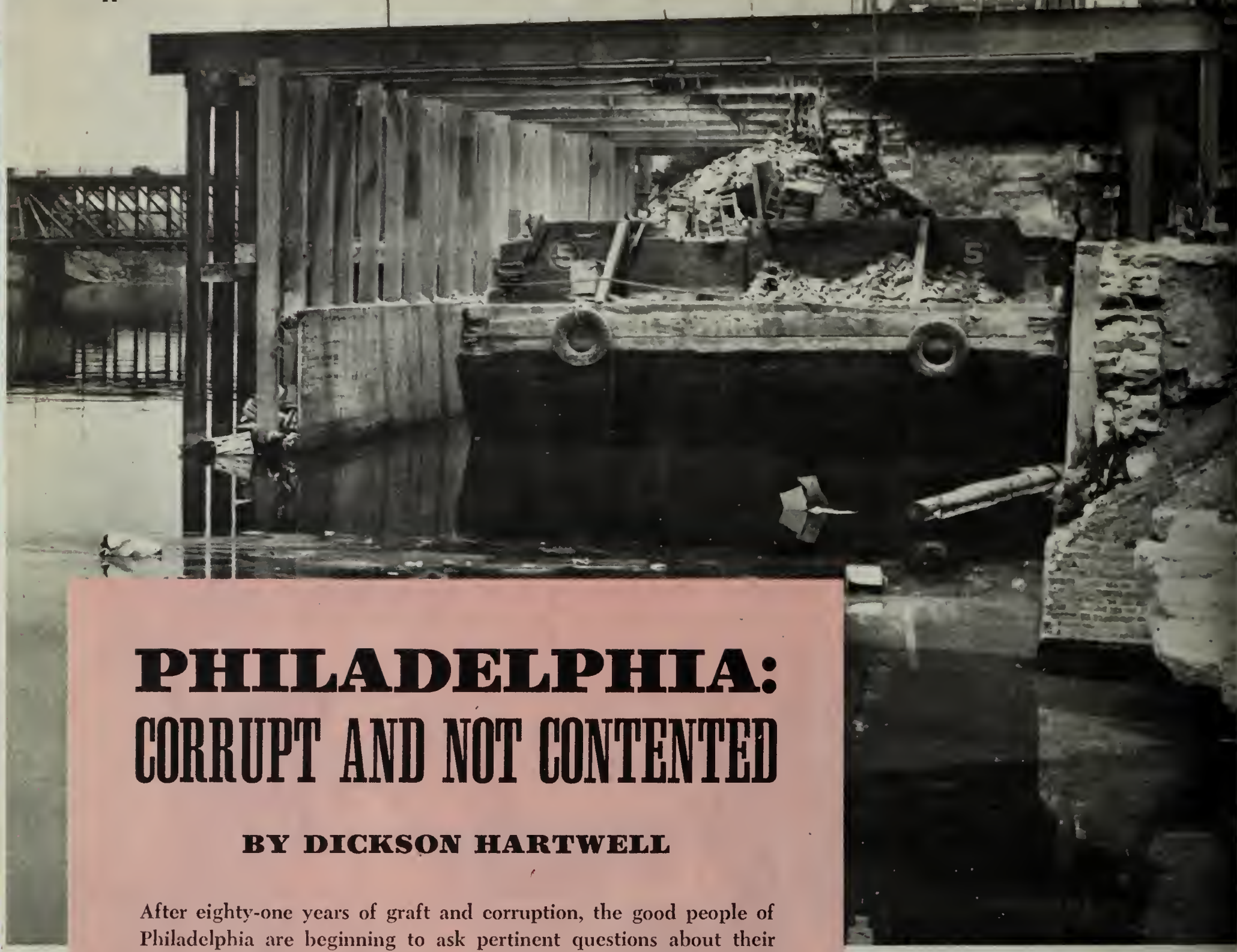
(Continued on page 46)



ILLUSTRATED BY MILTON WOLSKY

"Five cartons!" he said. "I don't know if I can take that many through customs." She dropped everything in his lap. "That's just exactly what a dispatch case is for, Jeff"





PHILADELPHIA: CORRUPT AND NOT CONTENTED

BY DICKSON HARTWELL

After eighty-one years of graft and corruption, the good people of Philadelphia are beginning to ask pertinent questions about their city government. The answers are not calculated to please anybody

Even the Chamber of Commerce acknowle
that the Schuylkill is the "world's dirtiest ri
Above, city barges load trash and garbage
outside the multimillion-dollar Art Mus

THE sickest city in the land is Philadelphia. It is suffering from the longest case on record—eighty-one years—of the dread malady known as machine politics.

Philadelphia has every known symptom of the ailment and some that are brand-new. It has a self-sustaining political machine that would be the envy of old Tammany—and a freshly uncovered financial shortage estimated at $300,000 to $1,000,000. It is run in secret by a one-party city council that holds two sessions—a private one at which some of the councilmen are advised to vote a certain way, and another one in public, when they follow the advice.

In Philadelphia motorists in restricted parking zones pay off many of the cops with a quarter, or even use old parking tickets as camouflage tags on their cars. Summonses are ignored (in one recent month there were 2,989 such cases in traffic court) or handed to a district committeeman to fix. In one court nine of every ten summonses were fixed before they ever got to the court. It is a city of petty crimes, small-time gamblers and five-and-dime shakedowns, where too often a citizen's first protection is not the law, the courts or the police, but his ward leader.

Philadelphia's political machine is simple enough. It is called Republican, but this is only a label. It has no political philosophy except to win elections with whatever promise, slogan or chicanery it believes will succeed. Its guiding principle: Do a man a favor and you've got his friendship: do two favors, and you've got his vote.

To this principle, the cornerstone of power, the machine is dedicated. Most public officials and even many of the janitors hold their jobs because they can do favors or get out the vote. "A magistrate who doesn't play ball with the machine," a Philadelphia judge said recently, "can count on 5,000 votes and that's all. Without 350,000 you can't win." Playing ball means refraining from carefully investigating certain cases; fixing tickets for ward leaders; springing Saturday-night drunks from jail; and tipping the scales of justice just very lightly for certain gamblers, tavern keepers and miscellaneous miscreants who, as registered voters, become first citizens on Election Day.

The average Philadelphia citizen soon grows to believe that the only man who can get things done is the ward leader. Citizens who vote right, contribute right and don't complain are seldom troubled by government inefficiency. Yet most Philadelphians haven't known the satisfaction of clean streets, unbroken pavements, unpolluted air and water, alert, impartial police and a rigidly enforced sanitary code.

Without political influence the ordinary citizen is helpless. In 1946, a maiden lady living on Master Street despaired of persuading her landlord to repair a leaking roof and appealed to the city in writing. Nothing happened. The following year she wrote the mayor begging him to please do something. What the city did was to condemn the property, and the non-political maiden lady was requ
to vacate it "forthwith." Becaus
Philadelphia's acute housing sho
this shut-up-or-get-out techniq
most effective. That "request" w
sued a year ago. The roof still l
But the spinster hasn't peeped s

This kind of treatment develo
Philadelphians a stoic patience.
citizen in the summer of 1939 inst
an oil burner and requested the
marshal's inspection, which is
quired by law. He received a
stating the inspection would be
on a certain day. He waited at h
but was stood up. Another card c
with the same result. His vac
came and went and fall arrived. T
were more cards, but no official
desperation he turned on the fur
without an okay. That was in
The furnace inspection still has
been made. But every few week
the past nine years this good ci
has received a post card notifying
that the arrival of the inspector i
minent.

At the moment, though, the u

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ARNOLD CAIN





Mayor Bernard Samuel stirred up a fuss when he appointed the Committee of Fifteen



County Sheriff Austin Meehan was not unhappy to see the Fifteen continue investigating

Outside City Hall a twenty-four-sheet poster bearing the mayor's name appeals to Philadelphians to drive carefully. But this worthy project is scant indication of the city's major ills, which afflict both young and old. Recently the Committee of Fifteen, appointed by the mayor, has exposed inefficiency and recommended some drastic curative measures

s having his day. One of the nteresting political experiments history of American munici- s has been the Committee of n, which was appointed by Phil- ia's Mayor Bernard Samuel. e the elections last fall, city em- s, restive for wage increases, eld in line by fulsome promises. the city machine was re-elected mands became insistent. With asury empty and borrowing ca- vanishing, the mayor had to e heat off. He handed the prob- a committee composed mainly iness and civic leaders.

s Committee of Fifteen, headed thur Binns, top Philadelphia , had two jobs: (1) to determine ould get a raise and how much,) to find the money. Given less hree months to make a report, mmittee was expected to sug- face-saving compromise and ut. But the Fifteen had other On March 1st they filed a rev- nary report showing how the uld add $5,000,000 to its in- come in 1948 mainly by aggressive, efficient collection of wage taxes and water rents. They showed how fire and police department streamlining alone might save $2,000,000 in 1949, and recommended a thorough efficiency check on all departments.

By way of padded pay rolls, the Fifteen reported city employment of approximately $150,000 worth of matrons to make beds in firehouses for many firemen who sleep at home. They found 211 janitors on the pay roll at City Hall Annex, one third more than required in comparable commercial buildings. They discovered policemen working as typists, messengers, cleaners and clerks—and some not working at all—and about 100 firemen assigned to the fire marshal's office, a spot generally regarded as among the city's less serious fire hazards. These and other revelations brought a clamor for the committee to continue, though its work was officially ended.

An even stronger impetus was the go-ahead signal from County Sheriff Austin (Aus) Meehan. Gargantuan (300 pounds) and bald, Meehan became top man in Philadelphia politics last election when he defeated Dave Harris for control of the Republican city committee, which runs the town.

Mcehan is simon-pure honest himself, and he finds it hard to believe that people he knows and likes will actually steal. As a contractor, he does little business in Philadelphia but a great deal elsewhere. He gives away his salary as sheriff ($15.000 a year) every payday to the first people who touch him.

When the question of continuing the Fifteen arose, he realized that two vulnerable spots in city government might be the office of the receiver of taxes, which collects the city's money, and the Department of Supplies and Purchases, which lets contracts.

The Fifteen quickly showed that the Department of Supplies and Purchases was operating on a six-hour workday; that the annual report required by the city charter had not been made in nearly seven years, with no accounting for some $40,000,000 spent; that it took an average of 31 days to place an order, and longer—from 60 to 90 days—to pay for it, causing the city to lose up to $30,000 a year in cash discounts. There were no trained buyers, purchases being made by bookkeepers and clerks.

Nowhere in Philadelphia is intimacy with petty theft and light larceny more evident than in the magistrates' courts. Top magistrates' pay is only $5,500 annually. But some stretch-a-penny Philadelphia magistrates manage on such a salary to maintain homes which at first squint resemble the palace of a movie queen.

How this financial necromancy is accomplished is indicated in the story of a certain Philadelphia magistrate.

This magistrate, it appears, sees gamblers through slightly rose-colored glasses. He could not find it in his heart to think ill of horse players and numbers operators—especially when they were so grateful for kind

(Continued on page 64)

The High Cost of Collette

BY IRVING GAYNOR NEIMAN

Dexter Lawson's wife objected to his keeping a beautiful girl in their guest room. Dexter said it was strictly business. With the girl it obviously was not



IT IS never an easy matter for a talent agent to explain to a client why that client isn't working. But on the morning in question, Dexter Lawson, the agent, felt that his explanation was formidable enough. If I had any more excuses, he thought, I would be a candidate for clinical confinement.

"You see," Dexter told the young man in his office, "my situation is not uncomplicated. If I don't sell the Brute Cosmetics people I may lose not only my business but my happy home as well. You have to be understanding."

The dark young man who sat across the desk from Dexter nodded morosely. This was Nick Sandore, known to the radio faithful as The Sender. "Explain it to me again," he said. "I'm a reasonable man, hey."

"I'm counting on your reason, Sender."

"Okay," The Sender said. "Only the part I don't get is whether your wife left you or she didn't."

Dexter sighed and ran his fingers through his prematurely graying hair. "It's a moot point," he said. "She left me, but at the same time, she didn't."

The Sender nodded gravely. "All on account of this dame is living with you. Right?"

"Collette."

"Yeah, Collette Only what I don't get—"

"What I want to know," Dexter said suddenly, "is what I did wrong."

"Wrong, huh?"

"I discovered a million-dollar piece of talent, that's all."

"Collette, huh?"

"At the time, Katherine Strudel. I named her Collette. She's sort of French. From Louisiana."

"Your wife hates her, huh?"

"Only because she is temporarily in our guest room."

The Sender nodded. "The guest room," he said reminiscently. "Six of the happiest months of my life I lived in your guest room."

"I have been proud," Dexter said, "to turn over my guest room for the advancement of young artists."

"For ten per cent," The Sender said moodily. He frowned. "Returning to the earlier question," he said, "did your wife leave you or not?"

"That's the question," Dexter said. "She was about to, but she couldn't."

"I don't get it."

"Figure it. If Mary Alice left, who would remain in the apartment?"

"Remain? You and Collette—Oho!"

"Exactly. Oho."

"So she didn't leave you."

Dexter sighed. "The point is moot," he said. His features, normally somewhat handsome in a bright, eager way, were gray and drawn. "Have you got a studio couch at your place, Sender?"

"Sure. That's where my friends sleep when they visit me."

"Get rid of it," Dexter said. "Your friends hate you. Believe me."

"You're sleepin' on the— Oho!"

"For the past week," Dexter said with a melancholy sigh.

"He's sighin'," The Sender said. "How about me?"

"What's your trouble?"

"I ain't even workin', hey."

Dexter looked pained. "Please," he said.

The Sender said, "What's so special about this Collette? She got a bilt on her, hey?"

"With minor exceptions, yes."

"In radio, bilts are a dime a dozen," The Sender said moodily.

"It's her speaking voice," Dexter said. "Sensational."

"What's so sensational?"

"Sex," Dexter said simply.

"Her voice?"

"Loaded. It's like a baritone sax at 2:00 A.M. It vibrates. Like a muted violin. Makes you shiver. Like a—"

"So?"

"Figure it. What do the Brute Cosmetics people make?"

"Cosmetics?"

"For men!" Brute Cosmetics for Men! Get this." Dexter pitched his voice low in approximate imitation of husky feminine tones. " 'I can't resist your advances, beeg boy, now that you're using Brute cologne.' "

"That's Collette, huh?"

"Approximately."

"She's sold?"

"Practically. I—"

The phone rang. The Sender sat in gloomy silence as Dexter answered.

"Charley Kendall, Dex," a voice said. He was account executive with the Baylor Advertising Agency. "Great news for you."

Dexter held his breath. "Collette? You'll buy Collette?"

Charley said, "I'd buy her sight unseen. Got to sell the sponsor, Radcliff. That's the big news. I've set up a little party for tonight. Radcliff and wife. My boss and wife. To meet Collette."

"That's wonderful, Charley, but—"

"You're the host. Your apartment. I'll bring Collette. Eight thirty."

"Tonight?" Dexter felt perspiration in his palms. "Did you say tonight, Charley? My apartment?"

"Radcliff leaves town tomorrow. Clinch the sale tonight. One thing, Dex. He's very moral. Keep it extra clean. You know, sacred family relationship."

"Moral? My apartment?" Dexter said. "Charley, I—" Kendall had rung off. Dexter hung up slowly and stared straight ahead of him.

"Tonight," he said dully. "We're not ready. We're not ready at all."

Resilience is a universal attribute of talent agents. Although he was unable to shake a sense of onrushing doom, Dexter swung frantically into action.

AFTER a brief conference with The Sender, he was engaged in a number of phone calls that took him almost to the lunch hour. He finally leaned back wearily in his chair and switched on a record player at the side of his desk. He felt a strong need for reassurance.

The loud-speaker hummed a moment and then a woman's voice said, "Hold me close, beeg boy. Clos-air! I love to smell your Brute cologne." The voice was low and vibrant, with soft passionate overtones. Dexter felt his scalp tingle.

If there is a grain of truth in Freud, Dexter thought, we will yet win out.

The campaign to sell Collette to the Brute Cosmetics people, Dexter felt, was his most inspired. Each day for two weeks Collette had made recordings like the one on the turntable, which had promptly been rushed off to Charley Kendall. Like water ping on his head, Dexter thought friendly.

Although he had never seen h person, Kendall had heard Co each day on records. The text o records was innocent and simpl was the way she said it.

Charley, Dexter thought, is d ing. All that remained was to se sponsor and the head of the a tising agency. Dexter thought o approaching party and shuddered

He put another recording o turntable. Collette's voice said, could not have reached first base me before you used Brute, beeg But now—" The voice broke of vibrant sigh. Dexter felt chills r his spine.

"But now, what?" another said. It was not a transcription. girl who had stepped into De office was short and handsome, crisply curling auburn hair and brown eyes. She wore a trim lored suit which made her look child on her way to Sunday scho

Dexter switched off the r



The Sender's selection was a song high on the popularity lists, I Love You In War And Peace, from the novel of the same name

flushed, and said, "Darling, very kind of you to come."

Hope I didn't interrupt any- sacred," his wife said coldly.

se, darling," Dexter said. know this is strictly business."

is my visit," Mary Alice said. primly on the edge of a chair. did you want of me?"

KTER sketched the situation iefly. She listened carefully, her eyes fixed on his face.

ave arranged for Charley to p Collette at the Ritz-Halton. he lived there. And all I ask is u be at my side tonight. The r might not understand if you t."

said, "You look terrible, Dex." suffered," he said.

u've lost weight," she said more

that studio couch. It's the l bed of pain."

now."

rling, if I sell Collette, she will to afford a place of her own. on't happen again. I promise."

The brown eyes suddenly hardened. "That's what you said after The Sender left."

"But you liked The Sender."

"I didn't know at the time that he was inaugurating a house policy."

"You mean Glockins?"

"Glockins, for one. The soap-opera writer who was always threatening to commit suicide."

"He never did, though," Dexter said hopefully.

"And then that sex-mad announcer, Greg Martinson, who spent the greater part of his four months with us chasing me around the dining-room table."

"But, darling—"

"I know. He never caught me. It's the principle of the thing."

"They were all clients," Dexter said.

"Collette is the straw that breaks my aching back. That woman has made more passes than a crooked dice player."

"She doesn't make passes," Dexter said. "She just sounds that way. But I will sell her tonight, and then she is gone."

Mary Alice shook her head and stood up. "Frankly, Dex," she said, "I don't believe you could sell that no-talent package on bargain day on the Street of Regret. But I will do my best to help."

"That's very kind of you, darling."

"It's just to get Collette out of the apartment. When she goes, I will be close on her heels."

Dexter stood up and said, "Mary Alice, you've got to reconsider. Believe me, I am blameless in my soul."

Her eyes grew soft again. "You have the most awful bags under your eyes, Dex," she said.

"I need you."

SHE avoided his embrace and opened the door. "I suppose you'll be busy this afternoon."

Dexter felt his face grow pink. "Why, yes. That is, of course."

Her lips tightened. "Collette?"

"Why, no—that is, no."

She smiled and said, "I'll see you tonight, darling." Then she was gone.

Dexter stood looking out of the window of his office for some minutes. He felt a strange mixture of elation and foreboding, something like the sensation that comes to an amateur skier at the head of a ski jump. He shook himself, and shoved off to pick up Collette. . . .

The Park Towers, where Dexter lived, was a rather elaborate apartment hotel in the East Fifties. It was just past three o'clock when Dexter walked through the lobby to the bank of elevators in the far wall. He buzzed.

"Going up, Mr. Lawson?"

Dexter turned quickly to find a vast expanse of blue serge in front of his eyes. Looking up, he saw the large head that rose out of the serge.

"Did you speak to me?" Dexter said.

"Yeah. You said you were going up. Your wife isn't home."

Dexter stepped back to get a better look at the man. He was huge. His heavy features were topped by thin blond hair. There was a pensive look in his pale blue eyes.

"My wife? Oh, she isn't home. That's good."

(Continued on page 62)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

JUDGE GOLDSBOROUGH TAKES THE STAND

BY BILL DAVIDSON

As a congressman, he fought on labor's side. As a judge, he fights only for justice. John L. Lewis, the mine operators, and government departments have all found him formidable but fair

IN 1939, when President Roosevelt appointed T. Alan Goldsborough as federal district judge for the District of Columbia, he said, "You've worked hard for 18 years in Congress, Alan. Now you can relax, get out of the public eye and enjoy yourself listening to interesting murders."

That remark has turned out to be a classic misstatement. For, as an Assistant Attorney General recently put it, "Every time you pick up the paper, you read about Goldsborough making another decision that affects the welfare of every man, woman and child in the United States. He is hotter news than Congress and the Supreme Court."

This is only a slight exaggeration. During a typical ten-week period last spring, for instance, Judge Goldsborough (a) found John L. Lewis and the United Mine Workers guilty of contempt of court for the second time, and affirmed an important provision of the Taft-Hartley Act; (b) slapped an injunction on Attorney General Tom Clark, preventing the Justice Department from deporting (without an impartial hearing) Gerhart Eisler and four other alleged Communist aliens; (c) signed an injunction stopping a threatened railroad strike that would have paralyzed the nation; (d) had another session with Mr. Lewis, compelling the United Mine Workers to bargain collectively with the Southern Coal Producers Association, and affirming for the first time another provision of the Taft-Hartley Act; and (e) made a pioneering freedom-of-speech decision, holding that Congressman John Rankin was protected by Congressional immunity when he called a man crazy in the cloakroom of the House of Representatives, but that when he made the same statement to newspapermen over the phone he was open to lawsuit for slander.

In addition to all this, the judge signed some 2,500 orders, heard arguments on 217 motions, and naturalized 32 new citizens. He also got off some classic oratory, saying of John L. Lewis, "It is your boundless audacity, O Catiline!" This made headlines in the newspapers. So did a new title bestowed on Goldsborough by former OWI chief Elmer Davis—"John L. Lewis' Truant Officer."

Until November, 1946, Goldsborough was just another one of the nation's 160-odd federal district judges.

Then John L. Lewis came into his life.

Coal Miners in Contempt of Court

On November 18, 1946, Justice Department attorneys asked for an order to stop Lewis' union from striking against the government-operated mines. This would be the first major labor injunction since the passage of the Norris-La Guardia Act in Congress in 1932. It would shock the country. But it was winter, and great national suffering would result if no coal were mined. And this was a strike against the government. So Judge Goldsborough signed the order. Lewis glowered and threatened, and the miners walked out of the pits. Whereupon Goldsborough, just as calmly as if he were issuing a divorce decree, declared the miners and their leader to be in contempt of court.

The trial was one of the most spectacular shows ever staged in Washington. Newsreel cameramen still remember it with glee. Lewis roared. Goldsborough sat and listened apparently without emotion. Then the roof fell in on the UMW chief. The judge thundered that Lewis was practicing anarchy by refusing to obey the courts, and declared that "This is not the act of a low lawbreaker, but it is an evil, demoniac, monstrous thing that means a threat to democratic government itself." He went on to impose a monumental fine of $3,500,000 on the United Mine Workers ($500,000 for each day the union had disregarded his order), and $10,000 on Lewis himself.

In April, 1948, Lewis came face to face again with Judge Goldsborough.

This time the miners' chief had sent a telegram to all UMW locals informing them "the mineowners have dishonored the pension agreement." As if by magic 350,000 miners remained home from work. When the government got a court injunction under the national emergency provision of the Taft-Hartley law, Lewis shrugged his shoulders and indicated he didn't know anything about any strike, that the men had walked out spontaneously. Lewis and the UMW were haled into court on the same charge—contempt of court.

The fireworks were still more spectacular this time. When Welly Hopkins, the UMW lawyer, argued that Lewis had purged himself of contempt by settling the pension dispute a few days after he had ignored the injunction, Judge Goldsborough brought the house down with his statement that "such a construction of contempt has never before been offered since Hammurabi."

When Hopkins repeated the argument that the miners had not been ordered to strike, Goldsborough said that it was ridiculous to assume that Lewis' "dishonored" telegram to the miners was anything but a signal. He banged his hand on the table and made the now famous statement:

"If a nod, or a wink, or a code was used in place of the word 'strike' it was just as much of a strike as though the word 'strike' had been used. The miners walked out when told the agreement was dishonored; they came back when told the agreement was honored. Now, what else can that be except a code?"

Lewis made no attempt to answer this question, or any others. As one eyewitness described it, "He sat like an image during the procedure. Occasionally he moved his massive head, a deep frown on his pallid face. Now and then he stroked his chin or moistened his lips. Mostly he stared straight ahead."

Again Goldsborough threatened jail sentences. But he relented. He fined Lewis $20,000, and the union $1,400,000. Some miners hinted they would go out again in protest. So the judge pulled what Washington lawyers consider one of the most astute judicial tricks ever employed by a federal jurist. Although he had found Lewis guilty of both civil and criminal contempt, he fined him only on the criminal charge. He left the civil sentence hanging in abeyance. The union took one look at this dangling sword, and the strike threats collapsed.

Then Goldsborough pulled another surprise. On June 22, 1948, a sulking Lewis came into court expecting another injunction against him in the matter of his plan to pay $100 monthly pensions to members of the United Mine Workers who wish to retire at sixty-two or older. The mineowners, conversely, were supremely confident. The Goldsborough lightning struck—and this time it didn't hit Lewis. The judge okayed the pension plan, saying, "It is meager enough, and it offers the miners a little something for their old age. It gives them enough to hold their heads up."

Goldsborough was immediately besieged by porters who couldn't understand the switch his unyielding anti-Lewis position. In answ their questions, Goldsborough gave a classic d tion of his responsibilities. "I may be naive said, "but I believe a judge is not supposed anti-anything. He is supposed to try each ca the facts of that case alone."

Perhaps this is the key to the fact that G borough is completely unpredictable. In th mous Langan vs. Langan case, which involve custody of Joan Langan, the twelve-ye daughter of a divorced couple, he confou bookbound lawyers by by-passing Californi Maryland decrees, and minimizing the charg the father had practically kidnaped the child.

He decided the case simply on the follo facts: that Joan wanted to live with her f that the father was a loving, fine upstanding zen; and that the mother, a singer, had by he testimony indicated that she was not as capa parent. The legal world was still more confou when the court of appeals affirmed Judge G borough, saying, "The decision of the trial could not have been otherwise."

A Decision Worthy of King Solomon

In another custody case, the municipali Washington was attempting to take away a from a woman who had wanted a baby so that she had got one without going through adoption procedures. All the law seemed to the municipality's side, but at the end of the ing Judge Goldsborough leaned over and aske city's attorney, "But she's the only mothe child has, isn't she?" He then decided in fav the woman, concluding, "And, madam, if ar bothers you or your little girl, you come down and tell me about it."

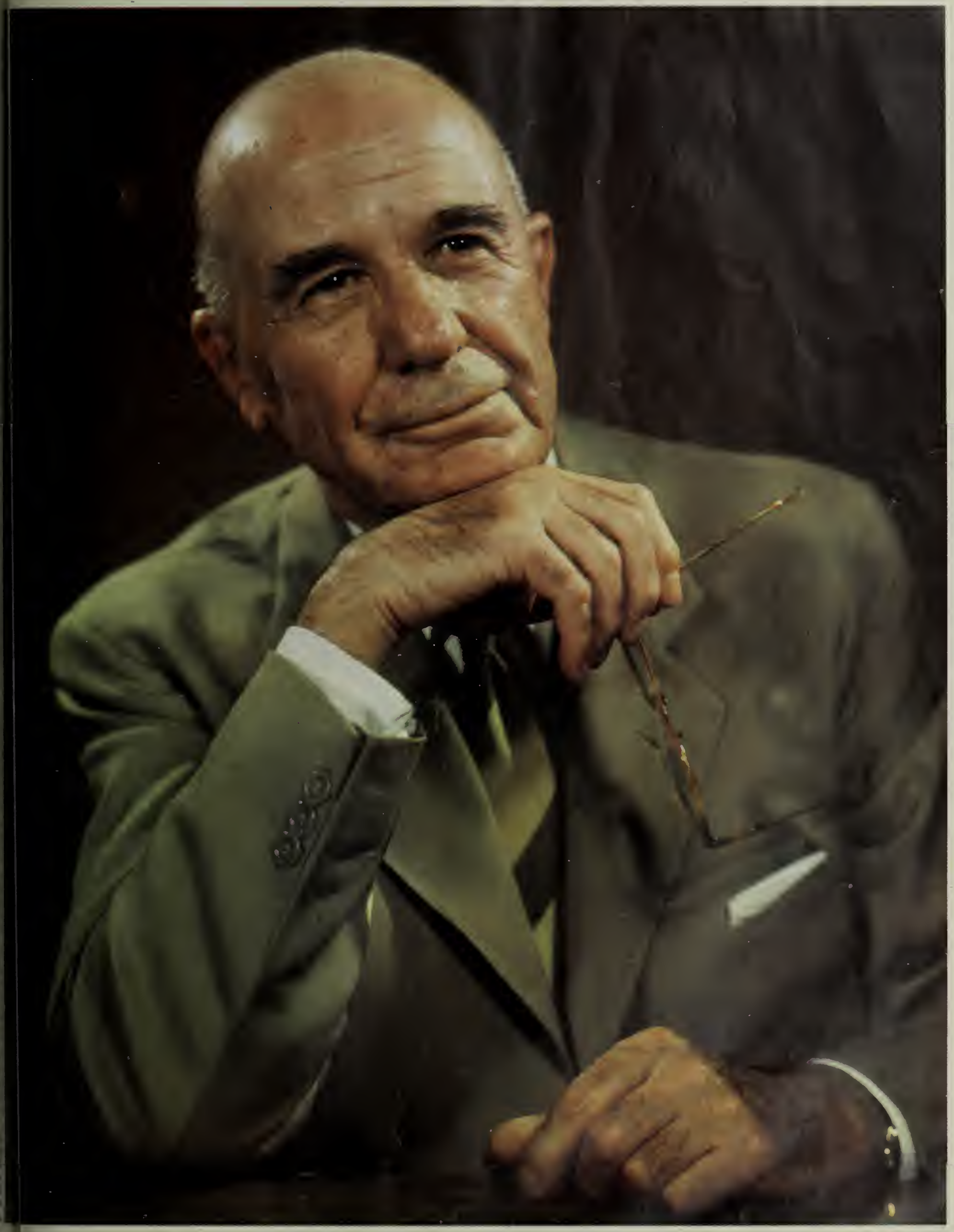
All of which indicates that while there m some doubt that Judge Goldsborough is a detached legal mind in the tradition of Oliver dell Holmes, there is no question that he among the most colorful and human jurists e sit on the American bench.

Alan Goldsborough was born in Greens Maryland, on September 16, 1877, just a few from the town of Goldsboro, named after his ily (which had settled the Eastern Shore in His father was in the consular service. When Alan was two, he was whisked away to A China. In 1881 his father became ill, and Ala brought back to Greensboro to be raised b grandfather, a fabulous country physician k to every farmer and fisherman on the Eastern S It was under old Doctor Goldsborough's win the boy began observing people and the vagar human progress.

The young Alan led an average boyhood, e for his baseball prowess. He had a whiplike t ing arm and a .350 batting average. At Washi College, a select Eastern Shore institution, h for top man in the class of 1899. He also p second base on a team that bowled over n league opposition and is regarded by many e as the greatest amateur team in baseball hi

Nearly every member of that team went di to the major leagues. There *(Continued on pa*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY KARSH



Judge T. Alan Goldsborough



A SUCKER DON'T WANNA BE TOLD

BY ROBERT SYLVESTER

"It doesn't matter what you v about our racket," the race-t tout said. "You can't educate sucker. A sucker wants to beli A sucker don't wanna be

THE caller was a little fellow in tweeds and riding boots and he carried a small satchel. He said he had an appointment with the boss on a confidential matter. He was ushered in, whispered that he needed utmost secrecy, and the boss' secretary was told to leave the office.

The little fellow looked around suspiciously. He opened the satchel and took out a regulation racing saddle. Once more he looked cautiously over his shoulder and then turned the saddle upside down, exhibiting a battery and wired shock points.

"Bobby Permane is riding a long shot tomorrow," the little fellow told the businessman. "This is his saddle. He just pushes this button—see?—and the nag gets a bolt of electricity that makes him run like Stymie. It's a sure killing."

On that story a New York importer recently bet $500 for himself and $100 for the tout with the electrified saddle. Silly? Sure. Couldn't happen to you? Maybe not. But this ridiculous routine is a successful stand-by with the thousands of professional race-track touts who operate all over the country. The lazier touts, the ones who are too tired or too cocksure to carry a valise, vary the maneuver by exhibiting an electrified racing whip. Both variants are known, in the touting trade, as "lugging the juice."

It's one of a dozen standard methods, all of which are classified, in the tout trade, as The Story. Some of the stories are pretty funny indeed—when they happen to somebody else. There is the Saddle Cloth Story, for instance. This is a standard and hoary with age. It works only once, but there are still thousands of horse players who haven't heard it.

"You can't lose," confides the tout using the Saddle Cloth Story. "You can't lose because this horse will be Number Six. It doesn't make any difference which horse really wins. Each jockey will have an extra saddle cloth with a Number Six under his official saddle cloth. No matter which horse wins, the jockey is going to reach down and fold back his real number. He'll go by the finish line as Number Six. You can't lose. All the jockeys are in on it."

Childish? Of course. But a Massachusetts florist bet $1,600 on the mildewed Saddle Cloth Story not long ago.

To give the more imaginative touts their due, they've usually got a better story than the Saddle Cloth. O the better stories, according t touts themselves, is the quite mc pseudoscientific one misnamed Radar Wire.

"See that man out in the inf the tout asks, pointing to some cent who is so far away he's tically a blur. "See that bundl carrying? That's radar. It co the running of the race by tuni on wires attached to the jo metal stirrups. It can slow speed up any horse in the race. jockeys are in on this killing."

The Radar Wire assumes ignc of staggering proportions on th of the sucker but it is very popu this scientific age.

The juice, the saddle cloth a radar wire are, of course, ver mentary dodges and work bes



linesmen, the scourge of every habitual horse player who can't spend every minute of his life at the race track.

Of the three classes, the double hustlers are probably the most colorful. They have, at least, a spurious horsy flavor. There are variants to the double hustle but basically it works somewhat as follows:

You are standing near a betting window, your program clutched in your hand, your mind still full of doubts, and the clock inexorably bringing starting time for the next race closer and closer. You start to edge nearer the $2 window.

The Victim Is Approached

A soft voice at your elbow asks for a match. Or for a look at your program. Almost any harmless question. And then:

"Gee, mister, you didn't see what Big Ben Bannon bet on, did you?"

"And who," you ask, startled, "is Big Ben Bannon?" Your new friend looks incredulous.

"You don't know who Big Ben is? The biggest plunger on the track! The man who won $47,000 here day before yesterday!"

Your new friend kindly points out Big Ben. Big Ben is standing right over there, a step or two away. He's scowling in approved millionaire fashion and he holds in one hand a stack of mutuel tickets thicker than the city directory. You decide that Big Ben looks very confident for a man who is wagering all that money.

"I tried to see which horse he bet," the new friend sighs, "but he had his thumb over the number. "Let's ask him what he's betting."

Both of you stroll over to Big Ben and your new friend speaks right up, asking Ben to do you both a favor and let you in on his choice. Right here is where the melodrama starts.

Big Ben whirls on your friend and bawls him out unmercifully. Big Ben says that when he gives out information on the races to ingrates like your new friend they just peddle it around the track and the odds get knocked way down.

"Get out of here!" Ben almost screams. "Beat it now or I'll call the police. Hey, officer!"

Your new friend scuttles off and you are about to do the same thing when Ben turns his wrath on you.

"Are you with him?" he demands, scowling in terrible fashion.

"N-n-n-no," you tell him.

"Who are you with, then?"

"Nobody. I'm alone. Listen," you say, emboldened by your innocence. "Listen here, you big . . ."

Big Ben seems suddenly mollified.

"Who are you, anyway?" he asks. If you're a big enough sucker you'll tell him and maybe even show him an identification with an address.

Ben seems somewhat ashamed of himself. "I guess I made a mistake," he says, smiling slightly. "I'm sorry."

The incident is over. Just a misunderstanding. You start to walk off, but Ben has a hand on your arm.

"I guess I owe you an apology," he says heartily. "You see, these petty gamblers are always trying to chisel in on what our syndicate is betting." Ben still has his hand on your arm and he seems to be arguing with himself.

"Do you really want the winner of this race?" he asks. You assure him that you do. Ben tells you to follow him. He walks you up to the $10 window.

(Continued on page 66)

rs who haven't been around But the habitual horse player is s fair game for the tout. With abitual horse player, the tout has to use a slightly more subproach. An approach like The Ink, for instance.

successful Broadway theatrical cer who is a veteran horse-race recently left his office at his time and stopped, again as in a theatrical bar for his daily us hour cocktail. Two men were bar, engrossed in their own soft rsation. They talked idly of this at. Their conversation could be overheard.

ot a letter from Eddie Arcaro " one of them said, a bit more . He took a letter from his t.

at Eddie," the other one said, g the letter. "Why does he alvrite with green ink?"

lon't know," the first stranger negligently. "He's been writth green ink all the years I've him."

strangers chatted idly for a nt more and left.

e thing made no impression on ne producer relates, "although I e it must have stuck in my scious. Anyway, when I got r addressed in green ink alwo weeks later I remember I at it for a long minute, trying ember who it was I knew who wrote in green ink. I couldn't ber. I opened the letter and it om 'Eddie Arcaro.' Then my y clicked."

At this point the producer heaves a deep sigh. "That green ink story cost me $12,000 before I was through with the bogus Arcaro," he admits.

Neither racing commissions, track detectives, police specialists, jockey clubs nor horse bookmakers can make any estimate of how many professional race-track touts are operating in America today. Every racing authority merely sighs and admits that there are thousands and thousands of them. Touting today is big business. It's a racket of staggering proportions.

Example: The last time government postal authorities became annoyed with a gang of touts using the mails to defraud they temporarily smashed one tout bureau whose files yielded a "sucker list" of 2,500,000 names. The records indicated that this gang had done a gross business of $80,000,000 in ten years. Remember, this was merely *one* tipster bureau.

Billions Wagered on Tips

Last year more than $1,680,000,000 was legally bet through the parimutuel machines of American race tracks. Of this sum a goodly portion was influenced by race-track touts. How much money is illegally bet with private bookmakers away from the race track cannot be accurately estimated by anyone. The biggest combination of New York bookmakers, which has business connections with most of the big bookie rings on the East Coast, thinks that $10,000,000,000 would be a very conservative estimate. It is safe to say that the *major* portion of this amount is influenced by touts, tipsters and information peddlers of one kind or another including the amateur.

To the race-track tout every horse player is a sucker, or an "egg." An egg is fair game anywhere. Yet it is the bane of race-track authorities and local police authorities that the egg, ashamed of his gullibility, scarcely ever makes a complaint or demands that the law track down the rascals who have fleeced him.

"And it doesn't matter what you write about our racket," one race-track tout told me, "you can't educate the sucker. A sucker wants to believe. A sucker don't wanna be told."

Scarcely a tout in the country has any particular fear of the law or of reprisals from his victims.

About the only time a tout gets into real trouble is when, through some swindle that utilizes the mails to defraud, the government authorities get nasty. Or when the tout is not satisfied just to ply his trade but steps over the line into larceny and misappropriated funds.

Race-track authorities and the touts themselves agree that touting is divided into three general classifications, each of which has its own business formula and tricks of the trade. These classifications are: (1) the double hustlers, who work in pairs near the betting windows or in the stands at the race tracks, (2) the tipping offices, which have developed telegraph and mail touting to the proportions of a great national industry, (3) the

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HARRINGTON

COLLIER'S

SHORT SHORT



Good MORNING

BY MARK HAGER

WHEN I was a boy, I walked through two miles of woods to get to our schoolhouse, and I would take my father's twenty-two rifle with me and hide it in a hollow tree before I got to the schoolhouse, and get it as I came home in the evening.

One evening, coming from school, I ran into a community uprising at Mr. Epperly's house. Mr. Epperly's cow had gone mad and was bawling lonesome bawls and twisting the young apple trees out of the ground with her horns, and the whole community was demanding that Mr. Epperly's dog, Old Ranger, be shot as Old Ranger had fought and killed the mad dog that bit the cow.

Mr. Epperly wanted to know if it wouldn't be safe to put Old Ranger in the stable or someplace and keep him penned up until the danger period was over, but the neighbors said no; that Mr. Epperly's children might slip and feed him through the cracks and get bit.

Mr. Epperly said he could not do it himself, and wanted to know who would volunteer to do it, but none of the men would.

Mr. Epperly came to me, and said, "Joe, why can't you take him with you through the woods on your way home and do it?"

I told Mr. Epperly I did not want to shoot Old Ranger. I saw Mr. Epperly's three kids were already keeping close to the old dog.

Mr. Epperly then pulled a one-dollar bill from his pocket.

"I will give you this dollar bill if you'll do it," he said.

I considered. I had never yet had a one-dollar bill all my own, and while the idea of shooting Old Ranger did not appeal to me, it did seem like a thing that was demanded by the whole community, and they all put at me to do it, trying to make me feel like a kind of hero, and pointed to the danger to Mr. Epperly's children. Then Mr. Epperly put a piece of clothesline around Old Ranger's neck and I started with him. The Epperly kids began to cry.

As I walked through the woods by the little path, I started looking for a place suitable to shoot a dog and leave him lay. I saw a heavy clump of wild grapevines, and I led him down under there and then got back up in the path. Old Ranger looked at me and whined and wagged his tail. He wanted to come to me. I recollected always seeing him wherever there was a splash of sunshine in Mr. Epperly's yard when I would pass there and Mr. Epperly's kids would join me for school.

I went down and untied Old Ranger and walked on. I came to a place where there was a hickory grove in a little flat where the underbrush was thin. I recollected how Old Ranger liked to go to the hickory groves and tree squirrels. I led Old Ranger down and tied him close to the trunk of a big hickory tree.

I started to take aim, but Old Ranger started prancing and looking up the tree. I remembered then hearing Mr. Epperly tell how Old Ranger would do that when he'd tree a squirrel and Mr. Epperly would raise the gun to shoot, and I could not fool Old Ranger like that.

Besides, there was too much light and Old Ranger could see me take aim. I decided to wait for the gloom. Soon as the sun dropped a few more feet behind the Wilson Ridge, there would be gloom, and maybe Old Ranger would not see so plainly how I pointed the gun.

While I waited for the gloom, the burning started in my pocket. I took the one-dollar bill out. I had a feeling there was something nasty about it.

While I thought of that, Old Ranger reared and barked and surged at the cord leash, and when I looked back out the path I saw Mr. Epperly's three kids, but they were running away. They had turned to run when Old Ranger barked. I guessed they had slipped off from their house and followed just to see where I left Old Ranger.

The thought struck me that they would run back to their house and tell I had not shot Old Ranger yet, and that would set the folks to worrying again, and I took aim. I thought I had better fire in their hearing. I took aim at Old Ranger, but I could not touch the trigger the way he looked at me and tried to speak, so I fired in the air so the Epperly kids could say they heard the shot.

I stuck the dollar back in my pocket, went down and hugged Old Ranger around the neck. I knew I would never shoot Old Ranger. I took him and walked on. I got to the edge of our field. I climbed on the gate and sat a long time and considered. I tried to think up how I could explain to my mother why I had brought Old Ranger home with me so that she would not be scared. I could not decide how I could ever explain with a good face that I had a one-dollar bill in my pocket I had been given to shoot Old Ranger.

I remembered where I had seen an empty castor-oil bottle at the edge of the path. It was still there, and I got it, and stuck the one-dollar bill in it, and buried the bottle in some soft dirt under the corner of the fence.

My mother decided that since I had fired the shot, she could let me keep Old Ranger for a month, with the community thinking he was dead, but it was the hardest month I ever spent.

The Epperly kids would not walk with me to school. They would pucker up to cry when they saw me, and the other kids down at the schoolhouse, they would say with a sneer, "What did you buy with your dollar bill?"

I could not answer. I could not tell them about the castor-oil bottle under the fence corner or Old Ranger in our stable; the Epperly kids searched the woods on both sides of the path to our house, hunting for the body of Old Ranger, but they would not ask me where I had left him, and other neighbors spoke of how Old Ranger's great booming voice was missed.

Mrs. Epperly was kind to me. I met her in the road one day, and she told me how she had scolded the kids for treating me like that, "But," she added, "if it was to do over, I would not allow it done. The children . . . Mr. Epperly, too, they're half crazy."

THEN came the happy morning. "You can take Old Ranger home now, Joe," my mother said. "Been over a month. No danger now."

I went to the stable, got Old Ranger, and he reared and licked my face. I shouldered my book strap, and led Old Ranger down the path. I stopped at the fence corner and got the castor-oil bottle with the one-dollar bill in it. I had a time trying to hold Old Ranger's mouth shut so I could get in sight of the Epperly house before he barked.

At the right place where they could see us when they came running to the front porch, I let Old Ranger have his voice. Old Ranger let go with a great howl that rolled and rocked across the ridges, and the Epperlys came bounding. Mr. and Mrs. Epperly and the three kids. They alternated between my neck and Old Ranger's, and I don't know to this day which of us got the most hugging.

I handed Mr. Epperly the castor-oil bottle.

"Why did you do that?" he said.

"It felt nasty in my pocket," I said.

He tried to make me keep it and when I wouldn't, he just pitched it toward me and his three kids, and we started for the schoolhouse, feeling rich, with a whole dollar to spend. ★★★

I tried to think up how I could tell my mother so she would not be scared

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG



INTERNATIONAL

At Casablanca, Roosevelt and Churchill maneuvered Giraud (left) and De Gaulle, opposing French leaders, into this unexpected photograph

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

After the invasion of North Africa, Eisenhower finds himself on a spot because of the deal he made with Admiral Darlan. But Roosevelt backs him up. At Casablanca, F.D.R. stops a quarrel between the opposing French leaders

PART XI—CLIMAX AT CASABLANCA

TER the North African landings, liberal opinion in the United States and Britain was shocked and angered by the announcement that Generals Eisenhower and Mark had made a "deal" with Admiral Darereby this notorious officer of the Vichy ent, who had been a leading factor in surrender and in the collaboration with is, now was recognized by the Allies as eme French authority. There have been of charges brought in connection with l": It has been said that secret arrangead been made with him by Robert Murur State Department three weeks before the frican landings and that Darlan's presence rs on the night of November 7, 1942, was ged and not the surprise and embarrassAllied authorities that they pretended. If arges were true, I believe the fact would ome evident long since.

If there are those who can accuse Roosevelt and Churchill of being capable of such duplicity—and there are—it is still virtually impossible to imagine Generals Eisenhower and Mark Clark and many other soldiers and sailors suddenly developing the extraordinary talents as actors that the performance of this fabulous masquerade would have required.

There was no previous deal with Darlan, but there was miscalculation and misinformation which caused a subsequent deal with him to seem to be the only solution.

According to Murphy, when the grim-visaged French admiral was awakened to receive the news that the Allied forces were moving in, Darlan turned purple, paced the floor and exclaimed, "I have known for a long time that the British were stupid, but I always believed the Americans were more intelligent. I begin to believe that you make as many mistakes as they do."

However, it is still possible that he was not taken totally by surprise. As soon as he was sure that this was a full-scale operation, he indicated a quick willingness to do business with the "stupid" Allies, which represented a complete turning of his anti-British Vichy coat. Within a few hours of his purpling before Murphy he telephoned General Nogues in Morocco and ordered him to cease resistance—and it is most important to note that Nogues refused to obey this order.

When Murphy told Darlan that the Americans had brought General Henri H. Giraud by submarine out of France to be the new leader in North Africa, Darlan said, "He is not your man, for politically he is a child. He is a good divisional commander, nothing more."

While Darlan was pacing the floor with Murphy in Algiers, Eisenhower was having his troubles in a session with Giraud on the Rock of Gibraltar. A tentative agreement was ultimately reached and on

Monday, the day after the landings, Giraud moved on to Algiers to assume political command of French North Africa.

Darlan's estimate—"he is not your man"—proved lamentably correct. Eisenhower issued a public statement which he later regretted: "It is expected that his (Giraud's) presence there will bring about a cessation of scattered resistance." All that it did bring about among French colonial authorities was resistance to Giraud. As Roosevelt cabled to Churchill, two days later:

In regard to De Gaulle, I have heretofore enjoyed a quiet satisfaction in leaving him in your hands. Apparently I have now acquired a similar problem in brother Giraud . . . We must remember there is also a catfight in progress between Giraud and Darlan, each claiming full military command of French forces in North and West Africa. The principal thought to be driven home to all three of these prima donnas is that the situation is today solely in the military field and that any decision . . . is subject to review and approval by Eisenhower.

It now seemed evident that Darlan was the only authority who could command the obedience of the French officers in North Africa. Therefore, Eisenhower and Clark, with the powerless Giraud on their hands, with long and tenuous lines of communication behind them and the rapid push into Tunisia ahead of them, made the only arrangement which seemed practical or even possible: the deal with Admiral Darlan.

Strictly a Military Responsibility

Eisenhower took full responsibility for this. Roosevelt quoted him as having said later, when they met in Casablanca, "I believe in a theater commander doing these things without referring them back to his home government and then waiting for approval. If a mere general makes a mistake, he can be repudiated and kicked out and disgraced. But a government cannot repudiate and kick out and disgrace itself—not, at any rate, in wartime."

Roosevelt attached great importance to Eisenhower's confession of astonishment at the situation as he found it in North Africa; it did "not even remotely resemble prior calculations." When the supreme commander of a major military operation makes an admission like that it indicates that there must have been something wrong with his Intelligence Service.

This is all the more surprising since North Africa was friendly territory with which the U.S. maintained diplomatic relations. Therefore, the headquarters of Robert Murphy in Algiers and all the American consulates in that area were centers of Intelligence with large staffs which included observers of undoubted competence. Yet Eisenhower was astonished when the local French failed to hail Giraud as a conquering hero. This led to a display of political crudity which made the U.S. government look ridiculously amateurish.

Roosevelt made no bones of his own attitude. The storm of criticism of the Darlan deal reached such proportions within the first week after the landings, that Hopkins, Judge Rosenman and I strongly urged the President to issue a statement to the press. The statement as he issued it was:

I have accepted General Eisenhower's political arrangements made for the time being in northern and western Africa.

I thoroughly understand and approve the feeling in the United States and Great Britain and among all the other United Nations that in view of the history of the past two years no permanent arrangement should be made with Admiral Darlan . . .

We are opposed to Frenchmen who support Hitler and the Axis. No one in our Army has any authority to discuss the future government of France and the French Empire.

The future French government will be established, not by any individual in metropolitan France or overseas but by the French people themselves after they have been set free by the victory of the United Nations.

The present temporary arrangement in North and West Africa is only a temporary expedient, justified solely by the stress of battle.

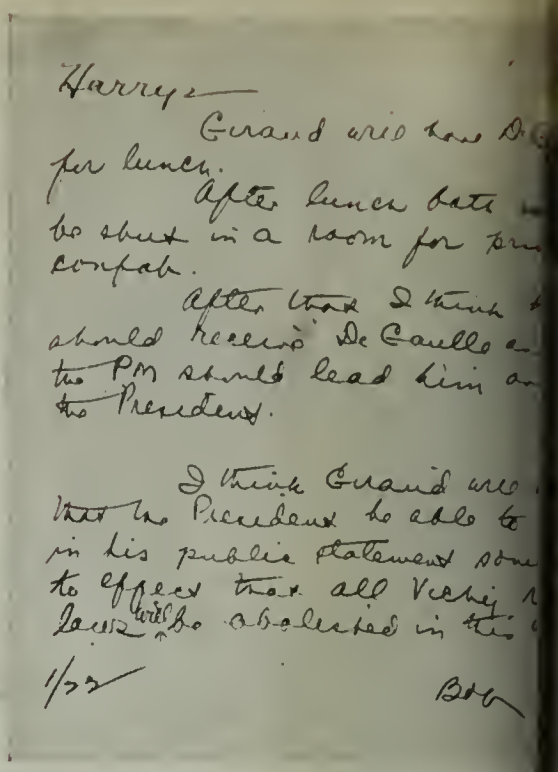
The present temporary arrangement has accomplished two military objectives. The first was to save American and British lives, and French lives on the other hand. The second was the vital factor of time. The temporary arrangement has made it possible to avoid a "mopping-up" period in Algiers and Morocco which might have taken a month or two to consummate . . .

It will be noted how frequently Roosevelt inserted the word "temporary" into that statement. This fact certainly did not escape the attention of Darlan himself. He wrote a rather plaintive letter to Clark saying that Roosevelt's words tended to substantiate the view that "I am only a lemon which the Americans will drop after they have squeezed it dry."

Generals Eisenhower and Mark Clark confer with Admiral Darlan outside Allied headquarters in Algiers

ACME





State Department Bob Murphy's note show
ful planning of the Giraud–De Gaulle m

Early in December, Averell Harriman wen
Washington to London with instructions
Roosevelt to consult with Churchill on ar
ments for another conference—this time with
included.

Roosevelt hoped to hold this first meeting
Big Three somewhere in Africa or the Middl
which was now at last secure following the
victory at El Alamein.

There are no records of cables in the H
papers relative to the invitation to Stalin t
with Roosevelt and Churchill. Presumabl
sages relating to this were conveyed throug
bassador Litvinov. Notes written by Hop
route to Casablanca state that Stalin twice
Roosevelt's "urgent invitation" to a Big
meeting, the reason for refusal being his c
concern with the immediate military situat
the Russian front.

On December 28th, Marshall briefed Hop
to the plans he had worked out with Eisenho
the proposed meeting. He had cabled Eise
that the conference (given the code name of
BOL) would be held in North Africa, prefe
the vicinity of Fedalla in Morocco, if faciliti
available there. It would comprise the U
British Chiefs of Staff, the President and th
Minister. There was considerable discus
buildings sufficiently large and, more im
sufficiently detached to be suitable from
curity angle. Finally Eisenhower designa
easily guarded, segregated group of villas
outskirts of Casablanca.

F.D.R. Adds to His New Year's Toa

On December 31st, there was the usu
Year's Eve party for the family and old fr
the White House. At midnight, as alwa
President raised a glass of champagne a
posed a toast to "The United States of A
and this year he added, "and to United Nati
tory." During the evening, a movie had bee
and there were very few of those present
any idea as to the significance of its selec
was Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Berg
Casablanca.

On January 7, 1943, Roosevelt delivered
nual State of the Union speech to the 78
gress. He devoted a large part of his s
talking about the postwar world. He said:

**Victory in this war is the first and grea
before us. Victory in the peace is the nex
means striving toward the enlargement
security of man here and throughout the
and, finally, striving for the Fourth Fr
Freedom from Fear.**

**It is of little account for any of us t
essential human needs, of attaining securi
run the risk of another world war in ten o
or fifty years. That is just** *(Continued on*

The Olsens' BIG SPLASH

BY BILL FAY

THERE is a limit to how much parents can stand. The Olsens endured Zoe Ann's violin scratchings and smiled when she sat down at the piano. But when Zoe Ann (grimly determined to make the high-school band) started blasting away on a borrowed clarinet—well, Mrs. Olsen decided the time had come to use strategy.

"You can have a new clarinet," Mrs. Olsen said, "or you can have the trampolin you've been hinting about. Take your choice."

Fortunately for the Olsens, and their neighbors, Zoe Ann decided to play the trampolin, which is not a musical instrument. A trampolin is a taut canvas sheet attached to springs and mounted on a metal frame twice the size of a double bed. It's the bounciest contraption in the sporting-goods catalogue.

Zoe Ann's tumbleweed afternoons on the trampolin did not make her a champion diver. The trampolin arrived in 1946, a whole year after she won the national low-board title at the ripe old age of fourteen. However, the backyard bouncing did add extra flips and turns to Zoe Ann's repertoire—probably the most complex ever mastered by a woman aquabat.

Trampolin tumbling also contributed to Zoe Ann's startling nerve and muscular control. Example:

A month before the 1947 Indoor nationals, Zoe Ann fell on the springboard and suffered a broken hand. She wore a cast for three weeks, then shifted to a metal splint, practiced three days and captured the one-meter title—without flinching! After each dive she rolled over on her back and swam to the pool ladder holding the splinted hand above-water.

Zoe Ann prevailed over terrific competitive pressure again last spring when Vicki Draves of Los Angeles executed a nearly perfect front dive with a full twist, at the climax of the national three-meter championship. Zoe Ann (in first place by a scant margin) was unperturbed. She duplicated Vicki's twist—and won.

Hollywood has shown considerable interest in Zoe Ann's lissome figure, blond hair and turned-up nose, but Zoe Ann will be hard to sign—unless some smart scenarist figures out a way

(Continued on page 45)

Blond, lithe Zoe Ann Olsen, breath-taking in the dive—and out of it

EARL ROSE



It was certainly the biggest hello that I had ever been given in my entire career by a good-looking girl

MRS. O'BRIEN Holds That Tiger

BY JOE MC CARTHY

The Princeton man wanted the Yale man's girl. And his two million dollars had always got him everything else

WHEN I came back from the library, I found Mrs. O'Brien sitting on the porch with a pan on her lap, snapping the ends off string beans. "Sit down and rest your weary bones," she said. "I want to talk to you."

I dropped my torts and property books and collapsed in a chair beside her. "If it's a touch," I said, "you're wasting your time."

Mrs. O'Brien threw a string bean into her mouth, chewed on it and waved to a neighbor who was walking past the front gate. She was wearing her usual daytime uniform, a flowered, cotton house dress and low white sneakers. She was a big, handsome, exuberant woman and, except for her white hair and her motherly figure, she reminded me somewhat of Gene Tunney.

"Now that you mention it, Mr. Robbins," she said, "I am in a terrible financial condition. A bill collector is after me about those evergreen trees I bought last fall. He's threatening to attach the old man's pay. The gas company called up today and threatened to turn off the gas. I asked them to leave it on for a couple of hours so I could put my head in the oven and end it all."

When I had finished Yale and nounced that I intended to tak whack at Harvard Law School, Uncle Ken advised me to v immediately for a room in l O'Brien's house. "Best place for to live in Cambridge," he said. " of a headquarters for Yale gradu who are at Harvard Law School." named several successful New Y attorneys and two former Cab members who had lived there students.

"But," he added, "I'm not sure l O'Brien will take you. In my day didn't let anybody live in her h unless his family was in the New Y or Boston social registers. Or u he made one of the top honor soci at New Haven—Skull and Bone Scroll and Key. You only got ta for Wolf's Head, didn't you?"

I was finally accepted by O'Brien, not for any merits of my but because I was a nephew of Robbins, the man who had de ished the banister of her front s in a fit of ecstasy the day D Pond's Yale football team defe Harvard.

"The men in those days were colorful," she often said, admiri "You young people today spend



time with your noses in a book."
und her house comfortable, but
there was expensive. She talked
to paying my second-term rent
months in advance because she
use the money to stop some-
from foreclosing a mortgage on
rniture. Since then she had bor-
from me a total of more than
undred dollars in loans of tens
wenties. If I inquired when
of it might be repaid, she
ed her shoulders and laughed
anged the subject.
e got to dig up forty-five dollars
lace before nine o'clock to-
w morning," she was saying
ully. "That will keep the ever-
tree people happy for a couple
ks. I don't want the old man
blue murder down in the
n about them attaching his pay
you boys upstairs are trying to
"
looked inside the front door to
anybody was in the hallway
hearing distance. "But that's
hat I wanted to talk to you
," she said. She hitched her chair
to mine and lowered her voice.
Robbins, did you know that Mr.
on was out with your room-
girl again last night?"

I wondered what she expected me to do about it. "Well?" I said.

She was disgusted. "A lousy Princeton man," she said, "takes a girl away from another Yale man and you just sit there and say, 'Well?' The young people today have no spirit, no loyalty to one another. Do you think your uncle and the Yale men who lived here with him back in 1924 would have stood for a thing like that?"

Mrs. O'Brien lapsed briefly into a sullen silence, which was broken only by the snapping of her string beans. Bill Drayton lived alone in the two-room suite above Jerome Lydecker and me, which meant that he paid double rent. He was not exactly the type of person I would pick as my only companion on a two-month fishing trip but he seemed all right otherwise. Mrs. O'Brien disapproved of him because he went to Mercersburg and Princeton instead of St. Paul's and Yale and his father was a new, self-made millionaire with a department store in Pittsburgh who did not own a stable of steeplechasers.

As Uncle Fred said, Mrs. O'Brien had the same reverence for correct social backgrounds as Louis B. Mayer has for Lassie. She missed her true vocation. She should have been writing the Cholly Knickerbocker society column in the New York Journal-American.

"What's wrong with Princeton?" I asked. "James Stewart and Woodrow Wilson went there. And Einstein is there right now."

"Has James Stewart won any Academy Awards lately? Mr. Robbins, don't talk to me about Princeton men. I hate them. I've been renting rooms to Harvard Law School men for thirty years and I've rubbed elbows with graduates of every big college in the country. I've had men here from Pennsylvania, Amherst, Stanford, Michigan, Brown, Dartmouth and even Oxford and Cambridge. Of course, I like Yale men best and I try to keep this house as Yale as possible. Now and then, I let in a few Harvard men. They're conservative and stuffy but they're gentlemen."

"President Conant of Harvard would be pleased to hear you say that," I observed. "But what's this got to do with Princeton?"

"I'm trying to tell you that I get along with everybody else. But every time I rent a room to a Princeton man, I have trouble. The first one back in 1922, he had plenty of money but he owned only one shirt. He used to wash it himself in the bathtub every night and hang it out the front window to dry. And he wore a leather strap around his head when he was studying."

"What happened to him when he finished law school?" I asked. "I'll bet he became a Supreme Court justice."

"And that last Princeton man I let in here against my better judgment in 1934. He accused me of stealing one of his ski poles. Now what would I do with a ski pole?"

She didn't give me a chance to suggest that the sharp end could be used on bill collectors.

"But in this case, the Princeton angle is only part of it. That girl Mr. Drayton is trying to take away from Mr. Lydecker, that Emily Adams, she's a very nice girl. I've known her father and mother since 1918 when they moved into that house up the street. Besides, I hate to see Mr. Lydecker lose out with her, because his cousin, Mr. George Lydecker, was one of the finest Yale men who ever lived in this house. Skull and Bones man. I'll never forget the wonderful mint julep party he gave after the

(Continued on page 54)

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL C. BURNS



MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN MURDER

Exhaustion was creeping up on me. The girl in my arms was soft a relaxing—and now I could forget the sensational publicity, the d

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHE

CONCLUDING A NOVEL OF TENDER LOVE AND DESPERATE CRI

The Story:

In spite of the fact that STEVE BLAKE, young engineer, has been acquitted of the murder of JEFF NULTY, ex-convict manager of the Casa Linda Night Club, Detective MARTY WALSH still thinks Steve is guilty. He also thinks Steve is guilty of the murders of CONCHITA MONTERO, a dancer, and PETE CONNOLLY, famous jockey.

Steve himself thinks all these murders are related, but his only lead is MRS. PATRICIA KINGSLEY. She perjured herself to save his life, and Steve is sure she is covering for someone, possibly her husband, REX KINGSLEY, an egotistic, crippled dancer who blames his wife for his lameness. Kingsley, formerly Jeff Nulty's assistant, is now manager of the Casa Linda Night Club, which is owned, along with the Casa Linda Apartments, by WADE RAMSAY. Ramsay's blond secretary, RUSTY MASON, turns out to be a former accomplice of Nulty's, and circumstances seem to indicate that she killed Nulty.

Rex Kingsley suddenly disappears, and secretly calls Steve from Victorville, a town about three hours away. Rex tells Steve he has documentary proof that will solve the murders, and asks Steve to come at once.

Steve and Pat drive out, but when they arrive at the appointed place, they find Rex Kingsley dead. They quickly send for Marty Walsh. Pat, free to talk now that Rex is dead, tells Steve and Walsh that her husband had confessed to killing Nulty.

Then Steve Blake cuts in with the astonishing statement that he doesn't think Rex Kingsley was the murderer, in spite of his confession.

WELL, I'll be a son of a gun!" Marty Walsh exclaimed, as the car slowed down to a meager twenty. "Stevie boy, I didn't know you had it in you."

"What?"

"To think so clear and talk so straight."

"I talked straight on the witness stand."

"What you said then didn't sound smart. This sounds even dumber."

"Why?"

"Because if Kingsley didn't kill Nulty, somebody else did. And Conchita and Connolly have been murdered since then. You haven't been tried for those killings. And nobody has even started asking you a lot of questions about whether you knocked Kingsley off."

Pat said sharply, "But he didn was with him . . ."

"Sure. I know. The one thing two got between you is alibis. mind you. I ain't accusing S Maybe I don't even think he did of these murders. But I agree him that Kingsley didn't kill N and I'll go one step further. I'l whoever killed that guy also k Conchita and Pete Connolly."

I said, "You haven't gone enough, Marty. Who killed Kin —and why?"

"Meaning if you didn't?"

"Yes."

"I'll be damned if I know. Yo any ideas, Steve?"

I said I hadn't. Marty said, not jumping at any conclusion time. The only thing I know fo

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

HEAVY-DUTY CHAMPION



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is that our prime suspect is out of the picture. Looks like I got to start all over, right from the beginning. Some of the trial will be pretty cold by now. And the most thing I can't figure is motive."

"If a person commits one murder—" I began.

"You're right, Steve. Kill one, and it's easy to go on from there. Somebody knows too much, somebody finds out something. You gotta protect yourself—that's the way the killer figures. He dopes it out that they can't execute him but once."

THE lieutenant had got himself all wound up. He kept right on going: "Take you, for instance, Stevie. I could think of plenty of motive if I wanted to. Like for instance, you could have killed Nulty. You maybe hid the gun in Rusty Mason's office. It might never be found, but if it was, it could point to the girl. Conchita found that gun. She knew it checked with yours. You couldn't tell whether she'd spill or whether she'd keep the info to herself. It all depended on what she wanted. Connolly had a quarrel with you. Maybe on account of him being in love with Rusty and the gun being in her office, he might have done some sharp thinking and hit on something. So you shoot him. By that time you've fallen for Mrs. Kingsley. You learn where Rex is hiding, drive up there and kill him—taking your alibi along. Like it?"

"Not much. How about Rusty?"

"Now you got something. Criminal tie-up with Nulty. She keeps the gun because it's yours. She could figure that it would point the finger straighter at you. Conchita I didn't get, but maybe I could toss up a good motive even there if I put my mind to it. Connolly and she had quarreled. He had received the clippings, and could have told her off. Not so bad, huh?"

"How did she know where to find Kingsley?"

"You ask the damnedest questions. So I'll ask a few, myself. Questions I got to find the answer to, sooner or later." He was talking impersonally, but his police brain was clicking merrily. "I think Kingsley hired the two hoods who beat you up. If so, why? If not, who did? If neither you nor Mrs. Kingsley killed Rex—how did whoever killed him know where to find him? If Rusty Mason killed Nulty, why did she keep the gun? I know I've given a couple of reasons, but they don't make a lot of sense, even to me. How much did Mario like Conchita and how much did he hate Nulty? Who would have any motive for killing Nulty except you and Rusty and Kingsley? And I don't think Kingsley's motive, the job business, is strong enough. Who is this guy Floyd Andrews? What's his real interest? Where does he fit into Nulty's life or Connolly's or Conchita's or Kingsley's? And one more thing, Steve . . . maybe you haven't thought of it . . . your pal Brian Garland has always been around when things were happening."

I said. "That's the first really ridiculous idea you've had."

"I guess so." He touched the accelerator and the car speeded up. "We're all three tuckered out. Tough night. But what I'm thinking is this: I'm gonna appreciate all the help I can get from here in. If you two are clean, you'd ought to be willing to help."

Pat and I said we'd be glad to.

"That's swell," Marty said. "Simply swell. Except that if I'm being kidded, by two mighty nice people—both of whom are right here in this car with me—those two nice people *could* wind up in San Quentin." . . .

It was seven o'clock when we reached the Casa Linda. Marty said, "Goodby for now," and rolled off.

Pat invited me in. Perhaps she was thinking of Rex, back there in San Bernardino. Perhaps she was thinking of me. Even at this hour of the morning, the apartment was lovely: It was everything an expensive apartment should be. I sat on the couch and beckoned to her. She understood what I meant. When she sat down, I put my arm around her.

I said, "I know this isn't the time or the place to make love to you, but I'm doing it, anyway."

I kissed her. Her arms went around my neck, and she clung tight. There didn't seem to be anything wrong with the picture, and there was a great deal that was right with it.

She hadn't been in love with Rex. Not for a long time. Loyal, yes; but not in love. She had experienced an emotion which was more shock than grief. She had been pushed around. She needed comforting. I did what I could. The fact that there was lots of daylight outside seemed to make it quite respectable.



"We ran out of olives, but fortunately there was some olive oil"

COLLIER'S CLAUDE

It was good to be together this way. I'd wanted it so much and had fought against it so hard. I had begun by being suspicious of her. Even yet I couldn't have sworn that she was in the clear. But that didn't matter any more. Not too much, anyway.

We didn't talk much, but what we did say had nothing to do with what we'd just been through. We probably sounded like a couple of high-school kids caught in the rip tide of a first love. Each affectionate cliché assumed the magnitude of a profound utterance. I was learning a lot of things about being in love, and I liked them all.

IT HAD to end. And it did—at eight o'clock. We were both exhausted. I kissed her, once for good night and once for good morning. We agreed to phone each other as soon as we'd grabbed some sleep or had discovered that we couldn't. I closed her door and stepped out.

A man was leaning against the wall, near the elevator. He didn't seem surprised to see me walk out of Pat Kingsley's room at that hour. He didn't look shocked.

It was Floyd Andrews. I hoped he wouldn't crack wise. I needn't have worried. He stopped in front of my door and waited for me to get there. He said cheerfully, "Good morning, Blake."

I said good morning. I wondered what he was doing there, and how long he'd been playing watchdog in the hall. He said, "I'd like to talk. May I go in with you?"

I shook my head. "Sorry, Andrews. Not this morning, please."

"It's about Rex Kingsley's murder," he said quietly.

This lad could say the most surprising things. "What do you know about that?"

"Not much. Just what's in the papers under a San Bernardino date line."

"Whatever you've got to say, it'll keep." I didn't want to talk to him. I didn't want to discuss murder any more. I was sick and tired of it. All I wanted was to be let alone, so I could concentrate on adding up how much I was in love. I said, "You been up all night, Andrews?"

"Nope. Had a good sleep. But I can't prove it."

No use wasting time on this guy. He was primed for it. I wasn't. He'd probably figured out every answer. It would take a lad who was much smarter than I—and much more wide awake—to learn anything worth knowing. I said, "If you want to talk about Rex Kingsley, call Lieutenant Walsh."

He said, "Look, Steve—there are things I've got to know . . ."

"I'll tell you only two," I said. "Pat Kingsley had nothing to do with his death. Neither did I."

I unlocked my door. The last thing I saw before I closed it was Floyd Andrews looking at me reproachfully. Well, I felt reproachful, too. He had gummed up some of my new exaltation. I got my clothes off, opened a window and shoved myself under the blankets. The next thing I knew it was two o'clock. I peeked outside my door, but the hallway was empty. Nobody there. Not even Floyd Andrews; he was slipping.

The next several days combined happiness, discomfort and downright misery. The happiness came from Pat. She didn't pretend a grief which she did not feel. When we were alone—which was as often as I could wangle it—she was marvelous. We didn't questi... other. The rest of the world wa... ing to that: detectives, newsp... and private citizens who said th... friends and just wanted to help.

There was a trip to San Be... for the inquest. There was a ... which I didn't attend. There wa... conference with my boss, who w... sympathetic, but who conveyed ... pression that he thought I might ... be overdoing this homicide th... told me not to worry about anyt... to call on him for whatever I mi... He didn't hint that I had outl... usefulness as a research engin... didn't ask any embarrassing que...

I was alone a great part of th... did a lot of thinking. I was ba... beginning of things. My bumpe... theories had to be discarded, ... Rex Kingsley was dead. What ... to know was who had killed ... why. Not much to ask. Just s... which was puzzling the entire ... geles police department.

I knew that if I discovered ... killed Rex Kingsley and why, I ... answer. I was certain of tw... first, that Rex had not commi... of the murders, and second, tha... known the identity of the guilty...

MY GUESS was that things ... too hot for him. He prob... ured that he was next, and rece... opments proved his figuring co...

He had run away. He prob... intended to keep going. Bu... dropping out of sight altogethe... decided to tell the truth to ... Perhaps he figured that the guil... would be brought to justice. N... how deeply that involved Ki... would leave him physically sa... the danger of being murdered ... moved, he could even have figu... turn to Los Angeles, face what ... in store for him and regard it a... bargain than living in fear of be...

But something had slipped. ... derer had learned where King ... hiding. He had taken advanta... extra time to get first to Cajón ... to kill the man who was abou... him to the wolves.

I had been trained to think pr... had a mathematical mind. I ... duce everything to equations. ... doing it now.

I listed everything I knew a... ease. I started at the begin... worked right through to the ... Cajón Pass when I had helpe... Rex Kingsley's body. I felt ce... whoever had killed Rex had a... Jeff Nulty, Conchita Montero ... Connolly. Whoever it was ha... desperate courage.

I had a hunch that the an... right there, if only I could see ... by little I remembered every de... gesture, every scrap of conver... was looking for the thing which ... the murders. I was looking fo... known factor, the X of my equa...

It was like working at the pla... that it was more important. In ... work, you acquire infinite patie... learn that it is okay to be wron... sand times if only you're right o... take your failures in stride ... reaching out for the elusive ele...

It's there, if you can only see ... you're working at the plant, yo... sure. You're reaching for s... which might not exist. But this ... exist. You're sure that som... know committed these murders ... been with these people, you've ... them, listened to them. All you ... hint. Is your unknown factor ... a woman? What was the basi... What predates Jeff Nulty's dea... wanted to kill that stocky ex-co... saw the golden opportunity ... quarreled with him and thre... kill him? Who worked fast ...

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ting into your apartment, stealing your gun and setting you up as the patsy?

It was tough going. I tried to maintain a clinical attitude. With Pat Kingsley in the background—and a lot closer than that very frequently—it wasn't easy. I wondered whether the X factor might center in her, whether the fact that I was in love with her might not be blinding me to the obvious. And then, after six days and nights of work, almost a week during which I didn't go near the plant, didn't think about aerodynamics, an idea hit. Just the faintest, most elusive, most intangible of thoughts. A sentence casually spoken, not really an idea, merely a hunch.

I felt myself quivering inside. I had felt it before when weeks and months of ceaseless concentration had brought a hunch that promised results. I sat up most of the night thinking about it.

I went downtown to see Brian Garland. He was busy, but I dragged him away from his work. I didn't tell him what I wanted, gave no hint of where I hoped I was headed. He kidded me about being so mysterious. He wanted to know why I wasn't content to let the police do police work.

He went with me to the Hall of Records, where he knew his way around and I didn't. I asked him about a lawyer named George Lamar Grandin, and Brian laughed that off. Grandin had been dead since the summer of 1944. We stuck around the Hall of Records for a long time. We spent the afternoon together. Brian Garland was beginning to look worried. He was also more than slightly fed up with me. He accused me of having become a monomaniac. He asked why the hell I wasn't content to leave well enough alone.

BRIAN went with me to the home of a friend of his. This friend lived out in Sherman Oaks. He was a hobbyist and a rich one. His hobby was scale-model electric trains. He was a nut about them. I got him talking about his hobby, and about electrical gadgets in general. I stuck around a long time while this man talked and ran his little trains for us and explained remote control and automatic coupling. When we left there, Garland was supremely disgusted. "It's got you," he said. "Escape mechanism. You've been flirting with tragedy so long, you've suddenly got to play with toys yet."

I took my theories home with me. Pat called up and wanted to know where I'd been keeping myself. I told her I was busy. I told her I loved her, but that I needed to be by myself for a while longer. I got into a lounging robe and sat at my desk. Papers spread all over it, all the notes I'd been making for a week. All the hopes, all the disappointments.

My idea was there. Now I was merely giving it the test. Was the theory sound? Was it certain? By two in the morning I decided that I wasn't sure, that perhaps I'd never be sure. Certainly not unless Lieutenant Marty Walsh would play ball.

At nine o'clock I was at City Hall. Homicide Division. Marty was there. I said I wanted to talk to him alone. He took me into Room 42, which was a bare space containing a table, a few chairs and some blank walls.

Marty was a wonderful listener. That's the basic tenet of a good cop's credo: As long as the sucker will talk, let him do it. When I finished, he said, "Steve, you're as nutty as a fruitcake. But maybe you got something."

"Will you play along, Marty?"

"Sure. What can I lose? On just what you've told me, we couldn't make it stick. This way, the quarry might be flushed."

"When?" I asked.

"Saturday night? That ought to be good. I'll get Bert Lane to help out." His eyes held an eager, hopeful gleam. "This may not work," he said, "but we'll have a lot of fun trying it."

"It'll work, Marty. It's got to."

He walked down the corridor with me. Just before we said goodby, he asked one question; asked it with an earnestness which bothered me. "You won't even tell Mrs. Kingsley about this?"

"I won't tell even her," I promised. And as I walked away from him, I began to worry about his insistence.

I'VE never acted in a play. I've never produced one. But I've read about opening-night jitters, and that was what I was feeling now. This little scheme of mine was either going to work or it wasn't. If it did, we'd know before morning just who killed Jeff Nulty and the others. We'd know why. But if the scheme didn't work, I'd be up the creek without a paddle. I might even be in jail.

Marty was playing it my way, but he wasn't sold 100 per cent. He figured my idea was solid enough to try. He probably figured also that I might simply be playing cute. It was complimentary in a way, but not calculated to fill me with good cheer and optimism.

His friendly attitude driving back from San Bernardino hadn't fooled me for little green apples. Marty Walsh was a smart cop He had started this thing by building a good case against me and then having it blow up on the strength of what he now knew was perjured testimony. If things went wrong, I'd be behind the eight ball and still visible to the naked eye.

I kept in touch with Marty Saturday afternoon and during the early part of the evening. You'd have thought we were fraternity brothers, we were that cordial. But neither of us was fooled for one little instant. We knew this was the pay-off or else.

We wanted certain folks to be at the Casa Linda that night. I assured Marty we could rely on Floyd Andrews. That lad had stuck to me closer than a lonely flea to a long-haired dog. If I spent Saturday night at the club, so would Floyd Andrews. You could bet that one straight across the board.

Mario would be there. It was his job, he'd have to be there. Marty had suggested checking on Vince Mabry, the dapper, temperamental little orchestra leader. That didn't make much sense to me, but Marty argued that nothing else made sense either, so I checked on Vince.

I had a little trouble with Pat. She said she wanted to be with me, but why couldn't we make it somewhere else? The atmosphere of the Club Casa Linda wasn't calculated to fill her with joy. I told her I had reasons, but didn't tell her what the reasons were. I promised that if she'd spend the evening down there with me, I'd never invite her to the Casa Linda again.

Even then she showed no enthusiasm. Sitting through a show there, a show which wasn't conducted by Rex Kingsley and in which Conchita wouldn't dance or sing—that wasn't going to be easy. But she finally gave in. She was so reluctant that I experienced a few moments of fright. I had made valiant promises to run this thing down if I could. I had my own ideas, but that didn't mean they were right. Things could conceivably work out badly for Pat.

I invited Brian Garland to be my guest. I told him we'd be a party of three: Pat, himself and me. I said I'd furnish him with all the Scotch he wanted, and he assured me that that was an impossibility, but that if I'd promise him all he could consume, he'd be there. Any time after ten o'clock.

Rusty Mason presented a problem that I couldn't solve. I was no longer on her eligible list. I didn't dare approach her. But she had to be among those present. I called Marty, and he gave it some thought. Finally he said, "I got an idea. Get Wade Ramsay to bring her."

"How'll I do that?"

"You're a friend of his. Tell him something's cooking and we want he stairs. He's her boss. He can wo

I said I'd try. I rode up to t house, and told Ramsay what Lie Walsh wanted. That was late aft He said he didn't see much sen but if Walsh thought he could c case, he'd string along. He sai why is he so anxious to get Rus there? Does he think she's the o

I said, "I don't know what h And I certainly don't put too mu in what he says."

Ramsay called Rusty Mason was still there. He talked in a sc fatherly manner. He said she'd ing herself lots of no good re which meant since the nig Connolly was killed. He said he scribing a remedy and intended t vise the first dose. He insisted let him pick her up, take her t somewhere and then move bac Club Casa Linda for the last sho his end of the conversation, I fig said no, but after a while she ga

I stuck around a while, sn couple of Ramsay's cigarettes a checked out. I went downstair myself up for whatever was con then gave Pat a buzz. Wade R approach to Rusty had given me I invited Pat for dinner, just us

WE ATE downtown at a pla the food was superlative. up a lot of time getting there, get ble, getting back. The first show ended when we walked into t Linda and seated ourselves at which Mario had reserved for m Garland was at the bar, gettin start on his week-end inebriat never actually got drunk, and missed it too far. He joined table. His cheeks were flushed. bright, his manner just a littl than might have been correct f liant young attorney.

Marty Walsh was nowhere ar wasn't supposed to be. I kne Marty was, and when he was to enter the scene.

But Lieutenant Bert Lane of t wood Detective Bureau was v in evidence. He was the keyma trap which I had built and M baited. Lane was the come-on excellence of his performance t or failure of the whole plan dep

Lane was supposed to prete drunk. He was supposed to le become a trifle boisterous, very and much too talkative. Espe talkative. It was his job to mak persons believe that he was spil of information which shouldn' Before we'd settled ourselve and given our order, I saw that on the ball. So much on the b was afraid he'd either overp hand or underestimated his You couldn't miss his long, lan He was wearing a neat gray su shirt and a blue tie. His sparse just enough disarranged to giv the-hell-cares impression.

When I first saw him, he w with Floyd Andrews at a cor That part of his job was easy. been in on this thing almost beginning. All the murder susp him; they'd never think it was he'd seek them out and bore too much conversation.

He spotted us and waved looked as though he was havi a hell of a time. He got up a toward where we three were s didn't weave. He didn't ov thing. On the way he encounte Lane's sharp-featured face br grin of delight. He clapped man on the shoulder and sta ing. Mario looked interested. L his head a couple of times— though he really didn't wa Then he bent over and whispe



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Cooley went across home plate with a beautiful head-first dive. He got up, brushed himself off and waited for the applause of the fans. But Cantillion walked up to him and said: "Sit down, you big stiff—you're out on a fly ball to center field."

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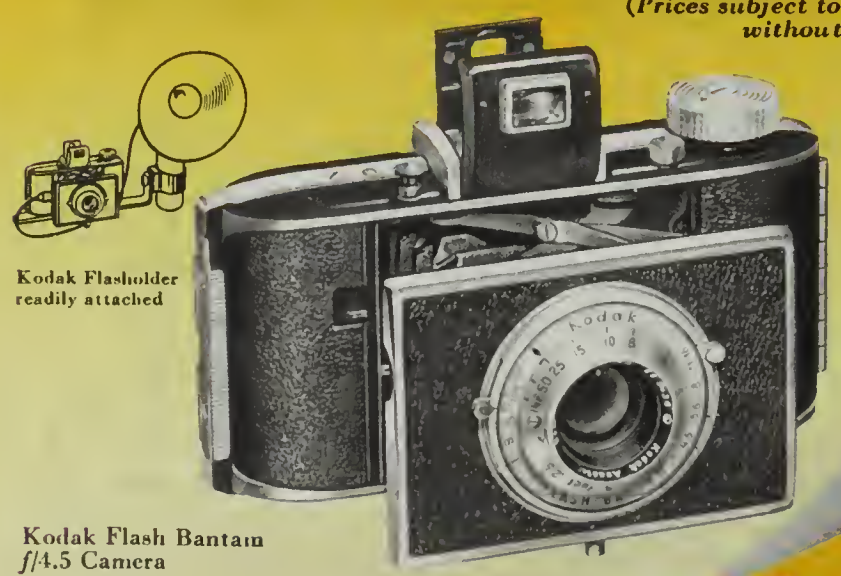
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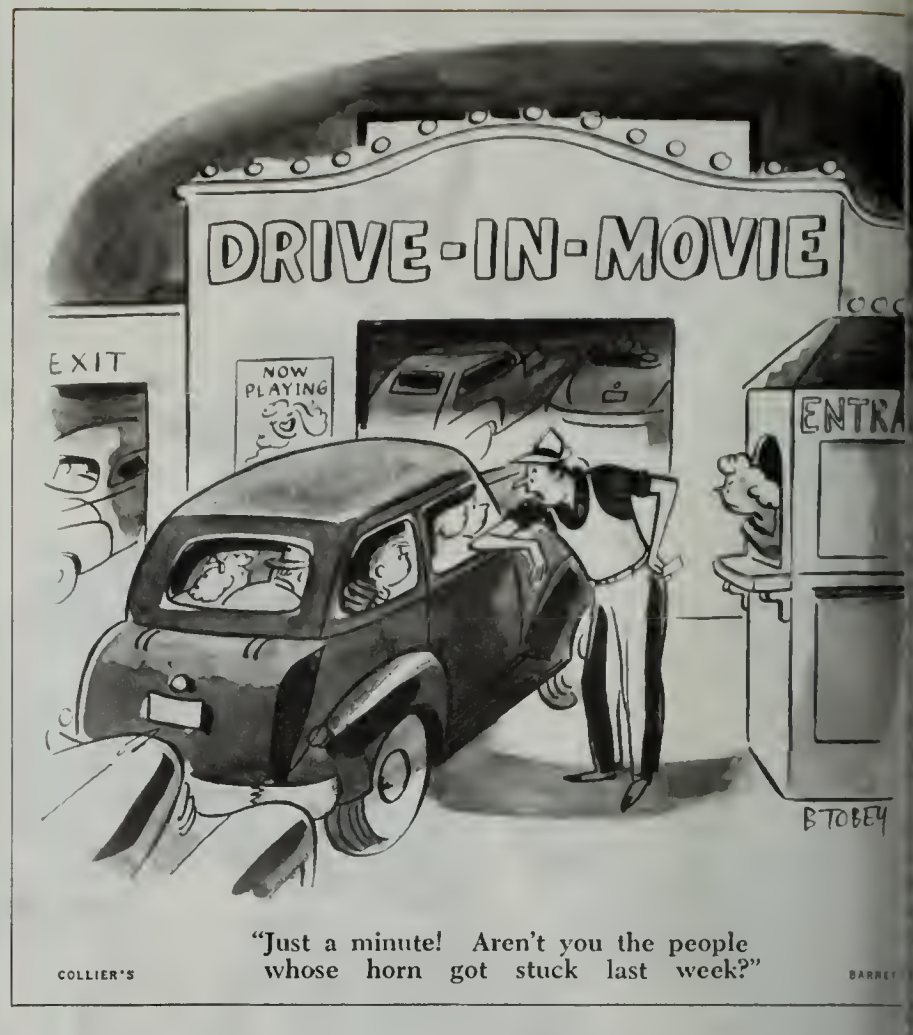


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"Just a minute! Aren't you the people whose horn got stuck last week?"

COLLIER'S

thing. Mario looked startled. Lane nodded emphatically, Mario gave an expressive Spanish shrug. They talked some more. Then Lane slapped him on the back again and moved off. Mario stood watching him, a worried, speculative light in his eyes.

Now the elongated, red-faced detective lieutenant from Hollywood was at our table. He said, "Don't get up, folks—don't think of it. I'll just siddown in passing."

He lowered himself into a chair which he snitched from the next table. He did it with the meticulous care of a person who isn't quite certain whether he can stand a few more, but is willing to try.

He exuded friendliness. The grin he gave us was so foolish that I wondered whether Marty Walsh hadn't picked the wrong actor. I invited him to drink with us. He said, "Been drinkin' with everybody. Everybody wonderful to me. Nice people here. They treat cops swell."

"What'll you have, Lieutenant?"

"Nothing." He shook his head in solemn reproof. "Regulations say can't drink while on duty. I'm on duty." He stopped and gave it a mental going-over. "Yep! I'm on duty. Only I ain't. I'm a watchdog, but what I'm watching is asleep. So I don't have to watch too hard. Get it?"

We said we got It, but we didn't. At least Pat Kingsley and Brian Garland looked bewildered.

"I'm on duty, but got no duty to do. So I can drink. Sherry."

A DANCING couple, oblivious to everything but their enjoyment of the dance, bumped into our table. Pat said, "Oh!" Brian reached out quickly to keep her drink from spilling, and the masculine member of the couple stopped to apologize. In the brief moment of distraction, Lieutenant Lane looked me straight in the eye and gave me a barely perceptible wink. That made me feel better. So he wasn't out on his feet; so it really was an act that hadn't been made too realistic. The guy was superb.

The sherry was brought. Bert raised his glass. He said, "Here's to crime. Here's to all the free drinks it gets me."

Brian Garland leaned across the table. He said, "What was that about being on duty, Lieutenant?"

Lane shook his head. "Top-secret," he stated. "Very 'ficial."

"Aw! Don't be that way." (was insistent. Too insistent, I t "What's up?"

Lane beamed at us. "All huh?"

"Yes. We're buddies."

"Won't tell secrets?"

Brian promised. Lane lowe voice so it wouldn't carry bey table. "Tomorrow morning," impressively, "tomorrow morn crack this case wide open. Co dawn, we identify the person all those killings." He looked "Very naughty person," he finish

Pat said sharply, "How can sure, Lieutenant?"

"Witness," whispered Bert La pointed to his eye. "Eyewitness."

"You mean . . . ?" Garland ag

"We've got a man who saw th of Rex Kingsley. Saw it with eyes. Saw the killer drive away. row morning he identifies po Boom! Like that! Case all close I go back to detecting who sto body's hubcaps."

"If you've got an eyewitness, Pat Kingsley, "why do you wa morning?"

"Old man," explained Bert "Very old man. Somebody's g ther, at least. Maybe great-gran Maybe a real ancestor. Awful drove all the way down from Vi this afternoon. Doin' his duty a zen. Fine ol' ancestor. Only h He's real sick. So sick when he g he couldn't identify anybody. even sure who he was. All in. said sort of temporary physical c But in the morning—" he waggle ger. "In the morning, he'll be fin he'll show us who did it."

Garland said, "Where is he?"

"Here! Right here in the Casa You know the apartment on the nine where Jeff Nulty was killed where he is. The doc gave him Big shot. Out like a light. Gi'm for his ordeal tomorrow. Identif tough job. But until then, he know anything." He reached sherry. "I'm guarding him."

"You're *what?*"

"Guarding him. Only he's slee why should I stay in there? I gonna wake up tonight. Not a Brian asked with marked "Who knows the man is here?"

dy," answered the tall detective. ngle soul except just us and the partment."
d you get him in without being

cops. We do anything. All Got trade secrets. But you're ds. So listen: We smuggled him ssh. Like that."
asked, "How?"
e entrance. Waited until no- lookin'. Then into the build- the room. Very special police op secret." His voice got onfidential. "But don't you tell Don't you tell him."
tell him what?"
he's sleeping right in the apart- ere Jeff Nulty got murdered. tn't tell him that. Promise?"
mised.
your hearts?"
ssed our hearts. Then Lane got said he had to see all his old He didn't want to disappoint He said he'd see us later. He ed in the crowd. I wanted to If he was giving each of the as good a performance as he'd things stood a better-than-even jelling.
t see him again until the last under way. Then, during the ting act, I saw him at the table e Ramsay and Rusty Mason. aving a glass of sherry. He was is long arms and talking ear- nd confidentially, the same rin on his cheerful Wisconsin nce. Rusty was taking it all in. me he'd stop talking she'd uestions. You could tell it by she leaned forward, by the ten- h showed in her splendid body. ow ended at one thirty. The arted paying their checks and oward the exit. I saw Lieuten- talking to Mario. The little ed worried. He put Lane's arm is shoulders and started across with him.
tective was having difficulty. lmost to the middle of the de- or. His eyes looked glassy, his k. He removed his arm from houlders, drew himself up to a six feet, swayed alarmingly, and fell flat on his face.
as the topper, the perfect cur- fall was sickeningly realistic. it Lane lay on the polished or, stiff as a poker.
didn't seem to know what to do. ed over the prostrate figure of the detective, wringing his hands. Brian Garland and I went over to see what we could do. Pat came along and stood behind us. I saw Floyd Andrews watching from just inside the entrance to the bar.

Brian Garland motioned toward the office that had once been used by Rex Kingsley and before that by Jeff Nulty. He said, "Isn't there a couch in there?" and Mario said yes.

"Why don't we drag him in? He won't wake up till morning."

It was an excellent suggestion. I was supposed to have made it, but Brian had beaten me to it. I walked over to where Ramsay was sitting with Rusty. I paid no attention to her, and she returned the compliment. I asked Wade whether we could put the lieutenant in the corner office until he slept it off. He agreed.

It still wasn't an easy job. We tossed Lane on the couch, removed his coat and shoes, and loosened his collar. Mario snapped off the lights and we all left.

THE club was virtually empty. Bus boys were cleaning up, and workers were starting to pile tables and chairs in preparation for the onslaughts of the cleaning women. Rusty Mason, Wade Ramsay and Floyd Andrews had disappeared. Vince Mabry and his boys had long since left the bandstand. Brian Garland said good night, and I took Pat upstairs. I kissed her good night. I did it right in the hall, where anybody who happened along could see. But nobody saw, and so I did it again. She went into her apartment and closed the door. I went into mine and did the same thing.

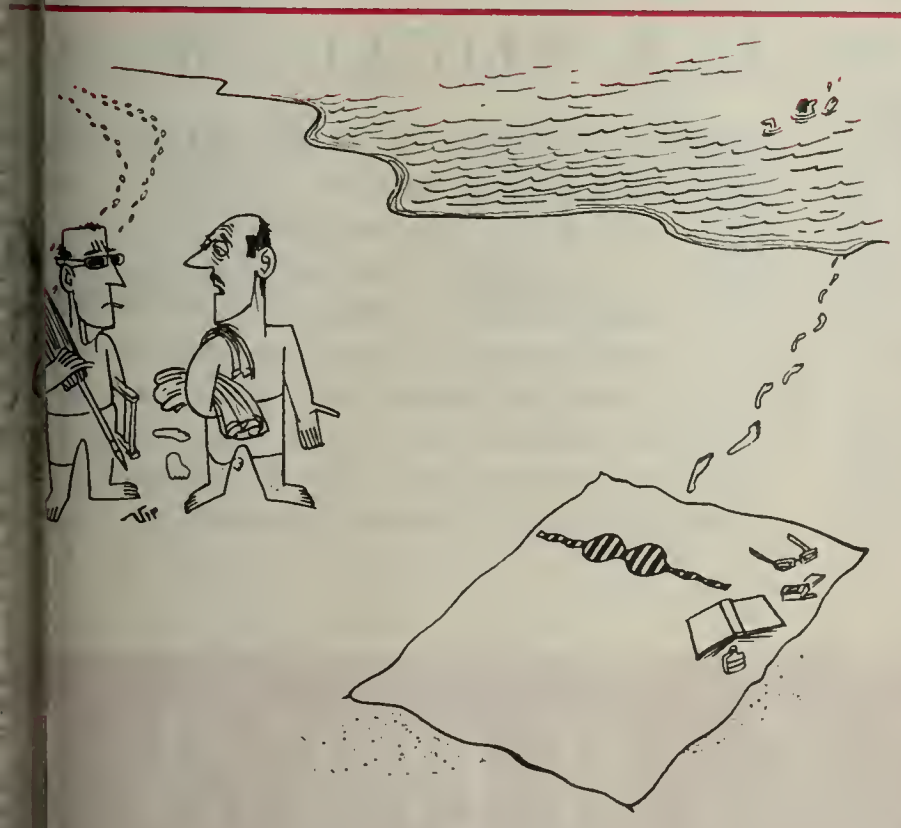
I doused my face in cold water. I waited perhaps ten minutes. Then I eased out of my apartment, walked to the fire steps and went downstairs. I went out through the garage. I walked around the corner and said hello to Marty Walsh, who looked cold but eager.

I gave him a full report. I told him how wonderful Lane had been. He said he had known it would be that way. Lane was one of their best men.

We waited a half hour out there in the cold. Then Marty produced a couple of master keys. He unlocked the door of the service entrance. We pussyfooted up the dark back stairs to the mezzanine. Another master key let us into Jeff's apartment. We left the door unlocked. There wasn't any witness in the apartment. There never had been.

I was jumpy as a cat. The chips were down. Nothing to do but wait and hope and wonder.

Marty and I sat in the bathroom on a



"What's wrong with right here?" VIRGIL PARTCH

Same Man !

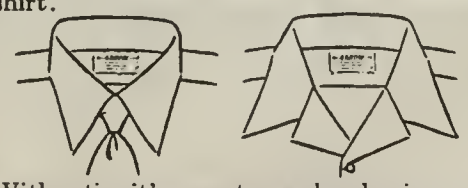


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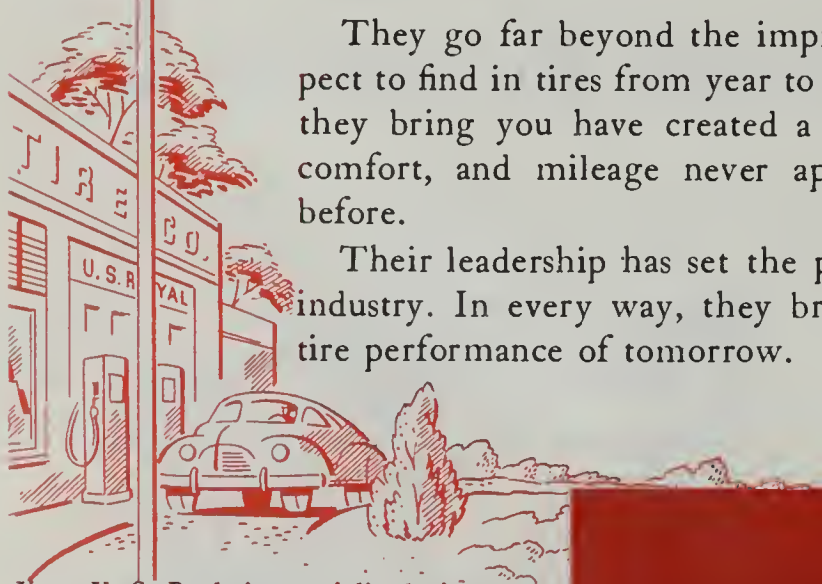




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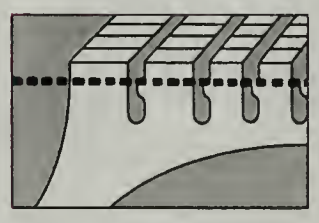
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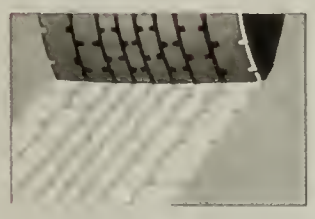


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couple of straight chairs which had been brought in earlier for the purpose. I was scared as hell. I couldn't guess what might happen. I was even more afraid that nothing would. I voiced my doubt to Marty. He said, "It should, Steve."

"Why?"

"Suppose you were a murderer—and we'll hope for the moment you're not. But if you were, if you had killed four people, what would you be thinking?"

I didn't answer, and he went on: "You'd know that a dumb, drunken cop had spilled his guts. You'd know he'd stay paralyzed for the next half-dozen hours. You'd know he was down on the street floor, dead to the world. You'd know that an eyewitness—the one unexpected element in this case—was in the midst of a drugged sleep on the mezzanine, in this apartment. Away from everything and everybody. Unguarded. So if you had killed before, you'd do this one more killing to make yourself really safe. It was your own idea, Steve. Don't go sour on it now."

That was the setup. It was logical thinking. But it still might not work. I fidgeted nervously. Marty's voice came to me through the blackness. He said, "One thing you can bet your pants on, Stevie boy. If anybody *does* rise to this bait—if anyone comes in here, the case will be closed."

We waited an eternity. Silence. Darkness. Marty showed me the illumined dial of his wrist watch. Almost four o'clock. Not so good. I was beginning to fear that my figuring had been faulty.

Then suddenly my body got rigid. I heard something outside. the faintest whisper of footsteps. I felt Marty move. I heard my own heart pounding.

Slowly, with a dreadful, inexorable slowness, the apartment door opened. The hallway was dark. A figure which I felt, rather than saw, moved into the room, closed the door gently.

Then a beam of light from Marty's electric torch flamed across the room and pinned the intruder against the wall. Marty's voice had a cold, metallic sound. He said, "Hold it. Or I'll shoot!"

The intruder stared at us with wide, blinded, terrified eyes.

It was Wade Ramsay.

THERE'S a basic principle in police procedure: When you've got a prime suspect on the ropes, start pounding and never let up until he breaks. You take advantage of the fact that he has been emotionally upset, that he isn't thinking fast or clearly. You figure he'll either give himself away or trip himself. It's something every good cop knows.

Marty Walsh was a good cop. He moved toward the door. His flashlight continued to glare into the blinking, frightened eyes of Wade Ramsay. The gun in Marty's right hand was held negligently, but it was there.

Walsh said, "The party's over, Ramsay."

Wade Ramsay, rotund, immaculately dressed, looking more than ever like a prosperous banker, made an effort to pull himself together. He said, "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Like hell you don't! I know that you murdered Jeff Nulty, and why. You followed that up by killing Conchita Montero, Connolly and Kingsley. Too bad they can only execute you once."

Sweat stood out on Ramsay's forehead. Marty went on, coldly, implacably: "And don't kid yourself I can't make this one stick, fella. We had plenty on you before this visit. But you walking in here, figuring to knock off the eyewitness you thought we had—that was icing on the cake."

There's a truism about a cornered rat. There's a certainty that if a man knows he's going to die violently, he owes himself any forlorn chance. Ramsay knew Marty wasn't bluffing; he recognized the end of the trail.

I saw his hand move. His right hand. I jumped before the hand reappeared, holding a vicious little .32. I grabbed his wrist with my right hand and slugged him with my left.

He slugged right back. He was stronger than I would have expected, and more agile. He knew how to handle himself. I pressed my body against him. We wrestled around, and he butted me with the top of his head. It hurt. I gave him the knee and felt his body sag. He stumbled, the gun skidded across the floor and I landed on him. I wondered why Marty didn't do anything, but even the fact that he was a spectator was reassuring.

The door opened behind me. I saw a pair of lean powerful hands grab Wade Ramsay's collar. I loosened my grip, and watched Lieutenant Bert Lane haul Ramsay to his feet. Lane grabbed one of Ramsay's wrists and I heard the soft click of a handcuff. He twisted the other arm, and another handcuff made a soft, reassuring sound. Ramsay stood trembling, hands pinioned behind his back.

I started to thank Lane, but Marty Walsh spoke. He said, "That was neat, Stevie. But you spoiled everything."

I said, "Spoiled everything how?"

"Barging in like that. I was all set to plug him." He looked over at Lane. "How you feelin'?" he inquired.

"Foggy," grinned Lane. "That sherry routine almost floored me. Think I'll go back to vodka after this."

Marty said, "How'd you happen to come in at the right time?"

"Ramsay played it cute. He walked into the office where I was supposed to be sleeping it off. He talked to me. He even shook me a little. Wanted to be sure I was out. When he left I knew where he was headed."

The two detective lieutenants closed in on Ramsay. "You telling us, Ramsay?" Marty asked, "Or do we tell you?"

Wade didn't say anything. He looked sullen and scared.

"Okay," snapped Walsh. "I'll talk, just so you'll know for sure we ain't bluffing. You killed Nulty because he was bleeding you, because he had something you thought you could get your hands on. You killed Conchita because you thought the gun she found would tie you in, and because you didn't know how much Nulty might have told her before he died. Your killing of Connolly had something to do with those clippings about Rusty Mason. I ain't entirely clear on that one. As for Kingsley, you finished him off because he inherited Nulty's racket. What Nulty had, Kingsley also had. He was milking you dry. And you walked in here tonight to make the record perfect. Am I right?"

Ramsay bit his lower lip, but di anything. Walsh picked up the sh tle gun. "Neat little .32," he comr "Connolly and Kingsley were eac with a .32. We'd have been puz hell to find our witness dead in th ing with a .32 slug in him, and t lying on the floor. I gotta hunch the gun that killed both the other say. If it is, you might as well sta ing. Ballistics tests will prove tha within the next hour."

Wade Ramsay stared at the g then at Marty's hard face. Yo almost hear him thinking. The g the ultimate proof. Ballistics te as accurate as fingerprints, and I knew it.

He said, "I did it. There's no longing the agony."

I HAD known it must be that v his confession still shocked m man who had been genial and who apparently had everything g world could offer. It was grotes

Lane said, "That washes us Marty?"

"Just about."

"Pretty neat thinking, kid."

Walsh said, "Hell, I didn't thin It was Steve Blake." He grinne the first really friendly smile I'd of him. He said, "It's your sho termind. Tell Brother Lane h doped it out."

I said, "I was lucky, that's all. a lot of time trying to figure moti body seemed to have enough, we had thought of seemed to be tight enough with all the victims.

Bert Lane said, "Motive! That thing I can't figure yet."

"When I got back from Cajón said, "after Rex Kingsley had bee I tried going back to the begi listed everything that had happe ery word I could remember. That Wade Ramsay came in, and on ured him, the rest was sheer logic

Lane said, "Makes us look lik ple of dopes, doesn't it, Marty?"

"No," I said, "it doesn't. Bec thing that put me on the rig wasn't even said in front of eithe You didn't have any way of kno

Ramsay asked whether he down. They shoved him into a chair. He looked awful uncon with his hands behind his back

"Here's what happened," I sa all knew that Wade Ramsay an ther didn't get along any too we we didn't know was that in l mond Ramsay made a will con few specific bequests and lea bulk of his estate to various



"It looks much too undernourished to be a weed!"



"If this is just a summer romance I wish you'd tell me, Philip!"

SIDNEY HOFF

lawyer who drew that will has ead for several years. No way of anything there. Ormond Ram- s a paralytic during the last two f his life. In line with his hobby, was rehabilitation, he found Jeff nd gave him a job. Nulty evi- was a conscientious, expert nurse. way I figure it, Wade Ramsay rning. His old man was going to tty soon, and Ramsay knew he 't inherit a penny under the will. w Nulty was an ex-convict. Per- ff would remain loyal to his em- s long as the employer lived, but been a criminal once, he was y open to the right approach.

de hired Nulty to substitute a will for the real one. It must have rather simple procedure. The old d. They found his papers in the his apartment. Everything was . The will was there, the lawyer ew it was dead. The signatures witnesses who had signed it had en forged. They weren't even ed. It's customary to tell the es that you're signing a will, but ll customary to read it to them.

re's wasn't anything about the xcite suspicion. A rich man dies. es $10,000 to his housekeeper and to his faithful attendant. In this ff Nulty. The remainder of the ent to the dead man's one and ld: Wade Ramsay. It was as sim- ll that. It would have stayed sim- hadn't realized that the murder had to reach way back."

ay was staring at the floor. He aying a word. There was noth- ould say.

re'd you get the hunch?" asked ant Lane. "You didn't just pick f thin air."

t's true. It hit me when I was list- rything I could remember. One hings was that although Ormond didn't die until June, 1946, his dated October 6, 1943."

hat?"

his. Jeff Nulty didn't even go to r Ormond Ramsay until Octo- 1943. That was four days *after* supposedly been willed $10,000 ful services."

said, "Well, I'll be damned!" said, "But if this guy was forg- ll, why didn't he make a good job hy didn't he change the date?"

much danger," I suggested. "The s might be questioned. They'd er when they saw the will signed. ight remember the date. It was 's one bad slip, but he probably now it was a slip. It's my guess r even thought he was taking a

Walsh said, "What I can't figure is why Rex Kingsley confessed to his wife that he had killed Nulty when he hadn't." He directed his attention to Ramsay. "How do *you* figure that?" he asked.

Ramsay answered in a flat, dead voice. He said, "I don't see any point to holding back now. Nulty had been bleeding me. He kept the real will after he stole it from my father's safe. The day he and Blake had the fight in Blake's apartment, I found Steve's gun. I found it accidentally. Steve's nose was bleeding and he had a cut under one eye. I went to his dresser for some extra handkerchiefs to use in controlling the bleeding. The gun was there. That gave me the idea. I had no intention of killing Nulty. I meant to scare him into giving me the will."

Walsh said, "You didn't play that very smart, Ramsay. After you had shot Nulty, why didn't you leave Steve's gun right there where it could be found?"

Wade Ramsay said, "That's exactly what I did do."

"Then you didn't hide it in the closet in Miss Mason's office?"

RAMSAY passed his hand across his forehead as though thinking was becoming too great an effort. "Certainly not. I was amazed when I heard no gun had been found. Later, when Kingsley started putting the screws on me, I found out why. Kingsley knew I had killed Nulty. He had gone to Nulty's apartment and found the gun, after I left. He selected the catchall closet as a hiding place, knowing I'd never think of looking for it there. But he didn't tell me where he'd put it. He told me that he had it safely hidden, and that he could produce it if and when he needed to. He said it had my fingerprints on it. I always understood that it's pretty difficult to find fingerprints on a gun, but I wasn't sure."

"After you shot Nulty," prompted Walsh, "what happened?"

Ramsay said, "I hunted for the will, but didn't find it."

Walsh asked keenly, "But Kingsley did?"

"Yes. Evidently hidden among the night-club papers in the office. Rex warned me that if the same thing happened to him that had happened to Nulty, they'd find the real will. He said he had hidden it where it couldn't be found as long as he was alive—but that if he died it would be discovered sure. That tied my hands."

Marty said to Lane, "Once Steve got his hunch, he checked the dates at the record bureau, which made Nulty's inheritance look sour. Brian Garland helped him trace the practice of the dead lawyer who had drawn the original will. It had been divided up among a lot of

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other law firms. In the files of one of them they found the carbon copy of Ormond Ramsay's real will. It hasn't any legal standing as a will, but it'll be a nice piece of evidence in case this monkey tries to repudiate his confession."

Lane asked, "And you killed Conchita because she had found Steve's gun hidden in the closet in Rusty Mason's office?"

WADE RAMSAY said tonelessly, "It wasn't as simple as that. I knew something was happening. I was afraid because I didn't understand what it was.

"The beginning was when Conchita said she wanted those old theatrical pictures of herself. They were quite good pictures, and had been made in Havana. An agent had been high-pressuring her to get as many as she could, and it would have taken some time to have had prints made in Cuba. The agent had her all steamed up over the idea that he was launching a campaign which might land her a good movie contract.

"I knew where the photos were. We get hundreds of them, from performers and agents. Those we don't use, we toss in that closet. It was Rusty's job, and I was never much interested. But I knew that was where Conchita had gone.

"Later, when she returned to the table, she was excited. I overheard her conversation with Steve Blake, heard her make the appointment to meet him in his apartment. The urgency in her voice indicated to me that she might have found something in that closet, though at the moment I couldn't guess what it was. Frankly, my first thought was the will. Kingsley had hidden it somewhere, and it struck me then that he couldn't have chosen a better hiding place.

"I knew I had a certain amount of time before Blake would show up. I let myself into his apartment with one of the house passkeys. When I walked in, Conchita was stuffing something into her bag. I didn't know then that it was the gun. I still had the will on my mind. If I were right, this was my chance to get it. With that will destroyed, I would be safe.

"Conchita's manner when she saw me was a giveaway. She was terrified. She started to get hysterical. I knew I had to work fast. I demanded that she give me whatever it was she had in her bag. She wouldn't tell me what it was. I'm not sure she was able to, she was so scared. I was certain she was going to scream. I was pretty jittery myself. I killed her, not because I wanted to kill her, but because I had to get what she had in her bag. Then, when she was dead and I looked in the bag, I saw that what she had was the gun, and only the gun. She didn't have the will. I wiped the gun clean in case there were any fingerprints on it. I left it in her bag, chiefly because I couldn't think of what else to do with it, and because it didn't represent any further threat to me." His voice trailed off. "I'm sorry I had to kill her," he said wearily.

"Pete Connolly?" asked Marty. "What about him?"

Ramsay was trying to tell it straight. "Pete came into my office Christmas Eve," he said. "He was ugly drunk. He was sore because I wouldn't check in with some silly scheme of his to force Rusty to marry him.

"He told me he had some papers in his pocket which tied up with the murder of Jeff Nulty. I asked him what he had, and he said he wasn't telling me anything. He was burning. He was that kind of drunk. I knew nothing about any clippings. I didn't know it was newspaper stuff which tied Miss Mason up with Nulty. I naturally thought that Connolly had found the will, and that was—from beginning to end—the crux of the whole thing. It couldn't sound any other way to me. If he hadn't been so drunk as to be unreasonable, if he'd told me what he really had—he wouldn't have been killed. I was desperate."

Marty asked, "Where did you get the gun with which Connolly was killed?"

"It's mine. Registered to me. I've had it for years. I hid it in Apartment 11-A. The tenants there are in Europe. It was a safe hiding place. I put it back again after the death of Rex Kingsley."

I said, "That's something I don't yet understand, Wade. Kingsley's part in this whole thing. Why was he leading with his chin?"

"Helping me," explained Ramsay. "Deliberately beclouding the issue. He didn't care who was punished for the murders, so long as it wasn't me. He wanted me to be clear so he could blackmail me. I believe he found the clippings when he found the will. He sent the clippings to Connolly just to foul things up some more."

"I see." I was remembering that Rex Kingsley had walked in on the end of my conversation with Ramsay about Pete's love life. I was beginning to see something else, too. "And when you listened in on Kingsley's telephone call to me from Victorville—" I started, but Bert Lane broke in. He wanted to know what that meant.

"Just another little detail that tied Ramsay in," I said. "He's a graduate electrical engineer, which doesn't necessarily mean much, except that he would understand about telephone wires. Shortly before the call came in from Rex at Victorville, my phone rang. I picked it up, and heard Mrs. Kingsley talking to someone. Crossed wires, I thought, and let it go at that. The same thing happened a few minutes later. Afterward, when I started thinking along new lines, it made more sense. I went with Brian to see a friend of his, an electrical expert whose hobby is scale-model trains. I asked him about how a telephone could be rigged, and he explained it to me in detail. I checked the back of the switchboard at the Casa Linda. What Ramsay undoubtedly had done—"

"Jumper wires," broke in Lane. "He had put on the jumpers to connect his phone, Pat Kingsley's phone and your phone. If one rang, all rang. He could listen in—which is exactly what he did when Kingsley called. That would be how he knew the details of the appointment in Cajón Pass. Right?"

I said I thought he was right. I said I thought a further investigation of the wires behind the switchboard would show that those three, and no others, had been connected with jumper wires and disconnected later. Ramsay didn't even bother to verify the theory. He knew the police could find that out for themselves.

I said, "Look, Wade—I hate this, but I've got to ask it: Kingsley had the real will with him at Cajón Pass, didn't he? Wasn't that the documentary proof he said he had?"

"Yes."

"What was he planning to do?"

"Turn it over to you. He was afraid that as long as I was free he might be killed. But he was wrong. I wouldn't ever have killed him while he had that will."

"That doesn't check, Ramsay. You killed Conchita because you thought she had the will. You killed Pete Connolly for the same reason."

"Those cases were different," he said reasonably. "Neither Conchita nor Pete would have understood the significance of the will. If I'd been right in either case, I'd have obtained possession of it. That wasn't the case with Rex Kingsley.

"Rex knew what the will meant. He told me it was hidden where I couldn't find it, but where it would come to light if anything happened to him. As long as he remained alive—as long as I paid him off—he'd keep his mouth shut. But if he died suddenly—so he said—the will would be found. So you see, the Cajón Pass deal was different. I felt certain he had the will with him. If that were destroyed, and Kingsley dead, I would be safe."



COLLIER'S

"I'll take one eard . . . by the way, what are the odds against filling an inside straight?"

IRWIN CAPLAN

I SAID, "That explains why his pockets had been rifled, but no money had been taken." I stopped to light a cigarette and drew the smoke deep into my lungs. "He was an accessory," I added.

"Doesn't mean much in this state," volunteered Marty Walsh. "Accessory after the fact carries just a few years. That's a small enough risk to take for what he stood to win."

Lane was persistent. He said, "You had to start thinking somewhere, Steve."

"Yes. It doesn't make a lot of sense, where I started. But it was when Pat told Marty and me that Rex had confessed to her."

"Haven't you got that in reverse?" Lane asked.

"No. It struck me then as wrong. I didn't believe a murderer would ever confess if he didn't have to. But he might if he were covering for someone, if he had reasons of his own. And there seemed to be only one person Kingsley *could* be covering for. His boss. Wade Ramsay. At first, the idea sounde surd. But the more I thought ab the less absurd it seemed."

Marty spoke to Ramsay. He "Did you hire those two hoods t up Steve?"

Ramsay shook his head. "Tha another of Kingsley's cute ideas. I he was afraid Blake might discov truth if he kept at it hard enoug wanted him scared off." He fidge his chair. With handcuffs on, he co get comfortable. He said, "Liste told you everything. I know I'm But I'm tired, too. I'm awful tired. we call it a night?"

They took him out of there. walked down to the club and th the stark, unromantic atmosphere spot which had been gay and wo gay again, but which now was n more than a huge room, reeking o liquor and tobacco. They vanishe the lobby—Lane and Marty Walsh the handcuffed figure of Wade R between them.

I rode up to the seventh floor was beginning to break. I was st ing with fatigue and nervous as I rapped on the door of 7-A.

PAT KINGSLEY opened the She had on the same lovely p blue negligee which I had seen before. It still made her look the most wanted her to look.

I went inside and drew her down me on the couch. I gave her th lights of what had just happened stairs. I held her tight all the time talking.

When I finished, she sat silent long time. Then she said, "I'm wasn't Rex."

I said I was, too. Then she said s something to tell me. It wasn't imp but maybe I'd like to know.

It was about Floyd Andrews. Sh she had just learned—within the p hours—that he had been employ her father to learn the truth of wh happened, to estimate the danger s in, and to protect her from an which might tend to make mor mess of her life.

I said, "Then he did lie to me. H he wasn't a detective."

"He wasn't," Pat explained. "D too shrewd to employ a private i gator. You could too easily have out who and what he was. So c So could the police. That woul defeated his purpose.

"Dad told me he had known A for a long time. Before the war h one of the shrewdest insurance i gators on the West Coast. He ha competently trained for any type vestigative work. During the war with Army Intelligence, which me got additional training, though of ferent sort. It wasn't until after t that he went into the regular ins business.

"Dad had confidence in him a ability. He was in a position to favor of Andrews, and he knew th could be trusted. His job was to le score, and to protect me at all cost

It was clear enough now. So and so logical that it hadn't occu me before. But Floyd Andrews matter now. Nothing mattered that Finis had been written. There be no more murders, no more in no more sensational publicity, n doubt and uncertainty.

Exhaustion was creeping up The girl in my arms was soft and and relaxing.

I said, "Will you marry me, Pa

I saw the top of her head m firmatively, and heard a whisp sounded like, "Yes."

"We'll go on a honeymoon," "A lovely honeymoon. And I'll sk ever."

THE END



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BENDIX BATS FOR RUTH

Continued from page 18

"I didn't go to high school, so how could I be a doctor or a lawyer?" he asks. "I was a semipro in baseball, a semipro in football and got the gate as a grocery clerk. I can't sing, I can't dance, I can't play an instrument. What's left but acting?"

He was born in New York City, went to P.S. 5 and was on his third month at Townsend Harris High when the wolf scratched plaintively at the Bendix family portal and tried to get a foot in the door. This brought on the abortive grocery-store episode in Orange, New Jersey, where he married his wife, Tess, and seemed set on a career as a merchant prince, till the chain he was working for went in for supermarkets and deposited Bill on the street.

Prior to this the family had lived on Eighth Avenue two blocks from the Polo Grounds in the days when both the Giants and Yankees played there. Bill was successively the boy who turned the stiles for the ticket takers, clubhouse boy and finally bat boy for the Giants. Part of his job as clubhouse boy was rushing hot dogs to Babe Ruth.

"One day he really ran me," says Bendix. "Twenty-four dogs and you'd a thought that woulda killed him but he hit two home runs."

An Actor at Last—But How!

While Bill still had the grocery job in Orange, he one day saw an advertisement for actors at the Henry Street Settlement in New York. Tess said, "What do you know about acting? It's crazy." But Bill went over and got the part of a gangster, and that is where his acting career began. Then he took on as a singing waiter in various Jersey joints and made as much as four bucks a night. This qualified him as an actor and he got on the WPA Federal Theater project in Jersey, since the depression was now on seriously.

It was understood that the cardinal principle was to get actors OFF the project as soon as possible. So when Bill got parts in New York shows, he hied himself across the Hudson. The WPA was happy to see him go, and he knew that if he failed he could always come back. He always came back. Seventeen shows he got and 17 flops. Most of them rehearsed earnestly and then realized the truth. Others came in and departed before the ushers could learn the seat arrangements.

The next move was to New York so Bill could be near the theatrical a He was getting $94 a month from and continued to get it right up to he finally got into Saroyan's The T Your Life for the Theatre Guild. won the Pulitzer prize, ran for in New York and another year road. Bill got around America.

"Nine weeks of one-night stands see the theater and the hotel a lower berth," says Bill. "Americ me but I don't see America."

The show hit Los Angeles on th and somebody must have liked hi actor. Because after he got back t York and was rehearsing in a pla Otto Preminger, a hurry-up call from M-G-M to get himself on a and out to Hollywood. Preminger to heaven that he was being ruine called Tess to get his only extra su the cleaners and finally he was al away.

And there endeth the tale of p From then on it was gold, gold That picture was Woman of th with Tracy and Hepburn. Bill w to make such wing-dingers as W land and Lifeboat. The movie fam rally brought radio offers and h has his own show, The Life of which is being made by Irving B as a movie. Bendix averages $5,000 a week with movies and rad Encino home has set him back $1 and he has a ranch farther out in t ley where his father-in-law and b in-law operate a chicken farm.

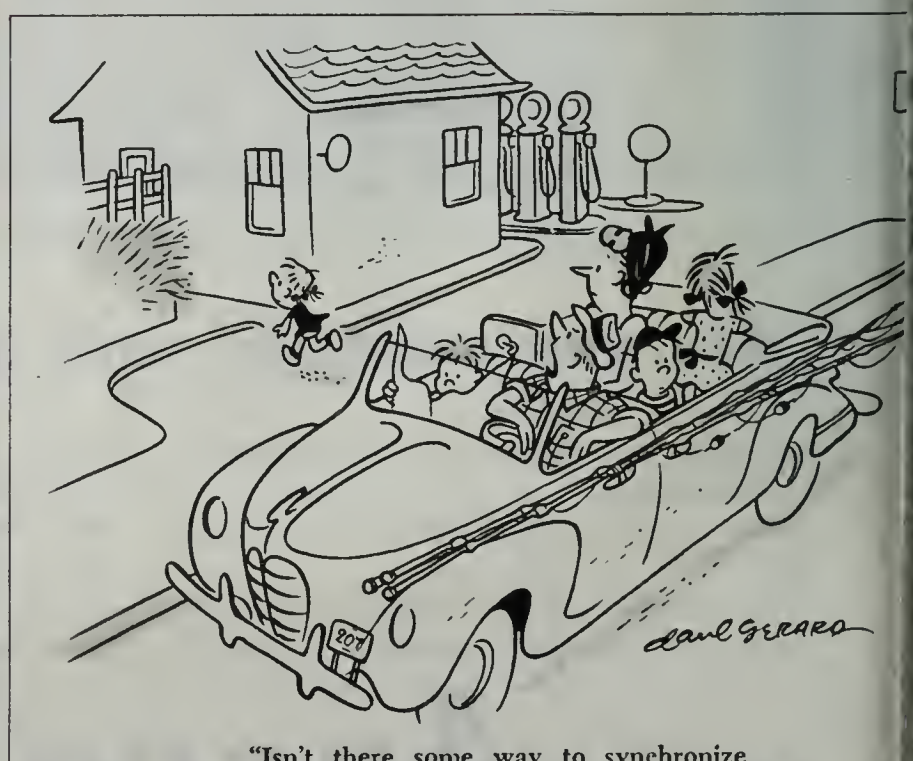
Bendix has the ambition of mouse, meaning none. He has no ing to be a director or a produc certainly harbors no social leanin resolutely refuses to study a mov before he hits the set. He would do a Broadway show and perhap a lick of traveling, but since he w the time, these plans are not feasi

"Save a buck or two and k actin'," he says. "That's me."

The house in Encino is clear three other properties he has for t tives are also paid for and he h funds for his daughters, Lorrain teen, and Stephanie Anne, three. a good Republican in the 1944 and this was regarded as ingrati some sets where it was reme Roosevelt was responsible for WP just went on voting for the right.

"You can have the good old says Bill. "I'll take now."

THE END



COLLIER'S

"Isn't there some way to synchronize these stops? We'll never get to th' lake!"

DAVE

THE OLSENS' BIG SPLASH

Continued from page 27

Topalong Cassidy opposite a div-
npion. Zoe Ann is crazy about
She rides every Sunday (the only
n she doesn't practice diving for
rs).

w years, when she "gets too old
(she'll be twenty-one in 1952)
ts to settle down on a Wyoming
d raise horses.

nn made her first dive when she
ee years old. It was a belly
off her dad's hands. It stung,
ame up laughing. "Pretty soon,"
says, "she was diving off my
s and I had a hunch we had
ion."

IN'S WILD JACKASSES

ussians have a Five-Year Plan
racing, too, judging from a re-
the Belgian publication Le
n. The Moscow handicapper
Sportsman writes that Russian
"claim to have found the

next week's installment
HE SECRET PAPERS OF
RY L. HOPKINS: After his
ppy observation of high-
goings-on in Washington,
ll wrote: "The inevitable
usion was that Churchill
oosevelt in his pocket . . .
imeys are not interested in
war in the Pacific . . . and
the President hypnotized
are sitting pretty."

of winning all the horse races to
ywhere in the world."
going to veto Citation? No, it's
han that. Russian breeders have
heir horses with wild Mongo-
asses called koulans, which ex-
mph, according to reliable
ews agencies.
rtsman also reveals that Rus-
ders have improved decadent
ic training methods. During
nts last fall in Kazakstan, Rus-
ders fed watermelon to their
olts. It would seem that the
on—a juicy dessert long over-
by Southern trainers—makes
der than capitalistic oats. One
ced, nourished exclusively on
n, raced 281.9 kilometers (175
18 hours, a Russian record.

IE TAKES RICKEY

ay Brooklyn's Branch Rickey
st man in the baseball busi-
tting a dollar sign on a muscle
's never been outsmarted in a
t Johnny Mize can tell you
time Rickey was outsmarted—
kie!

I was sixteen," Johnny recalls,
aying semipro ball in my home
norest, Georgia. That was 1929
Rickey was working for the
then. He sent his brother Frank
est to look me over. The Rick-
1 was under age and couldn't
ntract without parental consent.
urse, I wanted to get started in
rs, but I wanted to keep my
so that I could try out and—if
like' I had the stuff—go any-
anted and maybe wangle a bet-
et.

y came down to the ball park
d me $150 a month and a start
D. That was good money in
s, so I signed. Then we went
Mr. Rickey explained every-

thing to my folks. When we were leaving to go back to the park, Mr. Rickey excused himself and went back into the kitchen to talk to my mother. I saw him take a piece of paper out of his pocket, and a pen, and Mother signed the paper. I didn't say a word.

"You see, that was the way I wanted it. Even though Mother signed the paper, I was still free. My parents had split up just a while before and the court had made Grandmother my legal guardian. She was the only one who could sign.

"Things broke all right for me in the Cardinal organization and Mr. Rickey always treated me fine, so nothing happened. But all the time I could have been a free man any time I wanted and I'll bet Branch Rickey doesn't know to this day he never had a valid contract with a kid named Johnny Mize."

THE KING OF JACOBS BEACH

Mike Jacobs broke in as a promoter by staging the Barney Ross-Billy Petrolle fight in 1934. Madison Square Garden officials looked down on Jacobs as an opportunist, a brash ticket peddler, but Mike proved them wrong by signing young Joe Louis to an exclusive contract. After Mike moved the Louis-Braddock battle to Chicago, Madison Square Garden capitulated. Jacobs got a grip on the boxing industry.

Coincidentally, the fellows who put Jacobs in the promotional business, Art Winch and Sam Pian, now are part of a movement which may put Jacobs out of business. Winch and Pian were managing Ross when they decided to take a chance on Jacobs' promotion of the Ross-Petrolle fight. Now, they are managing middleweight champion Tony Zale and working with Jacobs' rival, the new syndicate headed by oilman Ben Bodne.

Jacobs, older and in ill health, probably will not battle Bodne as earnestly as he fought Madison Square Garden. But a younger and hungrier Jacobs would have made things interesting for Bodne and his six millionaire associates. Mike knows all the angles of fistic finance. He raised $100,000 in eight hours when Tex Rickard needed a financial transfusion to keep the Dempsey-Carpentier fight alive. Mike collected the money from Broadway ticket brokers by promising them the best seats.

And nobody sold tickets faster than the Mike Jacobs who sat on a policeman's horse outside the Polo Grounds and hawked Dempsey-Firpo ducats to the highest bidders. Of course, Louis was the real secret of Jacobs' promotional success and that's something for Bodne, Inc., to think about. Where are Bodne's millionaires going to find another Joe Louis?

STILL IN THE MONEY

It's still too early to write off Lew Worsham's victory in the 1947 National Open as a golfing accident, even though Lew hasn't won much since. The pros believe Lew can regain his prize-winning touch anytime he wants to get down to hard tournament work.

Lew has been taking it easy, cashing in on the Open title and collecting big exhibition fees. He's also been playing lots of golf at his home club, Oakmont, which abounds in Pittsburgh steel millionaires. Lew never finishes out of the money at Oakmont.

• • •

Taft Wright, the Chicago White Sox outfielder, is philosophical about batting slumps. "I just keep swinging," Taffy says, "and I get a hit now and then. Even a blind hog roots up a few acorns."

THE END



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AN AFFAIR OF STATE

Continued from page 12

"It was. He had a private dining room on the second floor."

"Tell me," she said, watching the thin spiral of smoke from the clamshell ash tray, "what do you think of generals?"

"I think generals used to be fine for winning wars."

"Used to be?"

"I think generals are archaic, like knights in armor."

"If you talk like that in the department," she said, "you won't be very popular. Generals are chiefs of mission in all the critical areas, and more areas are getting critical all the time."

They talked of the successes and failures of ERP, the uranium mines in Bohemia, British trade, Italian Communists, Chinese graft, and the Japanese Zaibatsus.

THEY leaped across the globe to The Straits, and she asked what he thought of the new Turkish military loan.

"It's ridiculous," he said. "There'll be big parties in the Casino Taxim, and toasts to that noble ally and splendid democracy, Turkey. Then the pashas will take the hundred million bucks and build more villas on the islands in the Marmara. The Turkish army doesn't need equipment. It needs education. It would take one generation for the Turkish army to learn to read, and another to learn how to use radar and jets."

"Jeff," she asked, "do you always say what you think, like that?"

"Yes," he said, "I suppose I do."

"People don't like to hear that sort of talk. It isn't, you know, very diplomatic. Particularly in the department."

"Anyway, it's the truth."

"They'll ship you to Guayaquil, or Addis Ababa," she predicted, naming two of the traditional Siberias of the Foreign Service. "I don't want that to happen to you." She seemed genuinely troubled. "I want you to go to someplace where you are needed. Like Budapest. Or Prague. Or Rome."

He realized for the first time that she had been dropping carefully chosen pebbles into the stream of his thought, and charting the spreading ripples of his reaction. "Susan," he asked, "exactly what do you do in the Secretary's office?"

"I'm just the stenographer who takes the nine-o'clock conference. I'm rated as a confidential secretary."

"That's pretty important, isn't it? Isn't that the Planning Conference? Don't you hear a lot?"

"I hear a lot, and I never talk about it. But sometimes I think."

He wondered how a girl with such irregular features could appear so beautiful. "How is it," he inquired, "that you were free tonight? I'm very happy that you are, but it doesn't seem logical."

"In the first place, don't you realize that there are a hundred thousand more women than men in Washington? And in the second place, I don't run around much, and I'm not getting married."

"You're human, aren't you?"

She didn't reply at once. She tapped her cigarette into the clamshell ash tray, and cocked her head to one side. "There are two answers to that. The first is that I wish I could show you how human I am. The second is that I can't."

"That's no answer. That's a riddle."

"Wait. I'll unriddle it. I married when I was nineteen. My husband was much older. Not that he wasn't a good husband. He was. He was also a wise friend. He was in the Public Health Service, and when war came the Marines took him and shipped him out to the Pacific to clean up those islands. I'd see him every six months or so. He'd come back to get a planeload of little fish to eat mosquito larvae—things like that. He was always fighting for supplies and medicines not only for the Marines but for the people in New Georgia, and the Marshallese, and the Gilbertese."

"And you lost him?"

"I lost him. I celebrated V-J Day in a big way, because I knew he'd soon be back. I woke up with a hang-over and a telegram beginning, 'The Secretary of the Navy regrets.' All I have to show for him is a Legion of Merit, posthumous."

"I'll admit that's tough. But other women lost their husbands and got over it."

"I know. I didn't. Other women don't have to take the State Department's nine-o'clock conference."

"I don't understand."

"You don't? Put it this way: Lots of women won't have babies, nowadays, because they're afraid. They're afraid they'll lose them in another war. They're afraid babies will be killed in their cribs this year, or next year, or the year after. Right here, in Washington. In New York, and Pittsburgh, and Detroit and every other target city. Well, I don't want to have any more men, like other women don't want to have any more babies. I couldn't bear to lose another man."

"What about Fred Keller?" he said.

"I go out with him, very occasionally. He's a dear."

"You mean he doesn't make passes," he suggested.

"As a matter of fact, he doesn't."

"He didn't look so safe to me," Jeff said. Keller was spare and tanned, still a bachelor at forty, and rich enough to have twelve acres in Berwyn, a shooting box on the eastern shore, and an ocean-front villa near Palm Beach.

"Maybe you're right. Maybe he's not safe," Susan Pickett said.

"What do you mean?" Jeff said.

"Nothing, except sometimes he gives me the shivers. He's so casual about war. When he talks about atomic bombs his mouth waters as if they were lemons."

"That's not unusual in these times. And after all, he's not so important. He just has some sort of a control job on the European desk."

"He is important," she insisted. "He's going to Budapest."



"So we'd have something in common, I studied up on paper boxes—THEN I find he don't wanna talk about paper boxes!"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

"Didn't you recommend Budapest for me?"

"I suppose so. It's been on my mind."

"What's cooking in Budapest?"

"Nothing that isn't cooking in Prague and Salonika and Trieste and Vienna and Berlin and Seoul and everywhere else where we're face to face with the Russians. Only in Budapest it's closer to burning." She was silent while the waiter laid the check on the table. "Jeff," she added when the waiter was gone, "sometimes I forget I'm not supposed to think. I'm just the girl who takes the nine-o'clock conference, and I need my job, and if I do too much thinking and talking I'll lose it."

"What're you afraid of—thought-control police?"

"Sure. We all are."

"Okay," he agreed, "no more shop talk. Anyway I like Budapest."

"You've been there?"

"When I was a kid. In the summer after my sophomore year in college. The department sent my father to an audit of the Balkan missions."

"If you're interested in what's g happen to this world," she said "you should try to go there agai

Outside, in a taxi, he suggest Footlight Club, but she said tha it was a nice idea, and she loved to it was too late for her to go an else. She had to be in the office, the agenda for the nine-o'clock ence, at eight every morning.

He took her to her apartmen She said, "I'd ask you in, but it w do either of us any good."

"I guess not." Still, he didn't leave.

"Well, goodby," she said, her poised to turn the key.

"Well, good night," he said, didn't go.

"You don't feel very plato you?"

"Frankly, no."

"I'm not going to be coy, Jeff.

He cupped her shoulders in his "Susan, this isn't the way I was it would be. Look at me."

She kept her eyes on the key. " want it to be like this either. I wa go out with you and see if so wouldn't happen. It didn't."

"Suppose we *are* a pinch of the first day of World War three? Why not have what we ca

She didn't attempt to move, anything more, until his fingers lo "I'm not afraid for myself," s then. "If I thought the world w up in one big bang I honestly v care much. It's just that I'm a have anyone else because I've damnedest premonition I'd lose

"If you went to a psychiatri said, "which I think you ough he'd tell you you were wrong."

"I'm sure of it. Only, I've o one man in my life. And if I other I'd feel the same way tow that I did toward my husband a the war would come along and k

"The trouble with you, Susan you won't take a chance on the w

"I don't see why I should take when I know that the cards are Now go on home, Jeff. I'll stay a

JEFF spent the next week in th of the Foreign Service Institut ing the departmental regulation complexities awed and alarmed Mr. Dannenberg, the head of t ing staff, assured him that t weren't necessarily based on kn of the regulations. "If they w said, "nobody would ever get in ice. It used to be said that th only three rules for making a g eign Service officer—sit with yo to the light, listen to your super go to bed before you get drunk. you learn by osmosis. In the or be judged on poise and persona want our men to *look* like repres of the United States."

Dannenberg inspected Jeff shr a horseman looks over a two-ye the Saratoga sales. "You do lool can. You've got that gaunt, m Winant look."

"Thanks," Jeff said. "Winan fine man."

"But nobody can tell yet if yo any brains."

"No." Jeff said. "That's the

One day Dannenberg called told him his oral was scheduled f day of the following week. "D fully," he advised, "and better Sunday night, and don't cut shaving, and by all means be on

On Monday, Jeff reported at berg's office at ten thirty, alth



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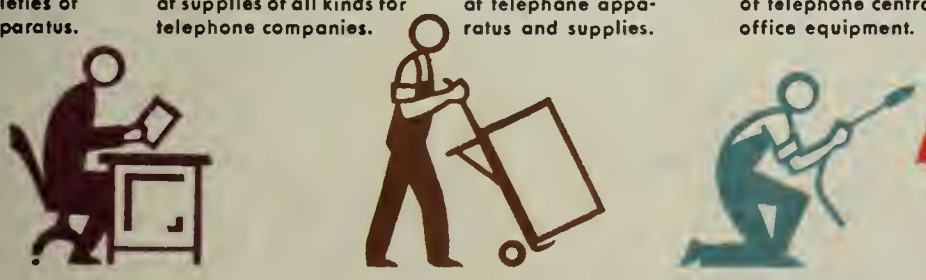
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amination time was not until eleven. Dannenberg seemed excited and fluttery. "It's going to be in the other building," he said. "And we've had a surprise. The Secretary himself is going to sit in on the examining board. It's the first time he's ever done it. He's deeply interested in recruitment, you know."

Jeff sat down and picked up a magazine and turned the pages. His eyes scanned sentences and paragraphs, and pretended to read, but his mind did not know what his eyes were seeing.

Dannenberg's phone rang, and he answered it and said, "We'll be right over."

THEY walked out of the institute building, and across the street to the marble and limestone building known as New State. They took an elevator to the fifth floor, passed through a double door over which was the great seal, through an anteroom with empty chairs lining its walls, through a secretarial office, and then through two more sets of double doors, and into a room deeply carpeted and utterly soundless, as if it were detached from the building and from the city. Four men were seated at an oval conference table, with the Secretary at the end. The Secretary's head was down, exposing a bald spot in the gray, and he did not raise his eyes as they entered. He was reading a file of cables.

Dannenberg waited, standing, until the Secretary closed the file. Jeff was close at his side, trying not to stand to attention. "This is Mr. Baker," Dannenberg said, "who is to take the examination today."

The Secretary rose and put out his hand. "This will be a new experience for both of us," he said.

Dannenberg introduced the others: "Mr. Matson, Mr. Richards, Mr. Keller."

"We've met before, haven't we?" Jeff said to Keller.

"Oh, yes, of course," Keller said, but Jeff could see he didn't remember. He had heard of the others, but never seen them before. Matson was chief of the Balkans Division. He had been minister in Sofia and Bucharest. Richards was also of career-minister rank, an expert on the Far East.

"All right, Mr. Baker, take this chair," Dannenberg said. Then Dannenberg seated himself at the opposite side of the table, and Jeff realized that Dannenberg would be the fifth man on the board, and that in the instant his manner had changed, and he was impersonal.

Dannenberg put his plump, white hands on the table, and said, "Would you care to start, Mr. Secretary?"

"No. You gentlemen go ahead."

"Would you care to tell us about your schooling, Mr. Baker?" Dannenberg said.

Jeff told them of Lawrenceville and Princeton.

Keller seemed more interested than the others. "What class at Princeton?"

"Thirty-nine."

"I was twenty-nine myself."

Then the questions began, really. Richards wanted to know whether he could explain the functions of the Far Eastern Commission and the Allied Council for Japan. He could, in a general way. Did he know what parallel separated the American and Russian zones in Korea? Jeff recalled it was the thirty-eighth. What was the agrarian policy of the Kuomintang? He fumbled that one.

The Secretary said, "This is like Information Please in reverse. Five men ask one man questions."

Matson took over. What sixteen nations participated in the ERP conferences? Jeff thought he remembered them all. Outline the importance of the Danube to European economy. That was easy. He knew the Danube. He remembered watching the river in brown flood all one day in Vienna in '45, and seeing not one ship pass. He talked of the Danube as a vital artery now strangled by tourniquets of international red tape. He mentioned the Bulgarian fishing fleet, which for three years had been rotting up the Danube, seven hundred miles from its home ports. He noticed that he had captured the Secretary's attention, and that he made a note on the cover of his cable file.

Yet his answer did not seem to please Matson. "You understand, Mr. Baker," he said, "that if our people in Austria permitted those boats to go back to the Black Sea, then they'd only be used to catch fish for the other side."

He saw Dannenberg's eyes raise in mute warning. No opinions. He found himself saying nevertheless, "We cannot make an ally of hunger. That's a matter of national ethics. Furthermore, it's shortsighted to paralyze the Bulgar fishing fleet. It's just handing another propaganda weapon to the Communists in Bulgaria and Rumania."

"Very interesting viewpoint," said Matson. "But obviously arrived at without benefit of complete information."

Then the questions began to come in French, in Spanish, in Italian and German. He had been told that when they bothered to test your languages you had a chance.

"Now I'm going to ask you a question we ask all our candidates," Dannenberg said. "Why do you want to join the Foreign Service?"

"I've always pointed for it, more or less," he said. "My father was in the department."

This drew Keller's attention. "A legacy, eh?" he said. "I don't remember any Baker, but I suppose he was before my time."

"Baker? Baker?" murmured Matson. "I don't remember him either. Thought I knew everyone in the department. But then, he probably was in London when I was in Sofia, and in Shanghai while I was back home. You know how it is."

"He was a clerk," Jeff said.

"Oh," said Keller, and the single syllable was toned with surprise and disappointment, as if he had been examining a handsome ring, and then had been told the stone was imitation.

"There was another reason I wanted to get in the Foreign Service," Jeff said. He knew he had to get it out, because it was working inside him.

"Yes?" Dannenberg inquired.

"I don't want to see any more wars. I want to do what I can to prevent another war." He saw that they were all eying him now with fresh interest, as if he had told them some private thing about himself that was curious, [illegible] pose that's bombastic," he added [illegible] the need of an explanation. "I [illegible] it's bombastic to think that I can [illegible] thing to help keep the peace. I [illegible] the way I feel, and I know that [illegible] Foreign Service I'd have more [illegible] tunity to do what I want to do [illegible] where else."

"Well, now, I think that's very [illegible] mendable," said Matson.

"Oh, yes," said Richards. "[illegible] splendid aim." He glanced up [illegible] wall clock, as if from then on [illegible] would be wasting time.

The Secretary raised his head, [illegible] realized he had been watchful [illegible] silent. "I take it you don't like [illegible]

"No, sir, I don't."

"What outfit?"

"Eighty-fifth Division, 399th [illegible] ment, sir."

"Coulter was a good general," [illegible] Secretary stated, in the professional [illegible] that one doctor speaks of another [illegible] good man. He ran a forcing [illegible] the tabletop, and Jeff knew he was [illegible] cising his fabulous memory for [illegible] nutiae of battle. He knew sud[illegible] that in the room only he and the [illegible] tary knew—that the Secretary [illegible] ing Jeff's bootprints up the spine [illegible] the Italian peninsula. He was [illegible] Jeff's mad entry into Rome, the [illegible] ambuscades of the 88s on the [illegible] Florence, edging with him across [illegible] mine fields on the banks of the [illegible] He was witnessing the heartbreak [illegible] tack on the Gothic line, and [illegible] through the terrible winter in the [illegible] nines, exulting a little in the last [illegible] across the Po, and experiencing [illegible] ening letdown and disillusion [illegible] lowed victory. "I see," the [illegible] said. "I think I see."

"If there are no more questions," [illegible] nenberg said, "I suppose that will [illegible] They rose, and shook hands, and [illegible] nenberg opened the door for him. [illegible] can find your way out all right?" [illegible] nenberg said. "You'll be informed [illegible] letter, in the usual way."

"Thanks very much," Jeff [illegible] "You've been very considerate. I do [illegible] not think he would see Dannenberg [illegible] again. He feared he had failed. He [illegible] walked back toward Dupont Circle, [illegible] tried to analyze his answers. He tried [illegible] remember what each one had said, [illegible] how they had reacted to him, and [illegible] the Secretary had looked when [illegible]

AFTER Jeff was gone, Dannenberg took his seat again. Because [illegible] Secretary's presence, there was an [illegible] usual relaxation after the ease. [illegible] "Well, Mr. Secretary," Dannenberg [illegible] "what did you think of him?"

"I'll wait to hear your reaction [illegible]

"I think on the whole he's a very [illegible] ising candidate," said Dannenberg. [illegible] has enthusiasm, background, [illegible] knows Europe much better than [illegible] men his age."

"He doesn't know Asia," said [illegible] ards. "A man ought to be well [illegible] as the world is rounded."

Dannenberg tried to estimate [illegible] retary's opinion, and decided [illegible] his mind: "On the other hand, I [illegible] expect him to have encyclopedic [illegible] edge at his age. What's your [illegible] Fred?"

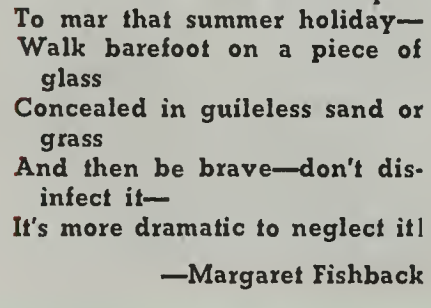
Keller lighted a cigarette, [illegible] head upward, and slowly blew [illegible] smoke. "He's a bit visionary," [illegible] "but I think he has the make [illegible] first-class man."

"When you said visionary you [illegible] my objection," said Matson. "[illegible] hardheaded, practical men in the [illegible] ment today. After all, we're [illegible] a life-and-death struggle for our [illegible] of life with a merciless enemy. [illegible] a chance on a do-gooder?"

"We took a chance on him," [illegible] the Secretary said under his [illegible]

"The way I see it," Matson [illegible]

OUNCE OF PREVENTION



ON THE HOOF

Here is another sure-fire way
To mar that summer holiday—
Walk barefoot on a piece of glass
Concealed in guileless sand or grass
And then be brave—don't disinfect it—
It's more dramatic to neglect it!

—Margaret Fishback

his: We need realists—tough-ealists—in the department today er needed them before. Now I m his spot cheek that this boy ommunist, or a radical or any-t this is war. And the Foreign fficers we send abroad at this n the front line." Matson held nds, gripping an imaginary rifle rt position. "We don't want aded dreamers out there. Not got anything against ideals and u understand. They're all right, oper time and place. But the nd out to defend our system of prise and our democratic way e got to be hardheaded."

I'll take a chance on him," said tary. "How do you gentlemen

k he's a very promising candi-d Dannenberg.

e to have him," said Keller. ot reservations about giving t in the Orient at this time, but be all right for Europe," said

very personable young man," aid. "That I'll admit. And as older he'll no doubt have some d, common sense knocked into right now he should be nursed re's a post open in Tananarive, ar, that we always have trou-I think he'd fit in there."

aid the Secretary. "If he asks hern or central European job I ould get it."

settled it.

se from the table the Secretary it were an afterthought and of equence, "Mr. Matson, would sending me the cables on the fishing boats?" . . .

next six weeks Jeff Baker be-ue peg that was moved across lled "Orientation" in Mr. Dan-offiee. He absorbed lectures Energy and International Se-Crisis in Britain, India at the s, The Petropolis Conferenee, the Crossroads, Political Prob-utheast Asia, The Crisis in Ger-anee at the Crossroads, The s, Italy at the Crossroads, Why Are Vital.

e had been pumped so full of hat it seemed his brain must nnenberg told him he had been o Budapest and would finish g on the Balkans desk. "You'll pieture of what's going on in ," he explained. "You'll re-. Matson in Temporary Build-

to thank you," Jeff said, "for lp. That day I took the oral, I d never make it."

ruthfully, I didn't either, for a id Dannenberg. "You know, Baker, sometimes agreeable silence is the best diplomaey."

"I see," Jeff said.

"I'd stiek pretty elose to Matson, if I were you. I'd try to understand his viewpoint. Sinee he'll be your division ehief while you're at your first post, he'll have a good deal to do with the advancement of your eareer."

"What's Matson's viewpoint?"

"Well, just between us, Matson is a war-now man. I think he was a bit alarmed by what you said about war, and you'd do well to make your peaee with him."

THE next day Matson found a desk for Jeff in the Balkans Division. Over this desk began to pass earbons of the incoming file of eables: An Ameriean lieutenant had been beaten by the Yugoslavs; three conservative leaders in Rumania had disappeared and were presumed dead; the Cominform in Belgrade was sending propagandists into the Caribbean eountries; a Viennese doctor, escaped from a Russian bacteriologieal warfare laboratory, reported the Russians had been extremely sueeessful in their experiments with anthrax and bubonic plague. Prague was excited about the stepped-up produetion of the uranium mines in Bohemia, and was wondering what had beeome of some of our agents in the area. Four Soviet tank divisions were maneuvering in Lower Austria. Budapest said a Swiss traveler had talked to a German scientist who had helped perfeet an atomic bomb, in one of the faetories beyond the Urals, whieh would fit into a suitease. A hand grenade had been thrown at the legation in Tirana. The eonsul in Salonika was sending his wife home.

On the day that the Bulgarian Communists tried and exeeuted Kenov for no greater reason than that he led the opposition, Matson called Jeff into his offiee. "Well, Baker," he asked, "still anxious for the Balkans?"

"Yes, I still want to go," Jeff said.

"You saw the dispateh about Kenov? He was a friend of mine," Matson said. "A good friend. Just as good a friend as any friend I have here in Washington. And he was a gentleman. Furthermore, he was a good public servant. He devoted his life to raising his people out of ignoranee and poverty. He opposed the Nazi tyranny, and he opposed the Red tyranny, and now those damn' beasts have killed him."

"Do you think all of them are beasts?"

"Enough of them are so, sometimes I agree with those who say we ean't be far wrong in wiping out the whole buneh, while there's time."

"You ean't kill two hundred million people."

"Wouldn't have to. Just kill thirty or



"Let's make him take piano lessons. That might cure him of wanting to pound it" SCOTT BROWN



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AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION

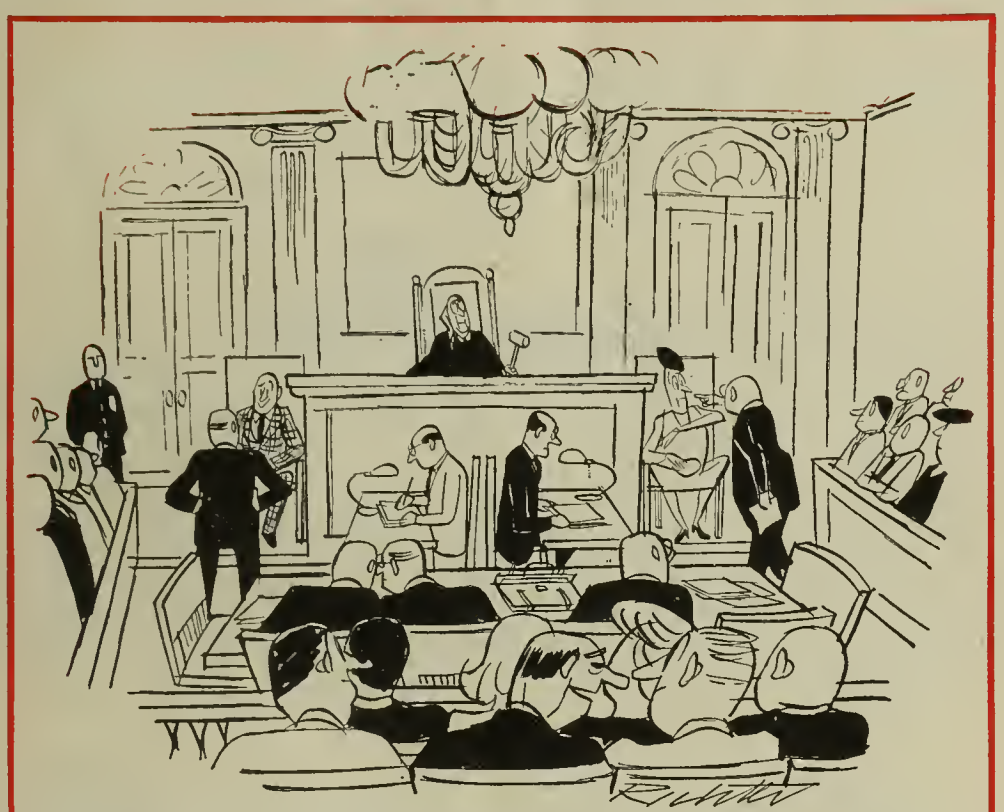
million, and hang the New York
ls from every lamppost on Fifth
ue. That's what people are saying
erhaps that's the only answer."
n't that genocide?" Jeff said. He
he should be quiet. "Isn't that ad-
ing the same thing for which we
mned the Nazis?"
tson seemed whiter than ever, as if
e blood had fled from his face and
to feed the hot ball of anger inside
"I'll take my chances on being con-
d," he said. "We are engaged in a
le for survival—our world against
You have been picked as one of
en to go out in the front line. You
have no doubts."

had to say it: "But I do have
bts. I'm confused. I feel like I'm
ving around in a swamp and can't
y way out. I don't know what's
nd what's wrong any more. Poor
t must have felt like this, only
because he knew so much more
know."
tson had been doodling a set of
noseless faces across his blotter.
unctuated them with grim little
s before he spoke: "What you've
id proves I was right. I don't mind
you that you're in my division in
f my protests. In times like these
f your temperament should be sent
dagascar or New Zealand, what-
their experience. The Secretary
d you go to Europe, and Danner-
ave you to me."
idn't know that," Jeff said.
glad to have you, so long as you
e. You've been picked for Buda-
and you'll go to Budapest next
and by God you'll go as a soldier.
take orders and carry them out."
s, sir," Jeff said.
mean that literally," said Matson.
legation in Budapest is on a quasi-
y footing. We now consider the
sy in Moscow as nothing more
garrison under siege, from which
can be few sorties for intelligence
formation. But Budapest is a lis-
post and observation post deep
the enemy lines. Exactly what
do there is up to Admiral Blanken-
as chief of mission. Maybe he'll let
ork under Keller. Maybe he'll
you stable boy. I don't know."
knew from the cables that Fred
had arrived in Budapest a month
, and that his title was Special As-
to the Minister. No reference to
rk ever appeared in the cables.
n guessed at Jeff's curiosity. "This
emely confidential," he said. "It is
bly the most confidential work go-
n in my area. You will have to
about it sometime, so I might as
ll you now. Mr. Keller is forming
nce groups inside Hungary. If it
out there we'll try it in other coun-
We call this experiment the At-
Project. When war comes, we'll
an organization in Europe."
hen war comes?" Jeff said.
s. War must come. I know it's not
matic to say it, but I'm a realist."
oke with the finality of one who has
the world is round. Jeff knew
was no use arguing, then or ever.
vith Matson.
rald Matson anticipated war with
a with the mingled confidence and
ience of one waiting for the last
a play in which it is certain the
will get his just deserts, the hero
et the girl, and everyone will live
ly ever after.
himself did not know at what pre-
oint in his life he became aware of
ed menace. It may have started as
way as the dinner table in his boy-
although it was not called a Red
rce at the time, and indeed had no
His father had his money in street
ays in Pennsylvania and was har-
by agitators, radicals, strikers, the
ed Socialists who were advocating
public ownership, and the damned laborers who didn't know what was good for them.

While he was at Harvard he became alarmed at the radical talk among some of the undergraduates and wrote a letter to the Transcript. The letter was printed, and there was a good deal of comment. His father commended him, praised his literary style, and said the family at last had produced a statesman.

In his second year in the department he wrote an evaluation of the Lenin-Trotsky dogma of world revolution which was good enough to be used as source material for future studies.

In 1925, while he was in Bucharest, he met and married the lovely, sad-eyed Countess Anya Lewenska. She was Russian, and the Bolsheviks had murdered her father and mother and confiscated their estates. He was never able to forget this, for in the years that followed, their home became a port of call, refueling station, and sometimes a permanent



"The judge is trying to clean up his docket before going on vacation"

COLLIER'S MISCHA RICHTER

harbor, for her brothers, uncles, aunts, nieces, nephews and cousins.

Gerald Matson's brothers, who now ran the family utilities holdings, kept him informed of the close connections between the Reds in Russia and the Pennsylvania Reds whose unions each year became more powerful and demanding. All his life a Red conspiracy had been closing in around him, and he knew that the only solution was war against Russia. As he constantly warned his colleagues, the United States was engaged in a battle for survival.

IT WAS about eight that night when Gerald Matson drove to his Alexandria home. For two weeks he had been working late in the department, for Count Igor Lewenska, his wife's younger brother, was their house guest. The count's dress shop had failed, and his perfume establishment had failed, and Matson knew he would be wanting capital to start another business.

After coffee Matson remarked that it had been a long time since they had been to a movie, and Bob Hope was playing in Alexandria. He was aware that the count professed to scorn American comedy.

The count, who had his sister's sad eyes, saw his opportunity. "I hear there is much money in Hollywood—much."

"When did you learn that?" Matson said.

"I hear it. I was told that if I had opened my salon in Hollywood I would have been a huge success."

Matson made a rude noise.

"Gerald!" his wife said. "Let Iggy say what he has to say!"

"Yes," the count said. "It came to me last night when I heard the government has ordered there should be anti-Bolshevik pictures."

"The government didn't do any such thing," said Matson. "Some congressman merely suggested it. The government can't order movies made."

The count shrugged. "When anti-Bolshevist pictures are made they will need technical advice. I will be there. It will be a great chance to make money and inform everyone about the Bolsheviks too."

"Meanwhile," said the countess, "Iggy can open a dress shop. He will no doubt meet influential people. When they need technical advice he will be available. I think it's a remarkable idea."

Matson knew he was trapped, yet he continued to struggle. "We'll discuss it tomorrow. I'm tired. They keep unloading pacifists on me. It's disheartening."

"Pacifists!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, pacifists." He told them about Jeff Baker.

"And if he goes to Budapest he will work on the Atlantis Project?" said Anya.

"He might." Anya was still beautiful, and an imaginative and popular hostess, and she had been a great help to him in his career, but sometimes he wished she would not speak so carelessly of secret matters.

"What is this Atlantis Project?" asked Iggy.

"I don't think it should be discussed here, Anya," Matson said.

"Now, Gerald, don't be ridiculous. Iggy is one of the family, and anyway he'd be the last person in the world to mention it."

"I don't want it discussed!" Matson said. He decanted a thimbleful of brandy into one of his King Alexander glasses.

"Gerald, you're so silly," Anya said. Before Matson could stop her she said, "I think it's the most wonderful idea, to build another underground."

"Shut up!" Matson yelled.

"Come, come," said the count. "No quarreling. I don't wish to know your secrets, Gerald, if you do not trust me." He poured brandy to the rim of his glass. "I drink to the downfall of the Bolsheviks!"

"To their end," Matson said mechanically, and raised his own glass. It had to come sooner or later, and it was his judgment that the sooner it came the better. To the war! The war would end this constant rasping of his nerves, his worry over money and his future in the department. The war would eliminate the radicals and emasculate the unions and placate his brothers. The war would give jobs to his in-laws and eventually send them back to their estates in Russia. For Matson, the war would mean peace.

THE day before Jeff was to leave for Budapest, Matson summoned him to his office and said, "I had a call for you from Horace Locke. He wants to see you before you leave. Friend of yours?"

"Horace Locke? No, but I've heard my father speak of him. I thought he was retired."

"He isn't, but he should be. He isn't very well liked in the department. He's outlived his time. I wouldn't take anything he says too seriously. That's just a friendly hint."

"Thanks," Jeff said. He had tried to follow Dannenberg's advice and understand Matson's viewpoint. He had been attentive, respectful and had muffled his own opinions as much as he could. He tried to agree, at least outwardly, with whatever Matson had to say, as he did now. But he could not bring himself to like Matson. When he talked to Matson he felt that his distaste, no matter how carefully he censored it from his voice and masked it from his face, must somehow show, for he knew Matson could feel it.

"If Locke has anything to say about this division I want a complete report on it. He sometimes tries to start trouble."

"Yes, sir."

Jeff found Horace Locke on the second floor of Old State, across the street from the White House. The department, in return for New War, had ceded Old State to the Presidential special agencies, so Horace Locke's office was like a forgotten island around which eddied and bubbled the activity of a foreign sea. On the office door hung a sign—Adviser to The Diplomatic Monuments and Memorials Commission.

There was no anteroom, no secretary, no typists or messengers. There was only a thin, wispy, white-haired man, dressed in tweeds that were soft and silky with years, small in his loneliness. On his desk was the minimum issue, for one of career-minister rank, of double pen set, water flask and glasses, metal calendar, two telephones, and in and out files, empty.

Jeff had expected he would be infirm, or dull-witted or cantankerous with age, but actually he didn't appear so old. He certainly wasn't any older than the Secretary of State, and he didn't seem much older than Dannenberg or Matson. His manner was composed and yet alert, his handshake quick and steady. "You're Baker, eh? Your father was Nicholas Baker, isn't that right?" he began.

"That's right, sir," Jeff said.

"I thought so. Didn't think there would be two Jefferson Wilson Bakers. Can you pull up one of those leather chairs?" He waited until Jeff moved the chair, and then he said, "How proud your father would have been—how very proud! Guess I'll have to be proud for him."

"I've heard him speak of you quite often."

"It was only luck that I knew you'd made the Foreign Service. Saw your name this morning in the department bulletin. That's all that ever crosses my desk, now, the daily bulletin."

Jeff knew he should say something, but he was afraid that whatever he said would be wrong.

For a moment Horace Locke remained silent, too, although his clear gray eyes were inspecting Jeff, drinking in detail, analyzing, judging. "If I had known sooner," he said, "there are some things I could have—" He shook his head. "No, I couldn't have been of any help to you. Sometimes I forget I'm no

longer a division chief. What's your job going to be?"

"I'll just be one of the third secretaries."

"Don't underestimate your own importance. Foreign policy is not made by speeches, or treaties, or directives or proclamations. It is made by men, and what they do. That's why I stay in the department. I've got too big a stake in the 20th century to pick up my chips and get out. Someday I might be able to do something again."

Jeff said, "Mr. Locke, I'm sure with all your experience you'll be called on eventually. But why can't you do anything now?"

Horace Locke didn't seem to hear. "We were so proud of the 20th century," he said softly. "Why, we even named a train after it."

"What happened to you? Why aren't you a chief of division any more?" Jeff hazarded.

Locke's voice was still low: "Because I have dangerous and unfashionable thoughts. Because I won't go along with the 'you're another' school of diplomacy. Because I believe we can have another war, or we can have civilization. But not both."

Jeff said, "Maybe I've got dangerous and unfashionable thoughts too."

"Knowing your father, I thought you would have. But we are not alone. We are only two in a great majority. True, it is a majority inarticulate, confused, and almost ashamed of displaying its consuming will for peace. We turned over our leadership to those who have a vested interest in war, and we have had trouble getting it back. My judgment tells me that we will never get it back, that the odds are for another war, and the dissolving of all our rights and freedoms. We will believe that thus we can beat the Russians, and survive. But if we survive it will be only as blind ants underground, fearfully guarding their eggs and breeding more soldier ants so they can continue to exist."

"That's a pretty black picture."

"I know it. We have the choice of believing Patton, who said, 'Man is war,' or of believing Sherman. I'm afraid we'll believe Patton."

JEFF thought of the *nebelwürfe* coming in on the slopes of Mount Altuzzo, and the terrible winter of '44, when it was always cold and always wet on Route 65, which the homesick doughs called Easy Street. "When it comes," he laughed, "I want to be the guy who hands out the doughnuts on the dock at Hoboken."

Horace Locke smiled, as though he had followed Jeff's chain of thought perfectly. "I don't think that would help you much. There was 'Remember the Maine,' and then there was 'Remember Pearl Harbor,' and the next one will be 'Remember New York.'"

He paused, and the smile disappeared. "In every country are men who want war for one reason or another. The military we can understand. They have been trained and educated for one purpose, and when they pursue their *raison d'être* it is understandable. But there are many others who want war, and their motives are not always so clear as, say, the greed of our local Krupps, and the fear of the men in the Kremlin. All of them have some personal reason—and to them a good reason—for bringing down the house of man in atomic shambles."

"So what can we do?" said Jeff.

"We do what we can. It won't be much, but more than most. Most people cannot make themselves heard above the din for war. In the Foreign Service you can observe, you can report, you can act."

"A third secretary can't do much."

"You'd be surprised what third secretaries have done. Of course they can bottle you up. They can stop all your reports. But there's even a way to get around that. It's been used many times. When you have something to say, and you cannot say it officially, put it in a letter to some friend in the department. A man you trust."

"Isn't there a regulation about that?"

"There is, but it's pretty elastic."

"I don't have any friends in the department," Jeff said.

"You can have me."

Jeff wondered whether he was engaging in a conspiracy. He didn't feel as if it were a conspiracy. It seemed perfectly natural and normal. "I'll remember that," he said.

"I don't know whether I'll be able to do anything with what you write me, if you do write," Horace Locke said, "but I'll try." He put his hands on the arms of his chair, and Jeff knew their talk was over. "I have to keep trying," Locke said as he rose, "until they finally kick me out of here. But I'm afraid it is hopeless. If there is to be peace, it must be dictated from up there." He pointed his hand toward the old-fashioned, soaring ceiling, not self-consciously, but matter-of-factly as if of a certainty there were something up there.

Jeff could not help but look, and there was nothing up there except an embossed great seal, dirty and yellowing, and Jeff realized this once had been part of the suite of the Secretary of State. . . .

Jeff Baker spent the rest of that day completing the list of purchases recommended by the travel experts in the Processing Section. He bought vitamin pills, lighter flints, chocolate, sulfadiazine, a hundred razor blades and a spare razor, a portable radio adjustable for all current frequencies.

He went back to the apartment and began to pack. He found he could get almost everything he possessed, except his books, into the four-suiter, the two-suiter, and the Pullman bag, all new and unscarred by travel. He was even able to pack his maps. He collected maps as some men collect old theater stubs and programs, or first editions.

He had also bought a diplomatic dispatch case, of handsome pigskin, tooled in London. It had cost him forty-five dollars, and this seemed a lot of money, especially when he had nothing to put in it except a handful of personal papers. He was enamored of the dispatch case as a woman with her first mink wrap. It was the insigne of his rank. Anthony Eden could possess no better. He was admiring its austere beauty when Susan Pickett called.

She said she'd just heard from a girl in Balkans that he was leaving soon, and she hoped he'd drop in and see her.

"I'm flying at seven in the morning," he said.

"Oh! I didn't know it was that soon." She sounded upset. "I suppose you're awfully busy, packing and saying goodby."

"I'm all packed," Jeff said. "I've said all my goodbys."

"Except to me."

"Except to you."

"I wish you would come over," she said.

"I'll be over right away."

"Not too quickly. Give me an hour. I just got home."

"Okay. An hour."

He was at her apartment in an hour, exactly. She took his black Homburg, smiled as she smoothed the new felt, and dropped it on a bookcase. Then she turned and raised her eyes to his, directly, but all she said was, "Drink?"

"Please."

"Rye, right?"

"Right."

She seemed different. It wasn't her dress alone. She wore a white blouse with a gold pin at her shoulder, and a full skirt that seemed to possess rhythm of its own, and that eddied and swirled with her smallest movement. As she moved to the teak bar he noticed that her hair was different. It was loose and smooth like dark velvet brushing her shoulders.

Then he noticed that the room too was different. A room changes with the character of its owner, so slowly and subtly that it is always noticed first by the stranger, not by the one who lives there. Exactly how it had changed was difficult to say. Some pieces had been added, some subtracted. He believed the rattan occasional chair was new, but he could not be sure. The room seemed more colorful, yet it was bare of pictures. Even the photograph of the Marine Corps colonel was gone.

He sensed that this night would be different from the last time. He walked to her side at the bar. He took the just-made drinks from her hands and set them down on the dark wood. He put his arms around her, and he could feel her hands, wet and cold from the ice, at the back of his neck. He held her until he had to catch his breath, and then he kissed her eyes and her mouth and her ears and the base of her throat.

"You're ruining me," she said finally.

"I'll be on an airplane in eleven hours," he said, as if in explanation.

"That's time enough."

"It's no time at all."

"At least we can have our drinks. And why don't you admire my dress? I dressed very carefully for you, dar

"Okay," he said. "I'm admiring.

They left her apartment at an when all else in the city was still even the drying August leaves sle lent, waiting for the morning b from the river to shake them int They walked together without spe their footsteps strangely distinct o empty pavement, her hand und elbow, her shoulder pressed close arm. Jeff's legs felt hollow and They didn't feel like part of him. moved of themselves.

"What are you thinking of?" she

"Oh, nothing."

"I was thinking of nothing, too going to be bad, isn't it?"

"It's going to be rough." Her standing was part of this miracl sense of joining, of union, of onen

THEY didn't talk much on the v the airport. He said the Lincol morial was always beautiful at thi in the morning. She said wasn't she thought the Jefferson Memori more graceful. He said he like Jefferson Memorial too—partic when the cherry blossoms were c out around the Tidal Basin.

Then they were at the Nationa port, clean and fresh from its pr scrubbing and yet surprisingly bu the hour, and the porters had his lu They walked to the counter, th formed ticket agent checked his na the manifest, and he found h caught up in the smooth convey that in twenty minutes weighs and exactly fifty-six thousand pounds c sengers, luggage, mail, and freigh transatlantic plane. He exhibit ticket, his virgin diplomatic passp government immunization registe next of kin, he was forced to reca Aunt Martha, in Chicago, to wh had neglected to write for six m and who had no idea he was on t to Europe.

"I suppose you'll carry your di case with you, Mr. Baker," the agent suggested.

"Oh, yes, of course." Not unti did he realize Susan was no longe side.

Then he spotted her. Her arm loaded, and she was looking for hi shouted across the waiting room, Susie!" Other people turned and But she heard.

She'd shopped the magazine sta said she thought he ought to have of magazines. And cigarettes.

"Five cartons!" he said. "I don' whether they'll let me carry that through customs."

She dropped everything on a and then tapped his dispatch "That's what this is for. Didn know?" She rubbed her fingers al perfect grain of the leather. "T lovely thing. I hope someday it —I'm not sure what. Something t our fear away."

"I thought you'd got over it."

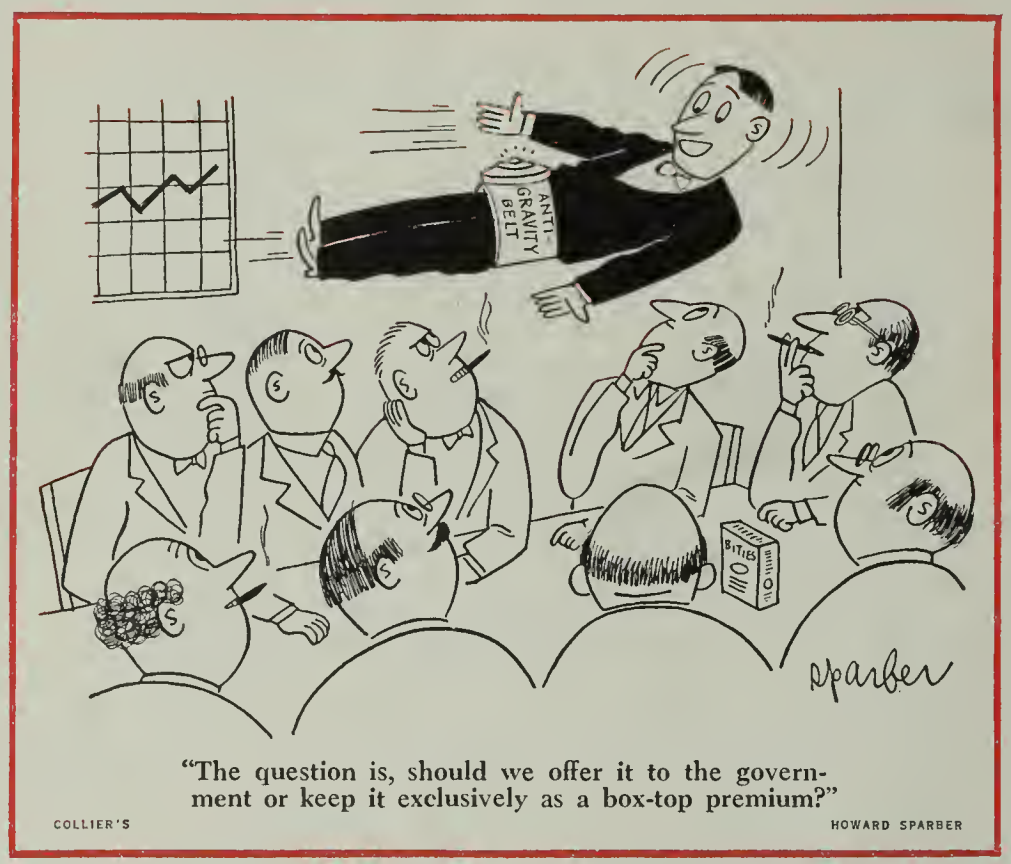
"I've rationalized it, some, but get rid of it. Who can? There isn' son in this country, Jeff, who a once each day doesn't think of w a permanent hazard, tangible as that never blows away. It colors thing we do. Nobody can make a d —business or personal—without ering it."

"Susan, what's going to happen

She looked at the clock. "The much we could talk about—and n I don't think we'd better plan."

"No, I guess not." He leaned o kissed her hair, and said, "I wish take you with me, darling," a loud-speakers began to whine, an body coughed into the microphon the loud-speakers said Flight 86 w ing at Gate 3 for Shannon, Prag enna and Budapest.

(To be continued next week



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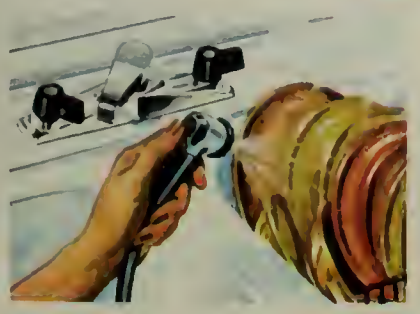
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MRS. O'BRIEN HOLDS THAT TIGER

Continued from page 29

examinations in 1927. The people next door had to call the police to stop the noise. Do you think he'd let a Princeton man take a girl away from him? And another thing. Do you know Mr. Drayton's mother?"

"Now wait a minute," I said. "I know she's got money, but don't you think she'd be a little bit old for me?"

"Awful," said Mrs. O'Brien. "Really awful. Gracie Allen with two million bucks. She doesn't let that boy of hers alone for a second. The two of them were in and out of here for a whole month before college opened last fall. Picking out new draperies for William's room. Getting new slip covers for William's furniture.

"The slip covers I had on there were good enough the year before for a son of a Morgan partner and good enough the year before that for a man whose family breeds the best hunting horses in Virginia. But they weren't good enough for Mrs. Drayton's dear child William. She calls him up long-distance from Pittsburgh three times a week, mind you, to make sure he wears his glasses when he reads. I wouldn't be surprised if she— Oh, how do you do, Mr. Drayton."

I turned to see the dear child William himself climbing the porch steps with a green bag full of books slung over his shoulder. I hoped he wouldn't notice that I was blushing slightly. But his mind seemed miles away, or at least a half mile up the street, where Emily Adams lived. He smiled at us vaguely and went on into the house.

MRS. O'BRIEN listened to his footsteps reaching the first landing on the stairs and then allowed him time to get to his destination on the third floor.

"Did he hear me, do you suppose?" she asked. "Anyway, as I was saying, even if I didn't have Mr. Lydecker's interest at heart, because Mr. Lydecker is a Yale man, I would hate to see a nice girl like Emily Adams tied up with that Drayton woman's son. Why, that Mrs. Drayton will be calling on them every morning before breakfast to make sure his eggs are boiled exactly three and a half minutes."

"For two million dollars," I said, "I'd be glad to let my mother-in-law time the eggs. I'd even buy her a stop watch."

"Ah, two million dollars," Mrs. O'Brien snorted. "Her two million dollars hasn't got her into society and, believe me, she's breaking her neck trying to get in there. Social climber. You know why she picked this house for her son to live in? I had a Yale man from Pittsburgh here two years ago. You'd know him if I could only think of his name. His family is real society out there."

"Billy Conn?" I asked.

"No, one of the big steel families. The kind of people Mrs. Drayton wants to know in Pittsburgh and doesn't. Well, she told me her William just had to live here because that Yale man lived here. She wanted to go back to Pittsburgh and tell everybody her son was living in the same house in Cambridge that so-and-so had lived in."

"You won't ever have that trouble with the mothers in my town," I said. "If you didn't like Mrs. Drayton, why didn't you tell her you had no vacancies?"

"Well," said Mrs. O'Brien. "I happened to need some ready cash that day. And she offered to pay six months' rent in advancce. What could I do?"

I stood up and reached for my books. "This is all very fascinating," I said, "but it is now four forty and I have a date to play squash at five."

Mrs. O'Brien was hurt by my lack of sympathy. "By the way," she said. "Is Mr. Lydecker upstairs or is he still at the library?"

"He must be upstairs," I said. "I can hear his phonograph. But he can't do you any good. I happen to know he has only one dollar and seventy cents to his name."

Mrs. O'Brien frowned. Then she caught herself and made out as though she was shocked. "Mr. Robbins," she said, "do you think I'd be so coldhearted as to ask Mr. Lydecker for a loan at a time like this? He must be on the verge of a nervous prostration worrying about Mr. Drayton and that Adams girl." . . .

While I kicked off my shoes and unbuttoned my shirt, I inspected our room for evidence of prostration but I didn't notice any. My roommate, Jerome, the rejected lover, did not seem to be acting like one of the male members of the cast of John's Other Wife. He was doing exactly the same thing he had done between four and five every afternoon of the eight months I had roomed with him at Harvard Law School and every afternoon of the two years I had roomed with him before that at Yale College: He was sitting on the edge of a chair with his chin on his fists, listening to his collection of ancient and well-worn jazz records.

There was, however, one significant change in the normal routine. Instead of favoring Fats Waller and the Benny Goodman Quartet as he usually did, Jerome was repeating over and over again the plaintive strains of Bunny Berigan's I Can't Get Started With You.

"How are you standing the strain?" I asked.

He was too lost in the music to hear me. A few moments later when I was struggling into my sweat shirt, he had to get up and change the needle so I tried again.

"Is it true that you are threa sabotage the escalators in Bill department store in Pittsburgh tinues to date Emily Adams?"

Jerome was a man of few w fact, the conversation he did pr rare occasions sounded like a tr tic cablegram. Now he delivered him was an oration.

"Hoped that girl and I were an understanding," he said. " she goes out with Drayton on as well as Saturdays. How ca pete against that kind of an aut And that kind of spending mor

I COULD see the situation w more delicate than I thoug "Mrs. O'Brien is organizing a ground movement to help you I said. "I understand she's circu anti-Drayton petition that alr more than eighteen hundred s on it."

Jerome managed a weak smi know well as me the real rea O'Brien pulls for me," he sa started the Berigan record ag just can't stand anybody from getting even a little bit of enjoy of life."

I put on a pair of tennis sl decided to wear a raincoat ove that the hair on my legs would rify any young ladies from Rad I might encounter on my wa courts on Plympton Street. I first game from Sam Grant, bu dered me in the last two. I stagg to the room, showered and dr started out for dinner.

At the foot of the stairs I O'Brien who was climbing up basement with an armful of cle As I stood aside to let her pass phone rang. Both of us we



COLLIER'S

"I finally said 'yes' to his proposal on condition that he forgets about the whole thing!"



invited Joe Stalin, Tom Dewey, Lana Turner and Earl Warren
nner this evening."
Dear."
erday Junior invented a repellent for the Atomic bomb."
Dear."
ve a date in twenty minutes with Clark Gable."
Dear."
kit me—I'm standing on my head."
Dear."
me nine dollars to buy a new hat."
don't need a new hat."

JOHN NORMENT

distance of the receiver, but I said he might call if he wanted h me, so I answered it. The op- d Pittsburgh was calling Mr.

distance for Drayton," I told rien.

d my mouth to yell upstairs for I found no noise coming out ny mouth was being covered somebody's hand. I realized dy was in the hallway but Mrs. nd myself so the hand must nged to her. Then it went away ed and saw Mrs. O'Brien with er at her ear, talking calmly elephone.

you, Mrs. Drayton?" she was Mr. Drayton says he'll be down minutes. I imagine he's dress-

e must have been a study in . Mrs. O'Brien glanced at me d. I started to say something aved at me to be quiet.

r. Drayton looks much better," ying into the telephone. "More is face and he seems more en- es, I think he's taking those ou sent him. But maybe this nce has something to do with y heavens, Mrs. Drayton, I u knew all about it!"

Brien turned to me, nodded at er and rolled her eyes.

ood Lord, Mrs. Drayton, don't on to Mr. Drayton that I said o you about it because, if you ever speak to me again. Yes, sachusetts girl. And not just ry Massachusetts girl, mind n Adams girl."

Brien paused with a smile of and listened to an excited chatter. Evidently, she had mething in Pittsburgh.

at's right," Mrs. O'Brien said. *he* Adamses. Same family as cy Adams and Henry Adams. town here is talking about it. read that book, The Proper s? Well, you can imagine how l it is for an Adams girl, a girl est family in Boston society, to e with a man from Pittsburgh. It's simply unheard of. Her kind of people think you folks in Pittsburgh are still shooting Indians. Mrs. Drayton, I mustn't say another word now because I hear Mr. Drayton coming downstairs. Now remember, for Heaven's sake, don't tell him I told you."

Holding her hand carefully over the mouthpiece, Mrs. O'Brien bellowed, "Mis-ter Dray-ton! Tel-a-phone!"

There was a muffled response from the third floor and then the sound of descending footsteps.

"I think it's your mother," Mrs. O'Brien added sweetly, as if she didn't quite know for sure.

TWO mornings later I found Drayton looking over my shoulder while I was inspecting the mail on the front-hall table. I did him the honor of inviting him to walk with me to our nine-o'clock class, but he said he was cutting classes that morning. He had to drive to the airport to meet Mother, who was coming on from Pittsburgh for a short visit.

I don't know what was Mother's idea of a short visit, because it must have been ten days later when Jerome mentioned that Emily Adams was more inaccessible than ever. "Not one but two Draytons battling me now," he said. "When she's not having dinner with him, she's having tea with his mother. Nights he studies, his mother takes Emily to theater. Looks like Mama is making sure nobody else gets near her."

I passed this intelligence along to Mrs. O'Brien the next time I found her alone on the front porch.

"I don't know what you're trying to do," I said, "but it seems to me you've committed a tactical error. I might even go so far as to say it seems to me you've gummed things up properly."

Mrs. O'Brien appeared to be unperturbed. "That little talk I had on the telephone with Mr. Drayton's mother," she said. "Have you mentioned it to Mr. Lydecker or anybody else?"

I hadn't.

"Well, don't. Remember this old gray head is wiser and more experienced than yours, even though you are a Phi Beta Kappa. Just let Nature take its course."

The situation continued to look black for Jerome until one afternoon several days later when I came back from lunch and saw Emily Adams and a woman, who must have been Mrs. Drayton, sitting together outside our house in the front seat of Drayton's long red convertible. They must have been waiting for Drayton, who was probably upstairs changing into a fresh Tattersall vest. Mrs. Drayton was talking Emily's ear off and Emily was not enjoying it.

I knew Emily pretty well myself because she and Jerome, in the happier days, had tried to fix me up with one of her old classmates from Miss May's School. When Emily saw me, she leaned across Mrs. Drayton's lap and shouted, "Hello, Jack!"

It was one of the biggest hellos I had ever received from a good-looking girl in my entire career. But it had a frantic note in it, like the greeting somebody on a raft would give to a passing ship after going without food for twenty days.

I COULD see that Emily was dying for me to stop and engage in some small talk. But Mrs. Drayton glanced at me as though I was someone who had just been arrested for annoying women in a movie theater. So I merely smiled politely and said, "Hi, Emily," and turned into the front gate.

Jerome was at his desk, copying somebody's criminal-law notes. I asked if he had heard from Emily lately. He shook his head.

"I have a feeling you will soon," I said.

He took off his glasses and laid down his pen, full of interest. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing," I said. "Don't worry about it. Just let Nature take its course."

The very next night about eight o'clock the telephone rang and it was for Jerome. He came back up the stairs without touching a single step.

"Emily wants me to buy her a beer," he said.

Before I could summon an appropriate comment, he was gone. He returned at eleven thirty, looking radiant.

"Drayton's down the drain," he announced. "Too much mother. Emily said high-pressure and constant sales talk became unbearable. Emily feels same way about Princeton men now as Mrs. O'Brien does." . . .

The next morning was warm and sunny and I found Mrs. O'Brien among the forsythia bushes behind the front fence. She was thinning the lower branches with a pair of rusty shears.

"I see where Princeton got beat again," I said.

Mrs. O'Brien straightened up and paused to survey the result of her labor. She wiped her brow. "So I understand," she said. "Poor old Nassau. Hold that tiger!"

"Listen," I said. "I was asking Jerome last night about Emily Adams' ancestors. She is not a descendant of John Quincy Adams and she is not related to any of the Boston Adamses. Her grandfather was born in Scotland and he was running a livery stable in Toledo when her father was born. You knew that all along, didn't you?"

Mrs. O'Brien pointed at her disreputable-looking tomcat, who was rubbing his back against one of the forsythia bushes. He had had a bad night. One of his ears was torn and the white fur on his nose was chewed off, exposing the pink flesh.

"Look at the red nose on that cat," Mrs. O'Brien said. "Sometimes I think he must be a heavy drinker."

When I started to walk away, she called me back.

"By the way!" she said. "Have you got six dollars that you could spare until Monday?"

If I had it, I think I might have handed it to her.

THE END

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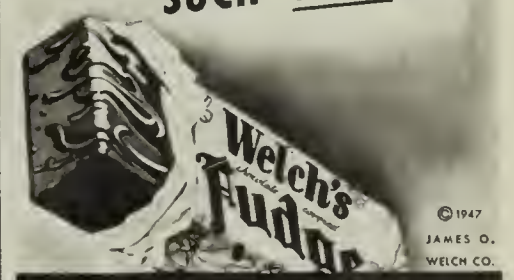
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THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

Continued from page 26

mon sense. Wars grow in size, and destruction, and in the in- of engulfing all nations, in tio to the shrinking size of the a result of the conquest of the hudder to think of what will to humanity, including our- this war ends in an incon- eace, and another war breaks n the babies of today have fighting age.

osevelt said those words he one month previously at Stagg Chicago the first self-maintain- ar chain reaction had been —"the halfway mark on the e atomic bomb."

tions Give Rise to Rumors

the evening of January 9th, and Hopkins left the White travel by train to Miami. So was the secrecy surrounding ey that the usual crew of Pull- ters, waiters and cooks was the cars and replaced by the ilors from Shangri-La. De- precautions, the word was ssed around Washington that ent had gone off on an impor- he was said to be heading for estinations all the way from Baghdad.

trip to Casablanca, Hopkins th him for the first and, so far the only time an unusual cer- identification, as follows:

January 9, 1943
HOM IT MAY CONCERN
is to certify that the bearer, rry L. Hopkins, whose de- n appears below, is a mem- he party of the President of ed States.
52
t: 6 feet
nt: 165 lbs.
Brown
Brown
signed: FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

rney from Miami to North s made in a Pan American Boe- r. During the trip across the antic and after the arrival at a, Hopkins wrote some de- otes, as follows:

evening, January 11th, '43. We left Miami at 6:05 this nd landed here at 4:45 P.M. er two nights and a day on the Washington. Eleanor and rs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Hop- good night at the rear door. lways feel that the reason the wanted to meet Churchill in because he wanted to make He was tired of having other articularly myself, speak for d the world . . . He was sick of ling him that it was danger- e in airplanes. He liked the it. But above all, he wanted trip!

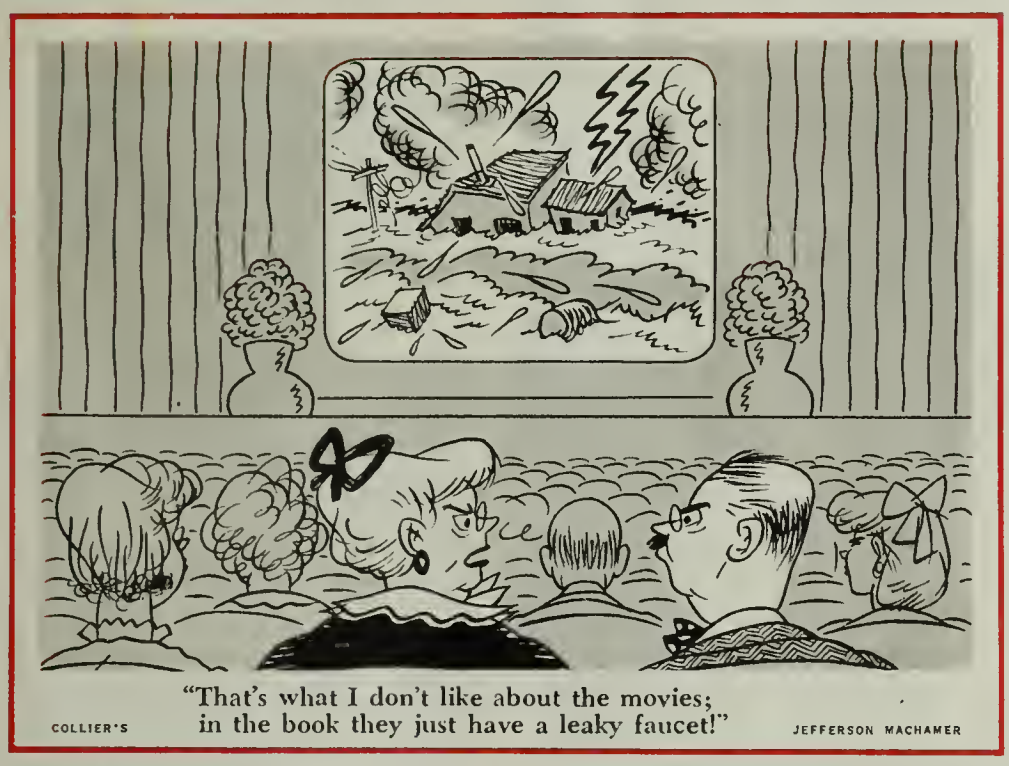
the President that the next ategic move should not be hout consultation with Stalin. lin refused the urgent invita- e President to meet with him- Churchill. The Russian front rgent. The next best thing eeting between Churchill, and their respective staffs. President wanted to meet in Churchill agreed . . . And we decide where we shall fight

esident was carried onto the morning in the dark—it taxied harbor and, long before sun- rise, took off with few people knowing the President was on his way to Africa. I sat with him, strapped in, as the plane rose from the water—and he acted like a sixteen-year-old, for he has done no flying since he was President. The trip was smooth, the President happy and interested. Dr. McIntire was worried about the President's bad heart—nothing happened—he slept for two hours after lunch . . .

The next notes were written by Hopkins during the flight from Belém, Brazil, to Bathurst, West Africa:

We had a leisurely breakfast with Admiral Oldendorf and General Pratt—the President still treats it as a first-class holiday—he told some of his old favorite stories and seemed to be in no hurry to get off though the Secret Service were having fits . . .

The ship took to the air beautifully and the ride all the way to Belém—we landed at 3:15 P.M.—was as smooth as



"That's what I don't like about the movies; in the book they just have a leaky faucet!"

COLLIER'S — JEFFERSON MACHAMER

glass. We flew, though, at about 9,000 feet and McIntire was quite disturbed about the President, who appeared to be very pale at times . . .

We drove to the Officers' Quarters (at Belém)—and were given a first-class rum drink—(I wangled two bottles and a cold turkey to take to Africa). Jonas Ingram who commands our operating fleet in the South Atlantic was there—a hearty, ribald, fighting admiral that suits me . . . We left at six, getting off just at dark.

Bathurst, West Africa. They serve cocktails on this flying boat—everybody was feeling pretty good so we had one before dinner last night. But everyone was dog-tired so we turned in early. The President slept late, his first night on an airplane, and woke up in the best of spirits . . .

We landed in this big harbor at the mouth of the Gambia River—an old slave post. The cruiser Memphis and one of our destroyers are in port. We took a trip around the harbor in a motor whaleboat. The President was hoisted to the deck and one of the men carrying him slipped as he stepped onto the cruiser and the President landed on his rear . . .

The final entry in these handwritten notes was made after the arrival at Casablanca.

We landed at the airport about 15 miles from Casablanca. The President's son Elliott was there to meet him. Much "hush-hush" and the President, Elliott and I were hustled into a car—the windows of which were blacked-out with mud to drive to our villa. It is a lovely, modern, California bungalow—part of a hotel—taken over by the Army . . .

Churchill has a house about fifty yards away. I went over to bring him back for a drink before dinner. He was in fine form but looked older. We walked back—and the three of us had a long talk over the military situation. The British Eighth Army is attacking tonight.

(NOTE: This was the attack at Buerat which led to the capture of Tripoli eight days later and the subsequent advance into Tunisia from the east.)

The Chiefs of Staff had been in session for three days prior to Roosevelt's arrival discussing various operations that might be launched after the final defeat of the Germans in Tunisia. The targets for attack which were considered included Sardinia, Sicily, Crete, Rhodes, the Dodecanese Islands and the mainland of Greece.

By Monday, January 18th, four days after Roosevelt's arrival, the Combined Chiefs of Staff had agreed on the decision to attack Sicily, and this proposed operation was given the code name HUSKY.

The purpose of the Casablanca Conference had been almost entirely military but Roosevelt and Churchill immediately became involved in the politics of the inescapable French situation. There had been another and even more violent outburst of criticism in the United States and Britain over the tendency to deal with the discredited men of Vichy. This criticism was all the more bitter because of the emphatic assurances given by Roosevelt in his "temporary expediency" statement.

Before Darlan's assassination, Robert Murphy had sent a message to the State Department saying that Darlan felt that Marcel Peyrouton would be of great help to him in the government of North Africa, since Peyrouton had a reputation as an able administrator in that area. Murphy therefore urged, in Darlan's behalf, that Peyrouton be given authorization and transportation to Algiers from Buenos Aires, where he was living in self-imposed exile.

Hull approved this, and arrangements were accordingly made in a routine manner and, as Roosevelt later stated, without his knowledge. Peyrouton went to Rio de Janeiro to await transportation by air to Africa and, early in January, press correspondents discovered his presence there and the probable reasons for it. The newspapers presented the unsavory details of Peyrouton's record as a particularly brutal Minister of the Interior in the Vichy government.

When Sumner Welles learned of Peyrouton's presence in Rio he gave orders for the cancellation of his further passage and when Hull learned of Welles' orders he overruled them, taking the position that the State Department should not assume responsibility for denying a request by Murphy which had been transmitted with the authority of General Eisenhower. (All cables out of North Africa were signed with Eisenhower's name.) So Peyrouton went on to Algiers, arriving there about the same time Roosevelt arrived at Casablanca. The outraged protests from the United States and Britain were plainly audible in the Villa "Dar es Saada."

On the first day of the Casablanca Conference, Roosevelt conferred with Churchill, Hopkins and Eisenhower. After the first of these meetings, Roosevelt remarked to Hopkins, "Ike seems jittery." Eisenhower had ample reason to seem jittery. He had been suffering from a bad cold pretty steadily since coming to North Africa, and he had been forced to take to his bed with severe grippe just before the assemblage of "top brass" was to descend on him at Casablanca, and he had found himself involved in a bewildering political mess for which he was so ill prepared. The fact that this was not his own fault did not alter his present responsibility for it.

Eisenhower's Side of the Story

However, he stated his case to the President and Prime Minister with courage and candor. He made no attempt to disguise his ignorance of European politics, having spent most of the prewar years in the Philippines. He said that when the name of Peyrouton was mentioned to him by Darlan and Murphy he had no idea who the man was and no knowledge of his background except that he had once been a successful official in Algiers, Tunisia and Morocco. Eisenhower felt that this appointment should be checked with the State Department which first said yes to it and then no and finally yes. (Eisenhower, of course, did not know that the no was from Welles and the final yes from Hull.)

It was on this occasion that Eisenhower made the previously quoted remark to Roosevelt that generals could make mistakes and be fired but that governments could not. He was entirely ready to take the rap for whatever went wrong.

For a time there was some doubt whether Eisenhower would remain in supreme command for HUSKY (Sicily invasion). General Alexander, who outranked him, was now moving into Tunisia from the south with the victorious British forces under the field command of General Montgomery. Here was tough professional competition for Eisenhower at a moment when his own position was most insecure, and I believe he would not have been greatly surprised if he had been put under Alexander or transferred elsewhere. However, he was given the supreme command and a fourth star, which made him equal in rank to his subordinates, Alexander, Cunningham and Tedder.

In announcing this later to the House of Commons, Churchill said, "I have great confidence in General Eisenhower. I regard him as one of the finest men I have ever met." What weighed most heavily with Churchill and Roosevelt in arriving at this decision, aside from Mar-

JUDGE GOLDSBOROUGH TAKES THE STAND

Continued from page 20

was Zearfoss, who caught for the New York Giants; Nichols, the Philadelphia Athletics' shortstop; Smoot, the great St. Louis center fielder; and pitcher Jack Townsend, the old Washington and Pittsburgh hurler. As captain of this awesome aggregation, Goldsborough was one of the first sought by the big-league scouts. But he decided to go to the University of Maryland Law School instead.

Here, the brilliant young Goldsborough hastened through the three-year course in two, and settled down to practice law in Denton, Maryland, the county seat. In 1903, he ran successfully for State's attorney for Caroline County. During his four-year term of office he cleaned up gambling in the county, eliminated the bootlegging of liquor, and handled his routine murder and robbery cases with efficiency and dispatch.

Gains Prestige as Trial Lawyer

When the young man retired to private practice in 1908, he became known as a top-notch trial lawyer all over the state. In one celebrated case, he set precedent before the U.S. Supreme Court by proving that a railroad section-gang cook named Alfred E. Smith was engaged in interstate commerce when the camp car in which he was working was hit by a freight engine near Easton, Maryland.

The Supreme Court supported Goldsborough's argument in its decision, saying, "The repair of bridges used in interstate commerce must be considered as being work in interstate commerce. The cook was employed by the defendant (the Pennsylvania Railroad) to assist the work of the carpenters by keeping their bed and board close to their place of work." This, the first affirmation of an important principle, was quite an achievement for a country lawyer.

The Goldsborough reputation became solidly cemented in 1914, when he became involved in one of the most sensational murder cases of that period. In Chestertown, Maryland, in December, 1913, two young Negro boys, James Paraway and Norman Mabel, admitted slugging a white man named James Coleman with a crowbar, for the purpose of relieving him of $30 he had flashed. Coleman died, and Circuit Judge William H. Adkins appointed Goldsborough to be one of the Negroes' public defenders. Goldsborough arrived just in time to help State's Attorney Harrison Vickers, Sheriff William E. Brown and a handful of deputies fight off a furious lynch mob. Goldsborough succeeded in moving the trial to Elkton, in near-by Cecil County.

There, Goldsborough turned in a defense still used as a classic in law textbooks. He emphasized the youth of the boys (Paraway was sixteen and Mabel eighteen), and he attacked the society which denied them any advantages or even medical treatment for the feeblemindedness they displayed. He proved that there was no premeditation. He proved that Paraway's mother had sold him in exchange for a pig, and that the boy had been working without wages ever since to pay off the debt. Some jurors wept. Instead of the gallows, Paraway and Mabel got sentences of life and 18 years respectively.

From then on, Goldsborough was the top defense attorney in his neck of the woods. In 1920 the local Democratic politicos induced him to run for Congress in Maryland's First Congressional District. He beat the Republican incumbent, William N. Andrews, and was reelected like clockwork until he became dean of the Maryland delegation in the House of Representatives.

When Goldsborough first reported to Democratic Minority Leader Claude Kitchin for committee assignments, Kitchin said to him, "Do you know that you're the only Democrat in the United States who defeated a Republican incumbent in the last election?" Goldsborough said no, he didn't. "Well," said Kitchin, "because of your triumph, I'm going to put you on the powerful Ways and Means Committee."

"No," said Goldsborough to the astounded Kitchin, "I'd rather be on Banking and Currency." And that's where he did most of his work. Every session for 13 sessions, he and Congressman Henry Steagall of Alabama introduced bills calling for a Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, to protect the funds of bank depositors. Then, after the American people had lost millions of dollars in bank closings in 1932 and 1933, Goldsborough, in a slick parliamentary move, finally got his measure passed by refusing to let one of Senator Carter Glass' banking measures out of committee until that venerable legislator agreed to include Goldsborough's FDIC bill in it.



COLLIER'S "It won't be much of a confession. I'm innocent!" ROLAND COE



COLLIER'S "Where do you expect me to get this amount of cash on such short notice?"

Goldsborough first donned his judicial robes on April 5, 1939. The court on which he sits is the federal district court for the District of Columbia which, because of the complexities of life in the district, is the most unusual court in the country. Not only does it try violators of federal laws, as do all the other federal district courts, but it also does the work of a state court. State courts try such purely local crimes as murders, rapes, robberies, embezzlements, sluggings, divorces, etc. So, Judge Goldsborough (and his 11 associate justices) may pass on a great constitutional matter one week, and then spend the following week listening to the details of how a man beat up his mother-in-law.

Four Miles Walk Every Day

Such a schedule requires considerable mental and physical agility, and for a gentleman of seventy Judge Goldsborough carries it off well. He walks the two miles to his chambers every morning from his Connecticut Avenue apartment, arrives promptly at 8 A.M., has the juice of a lemon and a pint of milk for breakfast, and then puts in a full day until five fifteen, when he walks home again. He allows himself just one cigarette a day, and that is smoked with ceremony after breakfast.

Goldsborough probably is the only major judge in the country who does not write his opinions. He talks from scraps of paper. In his Congressional days, a reporter asked him for a copy of the two-hour speech he had just delivered: Goldsborough told him he never used written speeches: "They just get in my way."

When things are quiet in the courtroom, the judge is not averse to closing down a bit early and hastening over to watch his beloved Washington Senators in action. On rainy days or in winter, he hunts a Western movie instead, since Mrs. Goldsborough (an Eastern Shore girl whom he married in 1909) prefers more cultural pursuits of an evening. The Goldsboroughs have two married daughters, and a former Marine artillery officer son, currently an expert in the Department of Agriculture in Washington.

The judge feels deeply about having to rule against labor, which he always supported in Congress. In his most recent ruling against John L. Lewis, for example, he said, "No one could think any more strongly than the court that it would be a national calamity for the unions to be destroyed, or that anything should happen that would interfere with their effectiveness." But when Lewis persists in violating specific laws specifically, the judge, who is sworn to uphold the law, feels he must enforce th feels that Lewis and the railroad hoods put him on the spot by r their disputes from the realm controversy into the area where ernment can charge them with a national emergency.

"In these cases," he says, "tl of labor are absolutely of second sideration. It is ridiculous to sa order for a railroad worker t more wages, he has the right to the trains in the country. This to chaos and his own slavery, b ing the social structure of the n

The labor people call him a not because he enforces the laws cause he issues his injunctions before there actually *is* a nation gency, and before the union solidate its bargaining position.

This, however, is only a smal the big controversy over Goldsl The main argument revolves ar common-sense methods of de case, as in the child custody suit said, "I consider the welfare of to be the primary considerat something printed in a lawboo typifies the major controversy the American bench today. T side—led by Felix Frankfur Learned Hand—holds that " judge tempers his own opinion with a liberal study of precedent tire legal system will descend t

To this Judge Goldsborough "A judge can make up his mi way on a question, and then hav clerk dig up enough precedent t either decision."

He further says, "The only judge goes against his own co is where the letter of the law is that it is not subject to constr and that happens in relatively stances."

Today, it is difficult to say ho borough's concept of justice wi the widespread difference of le ion. All experts agree, however is a formidable antagonist: The has to work hard to counte borough's picturesque statemer judicial philosophy.

"Justice," he said in one of h decisions, "is like a hotel with trance for employees and a trance for guests. It is a strict ru employees not to use the front But then the hotel catches on fir side entrance is blocked. The e escape by the front entrance. it be ridiculous to say that the e broke the rules by going out door?"

THE END



Sorry Bill,
our date is off . . .

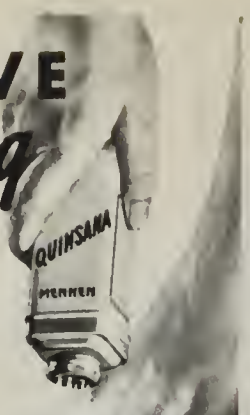
're working overtime again."

loses in this little tragedy. Betty loses her date. Bill his temper. oss his reputation as an efficient manager. Yet the scene is being ith minor variations, in hundreds of offices throughout the country. the increased volume of figuring, accounting and statistical work oday, many businesses have found themselves unequipped for the machines are too few and too antiquated . . . and the result is exces- me, costly delays, soaring office costs.

efficient Burroughs adding, calculating, accounting and statistical offer a simple, direct solution to this problem. They do more work e, with less effort, at lower cost. That's why they're built—and why ught. Burroughs Adding Machine Company, Detroit 32, Michigan.

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KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, INC.
630 Fifth Avenue N. Y. 20, N. Y.

THE HIGH COST OF COLLETTE

Continued from page 17

The huge face was impassive. "The other one is, though."

"The other one?" Dexter felt a vague sinking sensation. "Oh. The other one."

The large man said, "Conan Plascow, Mr. Lawson. House detective."

Tiny beads of perspiration started from Dexter's brow. The elevator door opened behind him, but he made no move to take it. "House detective? Oh. It's good to know we have such—such fine men guarding our life and property, eh?"

The pale eyes were fixed on his face. "We don't get much robberies here," Plascow said. "I consider the biggest part of my duties is protecting the moral reputation of this establishment."

"Now see here," Dexter said. He paused and dabbed a handkerchief at his brow. "I could just as easily phone up to Collette, couldn't I? It would save time."

"Sure," Plascow said. "Why not?" He walked with Dexter to the house phones, and waited while he asked Collette to meet him in the lobby. "It's an interesting situation," Plascow said as Dexter hung up.

"What is?"

"You and your wife and this other one, in the same apartment. The way I see it, it's like one of them old Greek tragedies you read. You know, where everybody is mixed up together."

"This is not a Greek tragedy," Dexter said in a loud voice. "Nobody is mixed up together. As a matter of fact, I sleep on the studio couch!"

Plascow's eyebrows rose slightly.

Dexter flushed. "Will you stop?" he said. "You're framing an innocent man. I'll report this to the management."

"They reported it to me," Plascow said. He nodded and ambled off. When Collette came down, Dexter took her arm and piloted her quickly to the street. He was conscious of Conan Plascow's eyes on him all the way. In a cab, Dexter leaned back and wiped his brow.

"You are *fatigué*, Dexter?" Collette said. She sighed. "It is like life, no?" Collette was tall and slender, with sharp, dark features and full red lips. Her attitude was one of dogged boredom. Her French was the product of one strenuous year in high school. While the rest of her education had largely evaporated, she had clung firmly to her French.

"Everything is set for tonight, Collette," Dexter said wearily. "After we are done shopping, I will take you to the Ritz-Halton. Charley Kendall will pick you up there. Okay?"

"*Bien entendu*, Dex," she said languidly. Her voice, unrecorded, did not have all the force it had in transcription, but it had power to spare. Her "*Bien entendu*" seemed to mean a good deal more than "of course."

"You will sell cologne by the ton," Dexter said fervently.

IT IS in the nature of a talent agent's work to perform many personal services not usual in other forms of salesmanship. Where the product to be sold is a living person, no detail about that person is beyond the scope of the alert agent's personal scrutiny.

In the lingerie section of Benson's Fifth Avenue, Dexter approached a matronly saleslady and said, firmly, "This lady wishes to fill a conspicuous lack."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Falsies," Dexter said.

"Oh," the saleslady said. "You mean gay deceivers."

"Great Christopher!" Dexter said. "All right, gay deceivers. Only not too gay. I'll wait."

He took a chair and rested his head in his hands. The role of the star maker, he thought bitterly, is not without hazard. The decision to equip Collette with falsies had come only after careful analysis. Charley Kendall had been sold by a voice. They couldn't risk unselling him by the vision of Collette. Dexter's head ached as he ran over the possibility of any last-minute angles. Then he looked up and saw Mary Alice. His wife was standing before him with a strange look on her face.

"Mary Alice!" Dexter shouted and leaped to his feet. "Darling—"

"What are you doing here, Dexter?" Her voice seemed to come from a great distance.

"Doing?" Dexter repeated. "Doing? Why, nothing!"

"You couldn't have picked a cozier spot," Mary Alice said. It was at that moment that Collette emerged from the fitting room.

"How do I look?" she said, striking a pose.

Mary Alice looked at her carefully. "Something new has been added," she said.

"*Bien entendu*," Collette murmured.

Dexter said, "Mary Alice, I know this is subject to misinterpretation, but—"

She wasn't listening. She beckoned to a salesgirl.

For the first time Dexter noticed something black and filmy hanging over his wife's arm.

"I've decided not to take this after all," Mary Alice said. "I don't think I'll have any immediate use for it."

"Darling," Dexter said hopelessly, "may I drop dead this minute if I so much as—"

"You needn't worry," Mary Alice said coldly. "I'll go through with yo tonight. But after that, you're own." She turned and walked away.

Dexter sat down slowly and his head to his hands.

Collette sighed. She said, "It No?"

Dexter looked up. She was be rounded where she had not been "We will take the next larger s said dully. "What can we lose?"

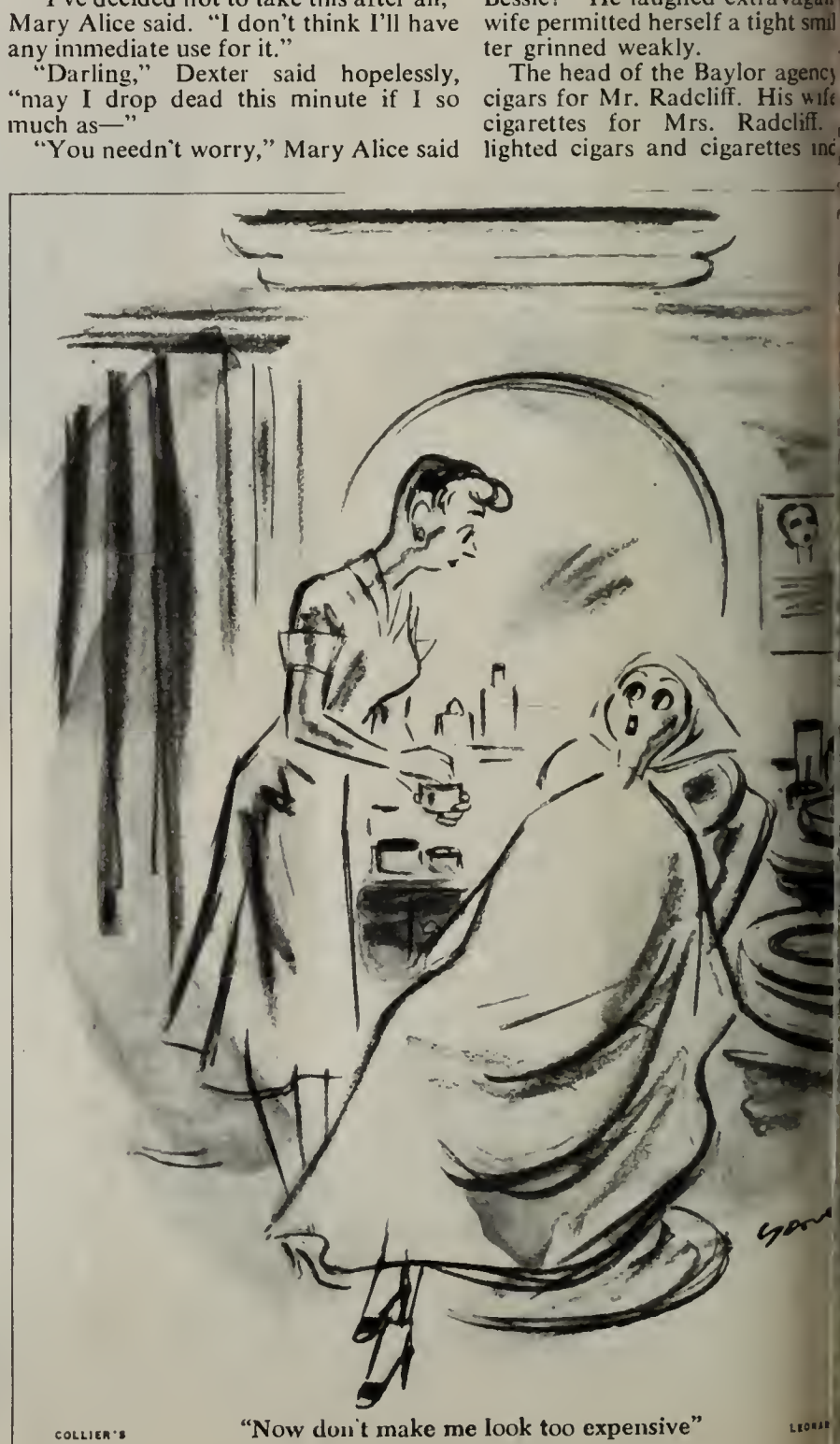
COLLETTE and Charley had rived by nine o'clock. Th which Dexter saw as through darkly, was doing as well as coul pected. Mary Alice was a gracio ess, cool and charming. Dexter throughout the evening, that she eyes studiously away from him. to call on hidden reserves to force for his guests.

Mr. Radcliff, the sponsor, was lywood caricature of a sponsor. portly, bald, and aggressively jo wife was a thin, nervous lady wit like features and a stern eye.

"Our star, Collette, will be al little while," Dexter said, pass cocktails. "You will love her, M cliff."

"I wouldn't dare, Lawson. M my wife around," Mr. Radcliff sa Bessie?" He laughed extravagan wife permitted herself a tight smil ter grinned weakly.

The head of the Baylor agency cigars for Mr. Radcliff. His wife cigarettes for Mrs. Radcliff. lighted cigars and cigarettes inc



COLLIER'S "Now don't make me look too expensive" LEONARD

e smelled strongly of Brute

t until ten o'clock that Dexter
orry in earnest. Collette had
ed. Charley Kendall was miss-
er caught Mary Alice in the
d said, "Darling, do you sup-
ing could have happened? My
ould have got into an accident
illed!"
lice looked at him then, and
tight cold way that sent chills
pine.
n't mean that," he said. "Do
ought to call the police?"
The Sender on," she said.
is dying."
," Dexter said. "The Sender."
the living-room lights and
his singer, who had consented
. Mary Alice accompanied
piano.
er sang in a soft, mellifluous
selection was a song high on
rity lists, I Love You in War
adapted from the novel of the
. He followed with Remem-

LEAP-YEAR SONG SOBER CHOICE

e the man with savoir-faire
e suavely sympathetic air,
uncular yet mellow glow
ly riper years bestow.
ed—that's him, and courtly,
osing as he's portly,
ed with old-time charm and breed-

, though his hair's receding.

he boasts a modest dewlap
uld really use a new lap,
he eyes behind bifocals.
ould smile on callow yokels?
v youths? Not me, I'm sure.
them more mature,
stingué—that is to say,
ry enough to get away.

—Ethel Jacobson

hings Past ("I get that . . ."),
ular adaptation.
me he was doing Crime and
("What is my crime that you
his punishment, darling?"),
frantic. The head of the
him aside and inquired anx-
t Collette. Dexter reassured
sly. The Sender sang Vanity
ur vanity fair when you're so
e?").

n thirty and Mr. Radcliff had
t his pocket watch three times
hone rang. It was Charley

thank heavens," Dexter said.
you?"
voice was a distant scratch
er. "You oversold me, Dex.
in Delaware."
e? Did you say—"
e married ten minutes ago.
t you talk to her."
" Dexter said vaguely.
rried?"
tendu," the familiar voice
ley's voice came back on.
able to thank you enough,
o run. 'By."
ng up slowly. He said, "We
got the next *smaller* size."
ze. He whirled and pointed
finger at the phone.
?" he yelled. "Did you say
d?
oclon the door stopped that line
st ng. Dexter hurried through
ye muttering, "They're here. It
g Ha, ha." He opened the
nd aced a vast expanse of blue

"Conan Plascow again, Mr. Lawson," a voice said from above his head.

"Now see here," Dexter said.

"The management asked me to investigate further," he said. "Mind if I come in?"

"No!" Dexter said wildly. "Not now! I'm entertaining! She's not here!"

The front of the blue serge advanced.

Dexter planted his feet firmly. "You can't do this, Plascow!" he shouted. "You'll ruin me."

"You should have thought of that before you started in," Plascow said gently. "You got such a nice wife, too."

Dexter leaned against the blue serge and pushed. "Out!" he said. "Out!"

"Now take it easy," Plascow said.

A JOVIAL voice behind Dexter said, "My wife just gave me a wonderful idea, Lawson, when you have a minute."

Plascow said, "Mister, maybe you can give me some information."

"No!" Dexter yelled. Something inside him said, "What the hell!" He closed his eyes and swung. His fist landed solidly on the blue serge and kept on going until it ran into something hard.

Dexter remembered thinking: My God, I've gone clean through to his spine! Somewhere a voice was singing Twelfth Night ("You kissed me on the twelfth night, but I'd lost you in two weeks"). Then there was a bright flash, and everything blacked out. . . .

Mary Alice bailed him out early the following morning, and led him silently to Mike's Bistro, where she ordered him a double Scotch.

Dexter sipped the drink silently. A night in the city jail, for assault with intent to do bodily harm, had taken whatever starch was left out of him.

He downed his drink and waved for another. "It was kind of you to bail me out, Mary Alice," he said.

"That's all right," she said.

"All is lost," he said. "All."

"Next time you swing at somebody, don't pick odds of two to one," she said.

"Who's the two?"

"Conan Plascow. He pulverized you."

"I remember now."

Mike brought over his second drink and he stared at it glumly. "Collette?" he said.

"Married."

"How do you like that, hey?"

"Fine," she said. "Mr. Radcliff is buying The Sender."

"You mean—"

"His wife said so. She swooned during Crime and Punishment. She would have hated Collette."

"Yes, yes," Dexter said. "You did this for me, Mary Alice. Thank you." Mike came by and mopped their table. Dexter sighed.

"It's a shame, in a way," he said. "A voice like Collette's. Loaded. And she has to get married."

"It's a healthier outlet," his wife said.

Dexter said, "Mary Alice, I want you to know that, throughout, there was nothing between Collette and me."

"I know," she said. "I slept afternoons."

Dexter looked up. "Then you wouldn't —I mean, would you—No, I guess you wouldn't."

She smiled. "One thing I'm going to do," she said, "is to plug up that guest room. If I have to turn it into a nursery."

Dexter raised bloodshot, incredulous eyes. "But, darling—if I'm on the studio couch—I mean to say—"

She lowered her eyes and her face was pink. *"Bien entendu,"* she murmured.

THE END





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Blatz
BREWING BETTER BEER
FOR THE 97TH YEAR



Valentin Blatz — *Master Brewer, son and grandson of Master Brewers — Founder, Blatz Brewing Company, 1851.*

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PHILADELPHIA: CORRUPT AND NOT CONTENTED

Continued from page 15

treatment. When they were brought before him he discharged them in droves. In more serious offenses, where required by law to hold them for a higher court, he imposed instead a fine of, say, $100. Then after witnesses and prosecutor had left the courtroom he would, in direct violation of the law, secretly reduce the fine or let the offender go scot-free.

Not all Philadelphia judges are dishonest, but some who are not are strangely careless. Among the more odious local rackets was one involving the solicitation of advertising for the convention program of a so-called firemen's organization. It was a smooth deal, engineered by a notorious promoter who had a Better Business Bureau record dating back to 1921. He collected $34,292 in a year for a program never published, and he used for a mailing address and phone calls the City Hall offices of a respected municipal court judge.

Petty Crime in the Subway

Small crime thrives in Philadelphia like weeds in an untended cabbage patch. In the cavernous, ill-lighted subway system, a checkup showed 69 crimes in six months. Almost all of them were against lone women and most of them were committed practically under City Hall. Newspaper typesetters were constantly setting the same headlines: War on Crime, Crush Numbers Racket, New Crime Drive, Crime Crack-down, Cleanup Drive.

A typical crime drive is the seven years' war against the world's largest outdoor crap game on the Philadelphia docks. It once earned its operators $10,000 a month. This game rented out a soft-drink concession and ran an extension cord to a city lamppost for free electricity. On January 31, 1940, police started a concentrated effort to break it up. By July 13th, last year, 19 raids and 358 arrests later, police admitted that the racket had not yet been cleaned up.

To every rookie on the Philadelphia police force it must be apparent that "enterprise" pays off. Although illegal, business side lines are not uncommon. One cop has a jewelry business and carries a small case of samples with him while on duty. Another has contracted carpenter jobs. Another operates an automobile agency in a suburb, although recently he cautiously transferred title to his son. Still another serves as in his brother's saloon, even duty.

Most erring police enter mal avenues of trade, howev busy midtown corner one poli collected 25 cents from a store customer he permitted to park Other cops deal directly with sumer. All-day parking in sc hour central city zones can arranged for a flat $1 a week. Ot cop with ten or 15 such steady has a happier financial outlook

Some Philadelphia police a pecuniary considerations. Plea ciations and freedom from one tine are often preferred, like ceramics on city time to neigl children, chauffeuring the w prominent business executive ing the home of a local Phi judge, a personage worth the services of six policemen workir the clock in three shifts. Since t protectors would be bored if th stand constantly with guns at t they are said to be relieved light-housekeeping duties as chauffeuring, butlering and law

To get ahead in the departn quite helpful for a Philadelphi have the support of his ward l some precincts he can get the be No patrolman desiring a transfe certain of getting it through pol nels. If he's smart he may go to leader. His assignments are usu sidered to be an accurate barc his political influence. The spec clothes details are regarded as th racy; the peasants are the dist Promotions are sometimes g merit, but today there are very dications that the going price is

The third largest city in the has an airport but very poor h cilities. There is not even an shop where an engine can be The runways are too short for the big modern planes. Philac have no adequate air service to portant cities. Air time to man like Boston and Chicago, is s From Philadelphia to Miami and one half hours, while the t near-by Washington to Miami and one half hours by air.

One reason for such retarde



"Darling, I got a jury summons. Will you please run down and pay

COLLIER'S



"As I see it, all we have to do is rewrite the whole thing around that laugh we got in the second act" GARDNER REA

rly effort to get graft from the on of two airports, on opposite he city, instead of merely from one result of this has been that ort has had enough money to fficiently. A second is the ma- eep suspicion of Democratic hich is regarded as tainted even omes from such an obviously enterprise of the federal gov- s an airport.

strust of federal funds has had d effect on Philadelphia's hous- ge (there are 112 families for dwellings). In an unguarded oment, federal funds were ac- a Philadelphia housing proj- roject embraced several square d when the ward leader stopped ing to watch demolition begin e suddenly aware that several voters he had been nursing for been forced to move out of his His screaming could be heard n.

r federal offer of $19,000,000 for 3,500 homes. The city down.

that Philadelphia doesn't want ent. The city boasts many com- projects which, unfortunately, r finished. The Locust Street egun twenty years ago, is still p. Under the Schuylkill River four-track tunnel built fifteen for $6,500,000, to relieve con- fic. The tunnel has never been azing of the Chinese Wall, the s structure for railroad tracks the center of the city, has dically announced for more years. The Delaware River s built a generation ago with- approaches and stands today mental answer to the question: eless can you get?"

Polluted with Chemicals

t of Philadelphia, for 133 years st in the United States, is slip- lly with a postwar drop from fourth place. The water is gases and chemicals, and the hatter in it is bad for ships' s. Among the wastes sometimes to the river is a highly inflam- stance, a gas that is readily ig- burns upon the surfaces at paces. Some Philadelphians water; shipowners and captains

chine has kept Philadelphia te. Despite nation-wide skyrocketing property values, the city's assessed valuation dropped $700,000,- 000 between the depression of 1932 and the boom of 1948.

The hodgepodge of assessments is unbelievable. In some districts the poor have been soaked so heavily that assessments have been more than 150 per cent of sales prices, while higher-priced homes are assessed as low as 40 per cent of sales price.

Nor do all assessors make an effort, as required by law, to keep the assessments near actual value. One tenement assessed at $4,500 earns its owner $2,700 rents annually. In the 26th Ward a typical house assessed for $4,200 ten years ago sold for $3,250. Recently this house was resold for $8,600, but its assessment was unchanged. In the 35th Ward a check of 181 homes shows that ten years ago their assessment represented 97 per cent of their sales value. When resold recently the average assessment was only 54 per cent of sale price. Students of municipal government regard this as unsound.

Contented Philadelphians seldom live in the city; they reside and vote in lovely, well-run suburbs. The Philadelphians most concerned with the present state of the city are the vast and impotent middle class and the poor who are awed by power. They don't want any trouble.

But neither do they want a city where so many bars and restaurants are without adequate fire extinguishers; where cops shake down auto-parked spooners; where some of the county detectives are machine committeemen; where one hospital is so crowded with mental and tubercular patients who don't belong there that its facilities are limited by 40 per cent, while another hospital operates at only 10 to 30 per cent of capacity; where statistical evidence of crime is confused by records listing snatched purses and picked wallets as lost, and thug-beaten citizens as accidents; where an unheeded garbage scow sinks slowly into the Schuylkill; where an occasional fire inspector takes $10 to $65 to pass an oil or gasoline tank installation, and where some inspectors' agents of the Bureau of Buildings ask $5 to $50 to approve business signs.

They don't want city employees to hold two city jobs, as some do, and work at neither. They don't want to pay $153,000 a year unnecessarily because the council refuses to refund airport bonds. They don't want an annual $600,000 expenditure for police stations, unless they get a reasonable benefit from it.

The people of Philadelphia are not contented with these affairs. They have merely suffered them. How long they will continue to suffer is a question that not even the politicians can answer.

THE END



Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date

A SUCKER DON'T WANNA BE TOLD

Continued from page 23

"How much money have you got to bet?" he asks, all business.

You do rapid mental calculation and tell him $10. Or $20. Or maybe $100. Whatever you tell him, Ben shakes his head in disappointment. It isn't enough.

"How do I know you've got any real money to bet?" he demands, once again the old, suspicious stranger. "Let's see how much money you've got on you."

You take out your wallet and Ben firmly removes it from your shaking hands. He starts taking the money out of the wallet bill by bill. You watch, hypnotized, for a minute, and then make a frantic effort to get the wallet back. Big Ben glares and threatens to call the whole deal off. He counts off two or three more bills. Then you grab the wallet with such desperation that he lets go of it. Big Ben then hands back the money with a nice flourish.

"One hundred and ten dollars," he says clearly. "Bet it all on Number Five to win. I'll see you here after the race is won. The syndicate's commission on all bets is 20 per cent."

You clutch your Number Five tickets in a moist hand and stagger out to watch the race.

If Number Five does win, Big Ben has got you. Solid. You're convinced that he knows all about racing. He's the guy with the inside dope. He's the guy that won you the money. He's your pal. He admits it. But he firmly refuses (after taking the commission for his big syndicate) to give you the winner of the next race unless you make a *really* big bet.

This time you must make a really *big* bet because the next race is—Shhhhhh!—the next race is fixed. It's the Jockey Ring race. All the jocks are in on it. But if you're going to go along with Ben as your partner you've got to act like a partner. Half of your big bet on this sure winner has got to be for Ben. You've got to give him the tickets *before* the race. Because Ben has to collect the money and pay off all the crooked riders.

That's the story you get from Ben if Number Five, the horse he gave you first, was a winner. If Number Five lost, even if it ran last, you may still go along with Ben on the next race. Because by the time Ben gets through explaining things to you, when you come back to him furious and accusing, it's even money that you'll be back in his clutches. This maneuver is known in touting as "cooling 'em out."

How to Deal With a Sore Loser

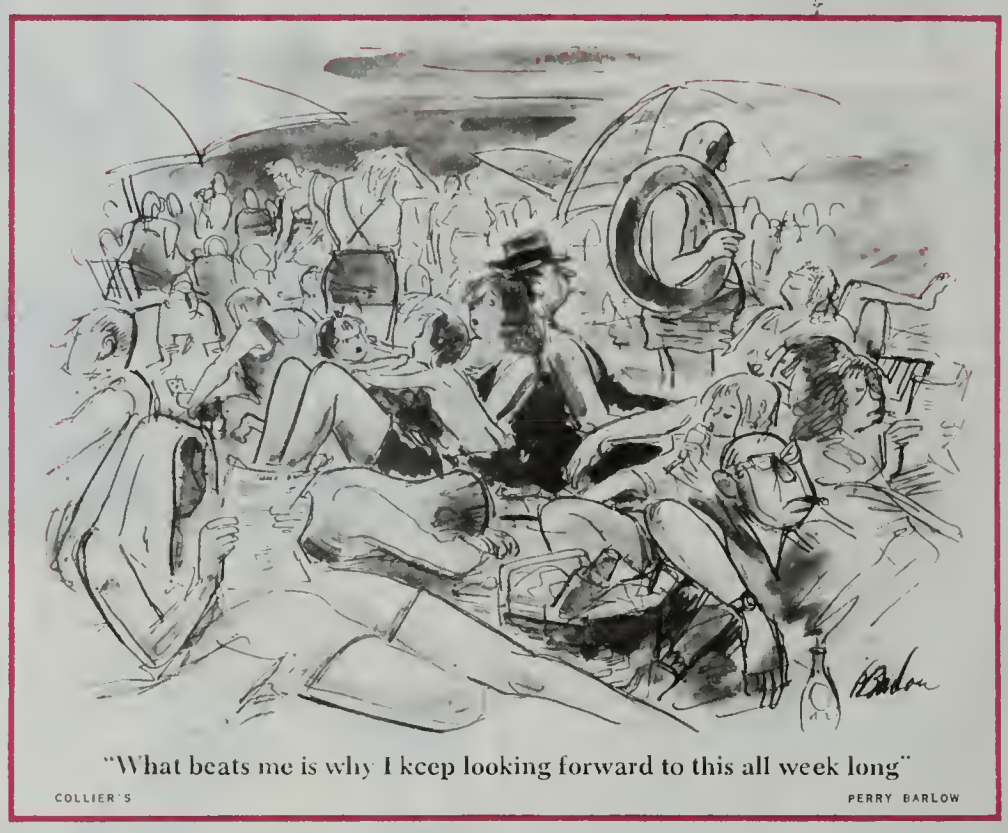
"The first thing you do with a sore loser," explains one veteran double hustler, "is start hollering louder than he does. No matter what he lost, the hustler claims he lost ten times as much. He explains the race briefly but in detail, telling just where the horse slipped his stifle and stepped on his fetlock and finally got caught in an air pocket. The tout throws in a lot of other nonsensical horsy talk. All the while he is sliding in hints that the syndicate isn't worried. The syndicate will get even on the sure thing coming up, the big bet of the day, and so on. By the time a first-class double hustler is through with an egg who's a loser the egg is about ready to apologize for causing so much trouble."

While the great percentage of fleeced eggs accept their swindling with silent fortitude—"They stand still for anything," as the touts say—there is, every now and then, an anguished and bleating complaint from some sucker who can't be cooled out.

These stubborn complainants invariably storm into some track official's office and blame all their earthly troubles on the management. Even if the track operators aren't actually involved then, they're still to blame for allowing such burglary. Such squawks and accusations embarrass and frighten track operators.

Thus, the tracks do their best to harry and chivy the double hustlers. For almost as long as anybody can remember the harrying of track touts has been the sole chore of a special section of private detectives of the Pinkerton Agency. For years the headman of the Pinkerton track detail was Edward Grogan (recently transferred to other duties) a veteran Pink who knows more about touts than anybody else in the world.

Grogan is a small, unassuming man who looks somewhat like Barry Fitzgerald and has a photographic memory for faces and dates which is fairly unbelievable. For years he and his men have been nabbing double hustlers day in and day out.



"What beats me is why I keep looking forward to this all week long"

COLLIER'S PERRY BARLOW

There is one small faction of race-track touts for whom even the double hustlers have little but amused contempt. These are known as The Buttonholers. They are *personae* of such complete *non gratae* that they don't dare to sneak into the tracks. Instead, they stay outside and beckon at horse players through the wire fences. If anybody just comes close enough to hear what they're whispering about, the tout gets two fingers through the wire and grabs on to a lapel or shirt collar—i.e., buttonholing—while he tells The Story.

The double hustlers feel that buttonholing is very undignified.

If the double hustlers and the other race-trackers are overendowed with gall and brazen effrontery, the linesmen are scarcely the timid souls of the touting trade. The linesmen, remember, are the boys who work away from the track by telephone and personal interview. Their customers are off-the-track bettors.

The good linesman realizes that the more doorbells he rings the more business he'll get. Once you have made your first bet with him, your name is on a sucker list that will cost you annoyance and, possibly, considerable cash for years to come.

If a linesman tout wins for a new egg he immediately starts what is known to the trade as "playing the uppers." Playing the uppers is comparable to what Big Ben did to you when you won that first bet. Remember? Ben wouldn't let you in on the "fixed" race unless you promised to bet a fairly frightening amount of money. The linesman's technique is the same.

The linesman tout, using the names of famous jockeys he has no possible connection with, usually works as follows:

You are sitting in your office and wishing, rather wistfully, that you could have another run of luck like you had out at Belmont last fall. It would be nice if you could pick up a couple hundred dollars for the wife's . . .

The telephone rings.

"Hello, Mr. Jones," says a breezy voice. "This is Bill Dokes." Pause, while you try to place the name. "Bill Dokes," comes the voice, breezier than ever. "Ted Atkinson's partner. Remember?" You don't.

Mr. Dokes is sorry but he must have made a mistake. Ted Atkinson, the famous jockey, he says, told him to call Mr. J. Jones of the kitchen equipment business in your city. Just a mistake. Sorry.

But, you say quickly, you *are* Mr. J. Jones of said city and said business. What did Teddy Atkinson want? Oh, no, it's not to be that easy. Mr. Dokes explains crisply that Atkinson has a highly confidential piece of information for Mr Jones. A short pause. Are you *sure* you're not the right Mr. Jones?

You're sure, all right, but you're also sure that you'd sure like to know what Ted Atkinson, the famous jockey, has on his mind. From here on in, the telephone technique varies slightly. Perhaps you are led into—or insist upon—making an admission that you sometimes take a flier on the races. Mr. Dokes at this point seems half convinced that you must be the right Jones. Finally Mr. Dokes decides he'll have to talk with Ted again. If Ted says okay, he'll make a personal appointment with you.

In due time the breezy voice phones again and makes an appointment. When he arrives, Mr. Dokes may bring the electrified saddle. He may arrive with the Saddle Cloth Story. He may offer the Radar Wire setup. Or he may bring some other story that sounds much more plausible.

Now, how do you know Mr. Dokes is really from Ted Atkinson? You don't, but you're going to find out soon enough. Mr. Dokes tells you Atkinson is busy riding at a race track in a near-by city or a distant city. But you are to call Atkinson at his hotel room at such and such a time.

Now, should you be cute eno
double-check on Mr. Dokes and
the hotel in question as soon as he
your office, you will learn from th
switchboard operator that Mr. T
kinson isn't there but that he
reservation for the very day you w
structed to call him. And when y
call at the specified time, you w
immediately connected. A strange
asks you to hold the phone a m
While you're holding it you may b
to overhear a lot of horsy conver
such as, "James sure pulled that
nice for us today, Teddy," and
Then the breezy, familiar voice o
old pal Mr. Dokes is talking wit
and telling you how much to bet an
much of what you bet is to be b
Ted Atkinson, the famous rider
has fixed up this specific boat race
Mr. Dokes can't tell you the hor
now. The name of the horse w
wired to you at noon of the day
race.

Actually, of course, Atkinson h
more to do with this caper th
writer. Anybody can register at
any hotel as Theodore Atkinson o
Atkinson or even Ted Atkinson.

The Build-Up for Larger Be

Mr. Dokes can't tell you the na
the horse when you call the m
Atkinson because neither Dokes n
bogus Atkinson know which sta
favorite the real Atkinson will b
ing tomorrow, if any. They've
wait for a top-heavy favorite. T
got to wait because they want y
win this bet even if the horse pay
$2.50 to $2. They want to build y
to a bigger bet. If they lose this fi
—as, too often, they do—they st
chance of losing you with it.

Assuming that you have bet onl
or even less, on this first "fixed" r
seems hard to believe that a lin
tout would go to the trouble and e
of traveling a considerable dista
call on you, doesn't it? Well, rem
that you're not the only horse pla
your particular city. The day Mr.
called to see you he also called to s
eral other friends of "Mr. Atkinso

Maybe, indeed, on the day of t
fixed race he gives each horse pla
contacted in your city a different
That way he comes out of the de
at least one fresh new egg.

There is no limit to the expen
trouble a linesman tout will go to
a really good sucker. The touts'
vine is one of the quickest infor
conveyer belts in the world. A
who is making important wager
where in the country soon comes
attention of linesmen from coast to

"I took an airplane from New
to nail a Louisiana contractor wh
going good," a linesman told the
"I found his office building, went
his office. Just as I opened the d
egg came out and who should hav
of his arm but a California to
known for years. I turned arou
took the next plane back to New
I don't feel the expense was
When the California tooter gets t
with that egg he'll be decent eno
give me the next crack at him.
even tell me what story he used s
can use a different one."

The linesman has a choice of tw
to collect his part of the suckers'
He can, and frequently does, c
cash in advance for the tip on
fixed race. Or he can take a per
of the egg's bet and hope that th
wins.

When a good linesman gets luc
an off-the-track bettor he can bu



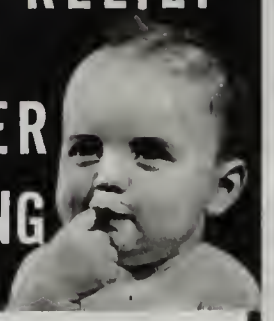


ne For Size — For Songs — For
— For Sheer Surprise — As 7
Award Winners Bring You The
-Cheek Musical Romance Of
veling Salesman Bing Who Sells A
ntess A Scandalous Bill Of Goods!

Waltz In And Dance Out With A Song In Your Heart As Bing Sings "The Kiss In Your Eyes" and "I Kiss Your Hand, Madame"

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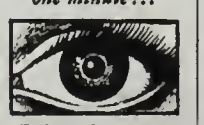
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subject up to gambling amazing sums of money. Linesmen insist that there are countless instances of eggs who started with $5 bets, were built up to $1,000 bets, and finally worked out until they had nothing to bet at all.

There is a police record of one case in which a Chicago furrier bet $100 and won $380. The $380 was pyramided to $1,000, went up and down for a while, and then another win upped the furrier's profit to $2,500. The linesmen "worked" the furrier into betting the $2,500 on a horse appropriately named Hoodlum. Hoodlum won. The furrier now was $28,000 ahead. He was directed to bet his entire $28,000 on Grand Love. This horse won and the furrier's total profit was now $305,000.

Not bad, running $100 up to $305,000. But the touts disappeared and took all the money with them. The furrier went to the police.

The writer recently asked a psychiatrist why horse players behave in the silly way they do.

"Don't come in here with your stories about horse races," this psychiatrist shouted. "Just a few months ago I got a phone call from a man who said he was a friend of one of my patients, a nervous case who gambles heavily. He talked me into betting $5 on a horse. Within two weeks I was betting $100 a race and he finally worked me up to a $1,000 bet. The whole thing cost me over $2,500 and every time I think of it I lie down on a couch in the dark and probe my own brains, if any."

When the psychiatrist cooled out a little he supplied some details which indicated that he had been in the hands of a reasonably honest tout. This tout had started him on a winning streak, and once the doc was a well-done egg, the tout called on him in person and laid $100 on the doctor's desk.

"I'm going to give you the name of a horse," the tout said straightforwardly, "and you can bet whatever you want on it. But if you take my information you must also take this $100, add $100 more to it, and bet $200 in all for me. After the race you give me back my original $100 and the winnings on the $200 bet."

Touts Sometimes Lose, Too

Strangely enough, there is no catch to this. It is the system usually used by touts who have an authentic connection with some stable, trainer or jockey. If their tip loses, the sucker loses his money, including what he bet to match the tout's "insurance deposit." But the tout loses his money, too. The only advantage the method has is that it makes the egg much easier to cool out. It shows sincerity.

It is only fair to add that there actually are touts who do have good connections with racing stables and with jockeys. So the tout sometimes does have good information. Better information, at least, than you could get yourself. Sometimes. More often the touter is just stabbing.

At this point it is appropriate to examine the premise and possibilities of "fixed" races. Although it is impossible to convince habitual horse bettors that 99 per cent of racing is honest the touts are, strangely enough, the first to admit it. In this matter the touts and the race-track authorities find themselves in complete agreement.

There have been crooked races. Racing history lists some and indicates still more. Numerous cases of stimulation of race horses have resulted in official action. There have been other visible instances of favorites being pulled or purposely prevented from winning. In a sense, each of these races was a fixed race. Not even the touts deny it.

But the touts deal in races which are supposedly fixed so that a certain horse will assuredly beat all the other horses in the race. This, the touts will admit privately and somewhat perversely, simply cannot be done with any assurance.

Of the three types of touts, the tipping offices are without doubt the most businesslike. Not more honest, just more businesslike. To run a tipping office the tout must have a legitimate mailing address. Worse, since he has an address, it is also necessary to pay the telephone and telegraph bills. This hurts, but there's no way out.

You've seen the tipping-office advertisements. They are usually headlined in bold black type with the words WON! WON! WON! and are followed with the names of long shots who scampered home yesterday just as the tipping office predicted they would.

The tipping offices don't want much, if you read their ads. Just send 25 cents and they'll send you their list of horses which are sure winners next time out.

So you send in the quarter and, sure enough, back comes a pamphlet which gives you the inside information that Old Naggy should win next out. If you knew how to read the workout times in the Morning Telegraph, the Racing Form or any other legitimate racing paper you'd already know that Old Naggy is training nicely. But if you knew how to read the legit racing papers you wouldn't send a tipping office your quarter. That makes you an egg right away.

So you read about Old Naggy and you read the rest of the tipping-office pamphlet. The pamphlet is full of columns under names like The Unknown Clocker and Our Own Patrol Judge. These columns have a lot of vague patter about killings and sure things and big fixes coming up. By some strange coincidence, there is always a big ad right near to these fascinating articles. The big ad suggests that any reader who wants to get in on a real killing better send in $1 for the Weekly Special. The weekly special is coming up soon. Better hurry.

So you send in a buck. You get several weekly specials. And with them you get the advice that you'd better not get left out on the terrific special special which is coming up. Just send in $5. When any of the specials lose, the tipping office literature is full of excuses and explanations. The "cooling 'em out" maneuver can be handled by mail almost as well as personally.

Preparing this article, the writer set out to call on the operators of twenty advertised New York tipping offices. All but three proved to be nonresident renters of a mailing address with stenographic firms or desk-space agencies. Of the three "turf advisers" who could be found in their offices, two were old tout teams wise enough to talk big but offer no direct information to an unknown stranger. The third was just as uncommunicative, but somewhat fu
ad carried a small picture of a
gentleman in regulation chin
horseman's hat and mint jul
aloft. Tracked down, he pro
about 40 years younger than h

The operators of tipping offi
whom are so ready to give y
advice for a modest fee, keep a
their "offices" for solid reaso
an egg complains about being
by a tipping office he is able t
police an actual address. The
office proprietor picks up his
proxy or pays the desk-spa
agent to forward it to him secr

Sometimes the complaints
more bothersome than the cop
case, a complaint was definitel

A Ruined Man Wreaks Ven

This complaint occurred ov
ago in Los Angeles. A jeweler
been ruined by betting on tip
in on the touts one afternoon a
blasting with a revolver. Whe
lice arrived the tipping office p
were dead. So was the jeweler,
turned his gun on himself.

Three wasted lives. Wasted
despite the newspaper furor,
tivity and resultant drive to cle
California tipping offices, the
lent deaths didn't even interrupt
lar business tenor of the tippin

Even before the slain men we
the widow of one was in the off
care of the sucker mail. She att
husband's funeral and returne
ately to the office. This tippin
still doing business at the same
under the same old name. Pro
same old suckers, too.

The proof of the frailties an
ity of the inveterate or the u
horse player was long ago fur
Dan Parker, sports editor of
York Daily Mirror.

Parker has for years ridi
tacked and exposed the w
race-track touts, particularly th
office specialists who develop
ries. A few years ago he printe
the operations of one tipster w
ature was so inane as to be al
lesque. Parker not only printed
story but also tore its claims a
ises apart with a professional a

So what happened? So hu
Parker readers who were also h
ers sent Parker money and requ
to bet it on the system he detail
terday's paper!

After several similar ex
Parker decided that exposing t
waste of time. He agreed with
—that a sucker don't wanna b

THE END



"You're making excellent time, dear. We're only an inch and a half from Chicago!"

COLLIER'S

BUT NOT NECESSARILY SWEET

Continued from page 19

ation that went on between begun almost from the day come to live with the com- ter Captain Williams, Steve's d the commodore's lifelong l died years before. Doris had n then and Steve a year older. been slim and pretty and al- ing the commodore's house- highhanded efficiency. She iately tried to bring Steve un- all thumb, too.

e, tall and lean and sardonic had seen it just the other way. ould yield to the other and med able to leave the other e commodore had often won- newhat fearfully, just how it end—whether they would be- lved in a shin buster that e Steve away or whether they cover that their trouble was t the moment what mattered Doris' admission of Steve's nt was comforting reassurance Harlequin.

been, until the letter had ar- previous afternoon. The letter 'Dear Commodore Dinsmore: tely business will keep me in for at least another month. an inconvenience you, and equin is to be my daughter's y, I am entrusting the matter e is as good a sailor as I am. eady left for our place in Cliff- panied by Mrs. Riggs and one or partners. You should be in th her within a day or two ot of this letter. I will accept her approval. Yours, Cor- gs."

as nothing in the letter, the e told himself firmly, to jus- easiness he had felt since re- If Cornelius Riggs considered er qualified to pass judgment there was every reason to as- she probably was. There was o think that she would be like ctive buyer's wife had been— who had refused a real bargain ; cockpit locker seats had been instead of red leather. In mself, however, the commo- d a small sigh. He had never in of the rules of the road ng with members of what he 'rocking-chair fleet."

be close to disastrous if for nine reason this girl should nst Harlequin. A small boat not afford to battle a man like Riggs through the courts to contract. Nor could a small fford to have the money Har- cost tied up in a boat for ers were few and far between, would be especially few and once it became known that Riggs had refused delivery.

modore's thoughts were in- y the sound of Steve's impa- upstairs. "For the luvapete, u've been in there for half an r this let your teeth soak in a ater overnight and it won't ng to brush them in the

soak your head. I was here s yelled back. "I'm taking a me in and scrub my back if e out of here sooner."

s eply was lost in a clear, so- e lifted in carefree song. The de heard Steve come pounding he stairs and go into the kitchen. or nt later there was a gasping f m the bathroom. "Ste-e-eve! a hot water on again!"

u coming out?" Steve bel- he stairs.

"If you don't turn that water on again you'll be sorry!"

Steve came out on the porch. He was wearing a bathrobe over pajamas. There was a wide, pleased grin on his face. "More than one way to skin a cat."

"And people clear to Portland have just heard about it," the commodore said dryly. "Did you turn the hot water on again?"

"No, I want her out of there."

"You'll probably regret it."

Steve chuckled. "This is my inning. She'll be cooled off."

"Oh, she will, will she?" an anything but cooled-off voice demanded.

Steve turned in time to see the screen door open to a kick from within. A small, bare foot had done the kicking. Doris stood there, a dressing gown clinging to her wet body. In her hands she held a bucket.

"Hey!" Steve cried in warning. "Take it easy with that—"

"You take it!"

Steve gasped as he was drenched with cold water. The next instant the empty bucket hurtled by his head. Steve made a grab for Doris but she had closed the door and latched it. Steve glared at her through the screen.

"You might have broken my head with that bucket!" he shouted angrily.

Doris sniffed. "When better buckets are made they still wouldn't hurt that head. And don't think you'll get a warm shower until you crawl."

The commodore closed his eyes wearily. They were still at it from the night before. The commodore supposed that in a way he had started it. But all the commodore had actually said was wouldn't they like to drop over to the yacht-club dance for a while. The commodore wanted to be alone to brood over Cornelius Riggs' letter. Doris had murmured that it would be nice but Steve would probably think it was something like taking his sister.

"Oh, I guess I can take a hint," Steve had said, amiably enough.

"When it's beaten in with brass knuckles," Doris had replied.

"Yeah?" Steve growled, bristling a little. "Well, you might be asked oftener if you'd leave those brass knuckles off once in a while."

The dress in which Doris had reappeared a little later offered no place of concealment for brass knuckles. It was a pale blue, off-the-shoulder affair which contrived a demure effect without losing a single curve of the slim body in it. It was a dress which demanded an appreciative comment. It was unfortunate that the best Steve could do was to say, "You're apt to catch cold, aren't you?"

The commodore had sensed this as being complimentary in some obscure way but Doris' smile had chilled right then and there. She had said, with dripping sweetness, "Perhaps I'll find someone to keep me warm."

AT BREAKFAST the commodore tried to make believe that none of this had happened. He tried to make conversation. "How was the dance?" he asked.

There was malice in Doris' smile. "I had a lovely time. I wouldn't know about Steve. He was busy picking wall flowers."

"Is that so?" Steve said. "Celeste—"

"Celeste!" Doris sniffed. "Means heavenly body. Too bad whoever named that one couldn't have known that she would grow up with ribs sticking out like a beached wreck."

Steve flushed angrily. "Well, it was better than the cold shoulder you were giving me."

Doris smiled. "Was it cold? No one

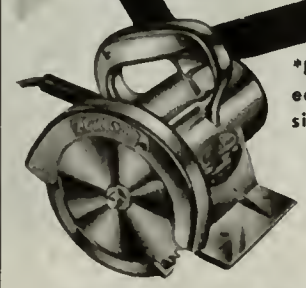
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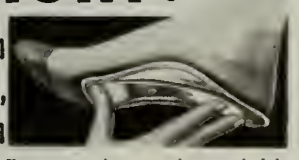


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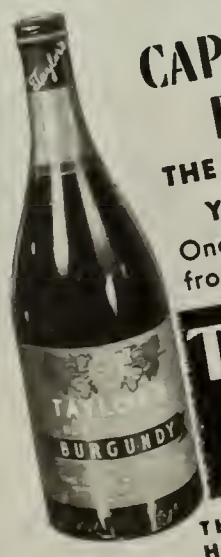


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to think so. Next time re- be served up in flaming an apple in my mouth."
e," he snapped, "remind me he queen of the stag line to get stuck with a librarian ." He rose abruptly from "If you don't mind, I'll go yard."
odore derived little comfort leased look that came into hen Steve slammed the door An hour later, as he walked yard with Doris, the com- still wondering how he could an armistice between them uld depend on their co-oper- in the matter of Cornelius ter if the need arose.
odore, however, had no op- do anything about it. There ting in the office talking with the commodore and Doris lovely, expensive girl. Steve er.
ggs," he said. "We've just try Harlequin out tomor-

odore sat down. This, as ent, was it. He murmured, That will be quite convenient "

s smiled. "Would you have n if just Steve and I go out? rlequin is supposed to be o to handle. I'd like to be at."
odore experienced a vast lief. Miss Riggs apparently und. She knew about boats ws. That was all the com- ted to know. Then, out of his eye he noted that Doris very still and very stiffly. ot pleased. There were, in arnings in her eyes.
be perfectly all right," he Riggs. He hesitated. "Of ss you particularly prefer iece here always sails our erhaps, knows more about sailing characteristics—"
s smiled again. "I *do* par- fer Steve."
odore surrendered to a cus- n. "By all means," he said was just a thought. We'll o arrange it."
s stood up. For a moment is faced each other. There ation in Doris' eyes that she to arrange matters any way wished. The flicker of an smile touched the corners s' lips.
ou don't mind either," she

t all," Doris said.
turned to Steve. "I'll have ring me over from the yacht morning." She smiled once

Doris breathed after Miss ne. "She got to the 'Steve' enough! How do you like

in was slightly malicious. mind too much. Especially don't stick out."

e the next afternoon, just be- reeze died as was its custom season, when Harlequin fully into the harbor after n. A launch came out im- m the yacht club and took off. Steve had completed cutter down for the night by commodore rowed out to

thing wrong?" the commo- nxiously.
I know of. But she wants to tomorrow."
odore was silent for a mo- he said, "I think it will be discuss it too much with

Steve grunted. "Okay. I won't say anything, only I don't get many chances like this."

"There's too much at stake," the commodore said urgently. "You know what Doris can be like at times."

"Amen," Steve said solemnly. "But one of these days I'm going to batten down her ears—you see if I don't."

"Any time, my boy, any time," the commodore said. "After Harlequin is delivered."

HALFWAY through supper that night Doris looked across the table at Steve and said, "All right, is it a military secret?"

"Huh? Is what a military secret?"

"What that woman thinks about Harlequin."

"Oh. Well, she didn't say."

"All day she didn't say?"

"That's right. Lila—"

"Lila?"

"Well, that's what she told me to call her."

Doris was silent for a moment. Then she said, softly, "How chummy! The only thing she said all day was, 'Call me Lila'?"

Nervously the commodore watched the color climb Steve's neck. Steve put down his fork and looked steadily across the table at Doris. "Look," he growled, "you wanna fight?"

Doris tossed her head disdainfully. "With you? I couldn't be bothered."

The commodore was not in the least reassured, but during the ensuing week he almost forgot about Doris. At the end of each day's sail all Steve reported was that Lila Riggs had been noncommittal about Harlequin and wanted to go out again the next day. Doris heard these reports without comment. The commodore heard them with increasing concern. Was Lila Riggs' decision going to be based on some feminine whim after all?

It was on the seventh day that the commodore was sitting on the veranda thoughtfully watching Harlequin through field glasses. The cutter was far out beyond the harbor. So far as the commodore could tell she was performing beautifully in a stiff breeze. The commodore lowered his glasses, frowned and then sighed. What in the blazes did that girl want a boat to do? At that moment Doris spoke and voiced the commodore's thoughts quite precisely.

"Seven consecutive days they've been out sailing," Doris muttered. "Nobody needs all that time to find out about a boat."

The commodore considered the person of his niece stretched out on the porch hammock. She was wearing shorts and a halter and the commodore thought that if she would only get that sulky look off her face she would be quite irresistible to anyone, including, possibly, even Steve.

"My dear, what is there for him to say? Miss Riggs just seems hard to please."

Doris snorted. "There's only one thing that will please that she-wolf." She said venomously, "That's to get Steve along with Harlequin."

The commodore shook his head. "There is something more to all this than meets the eye," he said.

"In the clothes that woman wears there's practically nothing that doesn't meet the eye," Doris snapped. "I've watched them go out and come in through those glasses. You don't think she's hanging her damn' legs out in the breeze just to get goose flesh, do you?"

"But she's only known Steve for a week."

Doris flared. "How long do you think it takes a girl to make up her mind?"

The commodore did not reply immediately. But he looked steadily at Doris. Then he asked, quietly, "Well, just how long *does* it take?"

Doris regarded the commodore for a moment with widening eyes. Then, suddenly, she flung herself down on the hammock and began beating the cushions with furious little fists. "Damn damn, damn!" she squealed. "He can't do this to me! I'll tear the stubborn brute's ears off!"

Remembering what Steve had so recently said about her ears the commodore shivered. "Please!" he said fervently. "Not until we get Harlequin off our hands."

"To blazes with Harlequin!" Doris stormed.

The commodore raised his eyes and murmured, "Dear Lord!" The fat was



in the fire for fair now and there was no telling what might happen. . . .

Aboard Harlequin at that very moment, Steve was looking at Lila Riggs without particularly noticing how attractive she was in a playsuit that was indeed more revealing than concealing.

Lila, at the tiller, caught Steve's glance. She smiled. "Penny for your thoughts, Steve."

"They're for free. I'm asking myself just what more you want this boat to do. She's done everything but sail underwater."

Lila's smile became impish. "Don't you like to go sailing with me?"

Steve regarded her uncertainly. "I don't know just what that's got to do with it. I'm just trying to show you that Harlequin is all the boat your father ordered. The point is, we're building other boats and I've got to get back on the job."

"Oh, you're all alike!" Lila said. "Men! You seem to think girls should be perfectly content with any old odd moments you can conveniently spare from your jobs."

Alarm came into Steve's eyes. "Hey! We were talking about boats!"

"Well, good for us." Lila said crisply. "Let's keep right on talking about them—and sailing them."

Steve swallowed. "Look, we could sail around the world and you wouldn't know any more about Harlequin than you do right now. This is my last day. Tomorrow I'm going to Portland to see about rigging for some other boats."

"What time will you be back?"

"Too late to go sailing," Steve said quickly. "The wind would die just as we got out a way."

"The auxiliary would bring us in."

Steve felt the need of mopping his brow. "I can't do it."

The same mulish look he had seen so often in Doris' eyes came into Lila's. "Tomorrow," she said sweetly, "you will not only go sailing with me as soon as you come back from Portland but in the evening you will take me to the yacht-club dance."

Steve stared at her. "Listen, Lila, I—"

"Lamb, do you want father's cheek for Harlequin?"

Steve felt the tiny beads of perspiration gather on his brow. "Let's have this straight," he growled. "What is this?"

But Lila merely smiled. "Relax, Steve. You can always save the last bullet for yourself."

TOWARD the middle of the forenoon the next day, a tall, well-dressed young man entered the outer office of the Dinsmore Yacht Works. Doris was there alone, absently doodling on a pad of paper. The doodle suggested a man being torn apart between two horses. The expression on Doris' face was as taut as the ropes stretching the man between the horses. So it had come to the point where Lila could make him go right out sailing in the late afternoon after a trip to Portland and back and then take her to a dance in the evening, had it? The point of the pencil snapped, and Doris became aware of the young man in front of her desk.

"I'm Tom Fletcher," he said.

"Yes?" she said.

"I am a junior partner in Mr. Riggs' firm," he said.

Doris forgot her doodling. She motioned to the chair beside her desk. Tom Fletcher sat down. He shifted uneasily, flushed slightly and then almost blurted, "What I wanted to find out is how much longer is your man Williams going to demonstrate that boat to Miss Riggs?"

Tom Fletcher came into very sharp focus. Doris noted his generally haggard and unhappy expression. She noted the flush and the way he squirmed slightly. She began to tingle with feminine intuition. In fact, she began quietly to exult. Because suddenly everything was quite clear. This young man was being punished for something, and the lengths to which Lila Riggs was going to make him feel wretched was proof, among girls, that she was very, very fond of him. Lila wasn't on Steve's trail. She didn't care two pins about Steve.

Doris noted that Tom Fletcher had a solid jaw, a good spread of shoulders and capable hands. She noted also that he was a very earnest, sincere sort of young man. In his present distraught state almost anything could be done with him. He was practically tailor-made for her purpose.

"I'm glad you dropped in, Mr. Fletcher," she said. "We were beginning to worry about that ourselves. Especially when we learned that Steve is taking Miss Riggs to the dance tonight." Doris quivered happily at the distinct spasm of pain that passed over Tom Fletcher's face. She went on, softly, "You see, we wouldn't want to lose Steve. He's an ex-





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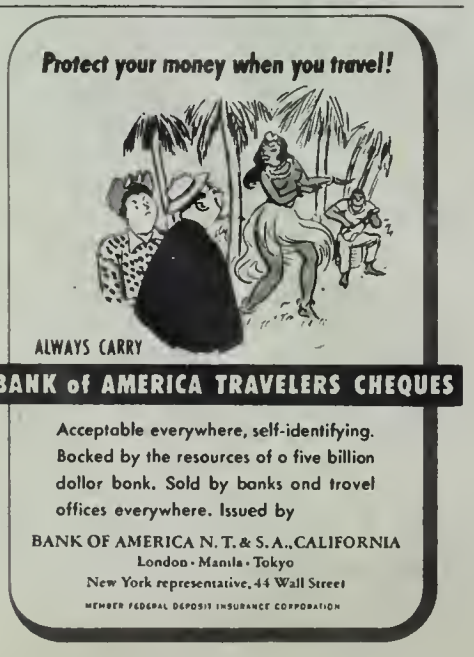
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eellent marine architect. I might as well be frank, Mr. Fletcher. It's possible that Steve doesn't want to be a designer in a small yard all his life. We're afraid that he may be thinking of Miss Riggs as his big chance to get everything he wants quickly."

Tom stared at her. "Why—why, the heel!"

"Let's be charitable," Doris murmured. "Let's say he's ambitious."

"Ambitious!" Tom growled. His jaw came out. "I may as well be frank too. Miss Riggs and I were almost engaged. I worked hard to make good and get into the firm." He looked at Doris. "Maybe that's part of the trouble—perhaps I've been working too hard at making good with Mr. Riggs and not hard enough at making good with Lila."

"I'm sorry," Doris said.

Another spasm twitched Tom's features. "That part's all right," he said. "Lila is free—except that I can't stand by and see some heel hurt her."

"Well, I wish there were something we could do."

Tom stood up. He was a little white around the mouth. "I'm very grateful to you. Maybe I can think of something at the dance tonight."

"I hope you do," Doris said. "Only, of course, I wouldn't be too surprised if they didn't get to the dance."

"Eh? What do you mean?"

"Perhaps Steve has planned this very carefully. Perhaps his Portland trip is just an excuse to get started sailing late, so the breeze will die while they're still out there."

"Isn't there an auxiliary?"

"There will be a full moon tonight," Doris murmured. "Engines stop and other things begin under a full moon."

Tom's large hands became large, white knuckled fists. "That I don't believe Lila would fall for. Would you care to come to the dance with me tonight?"

IN HIS own adjoining office, where Doris had forgotten his presence entirely, the commodore sat still until he heard Doris leave the reception office after Tom's departure. Then, casually, as though checking on the work in the main shed, he followed Doris. He saw her select a pair of heavy pliers from a bench and go down to the landing float where she got in a dinghy and rowed out to Harlequin. Later, a little before noon when Doris had gone up to the house to prepare lunch, he rowed out to the cutter. After a little search he found where the copper gas line from the forward tank to the engine aft had been squeezed together. No one not suspecting sabotage would think to look for that sort of trouble in that spot.

For quite a while the commodore pondered what to do. He could, of course, have a man come out and quietly repair the pipe. But then Steve and Lila Riggs would get to the dance as scheduled and meet Doris and this Tom Fletcher. The commodore shuddered. There was no telling what young Fletcher might say or do with Doris there to prod him. Cornelius Riggs would hear about it and very likely cancel his order. Gossip would spread among yachtsmen the length of the coast. Steve's name would become mud. That would be a body blow to the yard. Wondering bitterly if he would ever get Doris and Steve straightened out so he could simply go about an honest business of building and selling boats, the commodore rowed ashore without touching the pipe.

At eleven that night there was a soft, yellow moon, a mere breath of a breeze and a strong ebb tide. On the porch of the yacht club Doris leaned against the rail and looked out across the water. Harlequin was not at her mooring. Tom Fletcher stood beside Doris. He too was looking at where the cutter was not. He had been coming out with Doris every fifteen minutes to look at that vacant patch of shimmering water. Doris said, "Why don't you just go home and get drunk, Tom? There isn't anything we could do about it if they stayed out until morning. We're just a little too late."

"Morning?" he barked. "He can't keep her out all night!"

"What's to stop him?" Doris inquired softly.

FIFTEEN minutes later Doris sat on the leather-cushioned seat of a big speedboat roaring across the moonlit sea. At the wheel Tom was a grim young man whose eyes swept the sea in all directions.

"It's all right for you to keep saying there isn't anything we can do," Tom shouted at Doris. "But what you don't seem to understand is that when a man loves a girl he doesn't just sit around while some wolf takes advantage of her innocence."

Doris smiled serenely. There would be a big scene which could be worked around to give Lila her big chance to be sweet and forgiving to Tom and leave Steve looking very foolish indeed. The powerboat would tow Harlequin in. Before dawn old Zeke, who would do anything in the world for Doris and say nothing, would have replaced the damaged pipe with a new one. There would be nothing, absolutely nothing, Steve could say in self-defense. Then she, Doris, could be sweet and forgiving too, making certain, of course, that Steve thoroughly understood how big she was being about it all.

"There they are!" Tom grunted suddenly.

He switched on the searchlight. The powerful beam picked up Harlequin almost dead ahead. She was moving slowly with her sails barely filled. Steve and Lila were sitting in the cockpit. They raised their hands to shade their eyes against the brilliant light. Tom throttled the engines and eased the powerboat alongside the cutter. "Make fast at the bow," Tom growled to Doris.

Neither Steve nor Lila said anything nor made any move when Doris jumped aboard the cutter with a bowline. She made fast to the cutter's bow bitts and Harlequin began to tow slowly alongside the big powerboat. Tom kept the searchlight beamed on the cutter's cockpit. Lila turned her face away from the light but Steve looked at Doris and then toward Tom with an amiable grin. The grin irritated Doris. It also irritated Tom.

"All right, Williams!" he barked. "What's the story?"

Steve grinned some more. "Regular third degree with lights and everything, eh? Well, we've got engine trouble and this breath of air won't take us in against an ebb tide."

"What's the matter with your engine?"

"It won't run," Steve said mildly.

"Why aren't you trying to fix it?"

"We've been waiting for a mechanic to come along."

Tom emitted an inarticulate roar. Then he was leaping aboard Harlequin. Lila cried out, "Tom! What are you going to do?"

But Tom did not throw the punch. Because at that precise instant the benign features of the commodore appeared in the companionway. The commodore regarded Tom with some disapproval. "Young man, is that any way to come aboard a boat? Thumping your feet on the deck so the watch below can't sleep?"

Uncertainty replaced Tom's pugnaciousness. It was difficult to reconcile the commodore's presence with any foul plot Steve might have in mind. "What are *you* doing here?" Tom blurted.

The commodore raised an eyebrow. "I am trying to sell Miss Riggs a boat."

Lila attacked from the flank. "One might ask what *you* are doing here, charging around like a rampant Gestapo agent?"

Tom looked even more uncertain than ever. He glanced questionably at Doris. But he was a gentleman. He l
at Lila. "I—I thought you m
I mean I was worried."

"Worried?" she said. "Wh

"Well, darn it, Lila!" Tom
pleaded in self-defense, "Aft
scarcely seen you since we
You've been sailing every da
Williams and then tonight yo
ing to the dance. When you c
in from this sail I couldn
around, could I? I mean what
posed to think?"

Lila sniffed daintily. "Suppo
me what I was supposed to t
you practically dropped out
tion the minute Father took y
firm? People were beginning
all you wanted of me was th

Tom swallowed and looked
unhappy. "Hang it, Lila, tha
I was trying to prove that I wa
job."

"Whereas I could be taken
Lila asked.

Tom wilted completely. "C
other chance, Lila."

Lila's smile said that he w
his chance but that he was goi
at it. She looked at the c
"You can make delivery anyt
smiled at Steve. "And thanks
thing." She reached down
Tom's hand. "Come on, da
me home."

DORIS watched the speed
for shore a moment later
open engines. "Well, I'll b
From man to mouse in nothi

Steve grinned. "A horrible
He bent over and reached d
locker under the cockpit seat a
out a flashlight, a small tool ki
of copper tubing. He held t
Doris. "I'd much rather you
me as a rat. Get busy and
pipe in."

Doris shot an indignant
understanding at the commod
pigeon!" she hissed. But a t
prehension came into her eye
looked back at Steve. She beg
away from him. Steve follow

"Don't you come one st
Doris warned.

Steve took the step.

Doris came in fast. She ho
behind Steve's ankle and
shoulder hard against his chest
and tubing clattered to the
Steve did not lose his balan
overboard. Instead, his arm
around Doris and held her p
his chest. She squealed and k
tile fury. Steve laughed an
face down. He kissed her.

When he released her D
there, looking up at him with
"Ste-e-eve!" she whispered.

Steve looked down at her.
were glowing. They were
all that she felt for him. Th
slightest trace of low cunning
into them and Steve knew that
always be a beautiful, unprin
vixen whom he would love
just the same.

"Steve?" she said softly.
bygones are bygones?"

Steve nodded solemnly.
After you put this pipe in."

"Oh! You—you beast!"

"You don't like mice."

Very slowly Doris reached
tubing. The commodore beg
discordantly and happily. D
at him. "Oh, stop it!" she sai
awful."

The commodore chuckled
isn't so bad, once you underst
should both learn it. It's the
probably always sing that ol
gether."

"What old song?"

The commodore chuckl
"Love's Old Sweet Song."

THE END

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

can send a few cables and nverging on the enemy from ferent directions with hunps. 3. All enemy diplomats velers are immediately held . And last but not least we w buildings which will only s of the building trade, and eople from dying of old age; I have no building trade to ! READER, Chicago, Ill.

YOU SNORE ALONE

cannot understand all The discussion about Jim Duo to Sleep. My problem is posite: I can't stay awake at ars now the minute I relax n my couch over a paper or , Morpheus sneaks in and is soporific embrace. I have to defeat this—by going to the theater—but once there happens. I have often wonb Hope's 10:30 EST show Fred Allen at 8:30 ditto. rticle directed at me on How e? It would cut into the snores of millions.
ANE, Jackson Heights, L. I.

HOPKINS

The Secret Papers of Harry hen coupled with the writher courtiers who were pas- that fast-moving train (the Golden Streak Romancer), ew having been on the fire g time. The merry-andrew acquainting "we the peorecipe for the stew.
ecalled that President Truase to the press, made menoogle bird," a bird which is y in reverse. Perhaps Presi- suspicioned that the "forty ned "floogle birds." At any have cooked up a nice stew. d" stew!
B. BELYEA, Philadelphia, Pa.

T-LÔ, A MIRACLE!

read with great pleasure ts Another Battle by Stanley 12th). You might be interthat the students of Tulane e just completed a drive in llected food and clothing to -Lô.
mount collected was not gidone with a spirit of love, unselfishness. Saint-Lô was very reasons that you men- r fine article. If every colersity in the country would such as Saint-Lô to help, it eat deal in creating better unetween the countries of the S. ROBERT GUGGENHEIMER, Aid to Saint-Lô Committee, ane Univ., New Orleans, La.

A., CALIFORNIA

ER DAVENPORT: Shocked to lifornia has been kicked out States Senate. Have you nor Warren? Whitman article liday, June 26th issue, states: 46 states the District of Co- a and Hawaii employees do 1 cent for unemployment in- money is kicked in by emgh pay-roll taxation. Only and Alabama do employees ibution to the fund." Have cent deducted from my pay 1936. Should I sue the exfornia?
L O'CONNOR, Maywood, Cal.

ellent (though blood-pressure le Chiselers' Holiday is all- except for one type of chiseler: I know of a woman who regularly accepts positions—and then does the *worst* caliber of work that she is capable of, in the hopes of being fired. Having accomplished this objective, she collects unemployment compensation for a half year, and then secures another job. That's what I'd call a really *vicious* circle.

K. M. ANDLER, Chicago, Ill.

I SMELL DEATH

DEAR SIR: Re your June 26th "correction" of a paragraph in an article about the sense of being able to smell diseases: In 1939, I knew Dr. Geoffrey Carte, a prominent British surgeon. He told me of the extraordinary power of smell which some medical men and women develop—he mentioned a head nurse in one of the London hospitals who could not only tell the patient's malady, but also could tell when a person was dying. I remember very well when he said that many times a doctor would say that a patient could not recover, she would beg him to use every possible treatment, because she did not "smell death"—and at other times she would say that medical treatment was useless.

Unfortunately, Dr. Carte died two years ago, so you cannot check this. . . .

MRS. CHARLES KER REID II,
Washington, D. C.

. . . Been nursing for more than 40 years here in Chicago. . . . Fever smells different than rheumatism, another smell for the mumps—and feather beds can get pretty awful if a guy lays long steady among them. . . .

MRS. C. ROCHE, Chicago, Ill.

OUR F.F. READERS

DEAR SIRS: Like no other magazine in the world is Collier's able to interpret the heartbeat of a nation. It fills the soul of the German people with new hope, giving strength to a people which is hungering for a new true wisdom, and which is honestly striving to be once again accepted among the nations whose true ambitions are freedom of individual rights, freedom of speech and religion and freedom from want and fear . . . and once again take delight in the simple joys of living.

HENRY H. ROHNE,
Württemberg, Germany

We hope.

HIGH SWEDISH CHEEKBONES

DEAR EDITOR: As one of Hollywood's "directors of photography" and of Swedish descent I enjoyed Mr. Kyle Crichton's Hunting of the Swede (June 19th).

I do, nevertheless, take exception to Mr. Crichton's last paragraph. Of all the members in the A.S.C., I know not one whose working habits are ever careless in lighting. High cheekbones are not a problem to us and can be ironed out with a single lamp. Swedish cinematographers can "wash out" bumpy cheekbones, even before their stars face our cameras in Hollywood. I enclose a studio shot of another little Swede, Eva Lind. So far as I know she is still there. She appeared in a picture I photographed there last year.

RAY FERNSTROM, A.S.C.,
Hermosa Beach, Cal.



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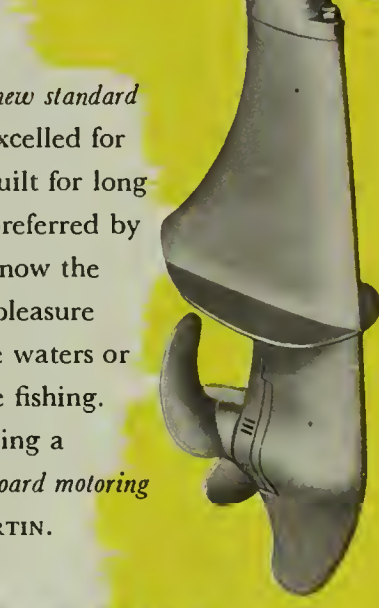




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...THE U.S. RECORD ISN'T SO BAD

WINSTON CHURCHILL, still swinging the English language as King Richard the Lionheart swung a mace, recently let fly as follows at the Labor party (Socialist) politicians now trying to govern Britain:

How the ministers can deride the system of free enterprise and capitalism which makes America great and wealthy and then at the same time eagerly seek the aid which has hitherto been so generously granted from across the Atlantic—that is a grimace which baffles the limitations of our language to explain.

We hope we're as nearly free as most Americans are from national sensitiveness and vainglory, but we must admit we think Mr. Churchill made a point that time.

After all, the record of the United States in the last few years has not been too bad. During World War II, we dealt out a matter of some 44 billions' worth of Lend-Lease materials to our allies. Of this, around 25 per cent went to Russia, and thereby saved Stalin's hide from Hitler, and about 66 per cent went to Britain. Our capitalist system was able to perform these prodigies of production and delivery while we fought Japan almost single-handed and put up 61 of the 90 western Allied divisions which freed western Europe from the Nazis.

Since the war, we've passed around approximately 21 billions' worth of foreign aid of all descriptions, and are now embarking on the $17,000,000,000 European Recovery Program.

Meanwhile, we are enjoying a domestic boom which, though it is seriously inflationary, is nevertheless a boom such as the Socialist, Communist and semi-Marxist governments of most of Europe for some reason seem unable to bring to their peoples.

Like Mr. Churchill, we feel that any foreign politician who tries to make mock of the American capitalist system only succeeds in making a fool of himself.

Maybe we're foolish to expend all this effort and real wealth in an attempt to help the rest of the world recover from the war. However, the theory underlying it is a hardheaded one, whether sound or not. The theory is that we can save ourselves the colossal cost of another war, in blood and treasure, by spending considerably smaller sums now for world economic recovery.

We could just conceivably, though, lose our patience and a good deal of our present generosity if enough foreign politicos were to go on hissing and pecking at us for a long enough time.

●

. . . THE MARKET IS STILL A GAMBLE: It's pleasantly like old 1926-28 times to see the stock market running along—as of this writing, anyway—at a bullish clip; and far be it from us to do anything knowingly to trip it up. A bull market of sorts surely seems justified, what with civilian consumer demand for goods still strong and the big rearmament and European Recovery programs coming along with heavy demands of their own.

We would like, though, to do what we can to help counteract an impression reported to be widespread among amateurs now playing the market or working up an itch to sit in on the game.

It seems that a lot of people believe the Securities and Exchange Commission, set up in the heyday of the New Deal, will somehow save stock players from taking losses. The notion is ridiculous, of course, but there it is.

The SEC can no more save stock buyers and sellers from losses than a boxing commission or racing commission can keep bettors from having to pay up when they put their money on fighters or horses that don't win.

All that the SEC can do is to try to ride herd on corporations and see to it that they play fair with investors, especially in the matter of publicizing their financial affairs. Neither the SEC nor any other public agency can keep any business concern in the black or any investor making money.

So the market is still a gamble—though, what with 75 per cent margin requirements and the high morality of many present-day exchange ments, it is not the cutthroat game it But you can still lose at it, plenty, es you're an amateur riding hunches an tips. If you do happen to lose your sh exuberant market, kindly don't com squawking that Collier's didn't warn yo

●

. . . PRAISE USUALLY DOES IT: The oth ran across what strikes us as possibly nine-word remark ever yet cracked about children: "Nothing has a better effect o than praise."

Furthermore, the man who said it was r than Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751-181 lous author of The Rivals, The School fo and other bitingly satirical plays. Mr. too, lived in an era when praise was scarcest commodity in the life of the ave lish or American child.

Many modern parents are wiser; but w whether enough of them are, even now.

Sheridan was so obviously right that strange that this piece of common sense nigh universally understood. It is a fact t —earned praise, we mean, not freewhe tery—makes anybody feel good and ins to try to deserve more of the same. Chi ing direct and highly impressionable in praise reacts even more powerfully on t on adults. In 99 cases out of 100, the r sure to be good.

Anybody who is worried about not gett with his or her children as well as might would be smart, we'd suggest, to try d compliments, applause, etc., for a while, the child does something to merit same. results can almost be guaranteed—esp you'll also take to toning down the adv cisms, on the theory that a child knows well when he's done something foolish, a no need to rub it in.

Collier's

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eral Stilwell: "Churchill has Roosevelt in his pocket"

CRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

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HAT EVERY NEW DRAFTEE SHOULD KNOW

BY HOWARD WHITMAN



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THE WEEK'S MAI

MARCHING ON THE POLLS

DEAR SIR: You are right. Parades to Polls (Editorial, July 3d) are the best rades of all. You are not referring to parades with brass bands and flags flyi But why not?

Any means that will bring out the vot to express their honest opinions is healthy stimulant to a democracy. Let average of 75 per cent of all the eligi voters go to the polls at every electio the "machines" and the chiselers and incompetents in public office would sc reach the vanishing point.

JAMES S. DRAGO, Union City, N

. . . I would like to see you go a step f ther and advocate a legal holiday when Election Day is for the President of United States and advocate that sta have holidays for primary and state el tions where they elect their governors.

It would bring to the attention of ev voter that THAT WAS THE DAY them and also their DUTY to exerc their privilege of voting. It would bring arguments and speeches and I feel that would greatly increase the voting.

CLAUDE E. SHAW, Superior, N

CATHOLIC ACTION

DEAR SIR: The article Our Job in Italy Charles Wertenbaker in the Collier's June 26th is an excellent one, but there a misconception about Catholic Acti which I would like to clear up. Proba it is easy to make this mistake, but Cath lic Action's aims and purposes are entir on the religious plane. That it has a effect on politics is accidental or, as in case of the Italian elections, there was necessity of overcoming a deadly foe church, the guardian of all those G given rights which Americans prize dearly. There can be no compromise tween Jesus Christ and His Law and ath istic Communism with its devilish desig

DONALD W. LEATHERS, Fitchburg, Ma

TOITLE DOIBY

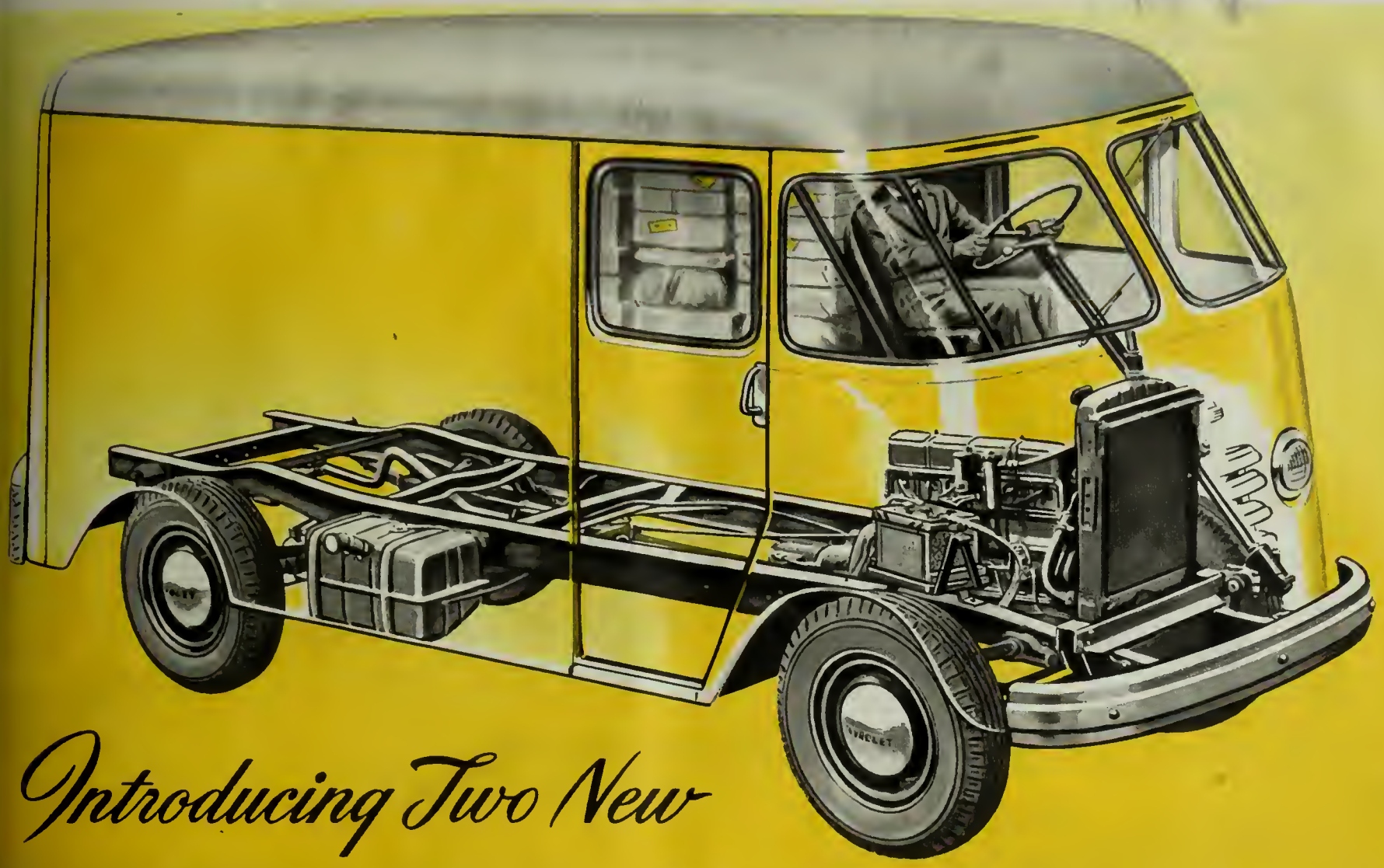
SIRS: Bill Fay (Collier's Sports, July claims that pigeon racing is the laziest sp in the world, since all the bird owner d is mail his bird, check its return time. port it to the association and sit back a wait for the postman to let him know h he did.

What about turtle racing? Once the c test is on, you can enjoy several hours uninterrupted sleep before the race en

(Continued on page 56)

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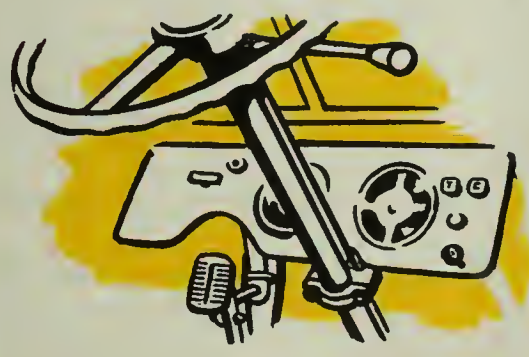
Illustrated above is the 125¼" wheelbase Forward Control Chassis—bumpers optional equipment.



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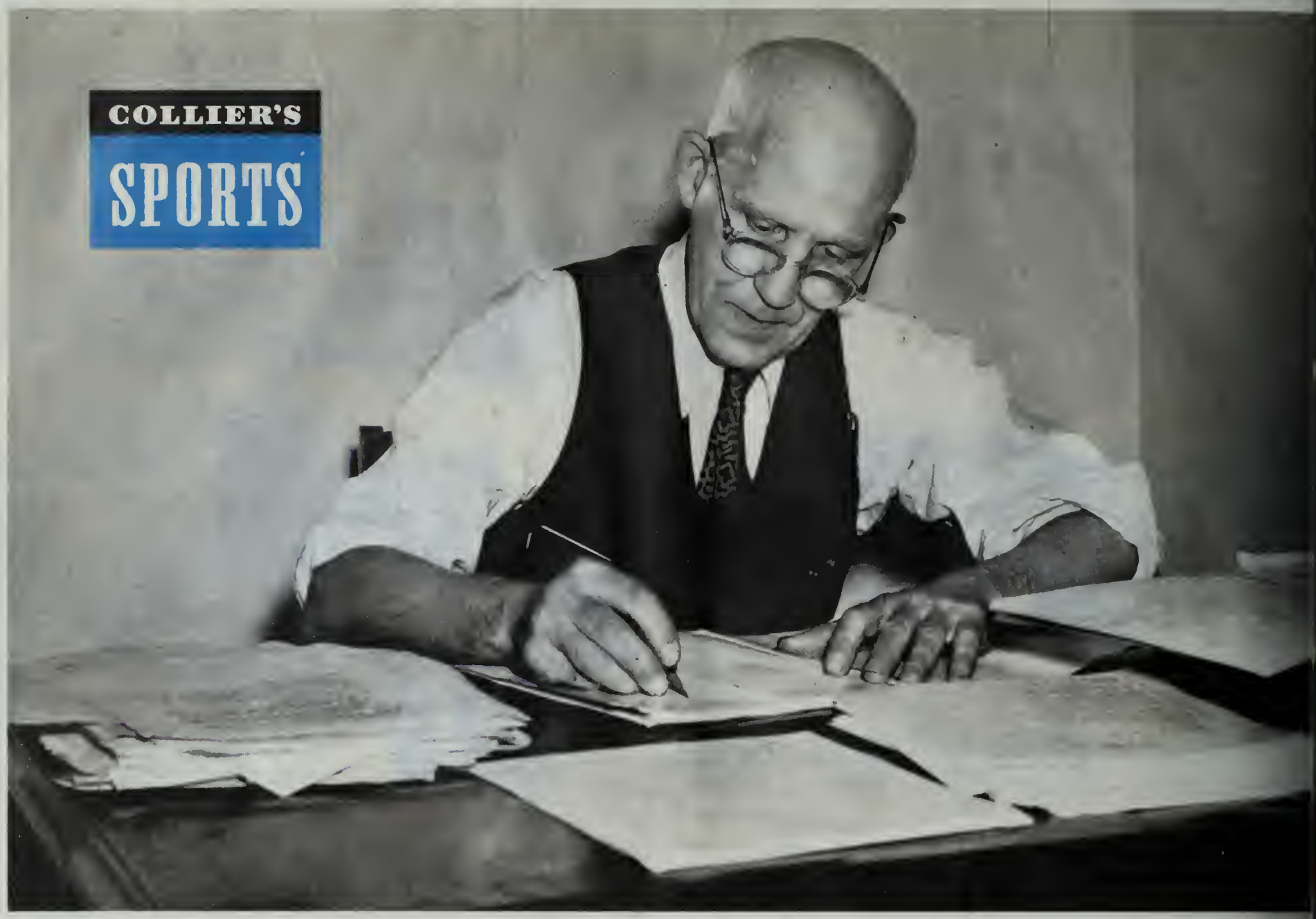
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SPORTS



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SLIDE-RULE FOOTBALL

BY BILL FAY

WELL, the football season is nearly here again. Eight All America Conference and ten National League teams are sweating it out in training camp. The first All America game is a few weeks away.

Summer football training is necessary, exacting work. Pro titles have been won and lost in summer drills. Last August, Coach Jimmy Conzelman huddled with Hugh (Shorty) Ray, National League technical adviser, at the Chicago Cardinals' training camp.

"Let's go over your figures, Shorty," Conzelman suggested. "Last year in running and passing we averaged 5.47 yards per play and the Bears averaged only 4.91, but they beat us out for the championship. There must be a hole in our defense somewhere."

Conzelman's suspicions were verified on page 17 of Ray's play-by-play analysis of the 1946 season. "Team B (Ray wrote) runs a kickoff back to its 46, which is 15 yards above normal. They now are in a strategic position to use a well-diversified attack. Had they been restrained to their 31 (normal runback), their attack would have been restrained to three rushes and a punt under normal conditions. (Teams average 3.6 downs in this zone before punting or making a first down.) On the basis of a restricted attack from the 31, Team A (by permitting the extra 15-yard runback) made a gift to B of the equivalent of four downs, besides the playing time of 141 seconds, which this number of plays normally would have consumed."

Pointing directly at the Cardinals, Ray wrote on: "For 1946, the team with the highest combined gain of 5.47 was tied with three other teams for fourth position in games won. . . . This was a direct result of their defensive weakness against runbacks, as attested by their net gain per punt and kickoff, and other items. When the receivers or interceptors are presented with opportunities, in such cases, to advance unduly to positions on the field which are more favorable to retaining the ball offensively, it is reflected in more plays for them and less for the kicking or passing team."

In other words, the Bears (less powerful offensively but more alert defensively) ran 872 plays while the Cards executed 744. The Bears' opponents started only 701 plays while Cardinal opponents had 820 scrimmage opportunities. Offensively, the Bears gained 128 plays; defensively, they gained 119. Overall, the Bears' advantage over the Cards was 247 plays in 11 games.

"Just about 22 plays a game," Conzelman concluded. "Mighty interesting, Shorty. We can travel about 120 yards in 22 plays. We were spotting the Bears the length of the field in every game. We'll have to do something about those runbacks."

The Cardinals did. They improved their defense, held onto the ball longer, ran 922 plays from scrimmage—exactly the number executed by the Bears—and won the National League championship.

An amazing man, Shorty Ray, sixty-five years old, former Western Conference official, retired professor of mechanical drawing. Shorty spends the winter, spring and early summer analyzing statistics. During the fall, he supervises National League officials and observers (two at each game). The observers time officials and teams with a stop watch. Observer number one checks the officials—records how many seconds they use putting the ball in position for the next down. Observer number two checks the offensive team—jots down huddle time.

After tabulating 30,000 stop-watch readings last winter, Ray computed the officials' average ball-handling time at 7.4 seconds. Teams averaged 22.5 seconds putting the ball into play. Ray also spotted the most efficient crew of officials (6.5 average) and the laggard crew (8.2). The 8.2 crew received plenty of winter instruction from the league office.

So what difference does a second make? Plenty. By prodding off and marking the teams that loit huddles, Ray's observers have creased the number of plays per tional League game from 145 1936 to 166.5 in 1947. The spee has been a factor in increasing t down production from 3.4 to 5.9 game in the same period. Specifi (as Shorty points out) each inc of a single second over the 22.5 age destroys 3.3 plays per gam isn't hard to prove, the way Sh does it.

BALOGH EMERGES TRIUMPHA

Harry Balogh, the dapper, tuxe New York fight announcer, ha come a very popular fellow wit people who own television sets- ticularly people who never v Madison Square Garden.

At his best—or worst, if yo fussy about syntax and dict Harry is the uncrowned mak champion of the world. He als leading contender for whatever ors are awarded for redundancy bosity and circumlocution. He man who expanded "May the man win!" into "May the worthy participant emerge t phant!"

Harry works without notes a ways keeps his head in an emerg

(Continued on page 57)

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KEEP UP WITH THE WOR



BY FRELING FOSTER

Some fraudulent spiritualists now employ a "psychic television" set in their materializations. In a typical case, the medium arranges with a widow to have the machine reproduce the features of her late husband and then a confederate, posing as a telephone inspector, calls at her home and surreptitiously photographs a portrait of the deceased. At the seance a few days later, the receiver lights up and, to the accompaniment of strange ethereal sounds, the photograph, enlarged and disguised, slowly comes into focus on the screen. Believing that television waves have transmitted her husband's image from heaven, the widow gladly pays the fee —usually $50.

Probably the most ingenious banknote fraud of all time was that perpetrated by nine crooks in 1924 on the huge London firm that had long printed the paper currency of the Bank of Portugal. Posing as a representative of the bank and armed with forged documents, the ringleader tricked the firm into making and allowing him to deliver $5,000,000 worth of currency. The fraud was not discovered for over a year, and five more years passed before the gang had been caught and convicted. The Bank of Portugal sued the printers and was awarded $1,500,000 compensation for the money it lost in redeeming the unauthorized issue.—*By Andrew Robertson, London, England.*

No painting on record ever approached in size the Panorama of the Mississippi which was executed by John Banvard between 1840 and 1846 and depicted 1,200 miles of the river's landscape between the mouth of the Missouri and New Orleans. As the picture was twelve feet wide and nearly 16,000 feet long, it was exhibited by being passed between two upright revolving cylinders on the stages of large auditoriums, required two hours to be shown in its entirety and earned about $200,000 on its tour of the world's leading cities.

One of the strangest unso- teries in history was creat- peculiar hoofprints in the covered in Devonshire, En the morning of February These impressions were ov the size of a donkey's hoof ceded each other eight inches a direct line as though the a been imitating a tightrope The uninterrupted track led obstacles, crossed a wide riv through 15 towns and cov miles. When scientists stated living creature ever left such was rumored they had been the devil himself and, conse many superstitious perso afraid for months to go after dark.

For decades the Tomb of cemetery near Jedda, Arab visited annually by thousands hammedans who, after dro coin in the slot, asked and Eve's advice—through a tube. The fact that the M Mankind could talk to them she required a resting place wide by 500 feet long did not credulity of her customers. W alleged mausoleum was ord stroyed in 1927, the woman run the racket from an unde room retired with a fortune.

The English language o nearly 50 collective nouns th nated groups of animals, bu half of them have become While we still speak of a *her* tle and a *flock* of sheep, we speak of a *cete* of badgers of peacocks, *mute* of hound pheasants, *pride* of lions, ducks, *skulk* of foxes or of monkeys.—*By Willough New York City.*

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alf a carload of "housing" speeds to the site

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ONARCH Lumber Company packs a whale of a lot of praise into one short letter reporting on this newest Diamond T del 806A. Here's what they say:

We are very enthusiastic over this new Diamond T, espe- y the lower fuel and maintenance costs. Loads from 8,000 2,000 board feet are hauled *swiftly*, *safely* and *economically* our complete satisfaction. Compared with many other es of trucks we've used, it delivers real trouble-free per- nance because of its modern design and extra-heavy-duty construction."

espite glowing reports like this, Diamond T engineers a 't resting on their laurels. A new Model 704 has just been announced—similar to this 806A but with a new, super-smooth, 162 horse-power engine for higher speeds on long hauls. Other 1948 models have increased road speed; larger, more comfortable cabs; improved steering; more powerful brakes; many other advancements. Today's Diamond T's are the finest we have ever built.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

THE Week's Work



A fur-coated kibitzer of Jasper National Park

LIKE a good tourist one of tour-designer John Kord Lagemann's first questions about Jasper National Park (Playground in the Sky, p. 28) was how cold it got in winter. "Cold enough so's you don't have to shave," answered a guide. "All you do is stick your face outside half a minute till your whiskers freeze good and hard. Then smile real quick and they'll drop off clean's a whistle."

Like a wise tourist, however, Mr. Lagemann kept sensibly aloof while interviewing the bears which infest the park—especially after one of them (weight 225) knocked Lagemann down pulling on his camera strap. "Unless you intend to support one the rest of your life," he reports, "the meanest thing you can do is feed a friendly bear. After a few tourist handouts he finds his fellow bear pretty dull company."

In fact when food gets scarce in the wintertime, the bears will lovingly break into your house and raid the pantry. They also love golf; and will trundle happily around the Jasper course kibitzing the foursomes, running ahead to grab the flag on the putting green, and pick up the ball.

They also love to sit on the tee benches and give the hackers the furry ha-ha as they drive off, and curl up for a middle-of-the-fairway snooze. Finally, after finishing a round, the fuzzy-wuzzies like to join the golfers in a cooling shower.

"They used to bite through the shower nozzles until the greens manager installed handles they could operate," relates Lagemann. "Now they merely forget to turn off the water. But while tourists have had some anxious moments, no one in Jasper has been seriously bitten or mauled in 41 years."

Around the golf course, Lagemann heard of a pair of golfers who arrived one Sunday from Troon, Scotland, for a vacation. Grimly pious, they couldn't play on the Sabbath. Neither could they keep away from the course. "So they walked the entire 18 holes," says Lagemann, "without clubs, played it mentally, deliberating over every imaginary shot—and did well, of course."

But Lagemann loved every minute of Jasper (and who wouldn't?), including the flying squirrels and the visitors who, preparing a trip to the Angel Glacier on Mt. Edith Cavell, asked: "When does the glacier spout?"

LATEST author to shake crete of Manhattan fr and move to the Artistic & I Dead Center of America cut, is Howard Whitman. sconced in a 200-year-old Westport, he wrote What Draftee Should Know (p.

Like every new rusticato says he's having his troub his hands to the typew they're itching for the th power mower. "How can when the frogs are honkin pond, the cherries are be picked, and the hollyhock ing like hot popcorn?" he

Another distinguished Walter Davenport, has ad man to seek escape in a W

Mr. Davenport once for forge into one. "I don't h but I have a henhouse," W vises. "I suppose it would a place as any for laying fragrance of 14 generation ens is in it, but I suppo wrote that many pieces in would change. For better

"AM a product of Detroit, Russell Beggs, debu Stars in His Hair (p. 18). " Detroit products, I am a this year and a little lower and hair." Otherwise, for Mr. Beggs (who is twenty of Wayne U.) wrote radio Hollywood, and claims to comedy writer in exist doesn't know a joke. W Army, Mr. Beggs was pro tor of a radio station on K bit of mud in the middle of "I was a comedian here," h to the fact Bob Hope wasn and the island inmates wer tune in elsewhere. Later ferred me to a smaller isla oddly, had no radio station

Right now Mr. Beggs is the only novel in existen proves Hollywood is a pleas

This week's cover: Water blue-eyed brunette is the Joan Crouch, of Westwood nia. Joan's twenty, daughter porter of aromatic oils for and a pretty-pretty at UC also a crack amateur garde L. Willinger caught her crus tles barehandedly among anemones, photographed he out. . . . TED

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Also provides its share, each day,
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Here in a charming orchard scene
Fine, luscious, tree-ripe peaches gleam.
And when each one perfection reaches
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This is but one of finer things
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And proudly wears the MONARCH brand.
If you've not tried them yet, please do.
You see, we pack them *just for you*.

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Division of Consolidated Grocers Corp.



1



2



3



4

His sign talk can stop a train



ABOVE are some of the hand signals used by a railroad towerman to flash warnings to crews of passing trains. Hands outstretched and waving up and down (1) means there's a boxcar door unlatched and swinging dangerously.

By stretching both hands directly forward, palms together, (2), he lets the train crew know about a flat wheel.

Even the blue-streak limited must pull up short when, with his hand to nose (3) the towerman tells the trainmen that he's spotted a hotbox.

But if his quick-seeing eye lights on nothing amiss as the train thunders by, he simply leans out of the window (4), and urges it on with the "high-ball" signal.

With towermen on the job, railroaders always have watchful eyes along the track to look out for trouble—skilled hands to help them dodge it.

Too bad there's no equivalent of the railroad towerman to stand watch over your daily comings and goings—to let you know *when* an accident's coming up and *how* to duck it. But there isn't.

So, since you have no personal sentinel to tip you off an accident about to happen, isn't this the wise thing to d

Make sure you've got accident insurance, and *enou* of it.

Accident insurance pays doctor and hospital bills if y should be laid up with an injury. It takes care of the re or the installments on the mortgage. It tides you and yo family over what can otherwise be an awfully tough spot.

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MORAL: INSURE IN

The Travelers

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A WORD FROM OMAR BRADLEY

There is no longer any place in the American Army for a "treat 'em rough, tell 'em nothing" school of officers or noncoms. If we are to make good use of these valuable years from the lives of new draftees, then we must offer them a healthy moral, intellectual and social climate in which they will serve willingly—not resentfully because of force or compulsion.

I believe that if the Army is to be a democratic instrument of this nation, then it must respect and value the basic human rights of its soldiers. It must guard their dignity, defend their integrity, and not permit these men to be pushed around unnecessarily because of the inconsiderate assumption of privileges that come with rank.

For that reason I was glad to read the article by Howard Whitman. The Army has made mistakes before—many of them. We may, unfortunately, make many more. But I do want you to know that the Army is out to prove that not only the nation but these young men as well may profit by their service.

The peacetime draft has put the Army on trial before a bar of critical public opinion. We will stand on the record.

WHAT EVERY NEW DRAFTEE SHOULD KNOW

BY HOWARD WHITMAN

NOT long ago, a young lieutenant was addressing a group of recruits at Fort Dix, New Jersey. "Gentlemen," he said, "your officers are here to serve *you*—like a big brother or father. They understand that you are *individuals,* with particular individual characteristics which no other men in the world possess."

If I hadn't been forewarned, I wouldn't have believed my ears. *"Gentlemen" . . . "like a big brother or father."* You didn't hear much of that sort of thing during World Wars I and II.

The answer is: a new kind of "military mind" is running the Army show, and the lads of nineteen to twenty-five who receive their Draft Greetings in the coming months—and eighteen-year-olds who volunteer—will like it. It places the emphasis on brain, not brass. It puts its store in human values, individual dignity, and that good old American chestnut, *the rights of man,* rather than in the pea-brain authoritarianism which G.I.s of World War II knew contemptuously as "chicken."

Speaking of the changed mood, Army leaders often call it "the New Evangelism of Johnnie Devine." For it was aptly named Major General John M. Devine who gave the new philosophy a trial run at the Universal Military Training Experimental Unit at Fort Knox, Kentucky, and is now diffusing it throughout the Army.

Johnnie Devine was recently promoted to Deputy Chief, Army Field Forces, at Fort Monroe, Virginia, where his office is separated by one thin door from that of General Jacob (Jake) L. Devers, the Army Field Forces commander. Devers and Devine, more than any other two men in the Army, are responsible for how you will be treated if the draft board points its finger at you.

(Continued on page 71)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S
BY CLAUDE W. HUSTON

He couldn't get along with her. And without her he couldn't get along with himself



Gentleman George

BY R. R. DOISTER

FIVE o'clock George Willis said good night to his secretary, Miss Finchley, a brunette who lived in Brooklyn with her and left his office. On the way down in tor a tall girl stood with her heel digging nstep and he had to tell her politely, when ed his pardon, that it was all right. Outside ining and he had to run—around the cor- he bar where Hal Everet was waiting for al was George's best friend; he had been st of the summer, he was big and an idler, ad a lot to talk about.

e began drinking Irish whisky with Hal ning to him and he could not help compare with Hal and think Hal a pretty gay dog self not much. It made him angry, and an r when they left he was feeling aggressive thing in particular, just things in general. ook George to a French restaurant on rd Street, Victor's. They had wine with er, and George was still feeling aggressive al suggested going to the Navy Officers' Brooklyn to a hop the officers were having, n though George had not been invited he e, why not. And, at the club, as he stood the dancers, especially the girls, he began ot only eager, but that nothing could stop d then he saw her.

She was dancing with a tall ugly captain and to anyone but George they would have looked ludicrous because she was so tiny. Her hair was blond, it hung smoothly to her shoulders, and she was wearing a soft white off-the-shoulder evening gown. George walked directly to her, bumping several couples, and tagged the captain. "Cut," he said curtly.

The captain backed away, and handed the girl to George. She was humming the tune the orchestra was playing, still sort of dancing as she moved toward him and put her hand on his shoulder. But George did not immediately put his arm around her. He stood holding her right hand in his left and grinning at her. He wasn't aware of the world, only of his own feelings.

She looked at him then and anyone but George would have seen that she did not like what she saw. She said, "Do you want to dance or stand?"

GEORGE put his arm around her and began to dance. Almost immediately the music stopped. He released her and as he stood there he saw the musicians put down their instruments and leave the stand. It was an intermission. He said, "Come on, let's go out on the terrace."

She looked up at him again, and she was not amused, only a little bored, but she took his arm. He led her outside. A balustrade ran around the terrace and he took his handkerchief from his breast pocket and put it on the balustrade for her to sit on. He put his hands on her waist and lifted her up, and again he felt the exhilaration that he had felt when he first saw her.

"Why, you're like a doll," he said, "your waist is so small." He took both her hands in one of his. "And your hands. You're just like a doll." He leaned closer and said, "How does anyone as tiny as you get along in this world all by herself?"

"By being smart," she said. She took her hands away. "And knowing that you're tight. I'll bet when you're sober you're as meek as a lamb. What's the matter with you? What're you afraid of?"

George felt a little sick. "I'm sorry," he said. "I guess you're right. I don't know—my best friend came to town today and I began to compare myself with him and feel bad about what I didn't have, and mean—"

"Why?" she said.

"Oh, I am meek," George said. "And I lead a small, dull life and—well, I won't bore you."

"Oh, you don't," she said quickly. Her voice was much softer. "It was awful of me to be so mean to you. I shouldn't have said what I did. It's just that everyone tells me how tiny I am and—I'm tired of it. No one wants to be tiny and look like a child forever."

"Well," George said. He was feeling very self-conscious. "Uh, I'm George Willis."

"You're nice," she said. "You're really very sweet." She looked at him soberly and then leaned forward suddenly as he stood there in front of her and rubbed her nose against his. "I'm Frances Mason."

"Oh, Frank Mason's daughter." He remembered all the things he had heard about her. She was the only child of very wealthy parents and she had a reputation of being a spoiled brat, of always getting everything she wanted. How wrong they are, George thought; why, she's a perfect lady.

"What're you thinking?" Frances said.

"Why, I was just thinking that you're a perfect lady," he said honestly.

She smiled at him, her face grew softer and she said, "That was the nicest thing you could've said to me." Then she leaned down and whispered in his ear. "Let's sneak away."

They took a cab back to Manhattan and sat in a small night club for a while talking. Since he had to work the next day he took her home at twelve. He stood just inside the door of the big town house and told her good night. She made him promise to call her the next day.

But the next day George got involved with some unexpected work that kept him and Miss Finchley in his office until five-thirty. It was exactly six o'clock as he unlocked the door of his apartment. The phone was ringing. It was Frances and he explained what had happened and asked her to dinner.

They went to the Restaurant Chambord that night. After dinner they sat in a movie house holding hands and watching an English film. When they had seen it they walked for a few blocks up Fifth Avenue. He took her home again that night at twelve. Once inside the door of her house she put her hand in his.

He leaned back, looking at her. "You're exquisite, like something very fragile." He stopped. What he had said had been so spontaneous that it frightened him.

"George," she said solemnly, "don't you ever tell anyone else that."

After he returned to his apartment he did not go immediately to bed. He sat for a long while thinking. There was something about her that affected him deeply. You've got to be careful, he told himself; you've got to remember who she is and about all the money she has and who you are. He knew well enough who he was.

Since he had been seven years old, when his parents had been killed in an auto accident, he had been a ward of his great-aunt, Caroline Willis. She was a maiden lady, she had all the family money, and she was old when she had to "take" George. Not knowing what else to do with him she put him in boarding school in New Hampshire. George was the youngest child there; he was lonely, but there was nothing he could do. He grew up that way, in very good schools. And in these schools he learned that the only way he could get along in the world was to be quiet and retiring and never demanding. For he had no home, no parents, no one at all to fall back on. He became, as everyone said, a perfect gentleman.

He never had many friends, male or female, although he knew a lot of people and got along well with them. But in college he had a roommate whose life had been somewhat the same. Hal Everet was loud and uncouth at times and he always did what he wanted. His mother was either getting divorced or remarried and usually there was no home for him. But when there was, Hal lived there. So Hal had something that George did not, and George wished secretly that he could be like Hal, but he couldn't.

When George got out of college he went to work at twenty dollars a week. Hal lived off his mother. During the war George was a supply officer. Hal commanded a PT boat. After the war George got a good job, but a hard one, and Hal went to Mexico for a year. Although George thought that he would like to do as Hal did he would not have liked it, really, because he had become at last what he thought was a perfect gentleman—never thinking of himself first, but always of others.

DURING the rest of the fall of that year George saw Frances every evening. He knew what was happening to him, but for the first time in his life he disregarded what people would say ("He's only after her money, you know.") and did as he wanted to. Shortly before Christmas, George took a week of his vacation and with her uncle and aunt they went to her uncle's hunting lodge in Maine. One afternoon George and Frances went for a walk together. When they returned, tired, their boots soaked through, they sat in front of the fireplace in their stocking feet and drank coffee. The uncle and aunt were in another part of the lodge and George and Frances were alone.

George leaned back on one elbow to look at Frances. Her face was windburned. She brushed her hair back with one hand and smiled at him as she sat there cross-legged beside him in blue ski pants and white sweater. He said suddenly, "You're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen."

"George," she said softly, turning to him.

"You are," he said. He sat up and put his arms around her, and her arms went around his neck. Then he lifted her up and held her on his lap. "You're perfect. I love you very much, Frances."

She tightened her arms around him. "Darling, I've been in love with you for so long. Why didn't you tell me? I knew you were."

"I had to be sure about you," he said. "I couldn't make a mistake and lose you. I've got to have you."

"You have me, darling. I'm right here."

"I have to," he said; "nothing else matters. It's like suddenly having everything I've wanted all my life."

She smiled, shook her head. "No, I've always had everything I've wanted, but nothing's been like this."

He began to kiss her as he sat there in front of the fireplace holding her on his lap. And he had never kissed her like that before. It, like telling her he loved her, was *(Continued on page 52)*

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN



Cartoonist Fred Harman sketches one of his Red Ryder comic strips. Myrtle Headlee and little Samuel Trujillo model for him as Beth and Little Be

RYDER OF THE COMIC PAGE

BY JAMES POLING

Artist Fred Harman puts a lot of himself into his comic-strip cowboy. The locale is Fred's, and all his characters have real-life counterparts in his neighborhood

WHEN cowboy cartoonist Fred Harman jerks his thumb skyward and says, "They went thataway," he is referring to the rocketlike manner in which his two comic-strip heroes have zoomed to fame—Red Ryder, the two-fisted redheaded cowboy who is always in there swinging on the side of law and order, and Little Beaver, his ever-faithful, ever-grunting Indian boy companion.

In two respects Harman's work is unique. It is the only cowboy strip drawn by a real, honest-to-gawd cowpuncher. It is one of the few cartoon strips in which all the main characters have real-life prototypes.

Fred Harman, the strip's creator, is all that a cowboy should be although he isn't as spectacular as one who is *pretending* to be all that a cowboy can be. He has spent most of his life busting broncos, although on occasion the broncs have busted him. He has gnarled hands and a shy smile and the traditional tall, lanky, bowlegged figure of the cow hand. When he says, "Doggone it," or, "I savvy," it sounds good—coming from him. Like Red Ryder, Fred has red hair. That isn't all that the artist has injected of himself into his protagonist.

Ryder rides the range in that section of Colorado in which Fred Harman grew up and still lives —Pagosa Springs, Archuleta County, in the Blanco Basin of the San Juan Mountains. Red wreaks havoc on the dastardly plots of the sort of villains who flourished when the old frontier period was drawing to a close. Those were the days of Fred's youth. Red rides a black horse called Thunder; so does Harman. But although Fred admits that he is drawing his own autobiography in a small way he insists that the actual flesh and blood prototype of Ryder is Bill Flaugh.

Flaugh and Harman grew up together. Bill, a couple of years older, was young Fred's r and protector. Bill taught Fred the rudime shooting, roping and branding and all the tr trail and ranch life. Inevitably he became Harman's boyhood hero. He developed a p attitude toward Harman that has persisted day and now includes the whole Harman fam

Flaugh is six feet two inches and 190 pou really tough muscle. His square-jawed hanc ness has, in his day, got him into that sort of t which seems to dog the footsteps of the big, some he-man type.

Bill is a two-fisted man whose salty cussing be preserved for posterity. His rounded, p and flowing phrases are rendered in the bel an indignant bull looking for big trouble. can be soft-spoken and clumsily gentle with and children, treating them almost as tend he would a newborn calf.

he wants to, Bill can be close-mouthed. He
y once saved Harman's life in a shooting
her he nor Harman will talk about it.
dismisses the subject with the comment,
n bulls sometimes git mighty frisky."
n would probably knuckle-dust the teeth
ne who accused him of having any heroic
t he is definitely a man of parts. When Har-
ght his present ranch it was found that an
-building gang had left some dynamite in
on the land. When the county road super-
t a man out to set it off, most of Harman's
ddenly discovered that they had to go visit
ives. But Flaugh, a bachelor, learning that
supervisor's man was married and the fa-
wo children, sent him packing. Then Bill
b himself.

Beaver—Samuel Trujillo to his parents—is
character who is not portrayed with that
uthenticity which has made the strip a
with working cow hands. The accepted
conception of an Indian's garb is so for-
act that Harman is forced to dress Little
accordance with the legend.

iginal Little Beaver has grown into long
very two years Harman must choose a new
odel and to accompany him to rodeos. To-
tle Beaver is a nine-year-old Spanish-
ungster from Pagosa Springs.

ly family with which Red has ever been
is an aunt, known as the Duchess, a
utspoken old gal with a fourteen-karat
e Duchess is equally at home with a gun,
bull whip. She can run a ranch, brand a
utsmart the wiliest villain that ever tried to
a stagecoach. In real life the Duchess is
trude Larsen, a neighbor of Harman's and
friend. And there is nothing that the
does in the strip that in her prime Mrs.
uldn't double—in spades. She is some-
r than the Duchess is portrayed as being
is a pioneering woman of a type about
le has been written.

Mrs. Larsen a Real Pioneer

ioneer women went into the frontier
t their husbands' sides. Mrs. Larsen pio-
mpletely on her own. She came into Pa-
ngs in her own wagon, bull-whipping her
—unfettered by any alliance with the op-
x. She staked out a homestead, built a
self and made her own ranch. Now re-
can still sit in a card game with the tough-
-baize men in the basin. If she catches a
doing a sloppy branding job she tells him
way that has him yes-ma'am-ing her for
f the season.

nlon, the cartoon's dirty, low-down skunk,
lainy throughout the piece and keeps alive
rance if not the spirit of a now dead gam-
se name Harman withholds in deference
s still living in the basin. He was a typical
ted, black-booted, black-coated gambler
ncy embroidered waistcoat. He had jet
handling a pack of cards but was com-
orthless in every other respect, though he
killer. Harman made him a murderous
in the interest of melodrama.

r is probably the only publicized cowboy
horse that can't even kneel. Fred Har-
sn't hold with trained trick horses—he
should be stabled in the Brown Derby
celluloid-hero owners. Thunder is just
-the-average working cow pony. He has
vn to appear publicly without having been

totype of Beth—the raven-haired heroine
ip—is one Myrtle Jones Headlee, a boy-
etheart of Harman's. Myrtle and Fred
n adjoining ranches and the Beth of the
s little that Myrtle, herself, couldn't do
uth. She rides, ropes and shoots, fear-
destly and adroitly.

Jones found her way to Hollywood and
m in the western pictures of the early
She reappeared in Fred's orbit in the
hortly before the conception of the strip,
settled down with her husband, one of
s largest ranchers, near Fred's homestead
ans and Headlees are close friends.

dom draws even the incidental characters
aving a living model in mind. His New
ness manager had always reluctantly ac-
cepted the people of the cartoon as caricatures and the product of the broadest artistic license—until he made a trip to the ranch last year and met some of the local populace. He is now considerably less critical. In the Rainbow saloon he became involved in a hot argument with a little old man who had a scraggly mustache, melon belly and isolated teeth —only to learn that he had been the basin's toughest deputy sheriff, the buckaroo who was quickest on the draw in the region.

Even the scenic background of the strip is drawn from actual models. Harman's studio is on a slope looking up to the towering San Juan Range and the Continental Divide a short distance to the east. Its windows look out over the union of the San Juan and Navajo Rivers, and the rimrock and tall pines of the upper ranch country. And if Fred needs a working ranch for a background he has only to turn to his own property for a model.

Ranch Needs More Modern Conveniences

The Red Ryder Ranch is strictly designed for profit, not comfort. Last year, with the aid of a war-surplus generating unit, kerosene lamps gave way to electricity for the first time. The guest cabin still has outdoor plumbing and Mrs. Harman gave up toting her own water just three years ago, when running water and a bathroom were installed in the main house. The other buildings on the 1,200-acre ranch consist of a cookhouse, a food cellar, two barns and a foreman's house. A house for Fred's son, recently married, will soon be erected. Fred, Jr., who has his own brand and his own herd, will help in the management of the ranch—with Bill Flaugh's permission.

Fred, Jr.'s, Eastern bride may soon agree with Mrs. Harman that it is high time the ranch became a little less profitable and considerably more comfortable. But Fred points out that the place is in danger of getting citified. Shucks, they've already got, in joint ownership with a handful of other ranchers, a private telephone line into Pagosa Springs—18 miles distant. And it works real good, too, except when the beavers gnaw down the poles.

Fred Harman came into Archuleta County in 1902, when he was two months old. His father was torn between law and ranching. Ranching won and, except for two interludes in Kansas City when his father briefly renewed his law practice, Fred grew up in the Pagosa Springs region.

In the first World War, Harman ran away to join up, but at fifteen the best he could do was the National Guard. After a few months spent guarding the Kansas City waterworks against potential Uhlan raids he was released. He arrived back in Colorado with $3, which he wisely spent on such staples as salt, lard and flour before he set out to find a job as a cow hand. Even at a dollar a day, most ranchers thought he wasn't much of a bargain. For four months he lived off the land and slept in the woods. Then he got a job as a cow hand and for the next decade supported himself, mainly, as a cowpuncher.

One winter he drifted back to Kansas City and got a job as a "flyboy" in the pressroom of the Kansas City Star. He watched the cartoonists at work and decided that was the career for him. He had been drawing for his own pleasure for as long as he could remember. With the coming of spring he returned to ranching, but the following winter he was back in Kansas City working for the Film Ad Company, an outfit that made commercial cartoon films. He met a fellow employee named Walt Disney. A year later Fred and Walt went into the commercial film business for themselves. The venture collapsed and Disney went on to Hollywood. Fred went back to ranching.

Fred continued to try to make parallel careers of ranching and commercial art work. In 1926 he married and built himself a large log cabin in his old home ranch country. When his son reached school age he decided that on his $40 a month as a cow hand, the boy was in line for an extremely meager education. So he went to Hollywood, borrowed money and set out to syndicate his own cartoon strip.

The strip was then called Bronc Peeler. Later his wife, Lola, persuaded him to make a bid for the juvenile audience by including an appealing, youthful character. So Fred created Little Beaver, modeled after a Navajo youngster he had befriended and made a pal of in Colorado. He changed the strip's title to Bronc Peeler and Little Beaver. Then he went broke. *(Continued on page 77)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY EDWARD LANE



Myrtle Headlee formerly played in Western movies as Myrtle Jones and finds it easy to fit herself into the role of Beth



Above, Samuel Trujillo, the current Little Beaver. Below, Bill Flaugh, the prototype of the hard-riding Red Ryder





STAR

BY RUSSELL BEGG

Mike Logan was a talent scout who earned his liv hunting up beautiful women. Business was a pleas until he got himself a fiancée who thought otherw

WOULD you like to be another Lana Turner?" I said, slipping onto the stool next to the redhead. I had spotted her when I first walked into the Beverly Hills edition of Schwab's drugstore, and something had gone click in my brain, or wherever it is something goes click when you see a beautiful girl.

"I don't even want to be the first one," the redhead said. I thought for a moment that I would cancel my milk shake and ride back to the office on the iceberg she had just handed me. But she looked too good to leave. She was about twenty-two, with a cute face, a tiny nose and blue eyes. I saw the eyes when she turned to look at me. Maybe they weren't blue, maybe they were battleship gray.

I decided that this was worth fighting for. I fired number two. "What do you think of the latest issue of the Partisan Review?" She looked like the intellectual type, you know, Joan Fontaine right after she takes off the glasses.

"I think it stinks."

I was right. Intellectual. But not talkative. Maybe boats would do it, everybody has a boat. "Been sailing at Balboa lately?"

"I hate sailing."

This was like trying to win on one of those claw-hammer machines at the carnival. "You sure you wouldn't like to be another Lana Turner?"

"That's right, and I don't want to be the Partisan Review, or a sailboat at Balboa."

"Well, you may think you're Ilka Chase," I countered, "but somewhere under that tough exterior there beats a heart."

"You'll lose an arm if you try to find out," she said.

Before anybody gets the idea that I'm a cheap masher, I'd better explain that when I engaged this young lady in conversation, I wasn't doing it for myself, it was business. I work for the Bailey Jones Talent Agency, which discovers and handles movie stars. I was only trying to discover this young lady so she could be handled later on. I am at times sort of a professional masher. In the agency hierarchy, I am about one cut above the doorman, and ninety cuts below Bailey Jones, my boss. I am known as a subagent.

The Bailey Jones Agency may not have as much antique paneling as some of the more famous offices, but we handle almost as many of the top stars. I work the night shift, which means that my job is to escort our female stars to various social events, night clubs and so forth. Mr. Jones has a low impression of the average male movie star, so he has his subagents take out his unmarried female clients.

I am chief boy in this escort bureau, because I have nice manners which I picked up proofreading several Emily Post books, and because, for some strange reason, I have a reputation for not hustling young ladies up to Lookout Mountain.

The reason for this reputation is that I have taken our most luscious star, Barbara Brighton, to several social functions, and have returned her home without laying a hand on her, as the expres goes. And so the boss has the idea that I am scended from one of those little men who sit side the harem door, and I continue to be escort for the agency. On the side, I scout tale places like Schwab's.

"The food here is very bad," I said to the head, who was not another Lana Turner, but plenty. "Don't you hate drugstore sandwich

"No," she said.

I tried several other tacks, like don't you California because of the no-change-in-sea And wouldn't you like to be in New York boy, all those museums and all that opera?

She didn't say anything. I can take a hint. don't have to hit me with Max Factor. I left.

I stood in front of the drugstore for a mom It seemed early to go back to the office and gin rummy, and the sunshine was warm, thought I might stroll down Wilshire Boulevard a distance.

I walked down the boulevard. It was very assuring. On my way back I turned up and wal toward Schwab's again and noticed an old Due berg parked in front of the drugstore. I hav passion for old cars, and this one was old eno for me to be more than usually passionate. I loo at it lovingly for a moment, and then I looked and saw that the girl behind the wheel was the head.

She was as lovely as I had thought, but she having trouble. The car wouldn't start. She turning the motor over and over with no res except that painful sound of somebody tryin start a car. She obviously didn't know what she doing. As a man who practically designed the D senberg, I know a few things about the car that e old man Duesenberg himself doesn't know.

I walked up to the side of the car and said, "L how would you like to be another Lana Turn

"If you think that line is going to grow on you're crazy," she said, without looking up.

"Why don't you call a service station?"

"Why don't you hang yourself?"

"You'll just kill the battery that way."

"Look, there's an excavation over on Santa M ica. If you get over there quick you can stil the steam shovel."

"Do you want to get the car started?" I asked

"No, I'm in business running down batter

"Move over."

"What?"

"I said move over, and I'll start the car for y I expected her to tell me to go fall down a n hole, but she just looked at me for a moment

"All right," she said, her voice softer "start it."

I pulled out a few levers, toyed with the ch delicately pressed the starter, the motor sta then caught with that nice pleasant sound of a tor that has been trying to catch for a long t

I raced the motor and looked at the redhead umphantly. "The least you can do is marry

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN KLIMLEY

HIS HAIR



motor is all you're going to start," she

the story could have ended right here, but . Somehow she didn't throw me out of the ead, she said she was driving to the beach, I said what a coincidence so am I.
sorry I was nasty," she said as we drove Wilshire toward the ocean, "but that's the tude to take in Hollywood."
re absolutely right," I said. "A girl 't take with strange men in Hollywood. way, my name is Mike Logan."
, Mike."
t's your name?"
't you think you're rushing things?"
look—" I began, but then she started and it was such a pleasant laugh I just and listened.
orry," she grinned. "I'm Janice Brooks."
o, Janice," I said *(Continued on page 59)*

one she threw the lit-, dogs, and the like. dn't miss me once. lephant hurt. "But ' I shouted once more en fled to my car

ROAD TO THE 19th HOLE



The gallery crowded the fairway in front of Hope as he prepared to take his shot. "Spread your legs slightly," he yelled. "I'd like to play throu

BY TED SHANE

Screen zanies Bob Hope and Bing Crosby often go on the road for a round of golf. This is the tale of a typical match. If you're not wacky at the first hole you will be at the 19th

IT WAS one of those well-washed California days —clean and gentle—and Bob Hope stood outside the Beverly Wilshire Hotel with me. We were waiting for Bing Crosby, to drive down to Long Beach where Hope and Crosby would play a foursome benefit.

"There's Bing now," Hope said, looking up Wilshire Boulevard.

I looked and saw a lot of cars.

"How can you tell?"

"He even drives a car with a slice," Hope said.

Sure enough, it was Crosby, who curved to a stop.

"How are ya, Flabby?" Crosby remarked blithely as he stepped out of his car and into Hope's car.

"Nice of you to come, Festerhead," Hope retorted gaily. "We've only been waiting since Tuesday."

This was Sunday, after twelve. The match was set for one-thirty. Long Beach was about 30 miles away.

On the way down, Jack Hope, Bob's brother, drove, and I sat between Hope and Crosby in the back seat.

"This car is fifty years old," Crosby remarked. "Why don't you get a new one, Bob? It's falling apart."

"Never mind, Dumbo. It'll have to do," H

"Do you like this car as much as the kind gear shift?" Crosby inquired.

Soon, we were out in the rolling hills of th We passed a lot of Sunday horseback riders crossed the highway in front of our car and slow up. The girls looked wonderingly at H Crosby—but didn't recognize them.

"Sing!" cried Hope to Crosby. "Don't there!" But Crosby had another thought.

"How's about picking up a couple of these caddies?" he asked. "Mounted caddies—that thought."

It would take mounted caddies to keep Bing and Bob in their endless round of exhibit benefit matches.

Shortly after Crosby and Hope started th tion-picture tours of just about every Road getic staff of writers could conjure up, they also their tours of the golf courses. Often, thos contributed mightily to the despair of film ers, who would call Bing and *(Continued on*

A LADY FOR BALLAROL

BY GARALD LAGARD

Rackham thought Sime Canought's new girl would make a good wife for his pappy. Then he fell in love with her himself

I LOOKED at Pappy flat on the bullhide, and I said, "Just where you figger on me finding this lady?"

Eighteen hundred and thirty-one was the first year we cleared twenty thousand on the cotton and Pappy spent most of every day on the bullhide. It took six darkies to grab hold of the bull's tail and keep Pappy tugged into the shade, but we had darkies to spare. There was a lot of Pappy, though, and he wore out a bullhide in quick order.

"Blast you, Raek," Pappy said, "go to Natchez. Go to New Orleans. Ballarol can support a lady. It's more on your account. We ain't had a lady on the place since your mammy died in '14: Sort of a middle-sized widow, Raek. You find her, and then I'll get around to pay my respects." Pappy closed his eyes again. "But nobody from Natchez-Under-the-Hill," he said.

So I put on my right and left boots brought from Pittsburgh the summer before, and found my pistols. The mare was fresh and we hit the Trace and kept moving upriver toward Natchez.

A lady on Ballarol wasn't strict to my liking. Things were pleasurable as they were. I had turned twenty-one without bringing a wife down-river, and now Pappy wanted one brought for himself. Pappy, who spent most of his time asleep on a bullhide. I figured you could spend twenty thousand dollars a year just as brisk on things a man did and could use. A lady at Ballarol!

Nobody stopped me on the Trace and I came into Natchez about boat time in the afternoon. I remember it was hot.

"Raekham Ballarol!" It was Simon Canought and he stood on the piazza of the Parker Hotel. I swung off the mare and tossed the reins to a darky and stepped onto the piazza. "Hot, ain't it?" Sime said it as if he wasn't just sure. He turned around, and I followed him into the bar. Sime put his belly tight to the mahogany and tossed a coin on the bar.

"Piseos," he said. "Two piseos, and then maybe two more." *(Continued on page 62)*



She tried to stand up and I grabbed her. I said, "What're you doing?" She kept kicking at me, squealing

ILLUSTRATED BY
GILBERT DARLING

The HALF-NAKED Truth

BY LAWRENCE G. BLOCHMA

The police found the young lady running down the street screaming at 2 A. M.

She was Lieutenant Ritter's problem, but Dr. Dan Coffee found the solution

THE redheaded stranger strode through the detectives' squad room with the silent disdain of a man about to foreclose a mortgage on the police station. He opened the door marked "Private—Keep Out" and kicked it shut behind him.

Lieutenant of Detectives Max Ritter did not look up from the daily morgue report. He said, "I didn't hear anybody knock."

"Shrewd observation, Ritter," said the redhead. "I didn't."

Ritter's eyes raised defiantly, to contemplate a sturdy individual with the contours of an oak filing cabinet. The man's face, his lips, his ears, his eyebrows, and the close-cropped hair of his temples were all the same color of brick-dust red. He seemed to be built exclusively of straight lines—his mouth, his shoulders, the span of his invisible eyebrows. Ritter was considering the best means of ejecting his visitor when he noted a bulge under the left armpit, which could be a shoulder holster. There was an undefinable familiarity in the visitor's manner which made Ritter think he might be a colleague of sorts.

"Sit down," the lieutenant said.

The stranger planted one haunch on a corner of Ritter's desk and dropped a card on the blotter. The card read: Peter Lovering, Private Investigator, 408 W. 14th St., New York City. WA 4-2354.

"Ever see this woman?" Lovering asked, handing Ritter a photo.

Ritter studied the regular, handsome features. The woman was young, probably in her early twenties, but her eyes were old. She was beautiful in a hard, dark, cosmetic way.

"No," said Ritter. "Actress?" He tossed the photo back.

Lovering let the photo lie. He looked at Ritter squarely. "She was a night-club dancer," he said. "But she wouldn't be dancing in Northbank."

"What's she hiding from?"

"Look, Ritter. I don't want this woman jugged. I just want to find her. Understand?"

Ritter sighed. He was a slim, tallish young man with dark, curly hair. He might have been aesthetic-looking if he were not quite so homely. And his sad, intelligent eyes deplored the wholesale flexing of muscles that seemed so necessary in his profession.

"I wish you private dicks would all quit trying to act like Humphrey Bogart," Ritter said.

"Look, Ritter," Lovering interrupted. "I'm acting for this woman's husband. He wants her back, that's all—and no fuss. She came to Northbank three weeks ago with another man. They took an apartment at the Whippet Arms, just across from the bus terminal, under the name of Mr. and Mrs. George Taylor. They paid two months in advance and had a phone installed. They were still there the day before yesterday, because the woman wrote to her husband from there. But they moved out last night, bag and baggage. They didn't ask a rent refund, they didn't have the phone disconnected and they didn't leave a forwarding address. Will you help find her?"

"What's her name?" Ritter asked.

"Her maiden name was Nancy Wynn. She may use that."

"What's her married name?"

"I'm not free to say—yet. She's five foot three, weighs 115 pounds when she's eating. Even when she's not, she curves in the right places. She has a walk that makes men follow her in the street, but she doesn't mean it. She also has gray eyes and dark brown hair—almost black. Okay?"

"We'll help." Ritter was making notes. "Where do I reach you?"

"You can't. I checked my toothbrush and clean shirt at the airport. If I bed down somewhere tonight, I'll let you know where."

Ritter clipped his notes to the photograph of Nancy Wynn. "All right, Lovering, you keep in touch."

Ritter watched Peter Lovering go out. Then he stuck his head through the door to the squad room and grunted in the general direction of the card game near the window. "Brody," he called.

One of the detectives put down his cards and stood up.

"Tail that redhead, will you, Brody?" Ritter said.

EARLY next morning Lieutenant Ritter sauntered into the pathology laboratory of Pasteur Hospital. His friend Dr. Daniel Webster Coffee waved a greeting with one hand and went on twisting the focusing knob of his microscope with the other.

"Hi, Doc," said the police detective. "I got problems."

"So have I, Max," the pathologist said. "What's on your mind?"

"Plenty," said Max Ritter. He talked rapidly and without interruption, although Dan Coffee seemed completely engrossed in his microscope. He knew that the pathologist was listening with one ear, and when he reached the point at which he judged Dr. Coffee would enter the conversation, he stopped. Dr. Coffee looked up.

"You say she wore no clothes at all, Max?" Dan Coffee asked.

"She might just as well have been stark naked," Ritter replied. "A pearl necklace ain't clothes. And you could read a phone book through that black chiffon negligee she had on."

"Where is she now, Max?"

"Right here in Pasteur Hospital. There was a cold breeze blowing down Taft Avenue last night and she was starting to turn blue. So the boys called an ambulance and then they called me. I had the ambulance shunted over here to your shop. Will you take a look at her?"

"If you want—but she doesn't sound like a case for pathology," said Dr. Coffee. "What makes you think she's not a mental case?"

"I got reasons," said Ritter. "The hospital put up an argument at first, but they can't refuse an emergency case. And a half-naked lady running down Taft Avenue at 2:00 A.M. yelling bloody murder rates as an emergency in my book. So you can bill the City of Northbank for any tests you make, and make plenty, Doc. I may be in a spot."

"How, Max?"

"Meet me for lunch at Raoul's, Doc, and I'll tell all. But I got a couple of angles to check meanwhile."

"One thing more. Are you sure the lady wasn't drunk?"

"Well, she acted drunk, Doc, and the boys thought she was. She couldn't talk straight. But she didn't smell drunk. She smelled expensive. No liquor on her breath, but she sort of gave off sweet fumes of Who-began-it's Number Ten, or some other $50-an-ounce number. "Is there any poison that smells like expensive perfume, Doc?"

"You think she was poisoned?"

"I'll tell you at noon. By the way, you can tell 'em to write 'Nancy Wynn' on her chart. That may be her name."

When the detective had gone, Dr. Coffee went down to ward F. He talked briefly to the resident, who told him that Nancy—if that were her name—had been in a coma since she was admitted. The pathologist walked down the row of white beds to look at the sleeping patient. Her dark hair fanned out on the pillow. Her face, motionless and very pale, startled Dr. Coffee strangely. An uneasy tremor ran through him, as though he were reacting unconsciously to the presence of some —something like death. Dr. C did not believe in the occult psychic auras, so he shrugged impression as purely subjecti reached for the girl's wrist. Th nothing unworldly about the p respiration, and yet—

Dr. Coffee examined the gir more closely, trying to analyze happy, almost tragic beauty features were symmetrical, eve cate, yet they were tense. E sleep her lips and the muscles face were not relaxed. She wa ing something. Fear, perhaps of what?

GENTLY Dr. Coffee raised cy's eyelids. The smoke-gr stared at him, unseeing. He t her white, well-molded arms. H particularly interested in a pe roughness on the underside forearms, a series of tiny scar two small welts like mosquito The girl moaned faintly.

Dan Coffee exchanged a few with the medical resident an turned to his own domain in th gical wing.

"Dr. Mookerji," he called opened his laboratory door.

Dr. Motilal Mookerji, reside pathology, Calcutta's gift to N bank, was poring over a tray o affin blocks, seeking one con a fragment of thyroid tissue. T tund Dr. Mookerji rose to h five feet four, including the hug turban which coiled and sp upon his head like a pastry dream. He pressed the tips o brown fingers together to salut senior pathologist.

"Greetings, Doctor Sahib, Hindu said. "Five times greet

"I want you to go down to w Dr. Mookerji," Dan Coffee said take a blood sample from a w our friend Lieutenant Ritter sen

"Leftenant Ritter?" The made clucking sounds as he his big head. "We are being co on fresh criminal homicides?"

"No-o," said Dr. Coffee th fully. "At least I don't think s patient came in last night in a apparent delirium, followed by I think she's in insulin shock. set up the colorimeter for a sugar check."

Forty minutes later Dr. Coffe covered that Nancy Wynn's sugar level was at the alarming .03 per cent.

(Continued on page 66)

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD MCLEOD



"A narcotics agent was shot in New York and a hophead named George Tacoma was suspected. A very cold-blooded job. Happened right out on the street. Now, if there were one witness . . ."

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

PART XII. ITALY DOWN FOR THE COUNT

Stalin bitterly accuses the U.S. and Britain of bad faith in postponing D-Day for western Europe. Churchill's scorching reply brings tension to a new high as Italy's collapse fails to relieve the Mediterranean crisis

WHEN Hopkins returned to Washington from Casablanca he found a formidable pile of clippings of newspaper attacks upon him and his wife. There was a fantastic story that Lord Beaverbrook gave Mrs. Hopkins emeralds worth half a million dollars for a wedding present; and there was a great deal of sensational material about the dinner for the Hopkinses given at the Hotel Carlton, on December 16th, by Bernard M. Baruch. According to the various reports, there were from 60 to 80 guests present and Baruch paid anywhere from $10 to $40 a person. (I was one of the guests and can say that it was a large party but I haven't the faintest idea what it cost.)

Whatever the statistics, there was plenty of reason to regret the whole episode. The American Magazine had just published an article by Hopkins with the title You and Your Family Will Be Mobilized, in which he wrote of the extreme toughness of the war, and the need for ever-greater sacrifices on the part of the people. He said:

. . . No family should object to meat rationing when they realize the beef and bacon they don't get is being served to their sons and brothers in the Army.

The newspapers had fun aplenty quoting those words together with the Carlton menu, which ran from caviar through beef à la mode, corned beef in jelly and Virginia ham to three kinds of ice cream, plus vintage champagne.

Of course, Hopkins was long accustomed to vilification. He knew that the really savage attacks came from the Patterson-McCormick-Hearst newspapers and were expressive of their hatred of Roosevelt and their temporarily frustrated isolationism. But these attacks were directed at his wife as much as himself, and he was determined to fight back with suits for libel.

Roosevelt talked him out of this, saying, "This is a fight in which you would be licked before you could even get started. The whole proceedings would give them a glorious opportunity to pile on the smears—and, after what you would have to take, what earthly good would it do you to win a verdict and receive damages of one dollar?" Hopkins reluctantly accepted this good advice. There were other more important causes for concern.

When Stalin received the message dispatched by the President and the Prime Minister at the end of the Casablanca conference, he cabled Roosevelt:

I received your friendly joint message on January 27th. I thank you for the information on the decisions taken in Casablanca regarding operations to be carried out by American and British armed forces in the course of the first nine months of 1943. As I understand that by the decisions taken regarding Germany you yourselves set the task of crushing it by opening a second front in Europe in 1943, I should be very obliged to you for information on the concrete operations planned in this respect and on the scheduled time of their realization.

As regards the Soviet Union, I can assure you that the armed forces of the U.S.S.R. will do everything in their power to continue the offensive against Germany and her allies on the Soviet-German front. Circumstances permitting, we intend to wind up our winter campaign in the first half of February of this year. Our troops are tired, they need rest and will hardly be able to continue the offensive beyond that time.

Eisenhower Expresses an Opinion

This was not easy to answer. The situation in Tunisia was discouraging, and Eisenhower sent a long, detailed cable expressing the opinion that it would be dangerous to launch the Sicily operation as planned. If it were to be attempted too early, said Eisenhower, "it is unlikely to succeed."

When Churchill read this message he immediately cabled Hopkins:

I was much upset about Eisenhower's message. Our people feel pretty sure that they can get their side of things ready for the June date. . . . I think it is an awful thing that in April, May and June, not a single American or British soldier will be killing a single German or Italian soldier while the Russians are chasing 185 divisions around. . . .

The most important consideration of the war now was the results of the battle of Stalingrad. Russia, no longer a beleaguered fortress, was emerging as one of the mightiest of world po

On February 18th Churchill was taken seri ill with pneumonia. Hopkins immediately c him the expression of anxiety that was felt by millions of people.

Churchill's doctors called him "the world's patient" and he was described as "restive and tankerous and constantly calling for the forb cigars." He also never stopped dictating cab commanders on all the battle fronts and to R velt and Hopkins in Washington.

Anthony Eden arrived in Washington on M 12, 1943. According to a memorandum from bassador Winant to the President, Eden's m was to be "limited to the most effective meth preparing for meetings between the governm of all the United Nations to consider ques arising out of the war." The main question w consequence of victory at Stalingrad.

Anthony Eden Visits the President

The first notes that Hopkins wrote after E arrival were dated March 15, 1943, as follow

The President, Mr. Eden and I dined last and discussed, in great detail, the postwar graphical problems of Europe.

RUSSIA. Eden stated he thought Russia our most difficult problem; that she undoub had two different plans up her sleeve—one on British-American co-operation with Russi the other on the assumption that the U.S. w withdraw from all interest in European a after the war. Eden said he believed that R preferred and hoped for the former, because was not prepared to face the implicati Russia's control over European affairs, and land would probably be too weak to face alone diplomatically. I asked him what he th Russia's demands at the peace table wo Eden said he thought they first would deman the Baltic States be absorbed as states U.S.S.R. . . .

The President stated that he thought this action on the part of Russia would meet a good deal of resistance in the United Sta England; that he realized that, realistic Russian armies would be in the Baltic S the time of the downfall of Germany and n us can force them to get out. He, the Pres said he thought the United States woul Russia not to take them into the U.S.S.R. a new plebiscite . . .

POLAND. Eden said he thought Russia demand very little territory of Poland . . . lieved Stalin wanted a strong Poland, pr the right kind of people were running it .

CZECHOSLOVAKIA, RUMANIA, TU BULGARIA, GREECE. Both Eden and th dent thought that none of these countries real difficulties from a geographical point

AUSTRIA and HUNGARY. Both agr Austria and Hungary should be established dependent states. Eden said he thought would want to be pretty arbitrary about H because the Russians do not like the Hun and that Stalin would be unwilling to giv any favors at the peace table.

GERMANY. Eden said that the m portant thing, on which we had to get a of the minds in regard to Germany was th tion of whether we were going to be able with Germany as a unit after the war, dis them, etc., and also for the peace, or whet were going to insist that it be broken up into independent states. Eden said that from th ferences he had had with the Russians he w that Stalin . . . had a deep-seated distrust Germans and that he would insist that G be broken up into a number of states . . .

On March 16th, Hopkins wrote of a with Litvinov:

I called to see the ambassador this eve asked him what he believed the Russian d at the peace table would be. He said tha of course, would want the Baltic State Russia considered them now part of the U.S that they had always been historically p Russia, apart from the fact that they were e to them for security reasons . . .

On March 27th, there was a meeting of velt, Eden, Hull, Welles, Halifax and

, Assistant Undersecretary of State in the n Office, which Hopkins described as follows: I raised the question of the sixty or seventy nd Jews . . . in Bulgaria . . . threatened with hination unless we could get them out and ressed Eden for an answer to the problem. le replied that the whole problem of the Jews ope is very difficult and that we should move autiously about offering to take all Jews out untry like Bulgaria. If we do that, then ws of the world will be wanting us to make offers in Poland and Germany. Hitler well take us up on any such offer and there are not enough ships and means of trans- on in the world to handle them.

n said that the British were ready to take 60,000 more Jews to Palestine but the m of transportation . . . is extremely difficult. Furthermore . . . the Germans would be sure to attempt to put a number of their agents in the group. They have been pretty successful with this technique in getting their agents into both North and South America . . .

During Eden's visit much spadework was done on the organization of the United Nations. From this work there resulted the UNRRA organization and the conferenees at Moscow, Teheran, Bretton Woods, Dumbarton Oaks, Yalta and finally San Franciseo.

At a press conference on March 30th after Eden's departure, Roosevelt said, "If you want to be didactie and put it in terms of figures, I would say that so far . . . we are about 95 per cent together."

I asked Hopkins at the time what the other five per eent consisted of, and he replied, "Mostly France." Eden had stated the British view that they would greatly prefer to deal with one strong Freneh authority, representing all possible elements of Freneh opinion.

Roosevelt and Hull wished to deal separately with the French authorities in the Paeifie Islands and with those in Martinique. Roosevelt persisted in his belief that no single French authority could be set up by the Allies and recognized by them, without eventually ineurring the bitter resentment of the people of metropolitan Franee itself.

After the Eden eonferences in Washington, Churchill eabled, asking Hopkins and Gcneral Marshall to join him for a meeting with Eisenhower in North Africa. The main purpose of the conference was to expedite the launehing of the Sieilian Operation and to determine the answer to the question: "Where do we go from there?"

It was decided later, *(Continued on page 48)*



President Roosevelt and the Earl of Athlone, Governor-General of Canada (seated), Canada's Premier Mackenzie King and Winston Churchill (standing) have reason to smile. As the Quebec Conference meets, Mussolini has fled and Italy is putting out peace feelers

An Affair OF STATE

Jeff Baker meets a wartime Russian friend in Budapest. Leonides warns they will be fighting each other unless Jeff helps him secretly fight to overthrow the Kremlin. This is the second of four parts in a serial of high intrigue

BY PAT FRANK

The Story: After seven years in the Army, JEFF BAKER returns to the States early in 1949, determined to do something to help his country maintain peace in the world. Believing that only a practical application, through our diplomatic corps in Europe, of the democratic principles on which our government was founded can avert war, Jeff applies to the State Department for a commission as a Foreign Service officer. At a cocktail party in Washington he meets SUSAN PICKETT, young widow of COLONEL PICKETT. She is secretary at the important nine-o'clock State Department conference. Although she and Jeff are attracted to each other, she tells him, "I won't have another man. I'm afraid I'll only lose him in another war. I couldn't stand that." Jeff tells her that she is afraid to take a chance on the world, and leaves her. During Jeff's oral exam for the State Department, GERALD MATSON, in charge of the Balkans Division, raises strong objections because Jeff is not "hardheaded" enough. But what Jeff says about war appeals strongly to the Secretary of State, and Jeff is accepted. He is assigned to the U.S. embassy in Budapest. Shortly before he leaves, he receives a call from HORACE LOCKE, a lifelong friend of his father. Locke, once a powerful man, is now in an obscure position, but he shares Jeff's fears and ideals about the world, and tells Jeff to call on him if he ever needs advice and help. As Jeff is packing, the phone rings. It is Susan Pickett. She has heard he is leaving. Jeff goes to her apartment, and aware of the little time remaining, takes her in his arms and kisses her. She responds warmly. Later Susan tells Jeff goodby in the airlines terminal as loud-speakers announce, "Flight 86, loading at gate 3 for Shannon, Prague, Vienna and Budapest."

JEFF BAKER got his assignment his first night in Budapest. He had, of course, reported to the minister the morning of his arrival; that is, he reported to Morgan Collingwood, the consul general, who was senior Foreign Service officer, and Morgan Collingwood had presented him to Admiral Blankenhorn, chief of mission in Budapest.

Mr. Collingwood was a slight, balding man who looked like the oldest and most inconspicuous vice-president in a bank. But the admiral looked like an admiral. His hair was white as the crest of a breaker, his face red as if he had just stepped off a gale-swept bridge.

He sat behind an executive desk framed between the Stars and Stripes and the two-star flag of his rank. On the wall behind him were pictures of Theodore Roosevelt reviewing the Great White Fleet, Franklin D. Roosevelt when he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and the battleship Wyoming.

Mr. Collingwood said, "This is Mr. Baker, just in this morning from Washington."

The admiral said, "Glad to have you aboard, Baker."

On the admiral's desk were tiny, perfect models of four destroyers, a cruiser and an aircraft carrier.

"Quincy Todd met the plane at Matyasföld, as usual," said Collingwood.

"Young Todd," the admiral said, "makes an excellent flag secretary. Speaks the language. You don't, do you?"

"No, sir," Jeff said. "I've got Italian and French and German, but no Hungarian. I was going to take lessons."

"Won't need to," said the admiral. "It's the same here as everyplace else. All the educated people speak English. Now you take me. I've been every place in the world Spent my whole life traveling. Never had to speak anything but English."

The admiral asked how things were at home, and Jeff told him things were about the same, and the admiral shook his head as if that were bad and said, "I want you to come up to my place for dinner tonight. I want a firsthand picture of the situation in the States. Like my intelligence fresh. Besides, Fred Keller will be there. I want you to work with him."

"Is Mr. Keller in the building?" Jeff asked.

"No, he's not in the building. You see, Baker, he has a very, very special job. Very delicate. He operates entirely outside the legation. Deals with people who can't afford to be seen going in and out of here. You understand, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, sir. You mean the Atlantis Project."

Jeff knew from the way Collingwood started, and from the admiral's face, which lost all its affability, that he had said the wrong thing.

"Where did you hear Atlantis Project?" the admiral demanded.

"In Washington, sir."

"Fools!" the admiral said, slowly shaking his head from side to side. "Here we break our necks insuring security and those blabbermouths talk about it all over the place."

"I was warned that it was extremely confidential," Jeff protested.

"Confidential, hell! It's classified top-secret! They had no right to tell *anybody!*"

The admiral let out his breath, almost in a whistle, and said, "Well, I guess there's no damage, because I'm going to use you on the job. But it's just as I've always said—it's a mistake to have generals running the State Department. They don't know what security means. Ought to have Navy men."

The admiral slapped his palm on the desk and capsized the cruiser. "Now, look, *(Continued on page 32)*





Jeff asked Rikki to dance—he didn't want her to talk any more right then. In a strange world this was a very strange city

PLAYGROUND IN THE SKY

Jasper's 4,200-square-mile sea of mountains is Canada's largest national park area. The ice age still lingers there, and Americans get a warm welcome. A heated swimming pool, a golf course, well-mannered bears and gorgeous scenery help draw the tourists

BY JOHN KORD LAGEMANN



LEO RACKOWE



CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

DESIGNS FOR TOURING—XI

ROUTES: From western U.S. "gateway" at Spokane, Washington, take U.S. Route 95 to border; follow British Columbia Route 4 to Radium, 1-B to Mt. Eisenhower, Alberta, Route 1 to Lake Louise, then scenic Route 1-A to Jasper. Total distance: 537 miles. Gravel roads on Canadian side.

From continental U.S. "gateway" at Shelby, Montana, take U.S. 91 to border, follow Alberta Route 4 to Lethbridge, Route 3 to Macleod, Route 2 to Calgary, Route 1 via Banff to Lake Louise, then Route 1-A to Jasper. Total distance: 525 miles. Gravel roads on Canadian side.

Rail passage via transcontinental Canadian National Railways System.

Identification but no passport required at border. Americans entitled to bring back $400 Canadian purchases duty-free if they have been 12 days in Canada, $100 if they have been there less than 12 days.

ACCOMMODATIONS: At Jasper Park Lodge (650 guests) single rates, American plan only, begin at $10. At Athabasca Hotel in Jasper Village single rates begin at $3 European plan. Numerous "bungalow camps" throughout park offer heated log cabins with mountain views at $3 and up European plan, $7 and up American plan. Columbia Icefield Chalet overlooking glaciers from $5.50 and $8.50 European plan. Accommodations at Maligne and Medicine Lakes and Tonquin Valley are included in price of motor and pack-horse tours.

FOOD: Outstanding cuisine at Jasper Park Lodge and Columbia Icefield Chalet; reliable throughout the park.

WHAT TO WEAR: Informality is the rule, though some "dress for dinner" at lodge.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION: Write to Mr. Leo D. Dolan, Director Canadian Travel Bureau, Ottawa, Ontario.

FUR traders and explorers crossing the Athabaska Trail over the Canadian Rockies used to say you couldn't find a better host than Jasper Hawes, the yellow-haired ex-Missouri mule skinner who drifted up here to run trap lines and stayed on to run a way station for the Hudson's Bay Company.

Travelers were glad to share the one-room log cabin with Jasper, his Indian wife and their two counted young. Beds consisting of bearhide spread on the puncheon floor looked good to the and at mealtime they smacked their lips over broiled trout, buffalo steak or a Jasper House specialty wildcat roasted whole and stuffed with chunks mountain ram.

Jasper vanished with his family 130-odd years ago when he built a raft and tried to ride the swirling Fraser River down to the coast. But his name and his hospitable reputation stuck to the wild 4,200-square-mile sea of mountains which is Canada's largest national park and one of the most stupendous scenic areas anywhere in the world.

Wayfarers today are mostly well-heeled Americans who come by car, plane or air-conditioned train to gaze, golf, swim, ski, climb or do nothing at all under a mountain sun which produces exquisite tans at daytime summer temperatures averaging around 75 degrees F. At swanky Jasper Park Lodge they rough it in log cabins containing up to five a



sper's most celebrated beauty spot. Here emerald-hued Lac Beauvert reflects snow-laden peaks. It is a "must" on the list of every visitor

ooms, brave the glacial waters of an open-ming pavilion heated to a constant 73 de-, and venture out across the carefully wilds of a championship golf course where atest danger is losing a golf ball to a play-

has been a national park for forty-one t few except hardy mountaineers ever saw n until 1922, when the Canadian National opened the 60-cabin lodge on the land-hores of Lac Beauvert and set out to com-h the Canadian Pacific's long-established t Banff and Lake Louise. Besides the lodge a score of smaller hotels, bungalow camps e ranches to choose from. (See Tour Box.) Banff, where the mountains tower up odeling distance of your hotel window, illage lies in the broad, green Athabaska here the Rockies, like ancestors of time, nd to be looked upon at a serene and stance. The transparent air of the valley range trick of liquefying perspective and you feel as if you were treading interplane-ce among separate worlds of polar snow, serts, flowering meadowlands, tractless for-aerial lakes of the deepest green, violet, in-balt and ultramarine.

where you sit fanning yourself right now e hard to believe, but the ice age isn't quite over yet. From the Jasper-Banff highway you'll see its fantastic remnants in the Columbia Icefield —the 150-square mile "roof of the Rockies" which holds the greatest body of ice outside the Arctic Circle. Water from the mile-wide rivers of ice that creep down the mountainsides flows into the Atlantic, the Pacific and the Arctic oceans.

The glaciers will still be there when you get there, but they're retreating fast, some at the rate of over 30 feet a year and you can measure their movement by waves of fresh rubble they've left in front of them. Guides can always rely on a certain number of tourists to ask, "Where have the glaciers gone?" The stock answer is still: "Back up the mountains, ma'am, to fetch more rock."

Tall Tales of a Wilderness Pioneer

Whenever an American and a Canadian get to arguing over the comparative wonders of their mountains, the Canadian is pretty sure to fall back on the late Dave MacDougall, a Banff rancher and outfitter who spent a lifetime roaming through this country and embellishing its wonders. How much does it snow up here? Well, come spring thaw, Dave could generally recognize his winter camp-sites by the burnt-off tops of tall pines where he'd built his campfires.

As for the size of those pines, Dave was driving his team and wagon back to the ranch one day when he found the bridge over Ghost River Can-yon washed out by floods. He had to cut down one of the trees along the bank to drive across. "You mean to say you drove your team over a fallen tree?" a listener once asked him.

"Shucks, no," said Dave. "That tree was holler and I drove 'em through it."

No less fabulous than Dave MacDougall's tall tales of the Rockies are the actual doings of the six Brewster brothers, who grew up on a remote mountain ranch near Banff, where their pioneer father made a precarious living by guiding wealthy big-game hunters from England and the States. In their infancy, rifles and reins took the place of rat-tles, and by the time most boys climb out of their play pens the Brewsters were scrambling over the mountains.

Besides guiding hunters, the boys broke trail for the railroads and highways; and when the tourists started swarming in over the border, Brewster-owned hotels, restaurants, filling stations, bus lines and guide services were way out in front of com-petitors. At least one of the brothers, the late Jim Brewster, became a millionaire—without changing his ways in the least. During the royal visit in 1939, when he took the king and queen to look at the big-game trophies in his parlor, Jim opened the front door and *(Continued on page 73)*



WHERE THER… SMOK…

BY EDG… BROC…

The leading man had walked home with Jane last night, but nothing happened

COLLIER'S
SHORT SHORT

IF THERE is a lobe in the human brain whose special function is suspicion, Charlie Jordan had one of abnormal size and activity. In one way it was a help to him. He had never been known to cash a bad check and no young teller in the Gotham National Bank had a better future than Charlie. But in most ways Charlie's eternal suspiciousness was a nuisance, and I guess it was partly irritation and partly the wild notion of teaching him a lesson that made me suggest that he hire a private detective. His reaction was to look at me with respect and grudging admiration.

"Now you're talking sense," he said.

"It's nothing of the sort," I recanted testily. "It would be a crime to put a detective on a girl like Jane."

"That's exactly what I would have said a month ago, before I came to my senses. But where there's smoke—"

"—there's always fire," I chorused with him. It never seemed to bother him when I chimed in like this. He just nodded approvingly.

The next morning, when business slacked off, Charlie scratched on the grille between our cages and I drifted over.

"Same thing happened last night," he announced with gloomy satisfaction. "Jane broke a date with me."

"Who is she going with?"

"I can't find out." Charlie said bitterly.

"You mean that you're just guessing that she's running around with another man?"

"Get this," he said grimly. "One month ago Jane suddenly announced that hereafter we couldn't see each other Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights. I simply asked, 'Why not? What's up?' And she practically snarled at me and said if I were going to take that attitude, she'd be damned if she'd tell me. Then she started breaking dates and refusing to explain why. She says that she will never marry a man who can't trust her and I'd better try to develop a little ability in that direction."

I could see her point all right, knowing Charlie as I did. Still, doubt crept into my own mind. Jane was a very pretty girl, a remarkably pretty girl. If it weren't that Charlie was my friend, I'd have been hot on her trail myself long ago. You didn't have to be as suspicious as Charlie to take it for granted that plenty of eligible men would breathe hard in her presence.

The fact was that I had always been a little puzzled at Charlie's success in capturing a girl like Jane. My theory was that he proposed when she was thinking of something else and she absent-mindedly accepted him. Or maybe she thought she saw the shy little boy women are supposed to fall in love with, though the only way I could picture Charlie as a little boy was with his eye plastered to somebody's keyhole.

"When Jane broke that date last night," Charlie exploded, "she shook my faith, shook it badly. To hell with the expense. I'm going to expose her."

"How?" I asked.

"The way you suggested," he said with grim relish. "Tonight a man from the Good Will Detective Agency will start shadowing her."

I was impressed. Charlie was not the man to throw money around lightly and a private detective would draw no dime-store fee. He was burned to the first degree. "How can you afford that sort of thing?" I couldn't help asking.

"By thinking of it as an investment in my own future happiness. I inherited—well, a small inheritance." I registered about ten thousand automatically. "It's worth five hundred to guarantee that my wife will be trustworthy." He turned away and I started sorting deposit slips. The chief teller was approaching.

Three mornings later, Charlie passed behind my cage and muttered out of the corner of his mouth, "Meet me by the water fountain." We were lucky; we had the place to ourselves. "Jane," he announced in a mordant voice, "has joined the Village Players. Three nights a week she rehearses; nights she breaks dates with me, there are extra rehearsals."

"Then everything's okay?"

"No." Charlie looked as if he were sucking quinine. "It's worse than I suspected," he said hollowly. "She's playing Sadie Thompson in Rain. Don't you see that a girl like Jane wouldn't take the role of a prostitute if she weren't in love with the leading man?"

"Charlie," I said soberly, "sometimes you frighten me."

He gave me a fatherly clap on the shoulder without relaxing the undertaker's expression on his broad face. "Glad you're finally waking up. I've worried about you. Dangerous to be so naïve." He relapsed into dark meditation, then grated, "Another week, another report—then I'll really tell her off."

Charlie's influence was insidious. Several times I caught myself imagining Jane in the leading man's arms with the light of true love in her eyes. When the day arrived for the next report, I was in a stew of curiosity. The detective came to make his report at the bank. It was funny, but this suddenly made the whole affair seem more grave. He was younger than I would have assumed and had one of those eager, almost painfully honest faces. Even Charlie would have to acknowledge his integrity.

AFTER he'd gone, Charlie gave me the high sign and I wandered casually out to the water fountain. The leading man had walked home with Jane last night but the detective swore nothing happened. Furthermore, he advised Charlie to drop the investigation. He was positive Jane was not deceiving Charlie.

Charlie snorted. "Detective!" he said with acid. "It's so appallingly obvious that Jane and that pretty boy knew he was trailing them. Of course nothing happened—then. Know what the idiot did? He went home, but don't try to tell me that matinee idol did the same thing. All he had to do was walk around the block!"

"You're keeping up the investigation?"

"Certainly. After the going-over I gave that detective, I think I can expect some real results now."

Two weeks later, Charlie strode into my cage and held out a letter. "How do you like that?" he demanded.

It was from the Good Will Detective Agency. It informed Charlie that their investigation, scrupulously and conscientiously carried out by one of their best operators, had established beyond doubt that the suspect was consorting privately with no man, that her attendance at rehearsals of the Village Players signified a genuine interest in dramatics and nothing more, and that there… the slightest evidence of her en… involvement with her leading m… Lee Sandhover, or with any othe… Accordingly, the agency could or… sider the case closed and forthw… turned his check in advance payi… the next scheduled week's work… they could not conscientiously…

I didn't even try to conceal m… fication. If ever a man had aske… proved hopelessly in the wrong. … Charlie. "I hope you'll have the c… to apologize to Jane," I said.

Charlie was so offended that he… red and gobbled. "I should ap… to that sneaking little cheat—fo… may I ask? As for the Good Will… tive Agency, I've half a mind to su… Jane trapped that bungling detect… blackmailed him into dropping t… by threatening to expose his inef… to his employers."

"How can you possibly know …

"Deduction. Analysis. … there's—"

"Don't say it! Don't!" I c… walked away from him and I coul… tively feel Charlie's eyes boring i… back of my head in narrowed su… of my reason. It was a relief to le… next day on my vacation.

When I got back, I felt like a ne… I'd almost forgotten about C… ridiculous efforts to prove that Ja… deceiving him. He burst into m… with "I told you so" written all ov…

"You don't mean it. You c… exclaimed.

He nodded with ghoulish satisf… "You're damned right I mean … snapped and his eyes glittered.

"But tell me, man," I said impa… "what's happened?"

"Jane married him. Do you… now that she was deceitful, that… absolutely justified in not trusting…

"So Jane is now Mrs. Sandhove… what a name!"

Charlie regarded me with s… "Sandhover? What are you … about?"

"That's his name, isn't it?" I … "Her leading man."

"You're all twisted up," Charl… "She married Doolittle, the det… He tapped me solemnly on the … "Set a thief to catch a thief. I … trusted that fellow, either."

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

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AN AFFAIR OF STATE

Continued from page 26

Baker, from now on I never want you to mention the word Atlantis. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you'll be at my place at seven."

"I'll be there, sir."

Jeff spent the rest of the day with Quincy Todd. Todd was a stocky man with pink, round, beardless cheeks. His face looked five years younger than Jeff's, but his double-breasted suit strained to conceal a paunch, and Jeff guessed he was older. He also was a third secretary and vice-consul, but he had slipped into the job that some missions call "stableboy" and others "donkey boy." This meant that he did a great many chores that had nothing to do with diplomacy.

He wheedled gasoline out of the Hungarian Ministry of Transport, argued exchange with the Finance Minister, and fought the Ministry of the Interior, when employees of the legation fell into the hands of the police, or simply disappeared. He knew his way around the Russian *Kommandatura*, and the intricacies of the Soviet bureaucracy. If a truckload of canned food, or a correspondent, or a typewriter or a courier vanished on the road from Vienna to Budapest, he knew where to find it, or him.

He shepherded Jeff from office to office, presenting him to the staff. As he introduced the men, and a few women, he identified them by their jobs. He said, "This is Mr. Kovacs, our chief disbursing officer," or, "This is Captain Reedy, our assistant air attaché." But some he introduced simply by their names, without referring to their jobs. When it was finished Todd said, "Let's have a drink. There's an *espresso* around the corner where I can always get a fair cognac. I'll cut you in on it."

OUT on the street Jeff put aside his thoughts to begin his assessment of the city and its people. Pest was not a ruin like Buda. Here in Pest the streets were free of rubble. New plaster and unpainted boards, ugly as scar tissue, had grown across the wounds in the buildings.

They turned into the broad Vaczi Korut, and then into an alley, and there was the *espresso* with its sign in flaked gold on the glass, Café Molnar. They sat at a table with a top no bigger than a checkerboard, an elaborate steel-and-silver urn on the counter hissed and spat and produced thick Turkish coffee, and a girl brought them the coffee in tiny cups, along with the cognac.

"You want to keep this place quiet," Todd said. "We don't want it overrun by the Dick Tracys."

"The Dick Tracys? What do they do?"

"Everything. We've got the M.I.S., the O.N.I., the C.I.C., the F.B.I. the C.I.D., G-2 from USFA, Central Intelligence Agency, assorted Treasury agents, and our own security people. We're supposed to have more Dick Tracys," Quincy Todd added with some pride, "than any other mission in Europe."

"Don't they get in one another's hair?"

"Well, they spy on one another, and they read one another's mail, and they try to scoop one another on hot intelligence, but they don't exactly get in one another's hair. Theoretically, the admiral co-ordinates their activities. But they do get in my hair. They use all the transport, and eat all the food, and drink all the Scotch at the Park Club, and every once in a while one of them investigates me. It's the price I pay for the maintenance of democracy and Western civilization."

Then Todd talked of the routine of the legation. "The admiral," Todd said, "likes everybody to eat at the mess at lunch. You can have dinner anyplace you want, but it's best to turn up at the Park Club sometime during the evening."

"How about the admiral?" Jeff said.

"All I know," Todd said, "is that when I came here we had a general, and then we had a regular career minister, and now we have an admiral. Maybe it's because they've got generals everywhere else, and the Navy thought it was being discriminated against."

"I never heard of him."

"Didn't you? Out in the Pacific we heard of him. He had a task force. Lost a carrier and a transport. Then he was promoted to COMYDDOCSOUWESPAC."

"What's that?"

"Why, that's Commander of Yards and Docks, Southwest Pacific. He fought the battle of Sydney in Prince's and Romano's. Then he became a wheel in Navy Intelligence, and now he's here. He's not a bad guy. Just security-happy."



"Hope you don't mind. I couldn't find a cork to fit it"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

Todd signaled with his eyes, and the girl brought more cognac. She had strong legs that were flattered by her brief dirndl, and she weaved between the tables, her body erect but her hips moving as if she danced. She spoke to Todd in a language that Jeff had never heard before, with a few French phrases surprisingly dropping out of the sentences. Todd replied in Hungarian, and the girl said, "Okay, okay," and smiled at Jeff.

"What's going on?" Jeff said.

Todd smiled up at the girl as if they were discussing her beauty. "You've got to be careful about these women in Pest. Now you take Marina, here. She's a dish, all right, but she's a Rumanian Gypsy, and if you ever fell for her you'd find yourself involved with her six brothers, three sisters and maybe her whole tribe."

"I'm not going to let it worry me."

"You're not going to be a dedicated man like your boss, are you?"

"My boss? Who?"

"Fred Keller."

"How do you know he's going to be my boss?"

"My boy, in a mission like this everybody knows everything."

They left after another drink, and Todd dropped him at his hotel. "I'll have transportation for you at six thirty," he promised. "Most of our vehicles are jeeps, but I'll pry loose a staff car for you tonight."

While he shaved Jeff wondered what it was about Quincy Todd's speech that seemed so familiar, and yet so irritating and strange. It was not until he was on the way out the Andrássy Utca, which slices the city from the river to the suburbs straight as a sword cut, that it came to him. He had been taking stock of the passing traffic, noting that the cars and trucks were shabby as the people.

Then he realized what it was that was familiar and yet queer about the way Quincy Todd talked. Automobiles weren't automobiles. They were vehicles, or transportation. A garage was a motor pool. Hell, he thought, it's like being back in the Army. . . .

The admiral lived in the austere legation residence, standing behind its statcly poplars and circular driveway in the embassy section that adjoins the Városliget, the big park that was like Rock Creek Park in Washington. A uniformed doorman bowed Jeff out of the sedan, and a butler took his topcoat and black Homburg and said, "You're Mr. Baker, sir? The admiral is waiting for you in the library." He led Jeff down a long hallway, deeply carpeted, rich with murals and statuary that reflected the good taste of some former occupant, slid open a pair of double doors. Jeff walked through them, and met a quarter-deck bellow: "Watch where the hell you're putting your feet!"

Jeff stood like a crane with one foot in the air. He looked down. He had almost stepped on a model battleship. It was one of a fleet that sailed through a narrow channel of leather-bound books across an isthmus of Oriental runner. The admiral was on his hands and knees in the middle of another fleet on the other side of the room, glaring up at him like an angry bulldog. "All right, Baker, come in," he growled. "Don't stand staring like you never saw me before."

"Yes, sir."

The admiral sat back and crossed his legs. That morning he had been wearing a tweed suit, but now he was Navy, his uniform coat across the back of a chair. Jeff guessed that he changed into uniform at the end of a day, for comfort, the way some men put on a dressing gown. "I'm working out a problem," the admiral said. "Want to join me? Move some of these ships around?"

"I'll try," Jeff said, "but I'm afraid I don't know much about it."

"That's all right. I'll tell you wh do. Take that fleet."

"The one between the books?"

"Yes. The one in the Bosporus. Y got the American fleet, and I've g Russian fleet, over here in the Sea."

Jeff sat down on the floor, cross-l like the admiral.

The admiral's voice and m changed. He was no longer sittir the floor in a Budapest suburb. He a great War Room in Washington with wonderful maps of many sea he was briefing the Joint Chiefs of

"Gentlemen," he said, "the situat as follows. Fighting has broken Berlin, and it appears inevitable within forty-eight hours our land will be swept from the continent o rope. But the Navy has used fore The Navy has mobilized all ava ships in the Atlantic, and dispa them to the Straits, for we know th enemy's first thrust will be at Turke have three battleships, six carrier cruisers and suitable escort destroy the Straits. In the Black Sea the have six battleships, ten carriers, f cruisers and an estimated forty su rines. Now the problem is—"

JEFF interrupted, "Where did the sians get all those battleships an riers? I thought they only had o two."

"They've taken over the British The British are Socialists, aren't the

"Yes, but—"

"Quiet! Now the problem is, sh go into the Black Sea and attac transports which must now be load Burgas, Varna and Odessa—riskin nihilation if the Red fleet is operat a single force—or shall we retreat Mediterranean and accept battle when we have land-based air cover North Africa?"

The admiral stopped speaking looked inquiringly at Jeff. "Wel finally said, "what's your decision?

Jeff rested his elbows on his knee propped his chin in his hands, and ined the fleets. "I'm the America miral—right, sir?"

"Correct."

"Well, I'm going to get my fle from between these books—out Bosporus, I mean—right now, and them west as fast as they can go, an I'm going to load about ten atom b on B-two-nines and B-three-sixes field in North Africa, and then I'm to blow hell out of the Russian Burgas, Varna, Odessa, and mayb grade and Moscow too."

"That's not fair!" the admiral tested. "I never use atom bombs in problems!"

"They're available, aren't they? asked.

"It spoils the fun," said the admi

He frowned, as if the subject bur and troubled him. "Don't misunder me," he went on. "Atom bombs replace navies. Anybody who thin atom bomb will replace the Navy defeatist. As a matter of fact, the bomb can only help the Navy. It just enough to make atom bombs, got to deliver them, and the best w deliver them is by aircraft carrie we're going to be protected by bigge better battleships, armed with r and guided missiles. The Navy a looks ahead."

They had dry-docked the warsh a bookcase, and the admiral was p on his coat, when Fred Keller a with another guest. Keller greete warmly, and said he had been lo forward to his coming to Budapes that they had a big job cut out for



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he introduced Jeff to William Quigley, who said, "We met this morning."

"I'm sorry," Jeff apologized, "I didn't place you."

"Perfectly all right. I like people to forget me."

Jeff thought this a queer statement. As they made their way into the dining room he watched Quigley and decided that if Quigley's ambition was to have people forget him, he'd be successful. Quigley was neither short nor tall, thin nor stout, young nor old.

"Quig is in the department's Security and Investigation Division," Keller explained, "especially assigned to our project."

THE dining-room table had been designed to seat forty at diplomatic dinners, but a fence of flowers cleverly set aside one end of it. The admiral and Keller sat at the table's head. Jeff was on the admiral's right, opposite Quigley. The admiral asked Jeff whether he'd seen the big heavyweight fight, and Jeff said yes, on television. The admiral said he thought too many Negroes were winning fight championships.

Jeff said the prize ring was one of the few places where a Negro had an absolutely equal chance. "You never hear of Negro tennis or golf champions," he said, "because they're not allowed to join our country clubs."

Keller said, "It's good propaganda to have colored champions. It counteracts the Russian line. When they start talking about our racial frictions, that's one fact the Reds can't get around."

"Well, Fred, there may be something in what you say," the admiral admitted. "It may be an international asset, but it doesn't sound any good at home. Ever since Louis won the title, the Negroes have been pushing. Why, they're even talking about giving them commissions in the Navy."

The white-jacketed Filipino brought in an enormous silver platter, with a hill of black caviar rising in its center. "It was a present," the admiral said, "from the Russian naval attaché. Genuine Black Sea sturgeon. His name is Yassovsky. Met him in Washington in '44. Very decent fellow. Has a reputation as a brilliant tactician."

"Do you see him often?" Jeff asked.

"See him! Certainly not! I couldn't have him here, any more than he could invite me over to his place. Why, that'd be fraternization, wouldn't it? But he did send me this caviar, and I sent him cigarettes." The admiral glanced at Quigley, who was listening without expression. "Anyway, I hear he's left the city."

"That's the report," Quigley said.

They ate curry, and a salad, and tiny pancakes swimming in a flaming sauce, and Jeff answered questions on the political situation at home, careful to give the facts without opinion. The Filipino brought coffee, and the admiral told him, "You can go out now, Juan. Shut the doors and see that they stay shut."

Jeff knew that they had reached the hour for business.

"I think the time has come," the admiral said, "to go from the planning to the operational stage of Atlantis Project. So a general review is in order, not only to brief our young newcomer, but as a recap for ourselves. Right?"

"Right, Admiral," Keller agreed.

"Now as you know, I'm simply in charge of policy. With a war coming on I'd rather be on active service, naturally, but the powers that be have decided that I can be useful in this post. I'll admit that this is the most interesting shore assignment a man could want, and what makes it especially interesting is the Atlantis Project. Do you know that this is the first time we have ever really prepared intelligently for a war? We're doing things now that we don't usually do until the shooting has started. Usually, we get caught with our pants down."

The admiral's voice became rou oratorical, exactly as it had bee he outlined the battle problem library floor. "Europe will be o No doubt about it, and we might accept it. Some of our people i many and Austria may fight their the coast, but at best we can ass American Dunkerque. Ordinarily that we ourselves would be captu interned.

"But I have reason to believe—n definite, you understand—that k sonnel in the Atlantis Project flown out when war becomes ine Now our principal objective is th lishment of an organized undergr Europe to work for us after we'r Is that correct, Fred?"

"Right." Keller began to talk, as an actor underplaying his par his tanned, expressive hands in th reserved of gestures. Hungary w vital to the Russians. It would l the bulk of their armies in the c western Europe, in the hope t would not drop atom bombs o cities.

"They know we're softearte admiral interrupted. "They kn don't like to destroy friendly civili ulations."

Keller went on talking, and Je ized that he must have been the a of the project, for he spoke with man's glibness, answering all the tions before they could be pre "Now I think the Hungarians are ally friendly to us. At this time munist government has been i upon them, but I think it is fair that generally the Hungarians a Communist.

"Our aims are fairly obvious. F most important, we need constant intelligence and information. We on the strategic level for the efficie duct of political warfare, and we on the tactical level for our militar ners. Secondly, our people will le sive resistance, and be in charge of sabotage conducted for morale pu They will operate an undergroun and clandestine radio stations. Th keep alive the flame of freedom. when American forces once again the Continent, our people will the nucleus of a resistance army t attack the Reds in the rear."

He turned to Jeff. "What do yo of it?" he asked.

"It frightens me a little," Jeff sa

"Because it is audacious? The will tell you that no political or m plan—and the two are as one no succeed without risk and daring."

"It isn't that," Jeff said. "It is—I that I'm afraid of making a mistak

"He means the security angle admiral suggested. "And he's quit Frightened all of us, at first."

KELLER nodded. Now it see words were directed at Quigle are all aware, and must continu aware, of the dangers of pene The Secretary, as the admiral sa worried. If the Russians or th garian Communists knew, o guessed at our plans, the result be catastrophic. They'd slit the th our Hungarian friends and sma organization before it was born. don't know what might happen to

"I do," said Quigley.

"I wish you'd quit worrying, Keller said. "There aren't goin any leaks, because nobody is g talk, nothing is to be committed ing, and our contacts with the H ans will be careful, careful, careful take Baker's assignment as a mo

"Yes, Fred, let's get on with th the admiral said. "Do you thi Russians worry when they flo country with spies, and corrupt o unions, and spread their poison schools and radio and newspaper

t. We have divided the Hun- into groups and occupations r se we can set down as sympa- nd potentially useful. We can hat we will find friends among turers, merchants, bankers, ex- nd importers, most of the intel- nd professional people, and the landowners. Eventually we will nan assigned to each of these

going to give the world of the Baker here. The theater is an t part of the life of Budapest, rough which flows a lot of infor- bout the Russians. It is an l medium of propaganda. ermore, the Budapest theater is nked to the American theater. n motion-picture theaters for rs have been dependent upon d States for sixty per cent of s. Many Hungarian actors and have been successful in Amer- rican plays have been popular will be quite natural that an third secretary be seen with ical crowd, either for reasons ss—or pleasure." Keller al- nself a smile. "Especially a married third secretary who w to handle himself with the

the admiral laughed. uncomfortable. "It sounds won- t where do I get the money?" s Project has a reasonable f unvouchered funds," said ow as to your procedure. You ach what Quig here would call ts' with the view of choosing qualified to carry out the aims ives I have outlined. You will m out most cautiously. You ally let them know what they help us—and themselves— comes. You will never let v that you are part of an or- , or that you talk or act for t yourself. You must always mpression that you are acting e legation's knowledge. They ve it, but it will allow us to ou if there is a slip.

til the last stages—when war is and a matter of days or weeks, e given definite assignments, led with money, equipment, nels of communications, and tructions. Our job at this time o find the completely reliable are not only on our side, but lling to act as our agents."

g to be a tight little opera- the admiral. "A nice, nice, operation. And I want to aker, that if we're success- I'm not the kind of a com- o keeps all the glory for himself. There'll be plenty for all of us."

They talked until midnight. When Jeff left, the stars shone cold and blue-white like a handful of diamonds flung against the sky, and the wind blew steadily from the east and cut through his topcoat. He got into the car, and the driver slid the sedan down the Andrássy Utca. The streets were dim, and deserted.

They were halfway through the city when a man's scream of terror filled the street. The sedan jerked forward, but Jeff turned in time for one quick look down the side street. He saw two dark figures running, and in the instant that the side street was in his vision, one man leaped upon the other and brought him to the pavement, precisely as a wild animal drags down its prey.

The car spurted forward for three blocks and then slowed again. "What the hell was that?" Jeff asked in German.

"The *unbekannt Menschen,*" the driver replied without turning his head. "The unknown men."

"What's that mean?"

"Russian deserters. At this season they stop fools who are out at this hour, and strip them of their clothes. So then they can hide in civilian clothes and perhaps try to escape to the west."

JEFF relaxed against the back of the seat and lighted a cigarette, and then lighted another for the driver. He discovered that his hands were shaking, and he was glad when they stopped under the marquee lights of the Astoria. He told the driver to return to the motor pool, went to the desk, and the night porter gave him his key and a brown envelope. He turned it over and saw that all that was on it was "J. W. Baker" printed with pencil. "Who left this?" Jeff asked.

"A man, sir."

"Someone from the legation?"

"No. I think a Hungarian, sir."

Jeff put the envelope in his pocket and walked upstairs, his legs heavy and aching. Their stiffness, he thought, was the result of his deep sleep in the plane the night before. A plane's reclining chairs are comfortable, but you cannot fully stretch out your legs. He found his cigarettes, and then ripped open the envelope. Inside was a letter, neatly printed, but some of the letters looked queer, as if written backward, or backhanded.

"If you are the Captain Jeff W. Baker who was at the Oriente Hotel in Bari," it read, "I would very much like to see you. If you are that Baker please be so kind as to leave a note at the apartment of János Donat, at Lovag Ut. 25, and assign a place of meeting. Any place of meeting will be okay with me but I do not wish to be embarrassment to you."

The letter was signed, "Leonides."

Jeff knew only one Leonides, and he



"I wouldn't get my hopes up. Most likely there'll be a new deal when we get back"

IRWIN CAPLAN

Shutter-clicker's husband puts her back in focus



7 A.M. "I feel awful, and I've got to be there when the 20th Century rolls in," moans glamorous news photog. "I need a laxative . . . I'm logy . . . and my head aches."

"Here," her reporter husband says. "Sal Hepatica will have you bright as a flash bulb in a jiffy."



9 A.M. Now everything's clicking. As usual, Sal Hepatica, the sparkling saline laxative, brought quick, gentle relief. Taken first thing in the morning, it usually acts within an hour. Don't risk feeling miserable all day, waiting until bedtime to take a slow-acting laxative.

Sal Hepatica also aids in counteracting excess gastric acidity and helps sweeten a sour stomach. So always keep a bottle of Sal Hepatica handy!

In a national survey, more than half the doctors recommended Sal Hepatica. Why not try speedy Sal Hepatica next time *you* need a laxative?

Ask your doctor why Sal Hepatica works so fast. He knows that Sal Hepatica is a *fluid bulk laxative* that exerts soft pressure within the intestine to stimulate *gentle,* speedy action.

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy*

SAL HEPATICA

TUNE IN: "MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY"—Wednesday night, NBC Network
"BREAK THE BANK"—Friday night, ABC Network

was Leonides Lasenko, a major in the Russian air force. Jeff read the note again, and shoved it under his pillow. He was too tired to think about it. He snapped out the light and got into bed....

Quincy Todd found him an apartment—only a room and bath, with its private entrance into the hallway, in Madame Angell's flat on the fourth floor of a reddish stone house on Revay Utca. Madame Angell had been letting out this room to British and Americans since the twilight years after the first World War. Her third husband had been an Englishman, and he had willed her his name and his nationality, which was her distinction and her pride.

Quincy Todd had told him all this, and more. The building superintendent, Sandor, who also functioned as elevator operator, was a police spy. But that was to be expected anywhere in Europe. Madame Angell would use Jeff as a sounding board against which to exercise her favorite among her ten or twelve tongues. Hot water would appear only at sporadic intervals.

However, there were compensations. His rent was six hundred forints a month, which was within his living allowance. And it was a large room with plenty of wall space for his maps.

HE DISCOVERED that Madame Angell stayed up all night maneuvering the dials of a large and intricate radio. Madame Angell was a propaganda fan. She maintained herself in a narcotic state of tension and excitement by absorbing the whole world's cacophony of violence—threats of war and rumors of war, news of fighting, bombings, assassinations, revolutions. She was a soap-opera addict on an international scale. For Madame Angell the troubles of Hungary were dwarfed by the monumental crises of greater nations, just as the troubles of the American housewife are dispelled as she is anesthetized by the agonies of Ma Perkins, Stella Dallas, Young Widder Brown and Our Gal Sunday.

Jeff had requisitioned a portable typewriter from the legation, and each Wednesday and Saturday evening he wrote to Susan, for the diplomatic air pouches closed for personal mail at noon on Thursdays and Sundays. On the Wednesday of his third week in Budapest he was in his room, writing to Susan, when Madame Angell jostled her way through his door, carrying a tea tray.

"A little tiffin, Mr. Baker," she said, "but no sugar. It would be nice if you could get some sugar."

"I'll try," Jeff promised reluctantly. He had provided her with five pounds of sugar only two weeks before.

Madame Angell located a pocket in the folds of her dress and drew out an envelope. "Sandor brought this up."

He put the envelope beside his typewriter. "Thanks, Madame Angell."

She kept her eyes on the envelope, as if in hopes that Jeff would open it while she remained there. "Sandor didn't say who brought it, or when. Sandor is a bad type, you know. Sandor may have—"

"I know."

She shrugged her heavy shoulders. "You Americans have grown secret like all the rest. Now I must listen to Belgrade. Did you know that Tito has his own atomic bomb? God's truth. Heard it on Belgrade last night."

Jeff waited until he heard her door close, and then he opened the envelope. The note, this time, was curt:

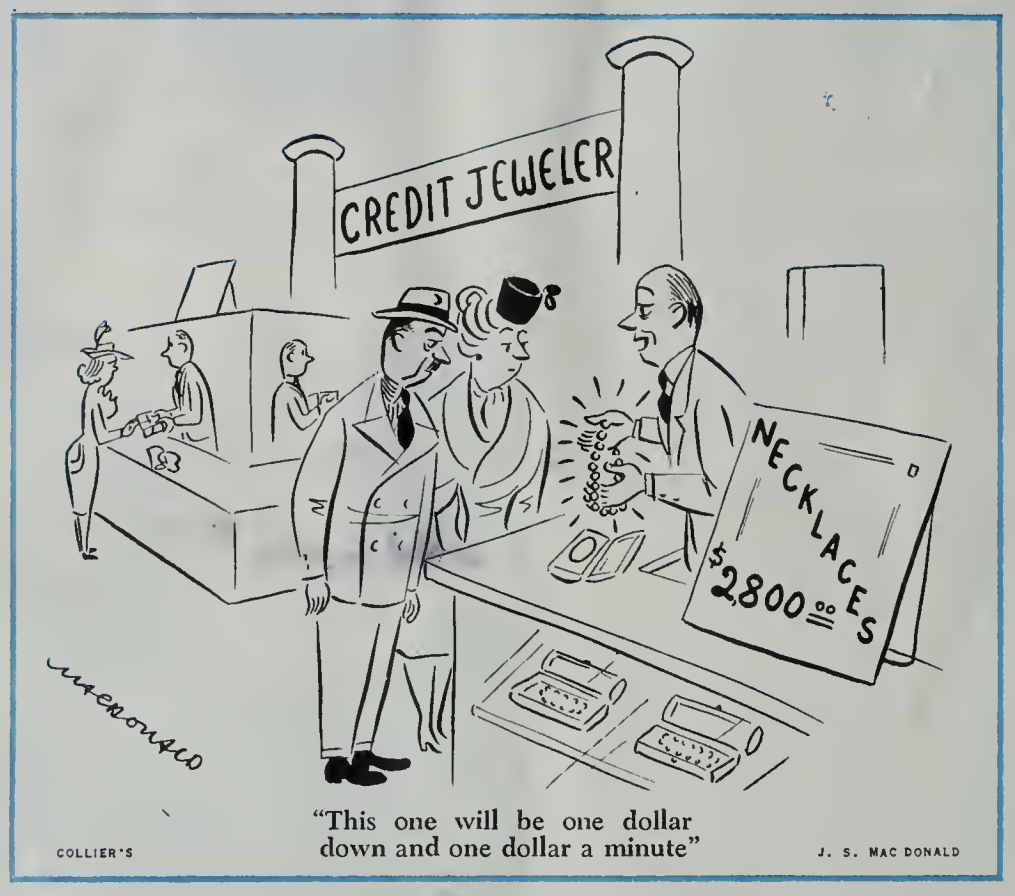
"You go often to the Espresso Molnar. I beg you to be there tonight. I will wait until midnight."

He reread the last page of his letter to Susan.

"I met this Russian in Bari," he had written, "at the Fifteenth Air Force Headquarters. We were both liaison officers, and were billeted together in the Hotel Oriente.

"I think I'd better explain a little more about why I was there, and why he was there. After I left the rest camp they didn't send me back to Division, but assigned me to Fifth Army Headquarters in Florence. I was the captain who moved the maps in the briefing tent—about as useful as a magician's assistant. Then, when they were planning the spring offensive in 1945, they decided to use heavy bombers in tactical support of the Fifth Army in the attack on Bologna. Since I knew the ground fairly well, they sent me to Bari, and we figured out ways for the heavies to identify our forward positions so they wouldn't bomb our own troops. Leonides was in Bari for exactly the same reason, except his job was to protect the Russian army operating on the other side of the Adriatic. He had a devil of a time wheedling a bomb line out of his own generals.

"But he did his best, and he was a swell guy. Everybody liked him, and he was the best poker player in the Oriente."



The last paragraph he had written said, "Much as I would like to see him, I don't know how I can risk it. It would be sure to become known, and the legation would consider me most indiscreet, and perhaps dangerous."

Jeff ran a string of x's through this paragraph, and wrote: "Although I know it is indiscreet, I am going to see him tonight. I just received another note from him. I think he's in trouble and needs my help. Anyway, what the hell, I'm a free American citizen, am I not, and can talk to whomever I choose?"

Now he had made his decision he was in a hurry to go. He would finish the letter later, or in the morning. He put on his overcoat, stepped into the hallway, and rang three times for the elevator, and was about to use the stairs when he heard it grumbling its way upward.

Sandor Patek was fifty, bent and slight, with watery blue eyes and faded yellow hair that curled raggedly at the ends. "You go out this night?" he asked in German, as the elevator descended. "Is not this Wednesday, the night you remain upstairs? Perhaps the note I brought had something to do with it."

"You are absolutely right," Jeff said. "The note is from a beautiful woman. She needs my help."

"So?" Sandor said, expectantly.

"She was seized by Rajk's secret police and now hangs suspended by her toes from the Franz Josef Bridge. I am on my way to rescue her."

The elevator jerked to a stop, and Sandor opened the door, his face showing anger and shock, as if Jeff had committed a desecration. Rajk was the Communist Minister of the Interior, and therefore Sandor's boss, and his name was not used loosely, nor was the secret police ever ridiculed, although it might be hated. Sandor said something nasty in Hungarian. All the way to the *espresso* Jeff felt pleased.

He walked through the door of the Café Molnar and he saw Leonides immediately, for his was the only uniform there. Leonides' uniform was immaculate, the blouse smooth until it reached the belt, and evenly pleated below. His boots were black and shining, the stiff epaulets on his shoulders soft yellow. He was not so tall as Jeff, but built compactly, and when he rose he gave the impression of endurance and power, like a locomotive that has been still on the track, and then moves slowly ahead.

Thus he rose as Jeff threaded his way toward him, and held out his broad hand, and grinned so that the four steel teeth in the front of his mouth gleamed silver. "So you came!" Leonides said. "You have not declared war on me."

"Not yet," Jeff said, grasping Leonides' hand in both his hands. He was conscious that his words rang louder than they should. As he seated himself he heard no other sound in the *espresso* except the scrape of his chair. It is the custom, in a Budapest café, for the patrons to be openly and pleasantly curious about those around them. But not so curious as this. Not paralyzed.

"You look fine," Jeff said. "You don't look any older."

Leonides put his elbows on the table and his fists alongside his mouth so that only Jeff could see his lips, and when he spoke he spoke very softly, and his lips hardly moved. "I am older," he said. "And you are older, also. We are both so old that we will die very soon."

"Cut out the drama," Jeff said.

"Quietly. Quietly. What I have to say is only for you, not for the Pest rumor factory. You're going to kill me, and I'm going to kill you."

Jeff knew exactly what Leonides meant, and he had hoped they would not speak of this immediately. He had hoped they could bat the breeze about Bari, and perhaps get a little drunk, drunk enough to forget for a time this wall that stood between them. "What did you do after you left Bari?" he said. "You were going back to Moscow and burn your uniform. You were going to fly transport planes on the Moscow-New York run. You were going to marry that girl—what was her name?"

"Vilma. I didn't. She was dead.

"I'm sorry," Jeff said, and race from this unpleasantness. "Wha you doing in Budapest now, Leoni

"Can't you guess?"

Jeff wished he had asked som else. This ordinary question was n embarrassing and personal as inqu about a man's religion. "No, I c

"In this day, what would you d a Russian who speaks English not b who for two years went to Camb and who for another two years w liaison officer with the Americans?

"Propaganda?" Jeff ventured.

"Try once more. Remember th other Russian in Budapest, not ev marshal, would dare be seen in p with an American."

"In a place like Budapest," Jeff "you put him to watching the Amer and British."

"You win the sixty-four dollars," Leonides. "See, I remember my Yes, my job is to watch the Amer Not the actual spying, mind you. is the province of the foreign bran MVD. I receive all their reports. is how I knew you were here on th you came. That is how I know, f stance, that last week you twice v Zukats, the cinema exhibitor.

"Also I talk to those who kno Americans—the Hungarians, the manians, the Swiss, the Swedes Austrians and Germans who are h examine all that you have done, ar to analyze why you have done wha have done, and predict what you w And once a week, or twice a w write, for the marshal, a report of w in the soul of the scheming Ameri

Jeff started to rise. "I don't li have my soul examined. I'm sorry.

THE Russian put his hand on arm. "Wait, dope. Wait for w have to say. When your enemy w you there is little to fear. When own countrymen spy on you, ther are lost. That has been the cur my country. Okhrana, Cheka, O NKVD and now MVD—they a alike. They suck the milk from my sia, and fill her breasts with poison

Jeff sat very still. He knew now Leonides had hunted him out, an urgency of the summons. He knew why he himself was here. "When your note tonight," he said, "I th you needed help. I thought you come one of the *unbekannt Men* and needed money to run the borde

"I am one of the unknown r Leonides whispered—for his quick had noted the girl coming with cognac and coffee—"except that still in my uniform. There are ma us—many more than you think. Th even one close to *him*."

Marina set the drinks down, and "Okay? Okay. See, I learn English

"Who's the lucky teacher?" Jeff Her arms were bare and smooth brown, and her vitality reminded hi Susan, and he wondered how lo would be before he saw Susan agai

The girl didn't answer him, bu dammed a stream of Rumanian at l ides and the Russian rocked his back and laughed with his mouth so that everybody at the other t looked. "I speak all the wrong guages," Jeff complained.

"She says," said Leonides, "tha dinarily she does not like Rus because Gypsies are individualists Russians are sheep. She says she me better than any Russian she has seen, because obviously I too am a dividualist. She also says for us to ourselves, because we will both be in the morning, me to Siberia and to Alcatraz."

"Alcatraz?"

"They think it's the American l cal prison."

Marina had been listening, but no



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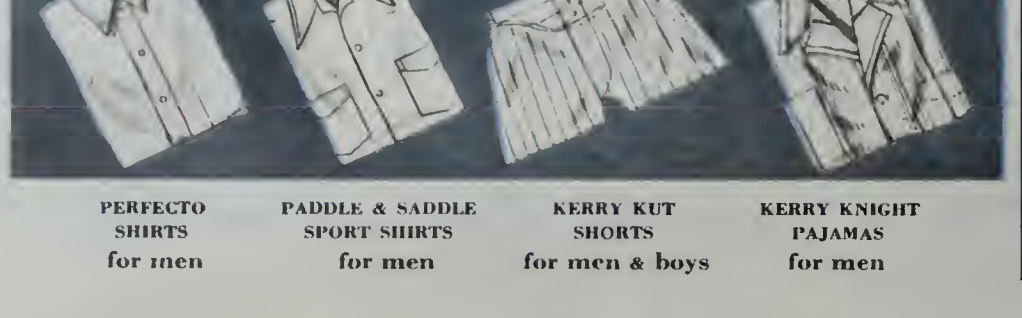
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derstanding. "I learn English more. Okay," she said. Leonides patted her round bottom, and she whirled away.

"What was it we used to say at the Oriente?" said Leonides. "Stacked. Yes, really stacked. With such beautiful creatures in the world, why is it we must think of war?"

"So you're sure there'll be a war?"

LEONIDES traced squares in the moisture on the table, frowning as he talked. "Yes. We are like two ships on a collision course, with blind men stiff in fear at the wheel. Not only will there be a war, but I think I can tell you how it will start, and the course it will run, and how it will end. You will attack us. Your memory of Pearl Harbor will always be fresh and raw and you will not again risk surprise. You will attack us at that moment when your President believes we have the atomic weapon, and are ready to attack you. Your President will make this awful decision alone, without the customary reference to your Congress, because it will be a military necessity that he do so.

"Your Central Intelligence Agency will know when we have a stock pile of atomic bombs. Already he must have been informed of our progress in bacteriological warfare, in which we are perhaps further advanced than you. Your reconnaissance will unmask our airfields. Your F.B.I. will have penetrated our plots within your own homeland. Our actions in Germany and Austria and Manchuria and Korea and Greece will become intolerable to your Army. Our overt acts in the Middle East will frighten your Navy, which might starve without the Middle East oil, and the admirals too will clamor for war. And in that moment when he is certain your country faces another Pearl Harbor, then he will order the attack. He must."

Jeff drank his cognac in a gulp. "Go on," he said.

"In the first day your Air Force will destroy all our important centers. You will turn into radioactive power Voroshilovgrad, Magnitogorsk, Gorki, Leningrad, Stalingrad, Odessa, Dnepropetrovsk, of course Moscow, and the new uranium cities beyond the Urals. How many millions you will kill I cannot estimate, nor will the number you kill affect the course of the war."

Jeff interrupted: "No, because by then you will have your armies in the cities of western Europe, and you will drive the Western armies into the sea."

"Only in the beginning," Leonides said. "Later you will land on the Continent, and your armies will defeat the Soviet armies just as they did the Germans, and for the same reason. You will have overwhelming production and fire power and air power. Most of the Soviet armies will be destroyed."

"Then the war will be over," Jeff said.

"Oh, no," said Leonides. "That will be only the second phase. The third phase will come when you occupy most of Russia, and all of Europe. I should think it will take ten or twelve million men. It will be extremely difficult and perhaps impossible. There will be interminable guerrilla warfare."

"And then we will have won the war," Jeff said.

"No, you will not have won. You will simply have performed a Russian tragedy. You will, out of fear for your own life, have committed murder and then suicide."

"I don't understand."

"Naturally, you will be under a military dictatorship. With so many ideological traitors and Soviet agents in your country you could not successfully conduct a war without such a dictatorship. Your jails will be bursting, and all your freedoms vanished. You will drain your natural resources to win this victory, and the drain will never end, for always there will be your millions of soldiers outside your borders, s to maintain the victory and order. All of Europe and some will be in such ruins and chaos would be better to let it again jungle. But you will not be abl this, because people will still liv and they will all hate you. And ally you will crack and break your suicide will be complete."

Jeff signaled Marina to bring other drink. "All of what you s be true, Leonides," he said, "but one thing worse than winning a w that is losing it."

"That is true," said Leonide there is not much difference in t Nobody ever again will win a wa

Marina came with Jeff's drink, swallowed it quickly, as he had th and it did not sting or warm h seemed innocuous as water. " silly, doesn't it?" he said.

"It is truly silly, but there it day closer."

"And you have no hope?"

"I do have hope. If I had no would leave here this minute an myself into the Danube." L looked at Marina, and smiled at h she saw from his smile that what to say was serious and private a her concern. She touched his s and went back behind the bar.

"There is a saying here in Buc he went on, "that, like many othe pest sayings, is funny and yet tru 'Stalin made two mistakes. He the Red Army to Europe, and he Europe to the Red Army.'"

Jeff laughed aloud.

"As I say, it is true," Leonid tinued. "Our soldiers have seen wi own eyes. They know that even beaten and cringing country the live better than in Russia. The more opportunity, more freedom have more things, like bathtubs lets and electric stoves. They are l Some can laugh. Do you know means not to be able to laugh. that the MVD may see you laughi suspect you laugh at *him?*"

"Go ahead," Jeff urged.

"Most important, in many plac as Berlin and Vienna, the Red Ar been in contact with the American and they have seen what the Ar Army has—what matériel and wh ileges—and it is not believable. part, the happiest days of my life in Bari. I think I know Amer Americans, and I like them and am doing, my best not to war o There are many others like m know the West. There is even o in our government who is our And we have talked with each oth we are moving. Not quickly, for i be fatal. We are the Second Russi olution." He reached out his wi strong hand and gripped Jeff's arm you hear that, Jeff—the Second Revolution!"

THE limitless possibilities ope fore Jeff's mind. "I heard," I "I didn't think it was possible, bu see I was foolish. We didn't thin was opposition against Hitler, But there was, and they very killed Hitler."

"We will most certainly kil Leonides said. "We will kill *him,* other sour and crazy ones, and in we will have a new government new country and there will be

"I hope so," Jeff said.

"I pray so," said Leonides. so. We can do it alone, but wi help it will be quicker. Perhaps your help it would not be quick It is difficult for us to approach y tried before. Yassovsky, who wa attaché, sent a present of caviar minister-admiral. He knew him Washington. What happened minister-admiral sent Yassovsk

ut no word. I don't understand
s a direct invitation."
derstand, I'm afraid," Jeff said.
sky has gone?"
as recalled to Moscow. I don't
ny. It worries me, and the others
low there is no possible link be-
s and you, except you, Jeff."
sitated for the part of a second,
of a heart. "What do you want
?" When the question was out
he had turned his future into a
ad never expected nor intended.
fore he had made such a de-
lt was like the day he had found
t commanding Futa Pass lightly
e had moved his platoon up the
vithout flanks, orders, commu-
supplies, or the support of

is time," said Leonides, "you
ing. All I want now is the
e that at the proper time you
smit the news of what we are,
we intend, and what we need."
Jeff agreed. He balanced his
k on two legs, and then let them
the floor.
Todd had come through the
he Café Molnar. It had been

Installment XIII of THE ET PAPERS OF HARRY L. KINS: "Had he (the skip- of the luckless destroyer loosed a torpedo at the battleship carrying Roose- to the Cairo Conference) n that the President's included Admiral King, ould undoubtedly have ed the anchor to his neck plunged himself to the m of the sea rather than to face the awful con- nces."

erstanding that Todd came to
sso only during the daylight
t here he was, four steps away,
his overcoat, peering through
co smoke and uncertain light.
ncy," Jeff yelled.
urned, smiling automatically,
ward their table, and then
a man in the woods who had
epped on a snake. He had
Russian.
on over," Jeff urged.
oked my head in to look,"
. He fled, his coat under his

'll be damned!" Jeff said.
will get you into trouble?"
uggested.
think so," Jeff said. "He's a
I honestly don't see why it
me into trouble. I'll just ex-
I met you in Italy, and
to you here. That's reason-
it?"
u'll be all right," Leonides de-
ou'll be able to—what do you
it."
ked of how they should meet
re. Jeff could always send a
house on Lovag Utca. "The
," Leonides explained, "is
own as a letterbox. It is oc-
a Hungarian named János
hatever is left with Donat will
But you should not go there
except in exceptional emer-
if an American were seen en-
apartment Donat might be
ed. On my part, I can always
sage at your apartment."
ngarian superintendent," Jeff
a Rajk spy."
" said Leonides, "but so is the
who carries our messages."
s one more thing," Jeff said.
municate what you have told
me to someone else, in case anything should happen to me?"

"I have placed my life in your hands," Leonides said simply, but in a tone that was almost a rebuke. "Not only my life, but many others."

"I'm aware of it."

"It is true that it would be better if one other besides yourself should know what I have told you, and yet I am hesitant to give my sanction that it pass beyond you." Leonides looked down at the table, and Jeff knew that he was looking into the days to come, and estimating the possibilities. "If you have a friend in your government whose insides you know, whom perhaps you have known all your life, whose lips cannot be opened by any means, then I agree. I say yes."

"You are very careful," Jeff observed.

"Your Department of State," said Leonides, "is not secure."

IN THE morning Jeff awoke thinking. He showered and shaved and when he stepped out of the bathroom there was a pot of scalding water on his table. He mixed his powdered coffee, set the cup alongside his typewriter, and concluded his letter to Susan.

"Thursday A.M.," he wrote. "I saw Leonides. He looked fine." This sounded inane, but how much more could he dare tell her, or anyone, except the one person in whom he eventually must confide? He could not tell her of the cabal of which Leonides was a part. He trusted her, certainly, but he was afraid that if it became necessary for her to transmit Leonides' story to the department, the story would not be credited. She was, after all, only the girl who took the nine-o'clock conference.

He signed his name to the last sheet of the letter, and was typing the address on the envelope when there was a knock on his door. He hoped it was Quincy Todd. He would like to explain last night to Quincy, so he would not suspect Jeff of traffic with the Russians, and tattle to Morgan Collingwood. He didn't think Todd would do this. Todd would talk to him first.

"Come in," Jeff called.

It was Quigley. For the first time Jeff was conscious that Quigley wore rimless glasses, and that the eyes behind them were hard like freshly cast metal.

"Is this room secure?" Quigley inquired.

"I don't know. Maybe there's a red-headed Russian under the bed. Why don't you look?"

"Don't be funny, Mr. Baker. You're in no position to be funny."

When he had last seen Quigley, at the mess, Quigley had called him by his first name. Now Quigley was calling him "Mr. Baker."

"I see you were writing a long letter," Quigley said. "Do you mind if I look at it?"

"You're damned right I mind!" Jeff came out of his chair and put himself in front of the security officer.

Quigley was a small man. The top of his hat came level with Jeff's eyes. He said, "I must insist."

"Do you *like* to read other people's mail?" Jeff asked.

"As a matter of fact, I do."

"Well, you're not going to read mine."

"Yes, I am," Quigley said quietly. "You see, Mr. Baker, you've committed a really astonishing breach of security. I've been in this business for a long time, Mr. Baker, and I've never heard of anything more brazen. You spent three hours last night with one of the most dangerous Russians in Pest. A clever Intelligence officer. His assignment is to learn about the Americans, in case you don't know it. You have been entrusted with the most sensitive, and highly classified, information in this mission. You drink with this Russian for three hours, and the next morning you write a long letter. I think you will agree that I must require a com-

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plete statement. I must see this letter."

Suddenly Jeff felt awkward and out of place. He picked the letter from the desk, handed it to Quigley.

Quigley read the letter and said, "Well, Mr. Baker, I think that explains everything very well. It doesn't seem to be so serious as I had imagined."

"You mean I'm not going to be hanged, or boiled in oil?"

"This is still not funny, Mr. Baker. If the admiral hears about it, he may want you flogged, keelhauled and thrown into irons." The very smallest, most elusive bit of humor touched the corners of Quigley's mouth. He dropped the letter on the desk and peered at the address on the envelope. "Susan Pickett, Bay State Apartments," he repeated. "Fine girl. Colonel Pickett's widow."

"Do you know her?"

"No. I just know of her. I know of almost everyone in the department."

Jeff found, to his surprise, that his indignation had burned out, and had been replaced by curiosity. "Tell me," he said. "How did you know I met Major Lasenko in the *espresso* last night?"

Quigley sat down, placed a hand on each knee, and said: "Mr. Baker, I am a professional. There are some so-called security officers here—the ones whom Quincy Todd calls 'Dick Tracys'—who are not professionals. They are not fit to wear a Junior G-Man badge. They may once have been Alcohol Tax Unit agents, chasing bootleggers, or prison keys, or divorce snoops, or third-grade detectives in fourth-rate police departments. When war came they got themselves jobs in Intelligence, or Security, and now they have found a new band wagon. They have discovered that it pays to be mysterious. They get a nice salary, and all-expense tours to Europe and Asia and South America, and unvouchered cash in large lumps, and neither the Congress nor Internal Revenue dares ask where the money goes, because they are all chasing the Reds, and anyone who questions them is meddling with national security and is probably a Red himself, or anyway a fellow traveler. They are wrecking my profession. I have been in the department for thirty years, first as a courier and later as a security officer. Because I am a professional I know everything that goes on, and because I am a professional I cannot tell you how I know, because it might compromise my sources."

"I see," Jeff said. "Thirty years in the department! I wonder if you knew my father?"

"Baker? Baker? The only Baker I knew was Nicholas Baker. He was an important man in the European Division."

"My father's name was Nicholas Baker, and he was in the European Division, but he was a clerk."

THERE was another subtle change in Quigley, hardly a change in expression, perhaps only a change in the cadence of his words. "So you're Nick Baker's son. He was a friend of mine. And he was important. I'm sure that on occasion his influence directed policy. In those days the little, unknown men like your father insured the continuity of our policy. The department is too big for that now, and the work too specialized. The little man can see only the smallest fragment of the whole. He should attend to his own job. I do. You should, too, Jeff."

"I am. I am doing the very best I know how."

"I'm sure you are. I'm sure Nick would be proud of you. You know, Jeff, Nick talked about you a great deal. Well, I'm going back to the legation."

When Quigley was gone Jeff flopped down on the bed and for a long time lay on his back without moving, staring up at the stains on the ceiling.

When at last he shook himself off the bed he knew something that he had not known before. The career for whi had prepared no longer existed, fo or anyone. The art of diplomacy many other things, lay buried i radioactive dust of Hiroshima. V Hiroshima itself there might be, v few generations, mutations of the They would be shocking and ugly not dangerous. There had been mo mediate mutations in the mind of His lobe of fear had abnormally g his confidence in a better future ha integrated, his instinct for brothe and kindness was vestigial, his mo of the Sermon on the Mount was where gone.

He understood the way of it. was the bomb, and there was thi war. There was a saying. "Whe begins, diplomacy ends," and the U States was at war. It was wrong t it a cold war, as if it moved with cier's deliberation, or were safel cased in the freezing compartme was a war hot and consuming dreadfully wasteful, a war fully tioned with passion and hatred.

JEFF missed Quincy Todd at the l eon mess in the pension off K Lajos-tér, but he found him that ni the Park Club, in the cocktail lo Quincy Todd was dancing with Collins, who was in Cryptography their feet were barely moving fo were entranced with the music. Quincy Todd saw Jeff, and winke called out, "I'm at Fred Keller's Come on over."

Jeff made his way across the floor, and Keller was at a table a the wall. "Come on over," he cal Jeff. "I've got someone here wa meet you."

The someone was the girl with She was the most striking woma had ever seen. She seemed to illun the side of the room. "This is Rik redy," Keller said. He held out his as a horticulturist might bring att to a unique camellia. "Isn't she l Rikki—Jeff Baker."

"Oh, I've heard of you," Jeff said ing himself. "You dance at the Ari

"She is *the* dancer at the Ari Keller said. "I told Rikki last nigh you were interested in the excha talent, and other cultural matter tween Hungary and America, and said she hoped you'd be here to and here you are. I think you tw find a great deal to talk about toge

"I'm sure of it," Jeff said. Fre bird-dogging a target for him. Fre telling him that Rikki was a prospe Atlantis Project.

Then the music ended and a brought fresh drinks. Quincy and came back to the table, and Quinc "Later."

"They've got secrets," said Marg lins. "Those two have secrets toge

Quincy laughed and said, "Yes, got secrets—both of us."

Keller then told the classic tale the American correspondent wh pushed around by a Russian genera his awful revenge. He cabled hor ports that the Russian general—wh tually was no more co-operative any other Russian general, and les most—was chummy with his A American opposite numbers on th lied Control Council. The story wa by the Russian embassy in Washi relayed back to Moscow, and the sian was recalled, and presumably s Siberia. Jeff didn't listen. He had the yarn before, and anyway h watching Rikki.

She was, he supposed, the Magyar type, and in Hungary are some of the most beautiful women world. The soft glow of the room her coppery hair with many tiny Her cheekbones were wide and inent, her face was triangular, he golden as if she had carefully ra

rs in the California sun, and yet as no sun in Budapest at this sea- r nose was straight, and her nos- e so mobile that their movement l her expression.

new he was looking at a product thousand years of invasion and t, in which many armies and ces had rolled across the Danube ate to the West. In her he could Tatars, and the Mongol hordes his Khan; the Turk storming up an peninsula in a tide that ended the gates of Vienna; a trace of um, and a trace of Judea; Arpád nqueror leading his Magyars the Carpathians out of the mys- steppes; the arrogance of a Ro- ionnaire; the chic of a French ; the legs of a Viennese actress. mixed by an old civilization. wonderful. She was European. ked her if she would like to nd she said not yet, that they wait until the rest of the band d then they would do a czardas . He said he didn't know how to ardas. He had always believed clumsy on a dance floor. He was tterbug era, but he could never imself to try a dance strictly n, much less some wild Hun- ing.

aid she'd teach him. He said, eak American English."

aid, "I've been dancing at the for ten years. The Arizona is like an American club. All the used to come to the Arizona, en your military mission came after the war, it was their first en before food."

n't wonder," Jeff said.

t a little drunk, because he was of Fred, and finally he dared a with Rikki. Everybody laughed lauded, and Rikki said he danced ll, and he was drunk enough so believed her.

s not until the evening was well at Rikki told of the rumor. "I now whether any of you would " she began, "even if you knew. ard it this afternoon at rehearsal. American official, flown secretly ashington, had a conference last th the Red marshal. Here. In t."

sense," Keller said.

o, it is not nonsense," Rikki said. net in a restaurant. Some say a nt on the Vaçi Utca, and some ndrássy Utca. People saw them."

ly?" said Quincy Todd.

They talked of peace agree-

here is peace," Todd said.

an real peace."

n hardly believe it," Jeff said, because he was nervous, and because he felt he should say something.

"It must be true," said Rikki, "because all stocks went up on the Bourse this afternoon. And in the black bourse the forint rose. Yesterday the forint was twenty to the dollar, black. Today it is fifteen. Everybody is thrilled. Everybody is excited."

Quincy Todd looked at him in the oddest way, and Jeff asked Rikki to dance again, because he wanted her to talk no more of it. In a strange world, this was a strange city.

ONE day in mid-December the admiral's secretary, a yeoman seconded to the State Department, called Fred Keller and said the admiral would like to see him at once. Ordinarily the admiral didn't issue such peremptory orders, through another party, to Keller.

So Keller was disturbed. He was a little afraid of the admiral anyway, although he was sure he never showed it, and certain that no one else could notice. When he forced himself to inspect this uneasiness, or fear, he knew only that the admiral's hearty voice and didactic statements alarmed him.

When Fred Keller walked into the admiral's office he was careful to conceal his unease. It was necessary to treat the admiral with respect, but also it was necessary to maintain equality. When the admiral sensed that a man was afraid of him, or awed by his rank, then that man's life became miserable.

The admiral pointed to a chair. "Sit down, Fred," he said.

Keller sat down.

"Fred," the admiral said, "I just got a confidential letter from a friend of mine in Washington. I've been thinking over what he said, and I think we'd better speed up our operations."

"You mean Atlantis Project?"

"Well, yes. That's about the only thing we've got going here that isn't routine. Everything else would rock along whether I was here or not, but I'd like to see something come of Atlantis in a hurry."

Keller knew that while the admiral had his idiosyncrasies, he was politically shrewd. His career proved that. He had gone into Naval Intelligence, which had once been regarded as the graveyard of ambitious officers, at precisely the right time. And now, when political and traditional warfare merged into one, he occupied a strategic post of command. Keller said, "I thought it was agreed, sir, that we should move slowly."

"Times change. Events move faster, and we have to speed up to keep pace. Besides, there's always the chance of competition." The admiral leaned back in his chair. "What one man can think



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of, another can think of. I'd like to see us put this thing across first, wouldn't you, Fred?"

Now Keller knew what was up. In some other part of the world, somebody else was working on something approximating Atlantis Project. The admiral, naturally, wanted the kudos that would go to those associated with the first success.

"Very well, sir," Keller said.

ONE by one, that afternoon, Fred Keller called in the men on his team. They were, ostensibly, commercial attachés, oil technicians, financial experts, or in the offices of the naval, military and air attachés.

Keller, in keeping with standard security practice, called in the men of his team singly. It was not necessary or desirable that they know one another. This was protection against the possible unmasking of Atlantis from the lowest echelons. Each man on the team knew only what was necessary to form his own cell.

He didn't get to Jeff Baker until the following morning. He had purposely saved Baker for last. He had great hopes for Baker. For one thing the theater was traditionally a center of antitotalitarian activity in Hungary. And he had confidence in Baker's work. Baker seemed to show more imagination and perception than some of the others. Baker was a Princeton man.

At nine o'clock Keller called Jeff and told him to come over, "Whenever you have the chance," but in a tone that would let Jeff know it was important. Baker said he'd be there in thirty minutes.

Keller told his butler to run up coffee. He changed his tie and took off his lounging robe, and put on a sweater and sport jacket. He examined his hair in the bathroom mirror, and touched his temples with a dark liquid. He was too young to show gray.

He wondered how far Jeff Baker had progressed with Rikki Telredy. He discovered he had difficulty in imagining Baker as a lover. In one way Baker seemed only a lank and immature boy, and yet he possessed that lacquer of sophistication, that outer hardness, that comes to those who have been part of a conquering army.

When Jeff Baker arrived the room was dusted and immaculate, and the coffee made. "Forget your hat again?" Keller greeted Baker.

Jeff put his hand on top of his head and said, "I did, didn't I?"

Keller asked him how he was progressing, and Jeff told him fairly well. "Offhand," Jeff said, "most of the theatrical people dislike the Russians and like the Americans, and they aren't bashful about saying so. But I haven't been making any judgments on words alone. I've been trying to test their inner loyalties by presenting problems and situations and observing their reactions."

"That's smart," Keller agreed, "but we'll have to move faster from now on."

"I can't say," Jeff said, "that I'm sure of more than a few yet."

"You ought to be able to do something with that Zukats," Keller told him. "I should think he'd be completely dependent on Hollywood."

"He may be," Jeff said. "But he's a smoothie. I'm seeing him again this afternoon."

"And Miss Genghis Khan—what about her? You shouldn't have any trouble with her. She wants to get to America." Everyone in the legation called Rikki Telredy Miss Genghis Khan.

"Oh, I'm sure she'll be all right," Jeff said. "Should I put the question to her? I'm seeing her tonight."

Keller smiled. "Seeing quite a bit of her, aren't you? All business, Jeff?"

Jeff wondered whether he had been poaching on private property in seeing Rikki so often. Sounded like it. Yet she always seemed willing to date him. "Well, you see," Jeff explained, "Miss Genghis Khan is especially useful because there isn't anybody she doesn't know."

"Now don't worry, Jeff," Keller said. "See her as often as you like. All of us have to sacrifice something, and I guess I can sacrifice Rikki."

Jeff went home and got his hat. He also changed his shirt from blue to white, and his tie to polka dot, and his suit from tweed to the best blue. Miklös Zukats, who owned five cinemas in the city, a stack of gold Swiss francs in a vault in Geneva, and a packet of RKO and Paramount stock in another vault in New York, regarded Jeff as a special emissary to him from Washington.

Jeff was always welcome in Zukats' office in the Rakoczi, although sometimes Jeff suspected it was only because his presence boosted the exhibitor's ego.



"Of course we'll wear them! You don't want to be conspicuous out in Arizona, do you?"

COLLIER'S — DON TOBIN

Zukats regarded himself as a cosmopolite and citizen of the world. His office was decorated in Italian modern, which is perhaps more modern and extreme than Los Angeles modern. If an American diplomat visited his office to talk films, then the darkness could not be closing in around him. The world wasn't going to pot. It was only his imagination.

"Well," Zukats greeted Jeff this day, "did you hear what's happened now?"

"You mean the fighting in the Near East?" Jeff said. "That's hardly news."

"Oh, that business!" said Zukats, waving it away with a gesture of two fingers. "Let's not talk about it. No. I meant Lana Turner."

Jeff said, "I didn't hear about Lana Turner."

"Again she is in trouble with her studio," Zukats said. "And me twitching for her!"

"You what?"

"As you say, I have a twitch for her. I like her. She draws. She is Box Office. Also in Hollywood three years ago I met her personally. Such gams. At the same party I met the great producer Goldwyn. Such a great man! Never plays the red board."

"What do you mean?" Jeff asked, and told himself he'd have to start reading Variety. He'd ask Quincy Todd to make some sort of deal with the air line, so he could get Variety.

"It is not money alone he wants. He is hep to art."

Jeff opened a plastic cigarette box on the desk and took out an American cigarette. "Do you mind?"

"Please. Every week I have them shipped especially." Zukats winked. "There are ways."

Jeff congratulated himself. The communication lines of business always have a way of bridging the fissures of world disorder. But his instinct reined him in. "You know, Mr. Zukats, I think you ought to follow Goldwyn's example. If he makes good American pictures, you ought to show good American pictures."

"Oh, that again."

"That again. From the junk you show in your theaters the people of Budapest must have a peculiar opinion of America. They must think that one third of us are gangsters who own night clubs, and the other third cowboys, and the rest of us the dipsomaniac sons and daughters of millionaires."

Zukats shrugged. "It's good Box Office."

"It isn't good propaganda. You're making it easy for the Communists. When you show pictures like that you're making Moscow's line sound true."

"You know how it is," Zukats said. "All your big stars are barred. They go and yap about the Communists, so they get barred here. It is their own fault. Why don't they clam up?"

"Something called the right of free speech," Jeff said. "Remember?"

"Does it do any good to have free speech, and no foreign grosses?"

Jeff tried his technique of testing loyalty by forcing a decision. "I can get you good pictures if you've got the courage to show them."

"What? Documentaries? Do you want me to go dark?"

"We'd rather have you show no American pictures than the ones you show now."

Zukats leaned back in his chair and folded his plump, pink hands across his stomach. "You know that I am your friend. Why, I am almost an American. Do you want to ruin your friends?"

"The time has come," Jeff said carefully, "when every man must take his stand. What will happen to you if war comes—or even if relations are broken? Where will you get your films then? What will happen to you when the state not only tells you what pictures to show, but owns all the theaters and takes all the profits?"

Zukats' hands jumped ner
"When war comes, I may not be h
"You'll be here. Do you thi
even now Rajk's police will let y
of the country?"

Jeff knew he had touched a s
spot deep inside Zukats' shell,
dumpy body came out of the ch
when he settled back again his
pliable mouth was thin and tig
guessed that Zukats had already
leave Hungary—and failed.

At last Zukats said, "Now I wi
to you truly."

"That'll be a switch."

"Six months ago," Zukats cor
"I applied for an exit permit. Yo
our exit permits?"

"Yes." No Hungarian could c
border without one.

"I said I had to go to Hollyw
arrange for more pictures. They
I tried then, with money. One h
thousand forints! They still said
then I asked myself, 'What would
men in Hollywood do if they wer
position?' I thought about this mu
I found the answer. Do you kno
it was?"

"I haven't the foggiest notion."

Zukats rocked in his chair, a
smiled. "They would do what w
They would go with the tide. F
years after Hitler came to pow
Hollywood notice him? No. Do
lywood attack Franco, or Truj
Perón? No. It is not safe. It hu
Box Office. At this moment it is
Hollywood to be against Comn
just as ten years ago it became s
Hollywood to be against Fascis
if there were a Communist governm
Washington, what would they do?
they would make and show Com
pictures, of course. They would
themselves, 'If we do not do it, son
else will.' So I will tell you wha
going to do. So long as I can book
ican pictures. I will take them.
hope this talk of war comes to n
After all, I have more funds in
than in rubles. But if war comes
government takes over my thea
will be so arranged that I can s
them. I will do what is safe."

Jeff put his hand on his le
squeezed until it hurt, because a
mat never loses his temper. "Si
Mr. Zukats, that I recommended t
department request the America
ducers to stop sending you films
kind?"

Zukats didn't stop smiling. "N
would happen, my boy. I don't th
producers would pay your depa
any attention. True, the best An
films I cannot show. But we hav
good market here, and Hollywo
think of its foreign grosses."

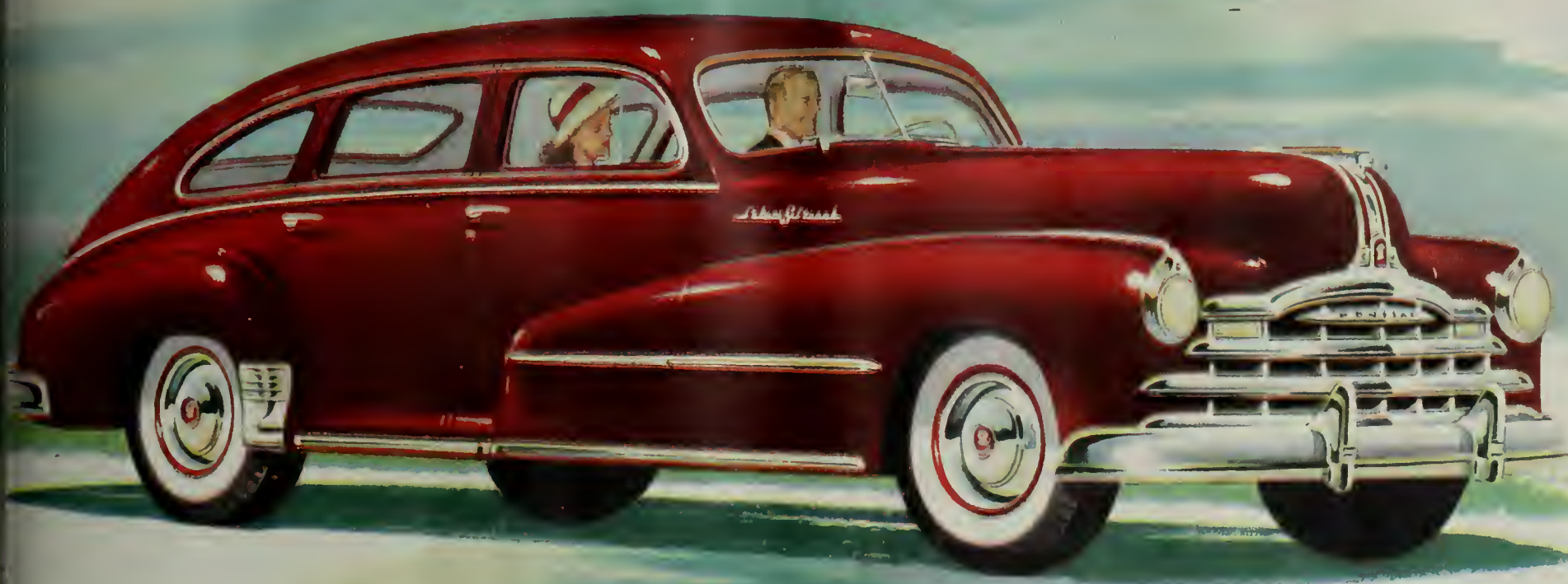
Jeff rose. "Goodby, Mr. Zuka
said. It was disappointing, and s
ing, too, in a way. Zukats had suc
connections with America. He d
Zukats into the slot marked bad.

THAT night Jeff didn't call fo
until eleven because the floo
bored him except for her numbe
first three times he had seen Rikk
his eyes had not left her, but on thi
he watched the others who watch
While she danced nothing moved
the pulse and throb of the mus
Rikki. The dance she did was calle
and original, but it was old as wor
is done, in variations, by many
from the Ivory Coast to the cent
cific.

The Arizona was arranged like
phitheater, the tables rising terrace
race from the circular dance floo
was seated at a table three terrace
the floor, a table that he now rega
his table. For minutes before he
expect her, he kept his eyes on t
tained door to the left of the sta
nally she came out, conspicuous
silver lamé, her well-kept but

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means new broadtail coat over her arm. She moved directly to his table.

"Well, where tonight?" she greeted him. "The Park Club, I hope. I am hungry."

"You're always hungry, Rikki."

"If you did my dance every night, and other dances also, and rehearsed the new show two afternoons a week, and carried everything up and down five flights of stairs because of no elevator, and walked everywhere because of no car, you would be hungry, too. It is true that I eat three thousand calories a day—four thousand when I can get butter or fats. But do you see any fat on me? Look! Look, you Jeff!"

Jeff looked, and said, "Don't get me wrong, Rikki. You're not fat."

"I will have a drink—a raki—and then we will go to the Park Club and have one of those wonderful club sandwiches with ham, chicken and turkey. Is that possible?"

"You know, Rikki, I never see you alone. We never have a chance to talk alone, and I have important things to say to you, Rikki. You know that."

"You can see me alone if you wish, Jeff. I think you have misunderstood me." She raised her eyes, so queerly slanted, so wise and yet so sensitive to hurt. The music started, and Jeff took her hand and led her down the terraces.

The Arizona's dance floor revolved, and this created a pleasant illusion for the dancers. Even when standing still, they had the sensation of smooth movement, and the faces at the tables whirled past without effort. So Jeff stood still now and tightened his arm around her, so that her face pressed against his shoulder, and the perfume of her hair was in his nostrils, and he could feel the whole lithe length of her body against his. She put her hand on his chest and eased him away. "Take it easy," she said. "No hurry. You have food at your place?"

"Canned stuff," Jeff said. "And it isn't much of a place. It isn't like Fred Keller's. It's only one room. I'm not rich, like Fred."

"Are you really worried about Fred? Have you jealousy?"

"I don't know. I suppose so."

Rikki laughed.

THERE were shadows along the Revay Utca. Some shadows were black and solid and poised for movement, so Jeff carefully chained his jeep. Unless one chained his jeep it would certainly vanish. Even with chains, sometimes a jeep vanished, piecemeal—or entirely, if one left it in the streets the whole night. He drove his own jeep now. He had discovered it was simpler, and perhaps more secure considering his job, to drive himself instead of using a Hungarian driver from the legation pool.

Jeff rang the night bell for the elevator, and it made a great clangor, and Sandor came out from his room under the stairs, belting up his trousers. Ordinarily Sandor was surly and disgruntled but when he saw Rikki his eyes became bright and observant, and he pretended courtesy.

"If you need me later," Sandor said in German as they reached Jeff's floor, "do not hesitate to ring."

Jeff and Rikki went into the room, and Rikki looked around the room, and slipped off her coat. Jeff put it on a hanger in the closet. From the closet shelf he took a half loaf of round brown bread, a box of crackers, jars of cheeses, a can of chicken and tinned butter.

Jeff marveled at how she ate. She ate like a puddler off the night shift. When they finished, and Rikki was wiping the crumbs from the table, Madame Angell came in and said she'd heard them talking, and would they like tea. The water was already boiling. Rikki said Madame Angell was very kind.

Madame Angell brought the tea, and said Radio Lyons was very exciting that night. Radio Lyons reported a coup in Azerbaijan, and Russian troops i area, and also massing on the Kars tier. It certainly looked as if war not be far off. Jeff said that was ve teresting. Madame Angell wor whether Jeff and the young lady ca listen to Radio Lyons. Jeff sai thanks. Madame Angell said the sit was critical, and they should listen week had been like the week of M Jeff found a box of hard candies h concealed between his shirts, an sented it to Madame Angell. She away.

RIKKI climbed on the bed, and the pillows against the wall leaned back against them. "Now v this private thing of which you w speak?" she asked, gibing at Jeff w word "private."

"This business of your going to ica," Jeff told her. "Suppose it through? Suppose you have to sta and you are still here when war co

"When war comes—how lightl say it! You know only one side o you Americans. You cannot in how it is to lose your cities, your p your country, to be degraded like and hungry like beasts. I think you a mistake with your atom bombs second one you should have dropp Chicago."

"If war comes," Jeff amended. this day he had said "when war c and it worried him.

He sat on the edge of the bed, cl her. The time had come for the qu "Rikki, would you do more than w an American victory? Would yo Would you fight for our freed yours and mine—after I was gone"

"Do you mean would I be an *e* —an agent?"

"Perhaps not that." Here he choose his words carefully. She what he was doing too. He was her to lay her life on the line. "If were a Hungarian underground, you be in it? Would you help us? you be on the side of the West?"

She looked at him out of the corn her Asiatic eyes, and Jeff wo whether any man could long hold a from her. He thought: What an gent, what a perfect agent she wo "I will answer you," she said, "but I do, there are things I must say that you will not like."

"Go ahead. I can take it."

"Not about you. About your cou

He was silent. He didn't like to be critical of his country whe had never been in his country, a knew she was going to be critical.

"In the beginning," she said, "I tell you how I once felt about Ame like the Moslem dreams of heave that. I came here from Debrecen, a in the east. You know it?"

"No." He wished she wouldn't serious so fast. She was like other pean girls he'd met. They took love affairs casually, but their p seriously, which was just the oppo most girls back home.

"It is a place of mud and swin wheat. It is necessary to Pest, but it known to Pest. So why should you it? I had danced in Debrecen— queen of the czardas—and an uncl me the money to come to Pest. danced at a little place which lil Arizona is on the Nagymezo U danced there five years. Ten years been at the Arizona. I am thirty-fo I look it?"

"No. You look much younger." was true.

"All this time I thought of An You know how it is in my prof Jeff. You can be the greatest dan the world outside of New York, bu you dance in New York you are n So I thought of America, and I s America—yes, your history, writ English—and I talked to American

to the Arizona. They were so so generous, so impetuous. They ch truth in them. Some were from York and Hollywood, seeking tal- here is much talent in Hungary. I fered jobs. I did not take the first I had advice from Hungarians in America. They would write o this; don't do that.' Finally I offer. A year's contract. In that veek the borders closed. We be- province of Germany."

ebuked her. "That wasn't Ameri- ult. That was your own lack of

peoplel" said Rikki. "You have had the pistol against your head! y now I do not feel the same. We alked much about me going to a, Jeff, but I do not know truth- hether I wish to go. If I knew I o tomorrow, I might not go."

y not?"

have changed. Something has

NCE OF PREVENTION



THE BURNING ISSUE

ain, uncomfortable man,
couldn't wait to get a tan.
wretched and repentant unce,
strove to cook it all at nce.
orry, miserable mister,
ir wincing hide is one big lister.
now you blame it on the an .
t your vacation is no fun.
ject—an ounce of slow-but- ure
ore than worth a pound of ure.

—Margaret Fishback

d to you. You are not the same." oved angrily. "All at once it to happen. I was in Linz for a ngagement—yes, Jeff, for a Nazi your troops came there. They wonderful, Jeff. You have no

t her hands over her breasts, and er head as if to toss out words ld not come easily. "What hap- those men, Jeff? Where did Do you keep all your good ones ? You will not answer me, no?"

idn't say anything. He could not ut compare the quiet dignity of of the 339th with the uncertain licted with a conqueror complex, had seen in the Vienna occupa-

that same year—it was 1945—" ent on, "I walked into your ffice—yes, the finance office here ission on Szabadszag-tér—and I of your officers. Do you know was doing, Jeff? He was looking diamonds through a jeweler's nd the shelves of the office were th cameras, and watches, and rs like a pawnshop. This was for the pengö inflation, when stripping our fingers and our o as to eat, and it was possible for one with dollars to make a profit on our misery. I was sick. I cannot forget."

Jeff Baker had always believed in the intrinsic goodness of his country and his countrymen. America might make mistakes, but they were mistakes of judgment, not of the heart. This girl, Rikki, was saying his heart wasn't right, and he didn't like it.

Rikki said, "It is not money that we ask from America, Jeff. It is something of the spirit. You had it once. Where did it go? You were climbing to the stars, and stretching out your hands to pull us up with you. But now, your eyes are on the ground just before you—not a meter more."

Jeff was growing angry. "What about ERP?" he demanded. "What about that? You've been listening to Soviet propaganda, Rikki."

"Of course I listen to Soviet propaganda, to British propaganda, to American propaganda, to all other propaganda. We Europeans understand propaganda. We have learned to separate the fact, the motive, from what we hear. We can smell what is hidden. We have been educated in propaganda by a master, Jeff—by Goebbels."

"Well, what about ERP?"

RIKKI said, "It sounds good, until one remembers the speeches in your Congress. One remembers how they haggled and bickered not only on how much should be given, but what should be demanded in return."

"My department isn't responsible for what is said in the Senate, as you are smart enough to know. You Europeans can never understand our free speech. You never believe that anyone in or out of public life, except in my department and the Army and Navy, can say whatever he wishes about policy. That's what confuses you people."

Rikki made a face. "Your department! Do you think anyone trusts your department now? There were people who believed you. I did. What happened to the Four Freedoms? And the Atlantic Charter? And the United Nations? Do you know what I think now? I think your department betrayed the United Nations."

"Rikki!"

"It is what I think. Your department has no policy except the expedient, and fear of the Soviets. You can even be blackmailed by the Arabs. Your department is the upholder of Franco, and the Argentine dictator. All over the world you support bad people. In China the corrupt ones, in Greece the worst of the reaction, in Turkey a police state as bad as we have here. Is it that your leaders are all old men, or cynics?"

"You like the Russkies better?" Jeff snapped.

"Don't be silly. There is one thing more. You. I thought you brought me here for one thing, and it is something else. Perhaps it is only my pride, but I did not come here to be enlisted as a spy."

He recognized that there was nothing more to say. He tried to keep his temper, but he said, "Okay, I guess this is where you get off." He took her coat from the closet, and she wormed into it with angry movements of her shoulders, and without speaking. They walked down the steps, she remaining one step ahead of him.

He helped her into the jeep, and then he got in himself, and wrestled with the heavy lock on the chain. Finally he had the stubborn chain off the wheel, turned the key in the ignition, and jammed his foot down on the starter.

Jeff never knew what hit him. The bomb under the hood of the jeep attached to the spark-plug wires exploded, ripping the hood backward toward the windshield. And the sound of the explosion was all that Jeff was aware of, and then he was aware of nothing.

(To be continued next week)

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DU PONT SPEEDY WAX

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

Continued from page 25

however, that Churchill should come to Washington with his Chiefs of Staff for full-dress conferences in May. On May 2d, he cabled Hopkins that he was well aware that the President was distracted by domestic affairs, particularly the coal crisis, and he suggested that it might be well for him to stay at the British embassy rather than at the White House.

The coal crisis referred to was one of the recurrent eruptions of John L. Lewis. It compelled Roosevelt to issue an order to Harold Ickes, as Secretary of the Interior and Solid Fuels Administrator for War, to take over all the bituminous and anthracite mines and operate them under the protection of the U.S. Army. On May 2d, Roosevelt made an extraordinary appeal over the radio to the miners to go back to work as a patriotic duty. But just as the President was being wheeled from his study to go down to the Oval Room where he made his broadcasts, word came that the melodramatic Lewis had just announced that he had concluded an agreement with Ickes for the return of the miners to work in two days. Roosevelt gave the speech anyway.

Date Set for Normandy Invasion

On May 11th, Hopkins went to Staten Island to meet Churchill and Lord Beaverbrook, who had crossed on the Queen Mary together with several thousand German and Italian prisoners of war. Hopkins accompanied them to Washington for the two-weeks conference which bore the name TRIDENT and at which the date for the Normandy invasion—May 1, 1944—was at last definitely set.

Roosevelt would not hear of the suggestion that Churchill stay at the British embassy, so the Prime Minister went straight to the White House. The week end of May 15th was spent at Shangri-La.

On the drive from the White House to the Catoctin Hills, the President's car passed as usual through the old town of Frederick, Maryland. Churchill saw the roadside signs advertising Barbara Frietchie candy, and asked about them. Roosevelt explained that Barbara Frietchie was a semilegendary character of our Civil War about whom Whittier had written a poem. All the President could remember of it was:

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

Whereupon Churchill proceeded to recite the entire poem, stating afterward that he had not thought of it in at least 30 years. A little farther on he saw a road sign pointing to Gettysburg and asked how far away that was. It was, roughly, 40 miles. He said, "Why, this may have been the very road by which Longstreet moved up," and then went on to review the whole battle. A few days later, Churchill was invited to speak before a joint session of Congress and he compared the present status of the second World War—after Stalingrad and Tunisia—to the status of the Civil War after Gettysburg. (This proved to be an amazingly accurate estimate of the time that remained before victory.)

Churchill's speech to the Congress was so informative that Congressmen were louder than ever in their complaints that "the only time we get to find out what's going on in the war is when the British Prime Minister visits Washington and tells us."

When Stalin learned that the opening of the Second Front had been definitely postponed for one year British and American relations with the Soviet Union, which had been none too good for months, became appreciably worse. Admiral Standley had issued a rather blunt statement to the press that Russia had given us no credit for Lend-Lease aid, and it was obvious that he must be recalled, but the selection of his successor was not an easy one. Roosevelt tried to persuade Joseph E. Davies to go back to his old job in Moscow, but the state of Davies' health made it impossible for him to accept the post. Davies strongly urged that Hopkins be chosen; Roosevelt flatly rejected this suggestion, for he did not want Hopkins to be away from Washington for any length of time.



"What a vacation! Rained every day. Never felt so rested in my life"

COLLIER'S KIRK

Stalin sent Churchill a cable in which he reviewed at length all the assurances that had been given during the past 13 months relative to the opening of a second front, and concluded with words which could be interpreted only as charges of deliberate bad faith by the Western Allies. Churchill dispatched an angry reply to this without consulting Roosevelt, and the tension increased.

Stalin recalled Ambassadors Litvinov from Washington and Maisky from London. There was now an atmosphere alarmingly reminiscent of that which had preceded the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact of August, 1939, and the fears of a separate Russo-German armistice were revived. It was fortunate that the enemy did not know how bad relations were between the Allies at that moment, how close they were to disruption.

Hopkins had an unusual (for him) experience at this time: He was given some friendly publicity. Harold Ross, brilliant editor of The New Yorker, assigned one of his best men, Geoffrey T. Hellman, to do a profile of Hopkins. Hellman persuaded Hopkins to talk freely about the old days at Grinnell College, the welfare work in New York City, the passions and the hatreds of the New Deal era and the peregrinations during the war. When Hopkins read this profile—which said that he resembled "an animated piece of shredded wheat"—he wrote a note of appreciation to Hellman and remarked, "I seem to turn out a mixture of a Baptist preacher and a race-track tout."

On June 29th, as the hazardous Sicilian expedition was about to embark and the tension with Moscow was most acute, Vice-President Wallace delivered his all too blatant public blast against the Secretary of Commerce, Jesse H. Jones, charging that he had obstructed the efforts of the Board of Economic Warfare to build up stock piles of critical and strategic war materials in 1940, 1941 and even after Pearl Harbor. This was undoubtedly the worst of all the public brawls that marred the record of the Roosevelt Administration and it gave to the American people—not to mention the people of other United Nations—an alarming sense of disunity and blundering incompetence in high places.

Roosevelt was extremely angry at Wallace for this outburst and at Jones for the manner in which he snapped back. On July 15th, Roosevelt dissolved the Board of Economic Warfare, of which Wallace was chairman, and put its functions and various others connected with foreign economic matters, which had been in Jones's department, under the authority of Byrnes, whose title now was Director of the Office of War Mobilization.

Sunday afternoon, July 25th, Judge Rosenman and I were with the President at Shangri-La, Hopkins having left that morning with General Arnold for some salmon fishing in Canada. We had been working on a speech to be delivered the following Tuesday mainly for the purpose of trying to save the National Resources Planning Board from death at the hands of Congress; to the conservative majority on Capitol Hill the very word "plan" was considered a Communist invention and any planning board must be part of a plot to disrupt the capitalist system of free enterprise.

Roosevelt made the point in this speech that we had *planned* the North African campaign more than a year ago and we had *planned* the Sicilian campaign more than six months ago, and it was none too soon to start planning for postwar reconversion; he presented for the first time the proposal for a G.I. Bill of Rights, the plan for which had been drawn by the NRPB.

The speech was in virtually final form late Sunday afternoon, when Steve Early telephoned from Washington to say he had just heard a news flash over the radio to the effect that Mussolini had resigned. The report had been picked up from the Rome radio, which, of course, was a highly unreliable source.

The President seemed quite sur but not tremendously excited and "I wonder how we could get any firmation on that?" I telephoned associates in the OWI short-wave casting center in New York. The heard it, all right, and had com cated with the B.B.C. authorities in don who were inclined to believe it the OWI people had subsequently trying to get confirmation of it fro White House or any other official in Washington, while the White was now trying to get confirmation *them*. I reported this to the Pre and he said, "Oh, we'll find out ab later."

We resumed work on the speec a leisurely dinner, then drove ba Washington, arriving late in the ev The President went to his study to reach Churchill on the telep It was to me an amazing glimpse Roosevelt's manner of life: For a of more than five hours all tha President of the United States hea the downfall of the first of the Axi tators was the chance report on a news flash. One would have though dispatches would have been flashin stantly from and to all directions, on the radio-equipped Secret Servic during the drive back to Washingt

The next day Roosevelt's speec substantially revised to meet the ne velopments. The President said:

Our terms to Italy are still the sa our terms to Germany and Japan— conditional Surrender." We will no truck with Fascism in any shape or manner. We will perm vestige of Fascism to remain.

By then it became clear that the of Italy had managed to remain throne throughout the palace revo and had appointed Marshal Ba Prime Minister. The question im ately arose as to whether the should treat with the new govern overlooking the fact that the kin accepted if not blessed the Mussoli gime and that Badoglio had bee Duce's commander in chief in Eth

Again there were indignant pr from those who had been outrag the measures of "expediency" in Africa. The merest suggestion o ognition brought down more o brium on the State Department, by now was regarded in liberal circ the very citadel of reaction and policy of "doing business" wit avowed enemy.

Advantages of Italian Surrend

However, the State Departmen by no means the predominant p making instrument in considerin new situation in Italy. It was a n of cold, hard military calculation. eral Eisenhower and the Com Chiefs of Staff were conscious o enormous possible advantage of h any Italian government, regardless political coloration, which would the authority to deliver an imm surrender. The question of imm was all-important, for the Allies w to move into Naples and the Fogg base and Rome itself before the Ge could reinforce these points.

In Badoglio's first public stat after the fall of Mussolini, he ind that Italy would not seek a se peace; he said, "The war goes on, he did not add *"positively."* Ther little doubt that peace feelers woul emerge from Rome. This presen situation the handling of whic a minute-to-minute basis, was a r of overwhelming importance.

It was obvious, therefore, tha



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time had come for another Roosevelt-Churchill conference, and arrangements were rapidly made for a meeting in Quebec. The Chiefs of Staff assembled first to lay the groundwork for military discussion, arriving in Quebec on August 12th. The following day the Prime Minister joined the President at Hyde Park for preliminary conversations. En route, Churchill went far out of the way to show his daughter, Lieutenant Mary Churchill, Niagara Falls; he told assembled newspapermen that he had seen the falls some thirty years before and that the principle of the thing still seemed to be about the same.

Shortly after the Quebec conference started, Roosevelt and Churchill sent the following message to Stalin:

The British ambassador in Madrid reported to us on August 15th that General Castellano, representing Badoglio, had arrived there bearing a letter of introduction from the British Minister at the Vatican. Castellano declared that he had authorization from Badoglio to state Italy's willingness to surrender unconditionally if she could thereupon join the Allies. This seems a firm offer, the British Minister at the Vatican having confirmed that Badoglio had stated in writing that he had given authorization to Castellano. We do not intend to enter into any bargain with Badoglio's government for the purpose of inducing Italy to change sides.

We recognize, on the other hand, many advantages in the acceleration of the campaign which might result. Our invasion of the mainland of Italy will begin probably before September 1st, and approximately a week later we shall make our full-scale landings at AVALANCHE (the Salerno Beachhead south of Naples). It would seem likely that Badoglio's government will not survive that long. There are one or more German armored divisions outside Rome, and once they suspect that Badoglio is playing them false they would be able to overthrow him and set up another Fascist government under Farinacci, for instance. Or, the Badoglio government might collapse and plunge all of Italy into anarchy.

This message went on to say that a zation had been sent to Eisenho send emissaries to meet with Cas in Lisbon.

This mission was entrusted tough-fibered General "Beadle" accompanied by Brigadier K. Strong, a British officer, who was Eisenhower's staff. Castellano tolc and Strong that the principal Ital sire was, first, for protection agai Germans during their present pl defenselessness and, then, an op nity to join with the United Nat fighting the Germans. Eisenh representatives said that all the authorized to offer were terms for tary capitulation which must be a unconditionally, but they said th Allies were prepared to give ass and support to Italian forces or i uals who would fight or work to o the German military effort.

Stalin Is Kept Informed

Having completed the preli conversations with Castellano, and Strong returned to Algiers. sions as to further steps were pa Quebec. Roosevelt and Churchi Stalin informed of every subsequ velopment so that the Soviet would be in full agreement with terms of Italian surrender and indeed, participate in its acceptan

Otherwise, the principal accor ments of the Quebec Conference w Anglo-American agreement on th of a Four Power Declaration, to i the Soviet Union and China, as the United Kingdom and the States, for the establishment of a tive international organization.

In the military field, the princi cisions were the reaffirmation of get date (May 1, 1944) for OVER and the establishment of the So Asia Command under Mount with Stilwell as Deputy Supreme Commander.

Churchill was by no means rec to the Normandy invasion nor other major operation in weste rope. He advanced his usual and

erful warnings of the appalling cas-es that might be suffered. He ted again and again to the map of ce, showing the tremendous logisti-dvantages enjoyed by the Germans, quantity of supply lines, the roads railroads running east and west to Channel ports.

owever, the Air Force now had ved the answer to this: concen-d, unrelenting bombing which d disrupt the system of supply and ct facility of maneuver. The com- bombing offensive was given the name Operation POINT BLANK, he Italian part of it was called Op-n STRANGLE. The ultimate of the success of this huge and pro-d application of air power is writ-the German records.

Quebec the decision was made—e first time, in so far as I know—to ement the Normandy invasion with gs by American and newly armed h forces in the Toulon-Marseille of southern France. This was an tion against which Churchill fought cably until within a few days of its plishment on August 15, 1944, upon he turned up aboard a Brit-estroyer and, with apparent ex-n, waved the victory sign to the shed troops as they moved toward viera beaches.

kins had with him at the Quebec rence a document headed Russia's n, which was quoted from "a high-level United States military gic estimate" (the source was ise unidentified). It contained the ing:

sia's postwar position in Europe a dominant one. With Germany d, there is no power in Europe to her tremendous military forces. rue that Great Britain is building osition in the Mediterranean vis-Russia that she may find useful aneing power in Europe. How-even here she may not be able to Russia unless she is otherwise ted.

conclusions from the foregoing vious. Since Russia is the deci-etor in the war she must be given assistance, and every effort must de to obtain her friendship. Like-since without question she will ate Europe on the defeat of the is even more essential to develop aintain the most friendly relations Russia.

lly, the most important factor the States has to consider in relation sia is the proseeution of the war Pacific. With Russia as an ally in the war against Japan, the war can be terminated in less time and at less expense in life and resources than if the reverse were the case. Should the war in the Pacific have to be carried on with an unfriendly or a negative attitude on the part of Russia, the difficulties will be immeasurably increased and operations might become abortive.

This estimate was obviously of great importance as indicating the policy which guided the making of decisions at Teheran and, much later, at Yalta.

Toward the end of the Quebec Conference, word was received from Stalin agreeing to a meeting of the Foreign Secretaries in Moscow. This news was greeted enthusiastically for it meant the beginning of the long desired collaboration of the Big Three, as well as the easing of the dangerous tension that had existed between the Western Allies and the Soviet Union.

Churchill Awarded Degree at Harvard

Churchill accompanied Roosevelt back to the White House after the Quebec Conference and remained in Washington off and on for three weeks, during which time the British and Canadian troops landed on the Italian boot, General Clark's Fifth Army landed at Salerno, and Italy surrendered. On September 6th, Churchill went to Cambridge, Massachusetts, to receive an honorary degree from Harvard University. This ceremony had been long planned and Roosevelt, a member of the Class of 1904, took a great deal of interest in it.

In his speech, Churchill made a statement that he would hardly have dared to make at any previous and less propitious moment in the war or, indeed, at any previous time since the Declaration of Independence. He said, "This gift of a common tongue is a priceless inheritance, and it may well someday become the foundation of a common citizenship. I like to think of British and Americans moving about freely over each other's wide estates with hardly a sense of being foreigners to one another."

After the Quebec Conference—and after practically every other conference in the war—Hopkins was in a state of utter depletion and had to go to the Naval Hospital for rest and revival. (His frequent visits to this hospital often impelled the critics of the Administration to ask why the taxpayers' penicillin should be wasted on the restoration of Hopkins.) One of the most interesting pieces of reading matter that now came to his sickbed was a full-page feature



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from the Chicago Sunday Tribune with a colored cartoon that showed Hopkins leering and, hovering over his shoulder, the sinister image of Grigorii Rasputin.

In the accompanying article, Walter Trohan achieved a remarkable effect in juxtaposition: "One evening in 1907, a peasant strode across the highly polished floor of the salon of Count Alexander Pavlovich Ignatiev— He bowed clumsily to an ill-assorted circle of nobles, politicians, schemers, charlatans, adventurers, clergy and dignitaries . . . unkempt brown hair, stringy brown beard gave him a wild appearance . . . Rasputin went on to sway Russia by the power of his eye. Nicholas, the czar of all the Russias, fell on his knees before this curious mixture of penitent and debauchee and called him a 'Christ.' The czarina believed in him implicitly. For almost nine years this preacher of redemption thru sin virtually ruled Russia . . .

"On a May day in 1933 a lean, gangly figure with thinning brown hair and dandruff made his way . . . thru an ill-assorted group of representatives, crackpots, senators, bums, governors, job seekers, political leaders, and toadies . . . in the person of Harry Lloyd Hopkins, son of an Iowa harness maker, Santa Claus had come to town. He emptied his hands of other people's money. This strange and contradictory figure spent on and on to sway a nation and then the world. The President of the United States brought him into his official family and then into his private family and poured his innermost thoughts into the spender's prominent ears. The wife of the President adopted his small child in all but name."

Trohan quoted Representative Dewey Short (Republican of Missouri) as having said in "a message of extraordinary importance" to the House of Representatives: "Would the followers of the Rasputin of the White House . . . use this war as a smoke screen to saddle upon America a type of government and a kind of economy entirely foreign and contrary to those we have ever known?"

Hopkins pasted the Trohan article in his scrapbook.

On September 20th, Hopkins read a copy of the proposed agreement whereby Italy would be permitted to enter the war not as an "ally" but as a "cobelligerent," and he wrote the following memorandum and sent it to the President:

I hope you will not encourage Eisenhower to recognize Italy as a cobelligerent. This will put them in exactly the same status as the rest of our allies. Nor do I think there is enough evidence that Badoglio and the king can be trusted for us to arm any of their divisions. I should think that Eisenhower could quietly look the other way if some of the armistice terms are being violated, such as Italian naval ships being used to transport our troops, or Italian bombers from Sardini fighting the Germans . . .

Would it not be better in paragraph two to cut the words "to wage war against Germany" and substitute "to assist us in the war"?

I cannot see that a declaration of war by Badoglio gets us anywhere except a precipitated recognition of two men who have worked very closely with the Fascists in the past . . .



COLLIER'S "Your speech is running about three minutes long!" FRITZ WILKINSON

On September 25th, Roosevel nounced the resignation of Su Welles as Undersecretary of Stat the appointment of Edward R. tinius, Jr., to that position. This m the unhappy conclusion of the proti conflict between Hull and Welles. Roosevelt could no longer prod semblance of pacification with te softening words. Roosevelt was a to have Welles go to Moscow f conference with Molotov and but Welles felt that he had no but to get out of government serv together. To the best of my know Hopkins wrote nothing about the Welles dispute and I never hear comment on it one way or the oth

Roosevelt's concept of his deper on Hull was justified by the eno success of the Moscow Conf in October, and its consequent found effect on Congressional o On November 5th, as Hull was ing from Moscow, the Senate ap by a vote of 85 to 5 the Connally lution providing for postwar coll tion to secure and maintain peace world and for the establishment general international organizatio might become a new League of N

This decisive action streng Roosevelt's hand immeasurably as barked for the first conference of t Three at Teheran. It served not the other United Nations that in t tlement of the second World W contrasted with the first one, Ro had the backing of the legislative b which Wilson had so disastrously

(Next week: Teheran—the Three meeting for the first time, pl future of an entire planet. Stalin ual promise that Russia will fight after Germany has been d changes the whole war picture.)

GENTLEMAN GEORGE

Continued from page 15

something he had saved. The fire burned down to embers and the room grew black. He continued to kiss her, he was drunk with her, and her scent clogged his nostrils. The fire burned out completely, the room grew cold, but they did not notice. . . .

After they went back to New York they did not tell anyone they were going to be married. Her parents were in Florida and she wanted to tell them first, she did not want to write them about it. George agreed. About that time, too, he started meeting all her friends. There were Christmas parties, New Year's parties, and before he knew it winter had passed. Her father had gone to California on business—he went directly from Florida—and when spring came her parents were still on the Coast.

Hal Everet, who had also spent the winter in Florida, came back to town. He was the only real friend that George had to introduce to Frances, although George did not tell Hal about the marriage, because Frances' parents did not know. Too, Hal began to go a lot of places with them, and several times when George could not get away from the office Hal took Frances out. At the time George thought nothing of it.

Spring came early that year. The last week in April, Frances' uncle who had the hunting lodge in Maine asked her to open his summer place in Massachusetts for him. George planned to go with her one week end, but when it came he had to stay and work. He was terribly disappointed.

"Darling," he said over the phone, "I don't want you to go if I can't get away. Can't we go next week end?"

"But I promised my uncle, George."

"But you know he really doesn't care."

"George, I promised him. We mustn't be selfish, you know, dear."

"That's right," he said. He had suddenly had so much of what he had yearned for all his life that he guessed he had become a little blind to other people's wishes. "Well, you go ahead. I'll miss you, darling."

That Saturday night on his way home from the office George stopped in at the men's bar at the Ritz for a drink. As he walked in he saw Frances' uncle sitting alone at a small table. The uncle waved to him and George went over.

"Why, sir," he said, "I thought you were in Massachusetts."

"No," the uncle said. "But I did think that you went."

"Why, no," George said.

"Well, I know she went up with some young man," the uncle said. "I'll bet I've confused you with him."

George felt sick. "What young man?"

"Your name is George," the uncle said. "Of course. Why, she went up with Hal then. That's who it was, Hal."

For a moment George could not move. He sat there feeling sicker and sicker.



"Poor Arthur! When the cop stopped us Arthur was scared to death—!"

"So I said—listen, you big ape! Just because you got that badge doesn't mean—!"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

So that's why she was so eager this week end, he was thinking, why she couldn't wait until I co He jumped up.

"What's the matter?" the uncl "Hey!"

George went out to the stre stood at the curb. He wanted someone and he thought: I'll ki I'll kill him. Automatically he sta walk. He went down Madison A to the park at Twenty-third Street he sat on a bench and put his h his hands. His face was hot, hi hurt. She had been everything h wanted, he had never tried to hav thing that he had wanted before, the misery and the loneliness that had in him all his life came to the s

He got up and walked again. I he got some cigarettes and a drin the bar was too noisy. He left. W got to his apartment he went to b he could not sleep. All his life h let people push him around. W hell with her then! He was t with her. If he couldn't have all he wasn't going to have only pa

Monday afternoon when he home from his work his telepho ringing. He did not answer it, a moment it stopped. Fifteen m later it began ringing again. A evening it rang at fifteen-minute vals. He knew it was Frances and not answer it. The next night h telegram every hour, delivered by senger. He burned them without them. When he got home, Wed night, there were two letters in h from Frances and one from H tore them up, unopened. He going to let them butter him u some fast talk so they would



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friends again. This time no one was going to talk him into anything.

After two weeks the telegrams, phone calls and letters stopped.

The next week the vice-president of his firm in charge of personnel called George into the office and asked him bluntly if he would consider taking the position of manager of their Buenos Aires branch. Immediately George said yes.

"Now wait a minute," the vice-president said. "You don't know what this means. It's very likely that if you do well in Buenos Aires, you'll spend the rest of your business life in South America."

"Good," George said. "I'll go."

HE WAS scheduled to sail in two weeks, and he worked the first one, but not the second. He gave Miss Finchley a new fountain pen and inkwell set and a box of candy, cleaned out his desk, and left. Every night of his last week in town he went to the theater, alone. And he wrote his great-aunt Caroline a note telling her what he was going to do.

The day before he was to sail he received a note from his great-aunt telling him that he could come to see her. So that morning at eleven he called at the small Park Avenue apartment that she had kept since she had sold the old family house. A maid as old as his aunt let him in and he found his aunt in a small sitting room. She was small, wrinkled and deaf.

George sat on a small uncomfortable chair and held his hat in his lap. "In my note I forgot to tell you where I'm going. South America. Buenos Aires in particular."

The aunt looked at him with old eyes that had heavy lids like a turtle's.

"I probably won't come back for a good many years, if ever." He cleared his throat. "So this is probably the last time we shall see each other."

"You know that I'm leaving the money to charity." the great-aunt said. "You mustn't expect anything."

"I don't," George said.

"You should get married," she said. "You're the last one of us."

George suddenly wanted to talk to her, to tell her about Frances, to tell her how miserable he felt. He had never done such a thing before. "Aunt," he said, "listen. I was going to get married, I was engaged to Frances Mason. But something happened, and, I want to talk to you. I need to."

She looked at him, then twisted the knob on her hearing aid and shook the battery case. "What did you say?" she said.

He managed a smile. That was an old trick of hers, pretending that she did not hear what she did not want to. "I said goodby," he said.

When he went out of the apartment building he stopped for a moment on the sidewalk. The sun was shining and the weather was pleasantly mild. Lately he had avoided going anyplace where Frances might be. But now he had only one more day, he might never come back. He wanted to have lunch at Victor's because he was lonely and he had to talk to someone, even a bartender.

He walked downtown to Fifty-third and went into Victor's. It was decorated in soft grays and the lights were indirect. He went to the bar. As he was standing there staring down at his Martini he felt someone put a hand on his shoulder and he heard her say, "Hello, George."

He knew, of course, but he turned around as if he were surprised. "Why, Frances, hello."

She was smiling up at him and she had never looked better. Her hand was still lightly on his arm and right then it began all over for him again.

"I've been looking for you," she said. "I heard you were going to South America."

"Yes," he said.

"Be gone long?"

"I probably won't come back." He had somehow finished his drink. "Well, I must go."

"George," she said, "please have lunch with me. Please talk to me. I know I've hurt you, but I don't know how. Please tell me about it. Don't you know how I feel about you? All you have to do is say come, and I'll go with you anywhere, do anything for you. You've got to tell me what it is."

He took a deep breath. There it was. All he had to do was accept her explanation, believe what she wanted him to believe about the week end. Just be a good little boy and fall in line. "I don't think you'd better say any more. You'll only embarrass us both."

"Oh, don't be such a fool!"

"Goodby, Frances," he said. As he went to get his hat from the hat-check girl he saw in the mirror behind the bar that Frances had her face in her hands. He wanted to go back, but he wouldn't let himself.

Later that afternoon he went to his apartment and finished packing. The phone rang at five. It was Miss Finchley. She had some papers that he was to take with him, she said she would come by from work with them. He thanked her, hung up. Almost immediately the phone rang again. Thinking it was Miss Finchley again he answered it.

"Hey, George!" Hal said. "What's this I—"

"None of your damn' business," he said.

"Listen, George," Hal said. "I want to—"

"Go to hell!" he said and slammed down the phone. That was too much. He went to the liquor cabinet and poured a stiff drink.

MISS FINCHLEY came at five-thirty. When George opened the door she held out an envelope and said, "Here are the papers, Mr. Willis."

He took them and stood there looking at her. He was feeling pretty aggressive again. Miss Finchley was brunette, and she was young. He decided that she was not half bad. "Would you care to come in?" he said.

"Yes." Miss Finchley said.

He let her in, seated her and said, "Would you care for a drink?"

"Uh-huh," Miss Finchley said.

George gave her the drink. She drank it and he poured her a second, which she sipped. She smiled at him and said, "I hope you'll be very happy."

"I will," George said. "Don't you worry. Say, what's your first name?"

"Gladys," she said.

"Let's have another drink," he said. He made the drinks and when he sat down beside her on the couch, he put his arms around her and kissed her.

She pushed him away. "Now calm down, Junior."

"Listen, Gladys," he said.

"No," she said. "No. What's the matter with you anyway?"

George put his face in his hands. He was fed up with himself again. It seemed he couldn't do anything right. "What a jerk I am!" he said.

"What's the matter?" she said.

George told her all about Frances. He left out nothing. When he had finished, Gladys Finchley said, "You're crazy. So what if her uncle didn't go? Maybe her aunt went. Or even if they were there alone it doesn't necessarily mean anything. Gee, I feel sorry for you. You just don't know very much about people, do you?"

"What do you mean?" George said.

"Give the girl a break," she said. "Give her the benefit of the doubt, can't you?" She looked at her watch. "Gee, I have to go."

After Miss Finchley left, George sat down and poured himself another drink

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ked at it. He wasn't so sure of now. The idea that he might have staken was growing in his mind, vly making him sick. Now take it told himself, just sit here and is thing out.

the next morning he was still the same chair, but he had not it out. As the sun began to the windows of his apartment, p and made a pot of coffee. He me of it, but it did nothing for

N o'clock he shaved, took a er and dressed. He sat back the chair again until eleven- hen he could stand it no longer t to the telephone and called She was not in, she was out to Where? At Victor's.

e took a cab there. As he got out d up and down the street but he see her coming, so he went in. not at the bar, and she was not ning room. As he turned to go he bar he saw her come in. He oward her. "Frances."

ooked at him as if he were a "I thought you'd left."

ot to talk to you," he said.

ge, we have nothing to say to er."

ot to," he said. "Frances I've lk to you."

do you want?" she said tiredly. he said.

George, are you a fool? How you think I can stand?"

uld not stand there any longer took her hand, put her arm his and led her into the dining was still early and the room was mpty. The headwaiter seated the banquette around a corner main part of the dining room.

to ask you something," he said. d not look at him.

mber that week end I couldn't you?" he said. "I had to work. er?" He told her word for word ersation with her uncle in the ll I could think was that you'd Hal to be alone with him. Your n't gone, so I thought your aunt ne either."

want to know if my aunt was he said. "Watching us so we no wrong? Is that what you know?" She looked very tired. don't you know that if I had Hal it wouldn't have made any whether my aunt was along or been out with him before, you

week end—"

and I were never together ur hours a day," she said. "How about the daytime? Didn't you worry about that? How did you know whom I was with and what I was doing? If we were married would you stay home all day to watch me?"

"No," he said, "I—"

"Don't you see how ridiculous you are?"

He was very tired and he knew that all the torment he had been through in the past few months was all due to himself. He had hated people all his life for putting things over on him, when it had been his fault for letting them do so. It was a weakness that he had tried to conquer by pushing other people around himself.

"Maybe it was because I had never cared about anyone before, maybe I loved you too much. You know, I can't remember my parents and I never got any love from my aunt. I never had a girl before, Frances, I never loved anyone, anyone at all. If you hadn't chased me some I would never have loved you. But when I did I had to make up for everything I never had. It just came pouring out. There was too much of it, and that's no good." He paused. "I guess I was afraid all along that something would happen so I wouldn't get you. When it looked as if something had happened then I was too ready to believe that it really had."

She was looking up at him, she took his hand in both of hers. "I thought I'd been miserable," she said. "I thought I'd had a very hard time. You've never had a very good time, have you, George?" She held his hand against her cheek. "Do you want me to go to South America with you? Or anywhere else? I'll go, because I love you. I never stopped for a minute. Let me help you, darling."

"Help me," he said. "You want to help me." He leaned back and sighed, but he did not feel so bad any more. He looked at her as she held his hand against her cheek; he grinned at her. "Now how could you help me?" he said. "How could anyone as tiny as you help anyone? Why, you're like a doll. Listen, how does someone as tiny as you get along in the world all by herself, anyway?"

"By being smart," she said quickly, "and knowing that men like you just say these things to me."

"Oh?" he said. "Well, not any more. All that's going to change."

"Is it?" she said. She put both her hands in his, and looked up at him, grinning a bit. "Tell me about it, George."

"It'll take time," he said.

"We have all afternoon," she said.

"No," he said. "I mean a long time. You know, like forever."

She laughed. "Well, you just go right ahead then."

THE END



"This is my boss, Tommy. See how absurd it is to be jealous?"

HANK KETCHAM

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This is the *sign* you've been looking for! It's the where-to-go sign for modern, specialized, reliable engine repair service. It's the sign now being put up all over America by thousands of the nation's leading garages! . . . No one knows better than you why you've been looking for this sign! It's because you want *more fun*, *more pep*, *more economy* out of your car. *Now* . . . so that you may be sure to know where to get it . . . thousands of the nation's leading engine repair shops have organized their service operations under this *Ramco* RE-POWERING *Sign!* They offer you *improved service* because it's *specialized* engine repair service on not just one . . . but all four phases of engine performance . . . compression . . . ignition . . . carburetion . . . and cooling! See your local RE-POWERING serviceman . . . ask about the famous 10,000 *Mile Ramco Piston Ring Guarantee*, or write Ramsey Corporation, 3759 Forest Park Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo.



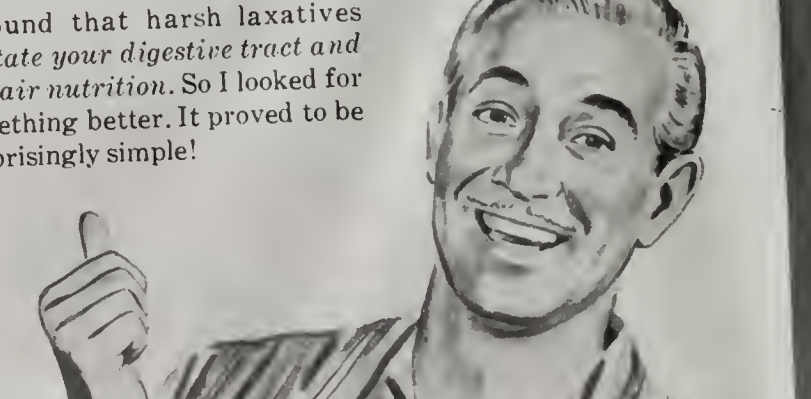
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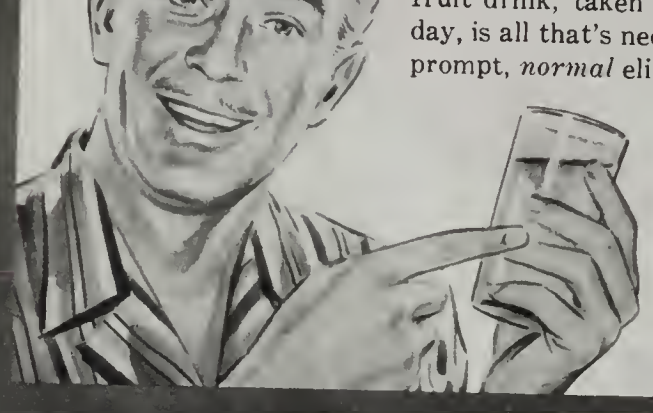
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I learned this about laxatives—

I found that harsh laxatives *irritate your digestive tract and impair nutrition.* So I looked for something better. It proved to be surprisingly simple!



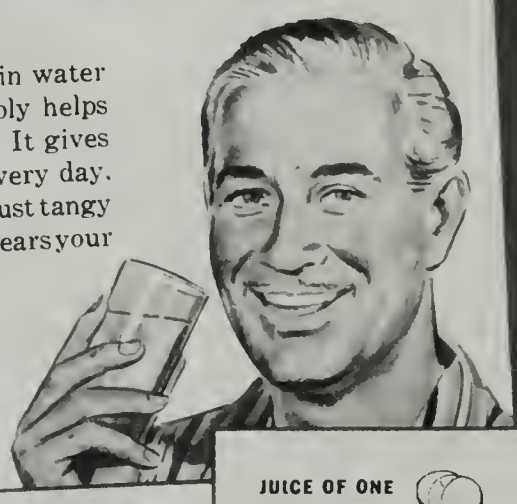
Lemon in Water is all I need



Yes—just the juice of a lemon in a glass of water, taken the very first thing when I get up in the morning. Most people find that this natural fruit drink, taken at that time of day, is all that's necessary to insure prompt, *normal* elimination.

—and it's healthful!

Get this straight:—lemon in water is *not* a purgative. It simply helps the system *regulate itself.* It gives best results when taken every day. It isn't too sharp or sour—just tangy enough to be refreshing. Clears your mouth, wakes you up. Better try it!



JUICE OF ONE FRESH LEMON

IN A GLASS OF WATER

FIRST THING ON ARISING

NO FRUIT MORE HEALTHFUL THAN LEMONS!

Generations of Americans have taken lemons for health—and generations of doctors have recommended them. They are among the richest sources of vitamin C; supply valuable amounts of B_1 and P. They alkalinize, aid digestion. Lemon in water, when taken daily first thing on arising, makes harsh laxatives wholly unnecessary for most people. Try it! Give it time to establish regularity for you.

California **Sunkist** *Lemons*

LEMON in WATER

—first thing on arising

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

And what about the fellow who bets the horses through a bookie? He never sees the bangtails run—just phones the bookie and drops a check into the mailbox every now and then. Rarely is he required to use energy to open an envelope containing his winnings.

Getting my vote as all-time high in inactive sportsmen is the fellow who scored the world's fish endurance record. Back in 1934, a gray nurse shark, Skipper IV by name, was installed in an aquarium pool at Taronga Park, Sydney, Australia. The shark swam continuously, at three miles an hour, until 1939, a total of some 105,000 miles. Then along came the war, and the shark watcher suddenly found himself with other duties. On his return, presumably he suspected that Skipper IV might have stopped, once or twice during his absence, for the record has not been picked up since the end of hostilities.

JOHN DERR, Upper Montclair, N. J.

. . . Lazy Man's Sport reads: ". . . You never have to wait up for them because pigeons look for a comfortable tree at dusk and stay there until dawn."

I have read of passenger pigeons breaking down trees with the weight of their nest, a hundred years ago, but that particular kind of pigeon is extinct. I have never seen a pigeon alight in a tree.

GUY K. BROWNING, Wilmington, Del.

. . . I understand that a pigeon's feet are so formed that to grasp anything with the toes is an impossibility. You will never see them resting on wires, either.

CLIFFORD B. EWING, Peoria, Ill.

KNOCK MR. DAVENPORT'S HEAD

DEAR SIR: In answer to Russell Y. Ritchey's question of What Would You Do? (June 26th), I submit the following suggestion:

Take Mr. Ritchey's head and knock it against that of Mr. Davenport, your editor, for producing one of the most arrant pieces of warmongering ever published by a periodical in this or any other country.

MRS. ALICE L. FALLENDER, Hollywood, Cal.

MUSCLED U.N.

DEAR EDITOR: There was a frightfully sour note running all through Collie Small's The Hot Potato Olympics (July 3d). It seems to be virulent among sports writers at the moment. Why not build instead of break? I have reported several Olympic games and by and large the competitors were the finest sort of fellows, better than those I met at meetings of the League of Nations, at national political conventions or even at the meetings of the executive committee of the British Labor party.

ARTHUR S. DRAPER, Chestertown, N. Y.

It's not the athletes who cause the Olympic ructions. It's the nations behind them.

ART CRITICISM

DEAR ED: Six Artists and a Model (July 3d) should have been entitled Six Monstrosities and a Model. You are reading the letter of a great artist of ten years back, as I used to do that sort of stuff in kindergarten. This modern art is really going to extremes, and getting too technical:—goofy pictures that only goofy characters could think up.



Seventh Unmonstrosity

Undoubtedly, I'd never win an art award for my piece of work, but at least the majority of the people look at it and tell what it is, so he seventh piece for the model to see

NANCY J. LONG, Rochester,

THE LONG & SHORTHAND O

THE EDITOR: Your article on the Joan of Arc (June 26th) says "the (at her trial) were translated direct the stenographic record." Accor the encyclopedia the first known sh system (English) dates from 15 years after Joan's death and the first shorthand system was dated 16 years after Joan's death. How abo

MRS. FRED'K B. Birmingham

Our Britannica says: ". . . earliest we have of an organized system o hand dates from the year 63 B.C. . . . *. . . Dating from the 10th Century the Paris MS. of Hermogenes, wi tachygraphic writing of that perio England was the birthplace of shorthand.*

THE IRREVERENT MARSHA

DEAR SIR: Jim Marshall's Out World (June 12th) had a tone of fl running through it. He seemed f interested in the man-made wond big telescope than in the wonder galaxies he was looking at.

To refer to the sun (a million tim than this earth) as "you puny litt shows a lack of reverence in the ha of the Creator. Here I quote Ar Harding, Professor of Astronomy, sity of Arkansas: "The more a ma about the miracles of science an the universe that is around him an him the more religious he becomes more respect he has for his Creato

C. R. V. BAGSHAWE, Victori

UI

DEAR SIR: The excellent article by Whitman, Chiselers' Holiday (Jun reminds me of a man who manage lect New York unemployment i while he was in Reno for the usual I know of several books written by who collected their weekly $21, an who did the designing and illu similarly financed themselves. N nice design for living, for the bene Mr. Whitman might also have gals who quit jobs to have their b frequent collectors under the scheme of things.

J. M. RUSSAKOFF, New Yor

GRUBB STAKE

DEAR SIRS: I note with intere Week's Work, July 24th) that M Grubb, the writer, is ambitious to ried to a brunette, have seven and open a poolroom in his home West Virginia. Well—I'm of the hair tinge, own a pool table of r and just to make it easier for Da seven children by my late husba that interests me is this: I kn Grubb has a wonderful brain—I thought his story The Lodge Brother superb. But does he have the body to go with it?

GEORGETTE KONLIN, Chicago, Ill.



We reproduce Mr. Grubb's physiog. Reader Konlin will have to do her own proposing and judge his physique for herself! Eight mouths take a lot of feeding.

Grul

SLIDE-RULE FOOTBALL

Continued from page 6

take the words right out of his
he invariably retains a firm grasp
cogitative faculties in moments of

porter once complimented Balogh
extemporaneous style, but Harry
the charge. "Furthermore,"
insisted, "I always make up my
cements as I go along."

P EARS ON THE BENCH

cher finally paid Stanky a com-
; he said he was bigger than
Rooney and faster than Ernie
rdi. . . . Sure the Indians are lucky
m's gotta be lucky to be up there
for the pennant. This time last
ey were trying to waive Lemon
he league because he couldn't hit
ough to stay in the outfield. But
wnies claimed him so Boudreau
to try the kid as a pitcher. So
s the best young pitcher in the
now, better'n Feller for my
. . .

I like the South, but those bus
e murder. Ever take that night
m Asheville down to Charlotte,
and round those mountains?
verd couldn't take it. Poor old
lways got sick. He never pitched
opener in Charlotte. . . . Feller
me if I wanted to pick up some of
ter-the-season exhibition money
id no thanks. Me, I'm like Enos
er—October is the month to hunt.
e to hear the dogs run. Purtiest
n the world. . . . And after Berra
ut of one of them Errol Flynn
somebody asked him if he knew
he skull and crossbones on the
lag meant. . . . Berra said sure I do
e. . . .

of these big-bonus rookies
talk to Honus Wagner about the
ld days. Honus rode a coal train
first minor-league job—down in
nville, think it was—signed for
bucks a month, paid for his own
n and shoes and ended up two
ahead for the month. Think of
Wagner for two bucks. And the
paid Wakefield fifty-two grand to
s name and he hasn't done much
ce.

STARS—TWO STYLES

similarity between Beverly Baker
ertrude Augusta (Gussie) Moran,
lery favorites on the tennis circuit,
graphical and coincidental. Bev
ssie live in Santa Monica, Califor-
yond that there is nothing similar.
idextrous Beverly, just turned
n, has no backhand. Maybe it would be more accurate to say she has two forehands, right and left. She serves right-handed, writes left-handed, and eats right-handed. On shots down the middle, she does what comes naturally.

"I use whatever hand the racket happens to be in," Bev says. "If you start thinking about it, it gets too complicated."

Bev's double-barreled forehand didn't just happen. Her dad planned it that way. "Bev isn't much over five feet," Frank Baker explains. "The two forehands increase Bev's reach—help her to cover almost as much court as a taller girl."

The all-forehand style also gives Bev extra hitting power. She won the National public parks title in 1946, and scored her first big victory last September by upsetting Pat Todd (ranked No. 4 nationally) in the finals of the Pacific Southwest.

Galleryites who revel in Bev's unorthodox strokes are captivated by Gussie Moran's classic style and form: hips 35 inches, waist 27 inches, bust 36 inches. Glamorous Gussie rates No. 9 nationally, surprisingly high when you remember Gussie quit tennis in 1941 after winning the girls' doubles title with Louise Brough, now the American champion.

Gussie had movie ambitions at eighteen (her dad is a Hollywood sound technician). Friends told her tennis would put muscles where curves ought to be. "So I quit," Gussie recalls. "I decided I wanted to be a girl."

Several minor parts—including a dancing bit in Rhapsody in Blue—ended Gussie's movie aspirations. She worked the graveyard shift at Douglas Aircraft for three years.

"When the war ended," Gussie says, "I decided to play tennis again. Went East but everybody beat me in 1945. The next year I got to the national quarter finals, took a set from champion Pauline Betz, and ranked 13th. Jumped to nine last summer. This year I'm aiming for No. 4—and the title in 1949."

Strangely enough, tennis officials do not share the gallery's enthusiasm for Gussie. "I don't think they like the way I dress," Gussie admits. Court protocol decrees knee-length dresses or longish shorts for lady tennis players. Gussie wears short-shorts and a T-shirt.

Down East last summer, Gussie put one of the disapproving brass hats on the spot. "What's wrong with my T-shirt?" she asked.

"Well, Miss Moran, isn't it a bit—that is—can't you buy a larger size?"

"I always buy the large size," Gussie replied—then added mischievously, "but they shrink."

THE END



"What say we try one Sunday evening without him?" JOHN RUGE

A day had twenty-four hours in grandmother's time. It still does. But we pack more into it. And so time seems to get constantly shorter and more valuable. And more than ever we depend on the incorruptible honesty of Westclox to keep us from losing even one precious moment.



BIG BEN Electric Alarm has a name famous for truth. His fine appearance graces your home. His case is a rich brown, with gold color trim. His cheerful gong alarm adjusts to loud or soft. He's $8.95 — with luminous dial, a dollar more.

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STARS IN HIS HAIR

Continued from page 19

suddenly we were talking to each
. She said she had just come from
York to live in Santa Monica with
uncle, who was retired and had a
house. The Duesenberg was also

xplained that I was willing to teach
verything about a Duesenberg, in-
g how to dismantle it completely.
just interested in learning how
rt it."
hat's the hardest part. Maybe you
etter keep me around to start it."
ook her to dinner that night and
g the next week I was with her con-
y, since she couldn't start that car,
nce I was growing more and more
my mind about her. I didn't have
ightwork to do because Bailey
was out of town.
the time my boss got back, Janice
were that way about each other. I
o say this, but charm is one of the
I have to offer the agency busi-
nd a little of it spills over into my
al life, so it was only natural that,
ng me, Janice should come to be
nterested in me. Maybe it isn't
l, but let's think of it that way. I
think she found something deeper
, because what is charm after all
capped teeth well exposed in a
that sounds sincere? That last sen-
is from a novel I am writing that
s the Hollywood sham.
hree weeks after the day we had
said to the redhead that I was in
ith her.
u just like the Duesenberg," she

, it's you," I said. "Just you
t sounds like a great popular

u're not taking me seriously."
y should I?"
ause I'm serious."
ut me?"
."
right. I love you too."
look this Hemingway dialogue.
re really in love. I took her into
s, she took me into her arms, and
espite the difficulty with arms, it
rvelous. Being in love, I mean.
n Springs," I said, "is a nice place
arried. I know a guy who's been
there several times, wouldn't go
e else."
placc is a good place to get mar-
anice replied.
ean gamble at Palm Springs."
t's Reno."
s go there."
s not, getting married is enough
mble."
agreed on anyplace, which was
own up the coast. We planned to
week end and stay for several
I checked with the boss. I didn't
as getting married, but told him
to go on a talent hunt in the hin-
for several weeks. He thought
great idea, just great.

HE afternoon of my wedding
(we were going to drive up to
e that night in the Duesenberg)
acking my things in my apart-
eciding whether or not to take
is racket, when a call came from
.
e, what are you doing tonight?"
ones said.
getting married."
el it, I want you to take Barbara
n to a dinner given by the News-
rrespondents."
maybe you didn't hear me, I'm
arried."
, if it was something serious,
u go, but—"
us! I'm getting married!"

"Look, there's nobody left to take Barbara, and she's fond of you."

"But, boss—"

"And her contract with us runs out this month, and we've got to be especially nice to her so we get a renewal."

"But, boss—"

"Pick her up at her house at eight."

"But, boss—"

WELL, it wasn't much of a job, but it was the only one I had. So I called Janice. You don't say to your bride-to-be that you can't get married because you've got a date with another girl, particularly when it's Barbara Brighton, whose face and figure are more familiar to the American male than the multiplication tables.

So I said I had to work, something very important had come up at the office, we were going to have to go over the books all night.



"My wife watches on television and—
silly of us, I suppose—when I tug
my cap twice it means 'I love you'"

COLLIER'S PERRY BARLOW

"Books—I didn't know agents could read."

"This isn't that kind of book. This is accounts."

"But, darling, this is our wedding night," Janice said with a tear in her voice, or else there was a bad connection.

"How do you think I feel?" I said. "Do you think I'd rather go over the books than—? I mean marry you?"

"No," she said.

"All right, I'll pick you up in the morning. I love you, baby."

"I love you too."

"I'll pick you up in the morning."

"Get here early." . . .

I felt like a heel at that dinner with Barbara. She looked quite lovely in a low-cut evening gown, but I had never had any particular interest in her because she had a way of calling me Michael and fawning all over me, when I knew that she was really only interested in herself, and could never be interested in anybody else. Still, it had been pleasant before to be seen with her, to be envied by the uninitiated who didn't know her as she really was, but only as the first citizen of their dream world. It had been pleasant in that way before, but that night I felt horrible. I should be in that small town up the coast with my bride, and here I was having dinner with the most celebrated beauty in the world. It was crazy.

There was champagne. I don't drink, but Barbara has a special interest in champagne. She won't drink anything else, some kind of a Madame Du Barry complex but she makes up for her shortages in the other departments by putting away champagne like it was corned beef and cabbage. The result was that toward the end of the evening she grew rather fond of me and kept saying what a dear boy Michael was, the only agent who didn't want to maul her. This wouldn't have been so bad but at a particularly inopportune moment, a photographer took her picture. She was demonstrating her fondness for me by giving me a big bear hug when I saw the flash.

I tried to catch the photographer but he was gone. I hoped he wasn't from one of the newspapers because if that picture got printed and Janice saw it—

I took Barbara home and then tried to get a little sleep. I had told Janice I would be by about ten in the morning and we would leisurely drive up the coast and somewhere above Santa Barbara we would get married.

I got up at ten and drove to Santa Monica. I rang the doorbell and the redhead let me in. Those blue eyes were battleship gray again.

"Going over the books, eh?" she started.

"What's the matter?" I said.

"This," she cried, pointing at a newspaper in her hand. I knew without looking that it had printed The Picture.

"Now look, baby, there's nothing between me and Barbara."

"You were just trying to keep warm?"

"That's my job."

"Keeping her warm?"

"No, taking her to dinner."

"You said books, accounts!"

"I didn't want to worry you!"

"Go!"

"But, Janice—"

"Leave! Go!"

"But, darling—this is our wedding day!

"It *was* our wedding day—go!

It was then she started throwing things. Unfortunately I had taken her to Ocean Park a few nights before and won for her about a dozen little dolls, dogs, elephants and the like. She had placed them all on the mantel, and now, one by one, she threw them at me. She showed much more skill than she had at Ocean Park, she didn't miss me once. That elephant hurt.

"But, darling!" I shouted once more and then fled to my car. . . .

Driving back into town, I decided that I would resign my job with the agency. That would show Bailey Jones, and it would also show Janice that I really loved only her. I considered having Barbara call Janice to tell her that she had hugged me for a gag, but it didn't seem like such a good idea. Barbara was strange; she might not want to lose me for an escort.

I entered the boss's office and said, "Mr. Jones, I want to resign."

"But, Mike! Baby!" he said in that tone he always used when he wanted to talk somebody out of something. "Aren't you happy here?"

"I'm very unhappy."

"But you go out with the loveliest girls in the world. What's wrong?"

"I don't want to go out with the loveliest girls in the world, I want to go out with my wife. I mean, I want to get married."

"Married?"

"Yes, to a girl."

"But why didn't you say so?"

"I tried to tell you yesterday, Mr. Jones, but you wouldn't listen."

"You—married?" the boss said, suddenly realizing what I meant.

"Well, it's not so impossible. I'm twenty-nine now and—"

"But if you get married, you'll have to go out with your wife!"

"That's why I'm resigning."

"You—married," he repeated. "I think this is wonderful, Mike; marriage, you know, is a wonderful institution!"

"You should know," I said, "you've been in eight times."

"But you don't have to resign to get married."

"I don't?"

"No—you can go on day shift."

"Fine, boss!" I said. Day shift meant that I would have to have lunch with people instead of dinner, take girls to tennis matches instead of night clubs, and carry contracts around from studio to studio, like an office boy, but it would give me my evenings free.

"No, sir, no more nightwork for you, Mike," the boss said. Then he put on his serious look, lectured me on the sanctity of the home, and said, "This is a fine thing you're doing."

"A far, far better thing than I have ever done before," I said.

"Exactly."

JANICE wouldn't answer the door or the phone, and it was a week before I found her. During lunch hour I was walking down Wilshire to see the girls in their California dresses, and I happened to turn up and walk by Schwab's. I wasn't going to go in, but I saw the old Duesenberg, and changed my mind. I saw the redhead sitting at the counter.

There was an empty stool beside her so I slid onto it. "How would you like to be another Lana Turner?" I said.

She didn't even look.

"I've got it fixed with the boss, baby," I continued, "I don't ever have to take any of our clients out at night."

No answer.

"Never any more."

No answer.

"Never. Ever."

"I don't believe it."

"Honest, I'm on a day shift."

"We'll see," she said.

"You mean it's all right?"

NEWS FROM HOLLYWOOD...
for
FALSE TEETH WEARERS!
8 OUT OF 10 SCREEN PLAYERS WHO TESTED NEW COLEO PREFER IT!



NEW COLEO CLEANS FALSE TEETH
Really Clean!

Million-dollar Hollywood smiles often mean costly plates and dentures. Coleo's exclusive ingredient that "fizzes" away film and surface stain in minutes made a big hit! No brushing! False teeth *gleam*. The taste is fresh, delightful. No danger of offensive breath from dentures. Nor does it fade them. Try Colgate-Palmolive-Peet's new Coleo for *cleaner* plates and dentures.



NEW "FIZZ" TYPE CLEANSER FOR FALSE TEETH



...rings on her fingers

Lady, wear bells on your toes, too—if you want to. Sani-Flush simply won't let you dip hands into scrub-water . . . or get down on your knees, either. Sani-Flush cleans toilet bowls chemically—disinfects, too. All you do is sprinkle Sani-Flush, and toilet bowl stains and film give way to odor-less freshness — perfect cleanliness.

Safe in all toilet systems. Good in hard or soft water. At grocers' everywhere. Two sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton 2, Ohio.



Sani-Flush

GET TWO CANS TODAY

"We'll see."

"How about tonight? Dinner?"

"All right. Are you sure you're not going to have to take Barbara someplace?"

"Positive."

"Well, I guess I need somebody who knows how to start a Duesenberg."

We walked outside and I started the car for her. "Pick you up about seven. Maybe we could get married tonight."

"No."

"Janice, I love you," I said, racing the motor, "and I don't have to work nights any more and I'm crazy about you." Then I did rather an unusual thing for me. I grabbed her and kissed her. The motor was racing and so was I. I won.

"Oh, Mike," she said, "maybe we better get married." I kissed her again, and there was a roar of approval, not from the motor but from an audience of people who had come out of the drugstore to watch us. I stood up, took off my hat, bowed and drove away in triumph.

THAT evening, I was in my apartment packing my clothes to get married. (I still couldn't make up my mind about the tennis racket.) The phone rang. I let it ring for a long time, but then I thought I'd better answer it. It could always be a rich uncle wanting to leave me a lot of money, or a publishing house saying they had decided to publish that novel.

I answered it. It wasn't my uncle. It wasn't the publisher. It was Bailey Jones.

"Look, Mike, I've got a little job for you," he said.

"We said no more nightwork, boss."

"I know, Mike, but do you think I'd ask you to do this if it wasn't important?"

"No."

"Well, we're in a jam, and I know I can always count on you in a jam, can't I?"

"I suppose so."

"All right then. Barbara had a date with Cary Sprague to go to the Lambert newspaper dinner tonight, but she's been stood up. You've got to take her!"

"But I just took her to that dinner last week."

"That was another newspaper syndicate; it was just a rehearsal, this is the big one. You've got to take her, we can't offend the press."

I took a deep breath and thought the situation over. If I ran out on Janice again, I would never help her start the Duesenberg or anything else. And yet, if I told the boss I couldn't go because I was getting married, he'd talk me out of it, or I'd probably get fired. Then, right out of the Sunday section of the paper, an idea came to me.

"Look, boss, I'd love to do it, but I can't—"

"Why not?"

"Well, I'm working on something that's more important for the agency."

"Like what?"

I paused, trying to think of something.

"You don't mean you're getting married?" he said.

"Oh, no, nothing like that. I mean I'm trying to sign up a little girl that every other agency in town wants to handle."

"What's she like?"

"Well, she's—uh—sensational. Plenty of oomph and all that."

"Good teeth?"

"Yeah, all of them."

"Dark hair?"

"Sort of."

"Good!"

"So I won't be able to take Barbara to the dinner, boss, I've got to track this girl down."

"That's great, Mike, bring her over here in an hour!"

"But what about Barbara?"

"She can go with her husband if she has to: get that girl over here. Jerry Kent is in the office and I've just told him I've got a new girl for him to put in his picture."

From Installment XIII of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: "Churchill wanted to drive the Japanese out of it [Burma] not so much for the purpose of gaining access to China as to avenge a mortal insult to imperial prestige, and he did not relish the idea that the Americans or, more especially, the Chinese should have any share in the credit for its liberation."

"But don't you want to use the girl you've got, boss?"

"Don't be silly, Mike, I haven't got any girl. I was just stalling. Get that girl over here!"

"But, boss—"

He hung up on me.

For a moment I looked at my diploma on the wall and wished I'd been a Latin teacher like I was going to in the beginning, before I took Latin. And then I made a decision. I threw the tennis racket in the car and continued packing. I was going to get married, even if it meant my job. I could worry about work after the honeymoon. After all, a man who can start a Duesenberg must be in demand someplace.

I drove to Santa Monica and picked up Janice. She looked lovely in her wedding gown—blue jeans and a red shirt. Something old and something blue, she explained.

"Do you think we'll really get married?" she grinned.

"What could stop us?" I said bravely.

"I thought maybe you might have to take Barbara to the flea circus."

"Darling, we're going to be married if I have to lose my job," I said, thinking it was going to work out just like that.

My plan was to drop by the office and tell the boss that the girl I was trying to get for him had gone to Fresno to see her mother and I was going to drive up there, nab her and bring her back.

I parked in front of the Bailey Jones offices in Beverly Hills and said to Janice, "I've got to tell my boss something. I'll be right out."

"Is this the hallowed hall?"

"This is it."

"Mind if I take a look?"

"You want to see the insides?"

"It was in a magazine last r Very modern. I'd like to take a

"All right," I said, "come on. went inside. I left Janice looking *décor* of the outer room and open door into the boss's office.

"Where is our new star?" Bailey said immediately. I saw Jerry Ke producer, sitting on the couch.

"Hi, Mike," Jerry said. He wa man with a cigar, and a Hungari cent he picked up on a trip to Pas

"Hi, Jerry. Boss, there's somet got to tell you about this girl. She' Fresno," I began.

"I want somebody who is diff Jerry said, making motions wi hands that meant she had to be dif

"Mike says she's sensational," th added, "and Mike can pick them was sort of mentally rubbing his

"She's got to be different," Jerr tinued. He was one of the more late of his profession.

"Where is she?" Bailey went on.

"I'm trying to tell you, boss, a thing happened—"

At that moment I heard Janice' from the outer office. "Is this a P Mike?" she asked.

THE door was open so I just around. "Excuse me, boss. honey, I'll be right out," I said and to close the door.

"Wait!" said Jerry. "Wait!" H looking under my arm at Janice. I short. "That's her!" he shouted. ferent!"

"Different!" shouted Bailey Jon knows a lead when he hears one. pletely different!"

"You better tell somebody this ing is upside down," Janice said.

"The voice!" Jerry went on. "ent!"

"Very different!" added the bos

"Different," I said, thinking it wa I agreed.

"Different!" repeated Bailey Jon always had to have the last differe

Well, I didn't go to Fresno to fi mythical girl, because they signed to a contract, and now she is a star say she'll be a bigger star than B Brighton, maybe another Lana T This afternoon the boss called n asked me to take Janice to a ve portant party tonight. He says I only one of his employees he ca with as beautiful a girl as my wife.

THE END



"I suppose it hasn't occurred to you that you may be laying yourself open to a possible suit for false arrest?"

COLLIER'S

GARONE

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY...



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A LADY FOR BALLAROL

Continued from page 21

I drank the pisco right down. I looked around. Delbert and Delevan Hale were yelling at each other like always, and Press Farmer was trying to get out from between the twins before he went deaf. I waved, then I said to the bartender, "Two more piscos."

What with piscos, and then more piscos we stayed in the Parker Hotel bar a long time. Then Sime took out a big watch, looked at it, then shook his head and showed it to the bartender.

"What's it say?" he asked.

The bartender said, "Ten minutes after five, Mr. Canought."

"Oh, hell," Sime said. "I got to go to the boat."

The bartender rubbed the bar. "What boat, Mr. Canought? Boat's gone long time ago."

"You figure on taking the boat, Sime?" I asked. "You just came back from New Orleans. You going again?"

Sime scowled at me. "No, I ain't taking the boat." He finished another pisco, then banged the glass down. "She's coming on it. I got to meet the boat." He took my arm. "We gotta meet the boat, Rack."

WE WENT out, and I mounted the mare. Sime looked up the street, and one of the Canought darkies drove the carriage up. Sime got in and he told the coachman to get out. I rode alongside.

"Who's she?" I asked him.

"I tol' you," Sime said. "How many times I gotta tell you, Rack? She's comin' on the boat." He touched the back of the horse with the whip. "Seems as how you're showin' too much interest in this lady, Rack."

Sime and I were good friends. He lived a little way upriver from Ballarol and we had grown up together. We had a lot of arguments. Two years before we couldn't agree over a hound-dog. I still have the mark on my leg where Sime put the bullet. It never hurt much, and we had always been friendly. A gentleman has to show spirit. I liked Sime fine but I wouldn't take anything off him.

"Sime," I said, "I won't take anything off you." Then I remembered Pappy and what I'd come to Natchez for. I stopped the mare and Sime stopped the carriage.

"I ain't going to meet Dolly by myself," Sime blurted.

"All right," I said. "But you dull your tongue, Sime."

Natchez-Under-the-Hill was a place to see and smell. You could see anything down there, and you could smell the garbage and the mud flat that spread from the foot of the cliff to the river. There wasn't a boat in sight when we got to the Landing. There was a red-haired girl sitting on a round-top trunk, and she stood up when Sime got out of the carriage. She didn't say anything, and Sime just looked at her for a minute. Then he looked at me.

I reckon I was staring real hard. She was a little girl, but she was good-sized in the right places. Her eyes were green, with little speckles of brown in them. She kept looking at Sime.

"Miss Remson," Sime said at last, "Dolly, this is Rackham Ballarol."

"I am waiting for the next boat," she said to him. "I am not waiting for you any longer."

"I was kept, Dolly," Sime said, and his voice was weak.

I cleared my throat. "Ma'am," I said, "you can't wait all night. Not here in Natchez-Under-the-Hill."

"Mind your own business," Dolly said, still looking at Sime. And Sime turned to me. There was a high flush on his face, and it wasn't all due to the piscos. Sime was working himself up.

"I don't reckon we need you, Rack," he said.

I bowed to Dolly, and I said, "Ma'am, I bid you good day."

"Don't you dare leave me alone with this man!" Dolly cried. Sime moved toward me.

"You going to make trouble, Rack?" he said.

"She says, Sime," I told him carefully, "that she don't want to be alone with you. I reckon she knows what she wants." I looked at Dolly Remson's red hair, and her green eyes with the flecks of brown in them. I figured if anybody made trouble it would be Dolly Remson. And I didn't figure it was any of my trouble. I stepped toward the mare, and Sime gave me a push. My feet sort of twisted and I fell down. I was up in a hurry.

I poked Sime, and he lit on one elbow and the seat of his breeches. He got up.



"Here's the hatchet, Ed. Would you split me some kindling, please?"

COLLIER'S — VIRGIL PARTCH

He bowed to Dolly Remson. She stared at both of us in turn, her eyes big as plums.

"My apologies, ma'am," Sime said, and he bowed with a jerk. "You will please excuse us," Sime said. "We will be crossing over into Louisiana."

"One of us," I said, "will be back soon."

"No!" Dolly said. "No! Please—"

"We got to," Sime grunted. "Dueling ain't legal in Mississippi any more." He walked toward the carriage. "Don't you fret, I'll be back."

"Ha-ha!" I laughed. Then she looked straight at me and I stopped laughing. Sime got in the carriage and I mounted the mare. I swung my hat off, and Dolly's lip trembled. I had to spur the mare to catch Sime. He was going up the hill fast.

I followed Sime into the bar at the Parker Hotel.

"This," I told myself, "will be a scandal like nobody ever had before." I began to pride myself in it. I had never fought any man over any woman before. I wasn't sure I was fighting Sime over Dolly Remson, but I began to hope so. I drank two piscos while Delevan Hale argued with Delbert Hale over choice of weapons and distance. Everybody knew it would be pistols, and everybody knew it would be twenty paces. But the twins were cold as river ice in February and very polite to each other. Delevan came to stand beside me, and Delbert went to have a pisco with Sime.

"Gentlemen," Press Farmer said, "who is the injured party?" Press was a lawyer and a man for wasting time.

"I am!" Both Sime and I said it at once, and there wasn't another sound in the room except the clink of a pisco bottle against a glass.

"What was the injury?" Press asked. "Do you agree on that?"

Sime clamped his mouth shut, and I didn't say anything. I began to think hard, but I couldn't remember who was injured, except Dolly Remson. And the longer she sat down in Natchez-Under-the-Hill on her round-top trunk, the more injured she would be. Whichever one of us went back down the hill—I shuddered.

"Pistols," Press Farmer said at last, "at twenty paces? Is that agreeable?"

Delevan and Delbert looked at each other, then both said, "Yes, sir." Sime and I didn't say anything, even on the way across the river into Louisiana.

THERE were oaks shading the dueling ground and you could see the river. I scraped my feet over the grass. The ground was dry and the grass thick. I waited, while Doc Price held onto his little black bag, standing a little apart from the seconds and the witnesses. He kept watching me, until I swore under my breath and looked away across the Mississippi toward Natchez. So far as I knew Dolly Remson was still sitting on her round-top trunk.

Delevan came up to me. "This is very irregular," he said. "But Mr. Canought would like to speak to you, Mr. Ballarol."

"Damn it, Del," I said, "don't call me mister. It sounds like you're talking about a corpse. What's he want?"

Sime stood a ways off, and he looked over at me. Delevan didn't say anything more, so I scowled at Sime and took a few steps in his direction. He met me.

"You want to apologize, Sime?" I asked him.

He showed his teeth at me, then said, "I trust you are an honorable m

"What's that got to do with it asked.

"If I fall," Sime said, "there is lady."

"What's that got to do with me demanded.

"As if you didn't know, Rackham larol!" Simon sneered.

"As if I gave a damn, Simon nought!" I sneered back. "Let's ge with this."

We both bowed, and I chose a from the rosewood case. It was a barreled gun and it had a nice ba and a light trigger pull from a trigger you could set. I watched take the other pistol.

"Take your places, gentlemen." I walked over and backed into "Ten paces, gentlemen. The word be fire, one, two, three. No firing the count."

I held the pistol high. I didn't of anything as I walked. Then I sto and turned around just as Sime d let the pistol down, aiming at There was plenty of daylight left, couldn't see him too well. I hear word and I pulled the trigger. I s puff of smoke from Sime's pist waited a minute, then I shook mysel easy. Sime was down.

I walked over and looked at him. was only a little blood on his shirt.

"Rackham Ballarol," Sime said, have done for me."

"I ain't!" I cried, and Doc Price up and knelt on the grass, laying his bag open. "Doc," I said, "he ain bad!"

Sime batted his eyes, then he el at his shoulder. "You have don me—" He didn't say any more, and Price said, "I fear unconsciousnes set in."

I dropped the pistol, and De picked it up and put it in the case clapped me on the back. I scowled a and walked toward the riverbank our boat was. I got in and sat dow a thwart. I could see Doc Price wo away at Sime on the ground.

SHE wasn't at the landing when I back. And when I found she ha a carter and had gone up the hill. I up the hill myself. I was trying to of a middle-sized widow for Pappy I couldn't keep my mind on it. I back to the Parker Hotel bar, and as as I got inside there was a great h and I was thumped and drunk to. had been taken home in his carriag he was perky enough to sit up and at the loafers under the portico o Agricultural Bank as he rode by. lived alone, his house like a man's sl be—filled with dogs, tack for his h and liquor handy to a man's hand Ballarol was like that, but now P wanted a lady on the place to regul into fussyness. I wasn't in any hur think about a middle-sized widow.

After a while the desk clerk ca and put a note in my hand. He told better read it because it was from a

She was upstairs, in the ladies' p and even filled as I was with pisco I was a long time on the stairs. Bu wasn't mad like she'd been at the ing. She sat on the sofa, and she w different dress. There was a lot spread over the horsehair sofa. there wasn't much spread over her top. All I could do was bow.

"You murderer," she said, and h began to quiver and her bosom he

"Sime ain't hurt much," I said. you want me to take you out to th nought plantation?" I thought it handsome offer in a lot of ways; I



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know how Sime would feel about me showing up with her while his shoulder was still hot from my bullet. And looking at her in that dress, I decided I didn't want Sime to have another look at her at all.

All of a sudden she began to cry. "I'm going back to New Orleans! I don't want to marry anybody, least of all Simon Canought. I want to go home!"

"Ma'am," I said, "you mean you were going to marry him?"

Dolly Remson began to tear her handkerchief up, while she nodded, making the tears run all directions on her cheeks.

"Why Sime?" I said. "He ain't any more a marrying man than I am."

Dolly put her handkerchief up to her eyes, but I could see her looking at me through a hole she had torn in it. "Men change," she whispered. "I thought Sime—I reckon I wouldn't have promised—" She stopped and looked at the toe of her shoe that peeped out from beneath her spread skirt. "I just had to marry somebody," she whispered.

All of a sudden I coughed, and Dolly stared at me.

"I haven't any family," she said. "I've been tending children of sort of kinfolk. I'm a poor relation," she went on bravely, but spots of red came to her cheeks. "And Sime—" The color spread on her face, but she went on. "I reckon I set my cap for him, when he came to visit last month. I reckon I did just that, Mr. Ballarol. And then I was sorry." She looked past me, then added, "I reckon Sime was sorry too."

"Sime's a fool," I said. Then I swallowed hard and added, "But if you want him, ma'am, I reckon you'll have him. I'll have a talk with Sime—"

"You won't!" Dolly Remson cried. She looked down at her hands. "I can get a man without you to mix in. You, and your pistols!"

"I reckon, then," I said, "I won't mix in any more, ma'am."

"All right," Dolly said, still looking at her hands.

"I'll be going, ma'am," I said.

"Well," Dolly said, "why don't you go? Don't just stand there. You look like a man who knows his own mind."

I sat down. "I reckon I ain't so sure," I muttered, and my mind filled up with confusion and anger at myself.

"I'll go back to New Orleans," Dolly said. "I'll go back and raise those—" she bit the words off.

"You don't have to do that," I said with a rush. "You would like Ballarol! You would like Pappy!" I licked my lips. Then I closed my eyes, still seeing her as she looked—trim, and red-haired and with her tiny shoe peeking out from beneath her skirt. "Mammy," I said it to myself, then I groaned out loud.

"Are you in pain, Mr. Ballarol?" Dolly said stiffly.

"I reckon I am, Miss Remson," I said. "I ain't been a marrying man, so Pappy—" I put my head down and let out a long and hollow moan. "I just can't do it!"

I heard her skirts rustle, but I didn't look up. When at last I did, she was gone. I went back downstairs. I didn't go into the bar again. I got my mare and hit the Trace fast.

THE Canought house was all lighted up, and I found Sime propped up in bed. He had a bottle of whisky handy, and he was holding a pistol between his knees and running oiled patches through the barrel with one hand. His right arm was in a sling. Two big hound-dogs lay on the bed. They both sat up and barked at me when I came in the bedroom. The sperm oil on the pistol patches smelled stronger than the hound-dogs.

I sniffed. "I reckon it's plain, Sime," I said carefully, "why a lady wouldn't feel at home here."

"You're damn' tidy all of a sudden, Rack," Sime said. He sighted th the pistol barrel, then he poured a of whisky for himself. He eyed m the glass. "If you're talkin' about Remson"—he drank the whisky finished—"I reckon a man can his mind."

I nodded. "I reckon he can. But gets first chance at it, Sime." I wi him, and I watched the pistol, watched both the hound-dogs. It be like Sime, having his pistol em sick dogs on me. "She's got to tur down, Sime. And I reckon I got her do it."

"Now, Rack," Sime said, "you she won't do that! You ain't givi any chance at all." Then he beg wheedle me. "You're my best f Rack, and nobody ought to com tween us. A woman changes a something awful. He won't hav more say than—" He stopped. " Sime ended, "he won't have any all."

"You ain't got any say now, Sim said. "It's hers." I headed for the "I'll be back, Sime."

PAPPY was sleeping on his back his knees up and a steady flutter lips. I looked at him in the candl then I grabbed one knee and shook He grumbled a minute in his slee then he sat up with a roar.

"I did what you asked, Pappy," "The lady is in Natchez."

"Huh?" Pappy said. "Blast Rack—" He sat up, grabbing the about his neck. "You ain't found Rack?"

But I nodded. "I have, Pappy. you said."

"But that was yesterday," I groaned.

"She's got to turn you down, Pa I said. "It has to be her choice."

When I got back to the Parker in Natchez, it was six o'clock i morning. The night clerk blinked v asked to see Miss Remson.

"You can send a boy up with said, "but I'm going up and knock door."

"Mr. Ballarol," the clerk began, didn't wait. I went up the stairs steps at a time. I knocked on her

"Who is it?" I heard her say. "W you want?"

I waited while I thought how swer. I couldn't think so I kep ping. She came to the door and the bolt slip back. She opened it a and peeked out. She hadn't made a but I could see her in the light fro window.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"Rackham Ballarol," I replied gave a little shriek and slammed the I didn't hear the bolt slip. "Miss son," I said, "Dolly, you got to with me. We're going down-river.

"You go away!" Dolly said, and tled the door. "No!" she squealed. away!"

I didn't answer; I just stood there door trying to think what to do After a minute Dolly asked, "Ha gone away?" She said it nervousl the door opened again slowly.

"You better get dressed," I said wait right here until you do."

Dolly glared at me and slamm door. But I could hear her around.

When she came out she walke me without saying a word. But I s look at me from the corner o eye. We went downstairs and o I handed her into a carriage I had h got in, and then I looked at her. S on a cloak, but under the cloak sh the same dress I'd seen her in th ning before in the ladies' parlor.

"That ain't fair," I said. "Sime-

"Where are you taking me?" said. I gave the horse a lick with th and we started south.

re ping to see Simon Canought," her. She stood up, and I grabbed Wh are you trying to do?" I

p t!" she yelled, and she tried. t king and squealing as I drove le nd.

r t t she didn't say any more, wh led the carriage into the Ca- dr e. She sat over in the cor- d en I stopped the carriage in f t piazza, she said, "I won't see Ca ought!"

o and when I reached for her e such a sweet smile that I hen she grabbed for the reins wo and I had to jump clear over r the mare's head. She raised nd I just looked at her. Then he whip on the ground and wn herself.

s having breakfast, and he hen we came in. Dolly re- ok at him. She sniffed and nd at a window. The cloak wn on her shoulders and she ere. It was hard to look from , but I did it.

I said, "you have something e lady."

Sime began, and I jabbed my m.

lady you're to talk to, Sime!" Remson," Sime began, His voice was hoarse and turned from the window. I wallow hard. Then he blinked couple of times. "Miss Rem- vent on earnestly, "will you with your hand in marriage?" rned clear around, and my n to pound up in my throat. at Sime, and her lips began to e was as pretty as a chestnut sun. She was trim as a bird dn't look at her any more. I Sime, and his eyes began to they took that dress in. He ard her, and she stood there s waiting for him.

Sime said, "I don't know what e—"

what got into you, Sime!" I bullet got into you. But you're is too far!

ep out of this!" Sime said. ught her here, and now you a man alone with his intended

olly said suddenly. "I'm not intended wife."

a big breath. "You're telling I asked.

ooked at me, and I saw the cks in her green eyes again. should be able to understand snapped.

"Simon Canought," I said, "good morning to you!" And I bowed and hustled Dolly out into the hallway. Sime yelled after us, but I handed her into the carriage and whipped up the horse.

"If you are so frightened of me," Dolly said, "it will be a comfort to know I will not refuse the next man who asks me. And even if you make him ask me at pistol point."

I grinned at her. The sun was bright on her hair, and she had her feet flat on the floor boards, her tiny shoes showing below her skirt. She was such a little girl to be so saucy.

"I went to Natchez to get a wife for Pappy," I told her. "To get a lady for Ballarol. Now I reckon I'll go back there for a parson, if you've made your mind up."

WE GOT to Ballarol in the heat of the afternoon, and I knew Pappy would be sound asleep on the bullhide. I let the parson sit in the carriage, and I lifted Dolly down and led her toward the six darkies who were sleeping in a row beside Pappy, ready to take hold of the bullhide and tug him into the shade.

"Pappy!" I called, and Pappy's eyes opened and his mouth went shut. He blinked. Then he saw Dolly Remson.

"Rack!" he said, and his voice was hoarse and low. "Rack, not her!"

"Her, Pappy," I said. "A lady for Ballarol."

He sat up, and a shaft of sunlight hit him in the eye.

"Move me!" he yelled, and the six darkies took hold of the bull's tail on the hide and moved him. He fixed his eyes on Dolly, then he groaned and looked at me.

"She ain't middle-sized, Rack," he said. "And if she's a widow—"

"She ain't, Pappy," I said. "She ain't even a wife yet. Pappy, a man can change his mind, can't he?"

"Not me, Rack!" Pappy hollered. "I'm too old to change my mind!"

"But I ain't too old to change mine," and I looked at Dolly Remson. She stepped back a little ways, but not quite out of my reach. "I let you have your say once," I told her. "Now I'll let you have it again. You want to be married here by the bullhide, or you want to be married in the house?"

"I don't care," Dolly said, "so long as it's you. And I reckon it is you, this time."

Pappy gave a deep sigh, then he lay back on the bullhide.

"I reckon it was all the time," I said, and Dolly smiled as if it was a secret.

THE END



"I'll just have whatever you're having, if it's steak" SIDNEY HOFF

Does your face reveal your thoughts?



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THE HALF-NAKED TRUTH

Continued from page 22

"Go down and tell Dr. Green that the diagnosis is hypoglycemia," Dan Coffee told the Hindu resident. "He'll know what to do."

"Have not previously witnessed case of diabetes in reverse," Dr. Mookerji remarked. "What is prognosis, Doctor Sahib?"

"We'll have to find out if it's chronic hyperinsulinism or just an overdose," Dr. Coffee said. "I've got to go out to lunch pretty soon, but keep in touch with Dr. Green. When the patient wakes up, we'll see about a glucose tolerance test."

"Will establish liaison with ward F instantly," said the Hindu. "Am wishing you most tremendous appetite, Doctor Sahib."

DAN COFFEE'S appetite did not require the un-Vedantic blessings of his Hindu resident, for if there was anything the pathologist found as exciting as the discovery of a new strain of bacteria, it was a new or rare gastronomic experience. And the surest way of luring Dr. Coffee away from his laboratory at midday, as Max Ritter had learned, was to suggest lunch at Raoul's, a tiny restaurant one flight up, on the wrong side of the tracks in industrial Northbank.

Dr. Coffee arrived at Raoul's promptly at noon, for he knew that on the second Friday of the month the place would be crowded, chiefly with cooks from the near-by food canneries come to eat Raoul's bouillabaisse. As Raoul would rather be found dead than serve a bouillabaisse made with fresh-water fish, the celebrated Marseille specialty graced his menu only on alternate Fridays, when his biweekly shipment of conger eels, sea robins, lobsters, flounders, sea bream, and salt-water mussels arrived by air express from the Atlantic seaboard.

As he climbed the narrow staircase, Dan Coffee sniffed the pleasant aroma of onions and tomatoes and saffron simmering in good olive oil, with overtones of deep-sea fragrance, a grace note of garlic and contrapuntal accents of bay leaves.

When the tall, rangy silhouette of Dr. Coffee emerged from the stairway, Max Ritter was already seated. The detective was dejectedly making patterns with his fork on the wine-stained checkered tablecloth.

"Hi, Doc," Ritter said gloomily. "I ordered some of that boo—some of that fish stew, before it's all gone. Okay?"

"Perfect, Max." Dr. Coffee tucked his napkin into his collar, for eating bouillabaisse at Raoul's was a serious affair, with no holds barred and ground rules undictated by Emily Post.

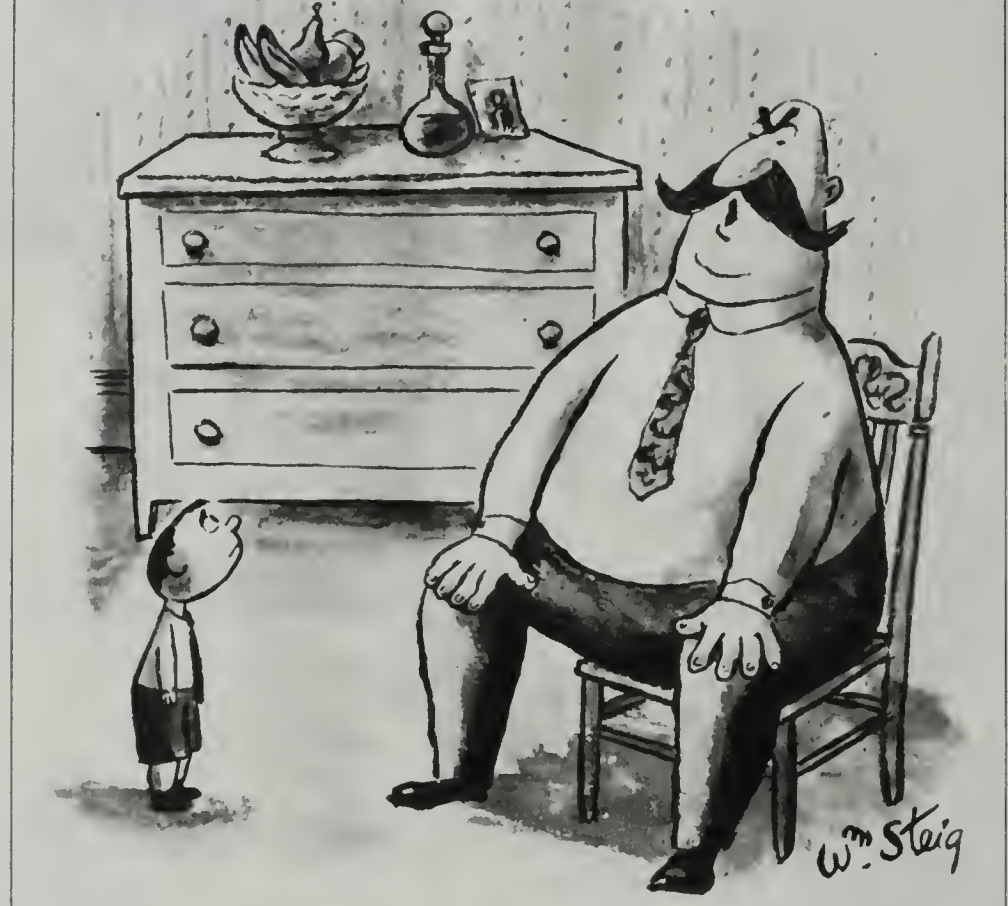
"I think maybe I got you here under false pretenses, Doc," Ritter said.

"Nonsense, Max. There's bouillabaisse."

"I mean about that Nancy Wynn dame. I thought we had something hot there, but now I dunno. Anyhow, here's the score. Yesterday a private dick who thinks he's tough because he's got red hair and comes from New York brings me a picture of a good-looking tomato he says is on the lam from her lawful-wedded husband. This dick's name is Pete Lovering, and he says Nancy is in Northbank and will I help dig her up because the husband says come home, all is forgiven. So what happens? So we find Nancy in bed at your hospital, but we can't find the private dick."

A cloud of fragrant steam arose from the center of the table as Dan Coffee lifted the lid of an earthenware casserole which had just been put down. He ladled some of the golden liquid into his soup plate. "He'll probably turn up," Dr. Coffee said. "I saw the story in the early editions of the afternoon papers, with a pretty good description of Nancy."

"But why does this dick take a powder on me?" Ritter asked. "I had him tailed when he left the squad room yesterday, because he wouldn't give me an address. It took him just half an hour to shake the tail. Brody followed him to the Union Station and waited for twenty minutes outside the men's room. Brody is very considerate for a cop. When he finally went inside to look, Lovering was gone—down the drain, Brody figured—until he noticed there was another exit through the janitor's room. We haven't seen him since."



COLLIER'S "Who's the boss—you or me?" WILLIAM STEIG

"Are you putting a watch on Nancy?" Dr. Coffee asked.

"What for?" Ritter was attacking a lobster claw. "Far as I know, she hasn't done anything I can hold her for. The way I see it, Nancy just likes it with the guy she ran away with and doesn't want to go home. This strip tease last night was probably just an act to get away from Lovering. Or was it, Doc?"

"It was no act," said Dr. Coffee. "It was hypoglycemia. Insulin shock."

THE detective whistled. "Sounds bad," he said.

"They act like drunks," Dr. Coffee said. "Irrational actions, incoherent speech, temporary blackout, delirium and coma. She probably doesn't even remember running around like a fan dancer without fans."

"Let's forget about her," Ritter said. "Far as I'm concerned, the case is closed. The hell with Lovering."

Dr. Coffee sopped up the last of the saffron-tinted sauce with a piece of French bread. He drained his wine glass and unfastened his napkin. Suddenly he had a recurrence of the same queer uneasiness he had felt when he first saw the tense, fear-haunted face of the unconscious Nancy Wynn. He stared at the worried frown on the detective's forehead.

"Max, you're a liar," he said. "This case has got under your skin. You can't drop it yet, and you know it. Let's have some coffee, and then we'll both go back to the lab."

"I guess you're right, Doc," Ritter admitted.

The centrifuge was whirring as Dr. Coffee and the detective entered the laboratory.

"Well, Dr. Mookerji, how's the patient in ward F?" Dan Coffee asked above the drone of the machine.

The Hindu touched a switch and the spinning coronet of test tubes purred slowly to a stop. "Can report glucose test now quite superfluous," he replied. "Lady patient has departed from this abode of pain."

Dr. Coffee's hand, which was reaching for his white coat, dropped to his side. "Dead?" he asked.

"Quite contrariwise, Doctor Sahib," the Hindu replied. "Copious administrations of dextrose and other carbohydrates by Dr. Green caused speedy recovery. Whereupon lady departed from hospital for home and cozy fireside."

"Hey, wait a minute, swami." Max Ritter grimaced as if he had bitten into something very sour. "You mean Nancy Wynn went home under her own power?"

"Partially," said the Hindu. "Lady's power was partially derived from own quite handsome legs, and partially from strong arm of loving husband."

"Husband?" echoed Ritter.

"You should have had her transferred to a private room with a guard on the door," Dr. Coffee suggested.

"It's no crime in this state for a dame to go home with her own husband—if it was her husband. Did you see them go, swami?"

"Was involuntary witness to entire scene of domestic bliss and happy reunion," Dr. Mookerji said. "When informed by Dr. Green that lady patient was in wakeful condition, had repaired instantly to ward F. Lady was quite jolly and talkative regarding terpsichorean subjects. Upon learning of Bengali origin of self, lady expressed great curiosity concerning nautch dancers and Hindu rigadoons and hornpipes. volunteering simple demonstratio bayadere temple dance when loving band burst upon scene."

"What did he look like, swami?" Ritter asked.

"Greatly regret cannot describe c tenance or other anatomical featu the Hindu replied. "As result of m Bengali upbringing, am moved to b ing confusion by public osculation similar Occidental phenomena ol travagant affection. Therefore av eyes during mutual kissings and t twining of arms."

"Don't tell me that Nancy went in that pearl necklace and Cellop slip she arrived in," Max Ritter said

"Thoughtful husband provided bu of female clothings and lady pa garbed self in same prior to happy

Dr. Coffee picked up the phone spoke briefly to the hospital office. cashier says the bill was paid by a named George Taylor," he report moment later.

"I'd better talk to the cashier," H said, "and some of the people in Wa Maybe they'll remember what thi called husband looked like. Come a swami?"

WHEN Dr. Mookerji and the c tive left the laboratory, Dan C returned to his Q fever puzzle whi had put aside that morning. He wa settling down to his microscope wh was interrupted by another visit very handsome young man, dresse a fashion ad. He said in a resonant tone:

"My name is George Taylor. looking for my wife. I saw in the that a woman believed to be N Wynn was in this hospital. Nancy was my wife's maiden name. I inquired for her, they said I sh see either Dr. Mookerji or Dr. C in this laboratory. Can you help m

Dr. Coffee frowned. This y man did not answer Max Ritter' scription of the redheaded dete Perhaps he was the third angle of th angle, the man Nancy had run with. In that case, who was the hus who had come for Nancy earlier i day—who had also given the nam George Taylor? Was one of these the legal husband, summoned from York by the private detective? Dr. fee's lower jaw protruded as he said afraid Nancy Wynn went home wit husband about an hour ago."

"But I'm Nancy's husband George Taylor." The young man s his head in bewilderment.

"The man who took Nancy W home said he was George Taylor, Dr. Coffee said. "When did you la Nancy Wynn, Mr.—Taylor?"

"Last night." The young man a fluttery gesture with his right h "I was called to Chicago on urgent ness, and I took the midnight p I flew back late this morning. My wasn't home, and I couldn't imagi

"Where do you live, Mr. Taylor

"Corner of Taft and Wilson. N rally, I was frantic when I didn't Nancy at home. Then I saw the papers—"

"Dr. Mookerji will be back sho Dan Coffee said. "He may be ab help you identify the man who Nancy home."

"I don't need his help." The y man stiffened. "I know the rat. I'll dle him myself. May I use your ph

"The public telephones are down in the lobby," Dr. Coffee began. Bu young man was already dialing.

"Send a taxi to Pasteur Hospital



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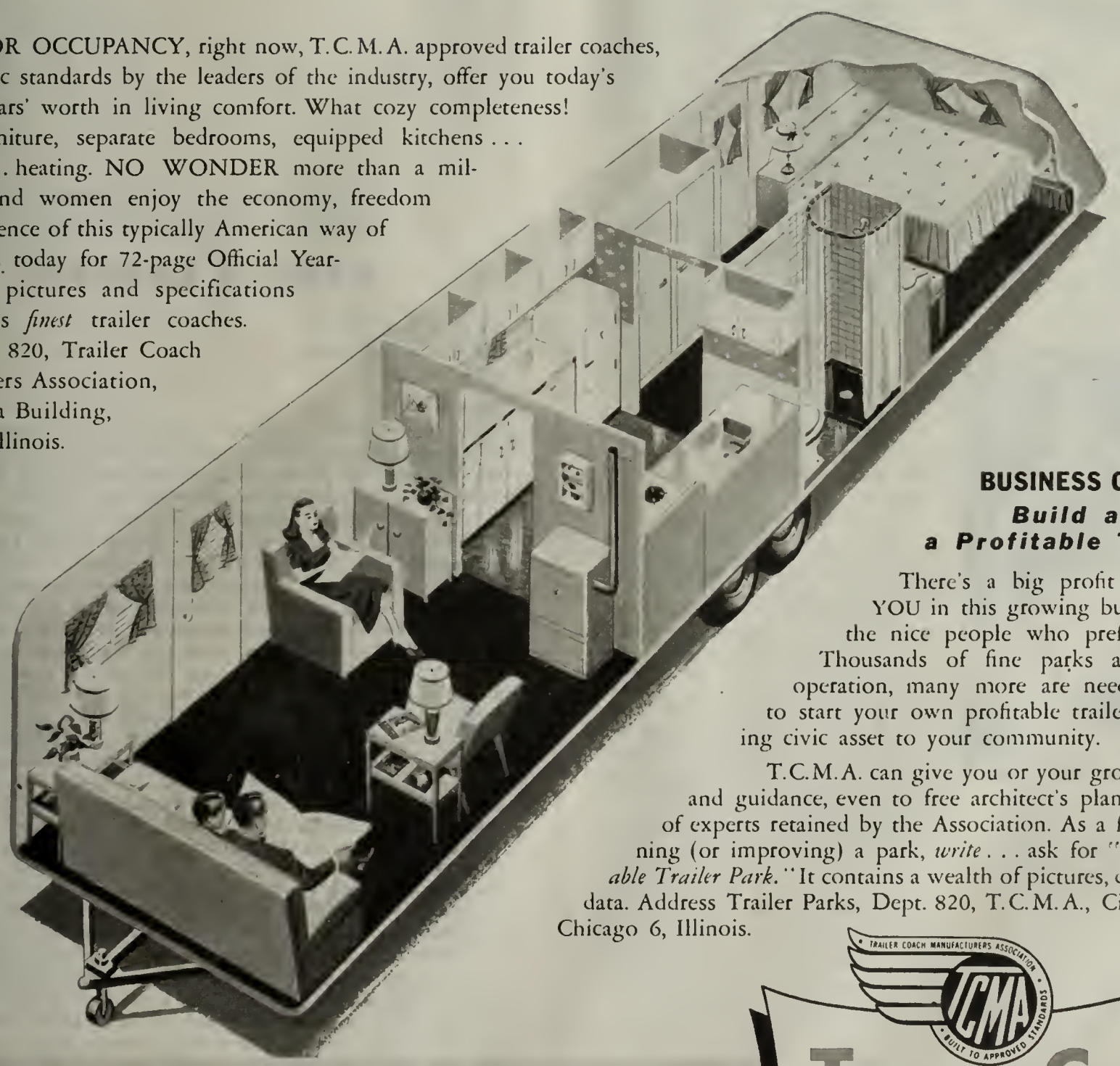
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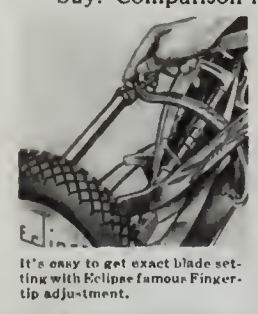


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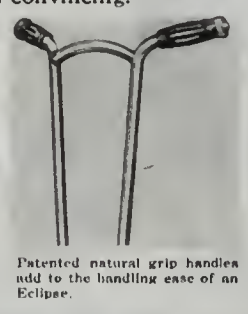
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said. "Taylor. I'll be waiting at the main entrance."

"You'll want to report this matter to the police," Dr. Coffee said. "Lieutenant Ritter will be here any minute."

"I don't need the police. This is a personal matter." The young man paused at the door. "And I'll handle it personally." The door closed after him.

Dr. Coffee immediately called the office of the hospital. "Is Dr. Mookerji there? Then flash his number on the call board. He's to come to the lab at once —with Lieutenant Ritter."

The instrument had scarcely dropped into its cradle when the bell rang. "Laboratory," said Dr. Coffee—and felt his scalp tingle. The receiver vibrated with a shrill, feminine voice, strident with terror.

"Dr. Mookerji? Oh, help me, Doctor," cried the panic-stricken voice.

"Dr. Mookerji just stepped out. This is Dr. Coffee."

"Oh, help me, Doctor! This is—Nancy Wynn." The voice quavered with despair. "He's trying to kill me. I've been shot. Oh!" The voice died in a whimper.

"Hello," said Dr. Coffee. "Hello." But the wire was dead.

Automatically he lighted a cigarette. Then he sprang up and stalked to the window. A taxi was drawing up in front of the main entrance to the hospital. The dapper George Taylor walked down the steps and got in. The taxi drove off. Dan Coffee noted the license number. Then he looked at his watch. It was exactly three o'clock.

The telephone rang again.

"Laboratory," said Dr. Coffee. "No, Lieutenant Ritter isn't here, but I can— Hold on. Here he comes now."

Max Ritter circled Dr. Mookerji's right end to take the phone. He grunted a few times and hung up.

"The boys grabbed Peter Lovering five minutes ago," he said. "He was going into the Whippet Arms Apartments with a suitcase full of woman's clothes. I'd left word I was at the hospital, so the boys are bringing him over. They're on their way now."

"If those clothes were for Nancy Wynn," Dr. Coffee said, "we'll be going right back to Whippet Arms. Nancy's been shot."

"Are you kidding, Doc?"

"Nancy just telephoned. She asked for Dr. Mookerji. She said somebody was trying to kill her. Said she'd been shot. She sounded bad."

"Let's meet the boys out front," Ritter said. "I want the swami to come along to identify Lovering. I think he's the guy who walked Nancy out of here a while ago."

"I forgot to tell you," said Dr. Coffee, "that a rather stunning young man just left here after claiming *he* was Nancy's husband. He said his name was George Taylor and he lives at Taft and Wilson. Here's the number of his taxi."

"Some gals have more husbands," Ritter said.

WHEN the police car drove up to the hospital entrance, Dr. Mookerji pointed to Peter Lovering, seated between two detectives, and exclaimed, "Gentleman with crimson hairs is indeed beloved husband of lady in ward F."

"Husband for today, maybe," Ritter said. "Climb out, boys. Doc Coffee and I are going to ride with the tough guy. You take my car and go to Taft and Wilson to pick up a good-looking young gent who may or may not admit he's George Taylor. What address on Taft Avenue did you get these female duds, Lovering?"

"None of your damned business," Lovering growled.

"There's a park on one side of Taft Avenue at Wilson," Ritter said. "And there's a church on one of the other corners. So you won't have any trouble finding Taylor. When you get him, bring him to the Whippet Arms." As Ritter stepped into the car, his hands explored Lovering's armpits. "Where's your gun, Lovering?"

"I don't carry a gun," Lovering said.

"You had one yesterday," Ritter said. "Whippet Arms, Jim. And fast."

"What's the idea of the Whippet Arms, Ritter?" Lovering demanded.

"You got Nancy Wynn hiding there," Ritter said.

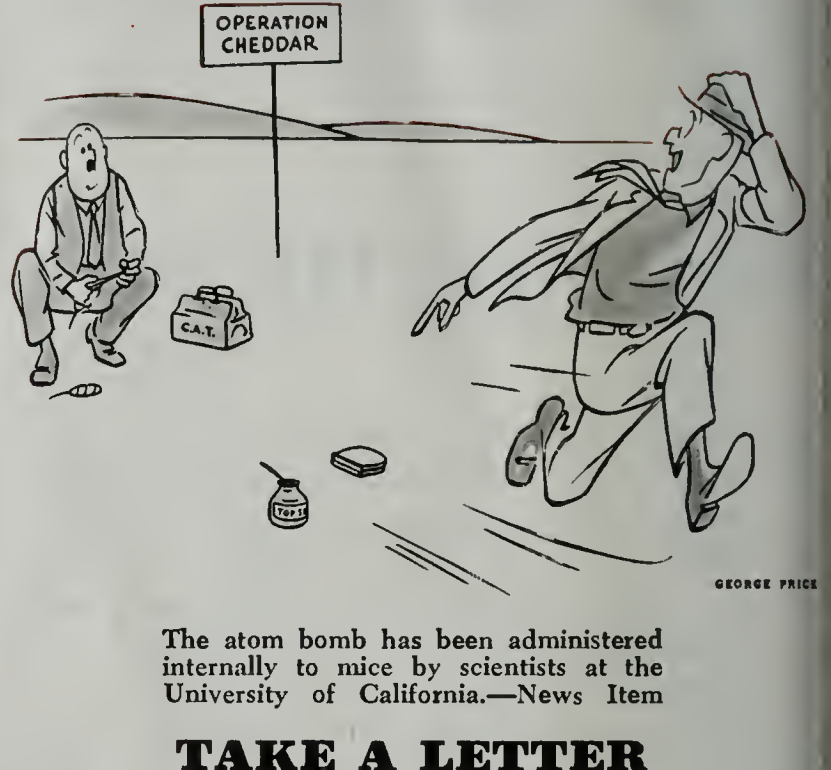
"So what? So I found her and the case is closed. Lay off, will you, Ritter?"

"We want to talk to Nancy," said. "We heard she got hurt. We to ask a few questions."

"She's not hurt, and I'll answer questions. Damn it, Ritter, keep this. I'm taking the girl back to York on the five-o'clock plane. chance of salvaging two lives, s you lay off, Ritter, and give the break?"

"Tell me more," said Ritter. "I the red light, Jim. We're in a hurr

The police car leaped ahead, moaning, to squirm through the t



The atom bomb has been administered internally to mice by scientists at the University of California.—News Item

TAKE A LETTER

Dr. C. A. Tobias,
University of California,
Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Sir:

Congratulations! You have not only built a better mousetrap than your neighbor but you have proved conclusively that the next war will be fought not with rocket planes, supersonic bombers and guided missiles but with atomic mice.

I do not presume to stick my nose into your experiments, sir, but it so happens that for the past several months I have been bombarding bits of cheese with slow neutrons. I did this out of sheer boredom rather than with any scientific purpose in mind. However, since reading of your injections of U-235 into mice, my neutronic cheese, which should still be in the icebox if my wife hasn't been nibbling, takes on cataclysmic importance. Indeed, it would not surprise me one whit if your fissionable mouse and my impregnated cracker spread would bring Stalin around to our way of thinking. How's about meeting me in Alamogordo, New Mexico, next Thursday for "Operation Cheddar"? I will be carrying an innocent-looking cheese-on-rye and a jar of mustard marked "Top Secret" in case I'm shadowed by enemy agents. You bring along a couple of your atomic mice wrapped in lead foil, a Geiger counter and some sliced ham. The procedure is obvious: We will place a bit of cheese far out in the desert at the site of the first atomic experiment. You will then release a mouse within sniffing distance. If I am any judge of atomic energy, Mickey's first nibble will be his last. The chain reaction should rattle windows as far away as Houston and make the Bikini blast sound like a busted piece of bubble gum.

If our experiment is one half as successful as it appears on paper, it will be no trick at all for a group of specially trained commandos to infiltrate into Russia and stuff bits of my hopped-up cheese into hundreds of strategic chinks and crannies. At the zero hour you will uncork your nuclear mice and—BOOM! Peace treaties will be signed before the fur has settled over Moscow.

If you think well of my plan please wire your approval before the little woman decides to whip up a soufflé.

Yours truly,
Jack Cluet

gged intersection. Peter Lovering sat ward tensely on the edge of the seat, king straight ahead. His red, square-vn face was hard as he said, "I'll spill confidential details, Ritter, if you e me your word you won't keep ncy off that five-o'clock plane. She's n, so far as Northbank is con-ned."

I won't stop her," said Ritter, "if 's clean—and able to travel."

)VERING spoke in clipped, brittle phrases, impassively, with clinical ctiveness. His metallic voice cut ugh the wail of the siren as he told icy Wynn's story. Nancy was an up-e girl who had come to Broadway years ago and clicked at once as a t-club dancer. She had an Oriental ine—a damned good one—and a fu-

Then she fell for an actor on the same a handsome young impersonator m the night club's press agent called second Julian Eltinge." Unfortu-ly, the actor was a dope addict, and tarted Nancy using the needle. He happened to do a little dope ped-g on the side, and attracted the atten-of a federal narcotics agent. The ral agent set a trap for the actor, but e caught was Nancy Wynn. At least, 's what he thought. He didn't realize he was caught himself—that he'd n in love with Nancy.

The court let Nancy off with a light nce to a state hospital," Lovering "to take the cure. The narcotics t went to see her every day, and n she got out, he married her. I guess rved him right. Any guy who's run the dope squad ought to know bet-han marry a hop-head. He knows nine out of ten never stayed cured. a guy in love is screwy anyhow, and particular guy was so crazy in love Nancy that he was sure she was ber ten and would stay off the junk er. She stayed off for exactly four ths. Then she ran away from home." With the second Julian Eltinge?" r asked.

ight," said Lovering. "The actor er right back on the main line, and ran away with him. The federal took it pretty hard. He turned in adge, of course. He concentrated forgetting about Nancy. He kept from everything that reminded him s wife—and of narcotics. Then a days ago the husband gets a letter Nancy—she's sorry, she's in North-, and she's in a jam. Will he please and get her out. And that's where e in. I had to be cagey with you, r, on account of the husband. I had e what kind of a jam she was in, When I located her in the hospital, ght some clothes and brought her e Whippet Arms. Then I went to Avenue to get her things. She was l to go back there."

hat was she afraid of?" Ritter

e won't tell me till we get out of She's still afraid."

very sad story," said Ritter. "Is it

tter, I ought to bust your teeth in." aybe you made up the sob story," said, "because you shot Nancy for reason or other, and that's why on't pack a gun today."

left my gun with Nancy when I for her clothes. I told you she was

w did you get in and out of Whip-ms the first time without the boys you?"

ur boys never think about back " Lovering said.

t's try the front door this time," said. "Here we are."

police car squatted low on its s as the driver braked to a sudden A plain-clothes man sauntered the steps of the Whippet Arms.

"Brody," Ritter asked, "did you hear any gunfire during the last half hour?"

"I wouldn't know," Brody replied. "With all those busses burping in and out o' that bus station across the street, anything but a howitzer or a block buster would sound like backfire to me."

"I guess you got the key to Nancy's apartment, Lovering," Ritter said. "Let's go up."

Dr. Coffee climbed two flights of stairs behind Ritter and Lovering, with Dr. Mookerji panting along six lengths to the rear. Ritter took the key from Lovering and turned it in the lock. The door opened directly on a small living room. There was a gray rug on the floor. A peculiar gourd-shaped design in deep red glistened at one end of the rug. At the small end of the crimson pattern Nancy Wynn lay on her face.

Dr. Coffee stepped over the .45 automatic lying on the rug near the telephone stand. He bent over the pitiful bundle that had been Nancy Wynn. He listened for a heartbeat, although one glance at the ugly wound in the nape of her neck told him that there would be none. He examined the wound at length.

"All I can say, Max," he declared at last, "is that she probably died within the hour."

Max Ritter made no comment. He was watching Lovering. The redheaded private detective stood against the wall. He was not merely leaning. His shoulders were thrust back, his hands pressed tightly against the plaster as if he were clinging to the wall for support. His normally red face was ashen. He didn't look at Nancy. He stared at the gun on the rug.

"That your automatic, Lovering?" Ritter asked.

Lovering nodded. He managed a sneer. "I suppose you'll find my prints on it."

"Nuts!" Ritter said. "I never saw anybody yet who could develop prints off corrugated metal—not even a private dick."

BEFORE Lovering could comment, there was a noisy interruption from the hall. A plain-clothes man entered the room, dragging the protesting George Taylor, who was sharing a pair of handcuffs. The handsome young man's hair was mussed, and his faultless attire was no longer faultless.

"We had a little trouble," said the plain-clothes man. "He didn't want to come."

"Take this thing off of me!" the handsome young man shouted. "Take—" Then he saw Lovering, and screamed, "Kidnaper!" When he saw Nancy Wynn's body he went on screaming, but the words were unintelligible.

"Shut up!" Ritter ordered. "Know this guy, Lovering?"

"Yes. That's George Tacoma."

"Tacoma?" Ritter frowned, trying to remember something.

"My name's Taylor." The young man had stopped screaming.

"Is this the second Julian Eltinge?" Dr. Coffee asked.

Lovering clenched his fists. "The ham," he said, "the wife stealer and the dope peddler."

Dr. Coffee had moved close to Taylor-Tacoma. His fingers encircled the young man's wrists, pushed back his sleeves from his forearms. Then he raised his hands to touch the young man's face, as though testing the texture of the skin.

"Keep your hands off me!" Tacoma shouted. And Dr. Coffee looked at his gums.

"Close your eyes," said Dr. Coffee quietly. He placed his thumbs against Tacoma's eyelids, pressed gently. "Soft eyeballs," he said, half to himself. "How long have you been a diabetic, Mr. Tacoma?"

"How can you talk medical nonsense,"



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Tacoma protested, "when my wife's been killed? How—"

"Your wife!" Lovering broke in bitterly.

"Max," said Dr. Coffee, "you'd better arrest Mr. Tacoma for the murder of Nancy Wynn."

"You're all crazy!" Tacoma objected. "I haven't seen Nancy since I went to Chicago last night. You can check with the air line. You can check with my hotel in Chicago—"

"I'm sure we'd find you were in Chicago," Dr. Coffee continued. "But I'm just as sure that before you left her last night, you filled Nancy's hypodermic with insulin, instead of her usual evening shot of morphine—and I'll undertake to prove that you use insulin, Tacoma. You expected to find Nancy dead of insulin shock when you got back today. When the newspapers told you what had actually happened, you started for the hospital to take further measures. Did you see Nancy and Lovering come out together, Tacoma?"

"But I haven't seen Nancy, I tell you!"

"Let's say you followed them to the Whippet Arms," Dr. Coffee went on. "You waited until Lovering left Nancy alone. Since your rent on this apartment is paid up, you must still have the key. So you let yourself in and shot Nancy with the gun that Lovering conveniently left behind."

"But you're mad!" Tacoma protested. "I went right to the hospital. I was in your laboratory, Doctor—talking to you. I didn't leave the hospital until three o'clock. The cab driver will tell you that. That's the truth. That's the naked truth."

"The half-naked truth, at most," said Dr. Coffee, "veiled with lies. After Tacoma left my lab, and before he got into his cab, he had time to call me from one of the phone booths in the hospital lobby. He's the second Julian Eltinge, you know. And it shouldn't be difficult for a brilliant female impersonator to imitate Nancy's voice."

"Are you guessing, Doc?" Ritter asked.

"No, Max, that's not a guess," said Dan Coffee quietly. "When Tacoma came to my lab Nancy was already dead. He came because he thought he was building a perfect alibi for himself. He didn't know he had already destroyed that alibi with a single shot. It was physically impossible for Nancy to have telephoned the hospital. Even if she had lived for a minute or two after being shot through the neck—which I doubt—she could not have dialed a number or even lifted the phone from its cradle. [illegible] shot destroyed at least one of her c[illegible] cal vertebrae—after which she could[illegible] have moved her hands or lifted [illegible] arms."

Max Ritter nodded, and the str[illegible]gling, yelling Tacoma was dragged f[illegible] the apartment.

Lovering walked across the roo[illegible] the body of Nancy Wynn. He m[illegible] slowly, as if in a trance. There was n[illegible] ing hard-boiled about him now. [illegible] shoulders sagged. Something b[illegible] glistened on his lower eyelids. He lo[illegible] down at the body.

RITTER ambled over to Lovering a[illegible] awkwardly put one hand on [illegible] shoulder. There was an unfam[illegible] note of compassion in his voice a[illegible] said, "So you turned in your fe[illegible] badge."

Lovering said, "Why the hell di[illegible] have to kill her?"

"When did Nancy leave you, P[illegible] Ritter asked. "On the twenty-firs[illegible] last month?"

"She left several days before, but[illegible] wrote me a farewell note dated [illegible] twenty-first," Lovering said listl[illegible] Then he looked up, startled. "How[illegible] you know?"

"If you hadn't worked so hard at [illegible] getting," Ritter said. "If you hadn't [illegible] such a good job steering clear of [illegible] thing to do with the racket and you[illegible] beat, you might have heard that a [illegible] cotics agent was shot in New Yor[illegible] the twenty-first, and that a hop[illegible] named George Tacoma was suspecte[illegible] happen to know, because we got [illegible] New York circular here about two w[illegible] ago. A very cold-blooded job. I[illegible] pened right out on the street. No[illegible] there were just one witness to that [illegible] York shooting and if the one wi[illegible] kicks over the traces and tries to [illegible] away, don't you think Tacoma n[illegible] have killed her?"

Lovering fumbled for his hand[illegible] chief. "I guess I got something in [illegible] eye," he said.

Dr. Coffee nudged Dr. Mookerji [illegible] indicated the door.

"We haven't finished today's s[illegible] cals, Doctor." Dan Coffee said. "[illegible] to the lab."

"With utmost pleasure and r[illegible] Doctor Sahib," the Hindu said. "[illegible] finding self somewhat embarrasse[illegible] discovery that hardened minions of [illegible] and order possess tenderized hearts [illegible] functioning lachrymal ducts."

THE END



"What do you mean—'Where are we going on our vacation?' We'll be lucky if we can stay right here"

COLLIER'S

WHAT EVERY NEW DRAFTEE SHOULD KNOW

Continued from page 13

Every man in the Army," says De-e, "shares the basic human needs: He ds self-respect, he needs the respect of ers, he needs a chance to get ahead, he needs warmth and affection."

One brass hat, still living in the days Prussian glory, exposed himself to the evangelism and said to Johnnie De-, "There's only one trouble with your plan. These men won't fight!"

eneral Devine's eyes sharpened. at just proves to me that you've never in a battle," he replied icily.

ater he said to me, "I've seen a lot of fight and a lot run away. I think learned what really makes men fight. the self-respect and the individual gth you build into them."

rmy life for the postwar soldier will n at one of the 250 main recruiting ons now operated by the Army (plus 75 more being activated for the). These correspond to the induc-centers of World War II and they he draftee's first stop after receiving Greetings. The Army will look over body and mind and then send him e. If he is okay, he'll be called up raining, usually within two weeks.

THE HITCH

ere's nothing like a friend in need
And I have many such.
e only drawback is, indeed,
They seem to need so much.

—Norman R. Jaffray

is time the Army will send him to f the four training divisions now in tion (the Ninth Infantry at Fort the Third Armored at Fort Knox, cky, the Fifth Infantry at Fort on, South Carolina, the Fourth In-at Fort Ord, California), or to one four or more additional training ons designated to handle draftees as affic thickens. In any case he'll be o the training center nearest his The Army is definite about that. of this shipping lads all over the not with the hot breath of Con-nal penny pinchers on the Army's

hat New Recruits Can Expect

Fort Dix, New Jersey, I went h the draft-geared reception rig-with a dozen new recruits for a w of what the draftee can expect. Sergeant Henry C. Reichle, the interviewer, checked each man's , assigned him to a company in ining division, and, since the lads rived by evening, promptly dis-d them to their first Army meal. down in the "processing mess" ese boys from Baltimore and Bos-a meal of pork chops, boiled pota-ring beans, corn, celery, oranges, latin, bread and butter and coffee. the meal we went to "prepack where the new men were given ls to tide them over until cloth-e the next day.

was also handed a manual called life. On one of the opening pages d read, "This Army has a great for your mind . . . You, too, must your own mind. Don't sit back p thinking simply because you e food and a place to sleep. Ask ns . . ."

uld also notice on the bulletin a nt sheet headed: "Opportunity nt complaints and grievances." received a mimeographed greet-ing from Lieutenant Colonel Charles F. Army, head of the receiving division, in which his scanning eye could find such lines as:

"The Army belongs to you and 140,000,000 other Americans . . . We must prevent future wars, and guarantee peace for ourselves by assuring peace in the rest of the world . . . We convinced the world of our power in the fighting war. Will we prove our points in the 'war of ideas'?"

And so to barracks for the night. Next morning the four-day "processing cycle" began.

Recruits Treated with More Respect

It began at 0800 (8 A.M., Army style) with "reception orientation." The lads, still in civvies, sat in a lounge draped with the flags of the United Nations and heard Fort Dix officers brief them on life in the Army. To those who had visions of Hard-boiled Smiths barking, "Okay, punks, yer in the Army now," it must have come as a surprise to hear the first speaker say, "Good morning, gentlemen," and then go on as if he were talking to the American Association of Bank Presidents.

At 1:00 P.M. the new men were given a physical looking over, followed by a clothing issue. Each received, compliments of Uncle Sam, raiment worth $134.03 at PX prices (probably amounting to over $200 at your favorite store). This included three pairs of shoes, an overcoat, three jackets, three pairs of trousers, four shirts, seven pairs of socks, five sets of underwear, a sweater, gloves, galoshes, neckties, caps, and a proud batch of insignia, including the cookie-shaped Ninth Infantry Division shoulder patch.

At 5:00 P.M. the new men received a $5 advance on their first month's pay. This would keep them in haircuts, laundry and cigarettes, until their first payday (last day of the calendar month). Pay is $75 a month, 50 per cent more than the G.I.s of World War II received and 150 per cent more than the doughboys of World War I.

Finally, at 6:30 P.M. the men labeled all their clothing and equipment, and their first full day in the Army was over. For the remaining three days of their processing they would receive classification tests, aptitude and specialty tests, officer candidate tests, inoculations, blood typing, X rays, information on soldier insurance, bonds and allotments, and finally a personal interview.

Then—basic training.

This *bête noir* of Army life has been considerably changed from what the World War II soldier knew. To accommodate the draft traffic it has been reduced temporarily from 13 weeks to eight. Much of the blood and thunder, like the famous "infiltration course" in which soldiers slithered forward on their bellies while live machine-gun fire whizzed over their heads, has been eliminated. So have the courses in dirty fighting, judo, bayonet jabbing, and groin kicking which were deemed necessary during the savage press of war.

Most veterans will remember a bitter pill of their basic training days known as the "obstacle course," in which they had to climb perpendicular walls, scramble over log barricades, leap from stump to stump, shinny up poles, slide down ropes, crawl through pipes, slither under barbed wire, and engage in a number of other less-than-intriguing activities.

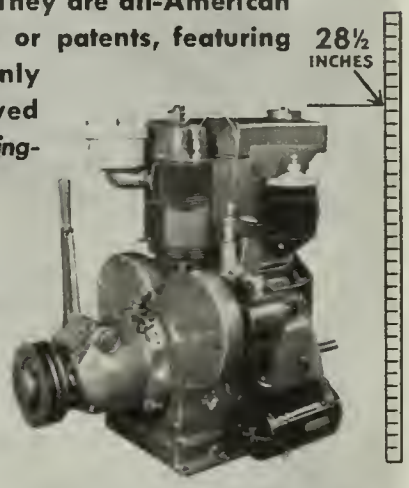
I saw trainees doing the same things at Fort Dix. But there was a big differ-

Find Out How

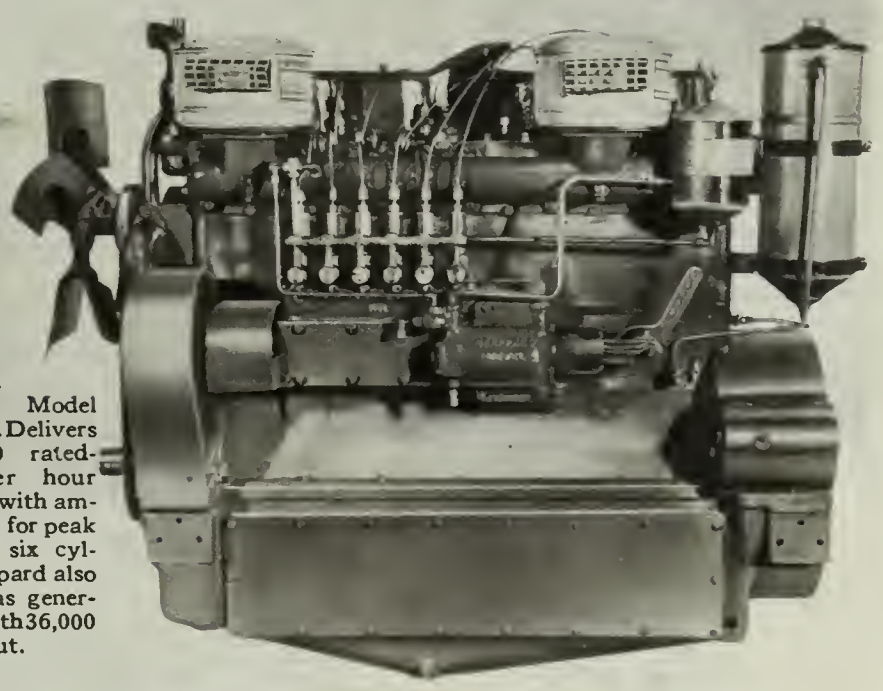
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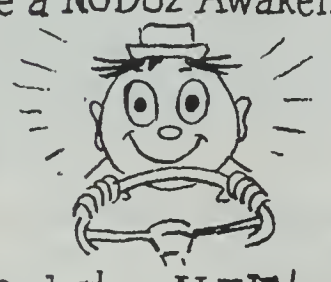
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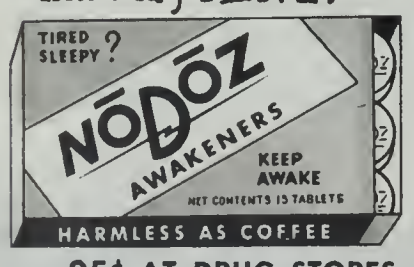
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ence. The course wasn't called an "obstacle course." It was a "confidence course." The trainee wasn't forced to take any of the hurdles he didn't want to. It was left entirely up to him. If he had the "confidence" he did it. If not, he could walk around it. Result: Every trainee took every hurdle, and took great pride in so doing.

"The Army's getting smart in its old age," a battalion commander remarked. "These kids get a kick out of the course now. Man, how they used to cuss it in the old days!"

The Basic Training Period

During his eight weeks' basic training, the draftee will work a closely packed 44-hour, five-and-one-half-day week. All told, he'll get, among other things, 24 hours of drill; 16 hours of inspections; 30 hours of clothing, equipment and quarters maintenance; eight hours of map reading; 20 hours of marches, bivouacs and tent pitching; 12 hours of first aid, and mental and physical hygiene; 30 hours of physical training; 30 hours of tactical training (combat formations, camouflage, fortifications, scouting, etc.), and 84 hours of weapons training.

Unlike the basic training of the war draftees, he will not have any truck with grenades, mines, bazookas and other dangerous weapons during the eight weeks. He will fire only the M-1 (Garand) rifle and the carbine. Other pyrotechnics he will know only by witnessing demonstrations—at least until he completes basic and gets his unit assignment.

While the new man is in his fifth or sixth week of basic, the classification board at the training center will decide whether to ship him to an Army unit after his eighth week, or to hang onto him a bit longer for specialist training or for the Army's new pride and joy, the "leadership course."

Just as old-line militarism stressed *followers,* so the new evangelism stresses *leaders.*

The leadership training course is under Brigadier General Wayne C. Smith (who demonstrated his own leadership quotient by rising from buck private to general). Part of it is the working out of 20 problem situations drawn up especially for trainees by a team of nationally known psychologists. For example:

Here's a new-fangled tent you've never seen before. Pitch it, while a rating officer checks how efficiently and intelligently you go about it.

You're in a reconnaissance patrol. What's that in the path? An enemy dispatch case! Hurrah—you'll pick it up, rush back to headquarters and they'll make you a general. Boom! Sorry, fella, that had a booby trap connected to it. You should have thought of that.

Men chosen for the leadership course get kid-glove treatment. They eat in a special "leaders' mess" with handsome drapes on the windows and flowers on the tables. They have a day-room as elegant as any officers' club. Many of them will go direct to Officer Candidate School and come out with bars on their shoulders.

"The leadership idea," says General Smith, "is the Army's answer to the caste system."

After his eight weeks' basic training (plus six weeks more if he's sent to the leadership course, or eight weeks more if he gets specialist training) the draftee will eventually find himself assigned to an Army unit. Maybe it will be in the U.S.; maybe overseas.

The best Army estimates, at this writing, are that approximately one third of the draftees will be assigned to occupation forces in Germany and Japan. Two thirds will stay in this country. However, the situation being as explosive as it is, none of the big brass wants to make a commitment just now.

Can the draftee choose his theater?

No. Draftees come into the Army with no strings attached. Unlike volunteers they cannot choose a unit on the Rhine River, Osaka Bay, or familiar old Lake Michigan. They go where the Army needs them.

If the draftee is assigned overseas, how long will he stay?

Probably the whole time. The Army has found it wastes dollars to ship a man overseas for less than a year or two. Right now 12 months is the minimum for overseas service. If a draftee is assigned as an occupation replacement he will probably stay in foreign parts until his 21-month hitch is up. If he's sent to a unit in this country, the chances are he will be a home soldier throughout.

But when can the draftee get home to see his folks and his girl friend?

He can't get home at all during his first month in the Army. No passes will be permitted. After four weeks he can get the usual week-end passes and go home if home is close enough. If he is assigned overseas he will get a pre-embarkation leave (one week plus travel time). He can go home in the full blaze of olive drab, plus insignia, or he can slip into his civvies if he wishes. Unlike the wartime soldier, he can doff the Army garb when off post and off duty.

Every man is entitled to 30 days furlough time per year. If he wishes (and his C.O. doesn't object), he may accumulate the 53 days due him for his 21-month hitch and take them all at the tail end, reducing his draft service to about 19 months.

What if the man is critically needed at home—death, illness, or emergency in the family?

He can request an emergency furlough. The Red Cross checks all these requests. The way to get your lad home fastest is to go directly to your local Red Cross chapter, tell them the story and let them carry the ball from there.

Relieving Mother's Fears

The American mother, staunch soul that she is, has two big worries when her boy goes into the Army: 1. Will he get enough to eat? 2. Will he come back a "good boy"?

Right now the Army feed bag totals nearly 4,000 calories per day. This is at least two-and-a-half times as much as a man needs to live, and 33 per cent more than the average U.S. civilian consumption.

Yes, drafted Donald is going to get enough to eat. But is he going to come home a "good boy"?

The new evangelism has a good deal to say about V.D. It regards the World War II policy as a miserable failure, turns thumbs down on the idea of handing men cures and preventatives. With greater wisdom, the Army's new idea is right to the basic problem of sex its seeks to build up the soldier's u standing of sex and human relatio put sex in its proper setting, to int it with love, marriage and family l

I sat in a small Army theate viewed the new V.D. film which dr will see: The Miracle of Livin theme was home and family, but it its punches with a wallop. Typical new evangelism, it turned away the negative arguments—warnin dire results—and held out the p goals of marriage and good home ing. It showed how incongruous tion is when a man thinks of the g in love with.

During basic training the draft attend four V.D. lectures, with the ico and the chaplain sharing the ro He will, of course, learn the ABC's cial disease, but particularly he w adult concepts of what sex is all abo

The Army seems to realize, deep brass-plated heart, that if mankind be saved it is the quiet spiritual



"Don't you think my drives have improved, Edgar? I've never been this far in the rough before"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GR

which will save him, not only the b kas. The chaplain gets a new, big the draft Army, and the chaplain going to be one to 800 instead of 1,000 as it was during the war.

At Dix there is a conspicuous a of swearing. In fact I heard bu swear word while I was there. uttered by a new private, not by th endary tough sergeant. It was th geant who said, "Watch your langu

For the old boys in iron pants prate about the Army going soft, G Devine likes to haul out the West graduation address of General Sch in 1877. He likes to read these line

"The discipline which makes th dier of a free country reliable in ba not to be gained by harsh or tyra treatment . . . such treatment is far likely to destroy than to make an It is possible to impart instructio to give commands in such a manne such a tone of voice to inspire soldier no feeling but an intense to obey, while the opposite manne tone of voice cannot fail to excite resentment and a desire to disc

(You can find those words etch bronze in the sally port of the old Barracks at West Point.)

"No," says General Johnnie D "the draftees won't be coddled. regime will be as strict as that i military organization, the hours as the work as arduous, and the fatigu guard duty as inevitable . . .

"But—we're also going to build boys' characters, give them confi increase their self-respect, and them better citizens while also m them good soldiers."

THE END

PLAYGROUND IN THE SKY

Continued from page 29

ed upstairs: "Dell, we got company." n Jasper, even the residents get con- ed sometimes and call it "Brewster k." It was Major Fred Brewster, a duate engineer, veteran of World r I, and dreamer of the Brewster n, who picked the site of the lodge on Beauvert and contracted to build st of the "cabins" and turn a moun- forest into the 18-hole golf course gned by golf architect Stanley mpson.

ow the only Brewster left in Jasper, d has kept only the enterprises that ble him to spend a lot of time with horses and get out on the trail.

New Pinnacles to Conquer

ecause it was completely forsaken ween the end of the fur brigades and coming of the railroad, a large part asper hasn't yet been thoroughly ex- ed. Canada's Alpine Club and its t climbers have conquered the most cult peaks, but if you want to make way up where no mortal has ever oot, the guides can still help you se- just the pinnacle to suit your pocket- .

e mountains require a special breed orse as well as man. In Jasper, Fred ster, Red Creighton and others are g to bring back a reasonable fac- e of the "cayuse."

e original cayuse was a wiry, short- ed, long-haired critter which car- pack or rider up to 50 to 60 miles a ver broken terrain. It required no ng, and thrived in desert country. ually, plow horses brought in by settlers diluted the strain.

out the closest you'll come to it he little horses you'll ride through nountains in Jasper. Every one of 250 cayuses Fred Brewster turned in Brulé Valley last fall survived old and snow of the subarctic win- ithout any special feeding.

ong with the mountains, Jasperites ally include Dr. Thomas Riley gan among the park's natural won- The town physician for 25 years, as never asked whether a patient pay, never sent a bill, and never to answer a call for help, even it involved a nighttime ascent of nountain trails. On his seventieth lay—he is now nearing eighty—the town "put on a do," as they say rties up here, and presented him $1,000 gift and the request that w it in on his first vacation. Dr. gan went to New York and spent hole month there attending gradu- minars at the Columbia University al School.

en Paramount filmed the outdoor for The Emperor Waltz at Jasper two summers ago, Bing Crosby spent most of his spare time on the golf course. Last summer he came back to compete in the annual Totem Pole tournament—and won it! The whole town has a crush on Bing and everywhere you go you'll find his autographed pictures hanging beside those of the king and queen, who spent a couple of days here during their tour.

While he was Prince of Wales, the present Duke of Windsor stopped off here several times on his Canadian tours. One of the local golfers who played several rounds with him noticed that the prince spoiled most of his drives by holding his head high and arching his back. "Keep your eye on the ball," he finally burst out, "and tuck in your belly." The prince wheeled about in astonishment, and for a moment it looked like the end of a beautiful golf friendship.

Then he grinned. "You know," he said, "that's the first time anybody ever told me I had a belly."

Many of the lodge's guests come back summer after summer and consider the place their own. Jasper looks out for them. Among these are the two elderly spinster twin sisters from Boston who are affectionately known to everybody in Jasper as "Haig & Haig." No guest in the lodge ever sits at their dining-room table by mistake. Their chairs are marked with pink ribbons, tied in identical bows.

There are two dozen good trout lakes and streams within walking distance of Jasper, and hundreds of glacier-fed lakes and streams within reach by car and on horseback.

The best angler in the Jasper sector is the American dipper, a saucy gray bird about the size of a robin known locally as the "water ouzel." You'll find him around any of the mountain streams and it's hard to believe your eyes the first time you see him walk down the shore of a mountain torrent, wade into the rushing water, and calmly keep on going till he disappears under the surface. The ouzels build their nests behind waterfalls and fly in and out of a solid wall of water with the greatest of nonchalance.

Jasper Park is an animal republic in which deer, elk, mountain sheep and bear enjoy liberty, equality and fraternity with the human population. In town it is not at all unusual to see a group of deer mincing down the main street, pausing to window-shop along the way.

Till recently the town favorite was Old Tubby, a fat buck which had his regular rounds and always knocked politely at the back door for handouts. Playing with children he let them hang on his horns and climb on his back, and come Christmas he trotted around gaily with jinglebells and colored paper streamers on his antlers. Tubby's end came last fall on the cinder lot in back of the roundhouse where he fought for six hours running with a strange young buck. Half dead, Tubby retreated to a near-by back yard. But next day he staggered back to make his last stand. This time his rival finished him off with one swipe of his antlers.

Now and then a brown bear wanders into town to have a look around. Generally, however, the bears stick to the lodge or the bungalow camps outside of town. They've been great golf enthusiasts ever since Field Marshal Earl Haig opened the course in 1925, and on the fourth hole a big brown bear chased Haig's ball and batted it down the fairway with his paw. Today some of the big fellows like to sit on the benches and watch you tee off.

If you take a trail trip, one of the most curious animals you'll see—and certainly the laziest—is the whistling marmot. Up around 6,000 feet they sit on a sunny rock like fairy-tale dwarfs, turning their heads to follow each member of your pack train as you pass, and whistling in mild astonishment. They look as if they'd just got up from a long sleep and could hardly pull their eyes open—and this is just about the fact. They sleep seven months of the year and at least 12 hours out of the 24 during the five months they're out of their winter burrow. Their footprints in sand or mud bear a weird resemblance to those of a small child.

On moonlight nights you can walk through the woods and watch the flying squirrels—whole families of them swooping merrily from branch to branch.

Watch the Beavers at Work

The beavers—the beaver is Canada's national animal—are numerous around Jasper, too, and tourists like to play sidewalk superintendent to their construction work.

Not long ago Jasper sent a pair of its beavers over to neighboring Prince Albert Park, where engineers had painstakingly built a model beaver dam and lodge. The first thing the beavers did was to tear it down piece by piece and rebuild it properly.

To most Americans, Canada "feels like home," but every now and then, when you are here, you'll pick up a magazine or newspaper warning Dominion readers against "Americanization." The late Stephen Leacock, the Canadian humorist, once called it "the same kind of apprehension as is felt on a respectable farm when the daughter of the family is going out too much with the hired man—you can't tell what might happen."

You'll have a hard time unearthing any such apprehension among western Canadians. On the purely material side, they need American dollars; and last year U.S. visitors to Alberta Province alone left nearly $5,000,000 behind them.

An atomic scientist who vacationed in Jasper last summer came about as close as anybody to summing up the way the Rockies make you feel. He spent most of his time on the trails, pausing often to look up at the peaks, which even in midsummer are full of snow and *noblesse oblige*.

"What do they say to you?" asked a fellow hiker.

"They say," the scientist quoted the mountains, " 'Never mind, little man, we'll let you know when the time comes.' "

THE END



"I thought you'd be hungry after that hard ride" STANLEY BERENSTAIN



ROAD TO THE 19TH HOLE

Continued from page 20

Bob to do a scene, only to learn that the irrepressible pair had departed the set to make some shots of their own on a golf course.

These niblick nitwits have enticed galleries to part with considerable amounts of money for War Bonds, for the discouragement of juvenile delinquency, for the treatment of virtually every disease known to civilized man.

And there was a large crowd of contributions-on-the-hoof milling about us as we stepped out of the car at the Long Beach Recreation Club, with honors in insults approximately even. A mob of girls thrust autograph albums into the stars' faces.

Hope patiently explained that no autographs would be signed before or during the match. "Bad for the golfists," he said, "unless you follow through."

In the locker room sat two gentlemen.

"Shake hands with Willie Hunter and Macdonald Smith," Hope said. "They're 300 apiece."

Hunter, quite a tournament golfer despite the fact that he is well into his fifties, offered us a drink. His cheeks were red and he looked Scotcher than the Scotch. Macdonald Smith was older, quite a gay and dudish gent.

The Gallery Likes to Laugh

We bantered a bit in the locker room as the boys slipped into golf togs and spiked shoes. Then we moved out into a little room where a table was set for a slight repast. Willie Hunter took meat and potatoes, and both boys took pie and ice cream, as the crowd looked on, gaping and smiling. Some hung over a little balcony to listen to the repartee.

"The crowd comes not for golf," Hunter commented, "but for laughs."

"How's Sinatra?" cried a girl leaning over the balcony, aiming her question at Crosby.

"Never mind Sinatra." Hope replied. "What's the matter with Crosby here? He's Sinatra's father in age. You know, the mothers of the girls who squeal for Sinatra squeal for Crosby."

Crosby took refuge in song—Sinatra's hit, All or Nothing at All. The girls in the balcony began to squeal and weave the way the Sinatra-minded do.

A tanned, good-looking young man stepped up—George Lake, the affable pro of the club. He wanted to know if the boys were ready to go. Details of the match were corroborated. It was to be best ball, and Hope and Hunter were to play Crosby and Smith. Hope would have a two handicap, one stroke on each half. While Crosby is considered the better of the two, Hope has played ding-dong golf with him, each alternating in wins. At Lakeside, their home club, Crosby has a three-stroke handicap, has shot a 68. Hope's handicap is four strokes.

"How's about the financial arrangements?" Crosby urged. "Would ten, ten and ten suit you?"

"Yes, except I'd like to see the money," Hope taunted.

"You don't trust me?"

"Well, I don't want to bet," said Hope, "unless you've got it with you. You have such a bad memory."

The bets were satisfactorily arranged. Having a high regard for Crosby's lower handicap, I asked for and was granted a modest interest in his side.

Lunch over, we returned to the locker room, where the players hefted their well-stocked bags. Crosby uses Ken Smith woods, Burke irons. Hope uses Jones irons and Jimmy Thomson woods.

"Also a stomach pump," Bob added, "for use after every shot."

A huge auxiliary police escort shouldered a path through the crowd to the first tee, where a microphone stood. Crosby moved easily to the mike, and the shouting gallery quieted.

"I think I ought to say," Crosby began, "that owing to his advancing years and general preoccupation with the female members of the gallery, Mr. Hope will be allowed a handicap of four."

Hope took the microphone and said, "Pay no attention, folks. Stick around and maybe you'll see something of Crosby's finish. It will be the first time, if you do."

"Listen to him," Crosby cried. "He's nothing but Red Skelton with a stomach."

Hope's rebuttal was to refer to Crosby as "Sinatra with hips."

"Careful girls," Crosby warned. "Stay clear of the woods. Hope makes more shots into them—!"

George Lake announced that the match was on.

Willie Hunter was up. Winner of all sorts of crowns and a big-time money champ, now pro and manager at the Riviera Country Club near Hollywood, Hunter pegged his ball, stepped up to it, and drove off. Sharp and true, the ball was away down the first fairway. The crowd roared its approval.

"And now," said George Lake, "all-time grand old man of golf and holder of many titles—"

Hope leaped forward.

"—Macdonald Smith!" Lake finished.

Hope mugged disappointedly, and the crowd roared.

Someone estimated Smith's drive at 230 yards, down the center. Then it was Crosby to the tee.

"Athlete of the month—" Lake announced, and again Hope rushed to the tee eagerly, only to be displaced by Crosby. Bing addressed his ball, clipped it neatly and sent it booming straight down the fairway, about 220 yards.

"And now," said Lake, "I'd like to introduce that wonderful man—Red Skelton with a belly."

"Never mind that," Hope cautioned. "And please overcome that bad habit of marking my sixes upside down."

He made elaborate preparations, dusting the tee, removing a matchstick, warning folks back. Then he settled down seriously to make his shot. He hit the ball a terrific wallop and it exploded. Someone had slipped him a trick ball. Who knows? The switch might have been made by Hope himself.

I fully expected all these monkeyshines to throw him off. Golf is a game at which one doesn't horse around. But Hope's drive was far down the middle of the fairway and I was to learn that it was no accident.

The crowd milled down the course, trying to climb up the players' legs. I tried to make notes on what I had seen and heard, and found myself being bounced around by determined little girls in sweaters, who were not to be denied their chance to breathe down the boys' necks.

The gallery stood nearly in front of Hope as he prepared to take his second shot.

"Spread your legs slightly," he y
"I'd like to play through."

His shot arched beautifully o
trap and onto the green, along wi
other three. All players sank their
and the hole was halved.

"Hey, Bob!" yelled a fan, as Ho
dressed his ball on the second tee.
around!" The galleryite held a c
poised.

"I'll be around with my backsw
Hope flung over his shoulder
cracked one down the fairway. H
drove to the green. Bing went off
left and I began to wonder about m
bucks. All one-putted except Mac
who missed an easy short one for a
The match was still even.

On the third tee, Hope asked
way the green lay.

"Follow your nose, Ski-S
Crosby advised.

"You mean I take off?" asked
making a zooming motion.

On the third, a 410-yard, pa
hole, Hope drove straight, and mac
second shot with a number-four
The ball zoomed into the crowd w
at the edge of the green.

"I'll have to play that out of s
body's pocket," Bob predicted.

Hope Breaks into Song

On the green, Hope broke into
What a Beautiful Morning." He s
his putter, a brass-headed, scallop-
affair, with the line, "Everything's
my way." As it turned out, the putt
his way, but too far. It rolled strai
the cup, and right on over it. Agai
hole was halved.

The amateur comedians really g
work on the fourth tee. On Hope's
swing, someone grabbed the club o
his hand. Bob followed through wi
a club.

"Could I have your autograph?
asked the humorist.

His tee shot landed on the green
yards away, but bounced off.

"It's got rubber heels on it,"
commented sadly, after trying to k
on by energetic body-English. E
body took a par-three on the hole
again on the fifth the hole was ha

On the way to the sixth green C
introduced me to Tommy Kling.

"This is my manager," Bing
nounced. Tommy proved to be a
freckled kid who had taken Bing ar
the course during Bing's last visit.
my's idea of managing Crosby w
walk quietly beside the singer, s
nothing—just in a world of delight.

On the green Hope measured a
putt and missed it. But when Hunt
a 30-footer (which won the hole),
dropped to his knees, and cried, "
lah, Allah be praised!"

A dog ran out about twenty yar
front of the seventh tee and stood
"Hey!" yelled Hope. "Someon
that dog out of there before Crosby
a saddle on him!"

Hope's handicap stroke kept the
ing even on the seventh hole. O
eighth, uphill from the tee with a
tion pole on top of the rise, Bing t
out to be something of a prophet.

"Hope will knock that pole do
yelled Crosby as Hope drove. "Som
pull it in!" Hope's shot headed str
for the pole, but cleared it. On the g
Hope had to sink a longish putt t
the hole. He dusted the green, cha
clubs a few times, weighed one on
of scales he pulled out of his bag.
he putted—and sank it. Now he
Hunter were two up, and my hope
my five bucks began to sink. I w
a Crosby horse!

On the ninth, leading prettily t



SPORTING ODDS

On a Louisville golf course Pee Wee Reese once shot a par four on a 355-yard hole and was at no time on the fairway, in the rough or on the green.

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—Alvin A. Brunner, Louisville, Ky.

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Spanish mission clubhouse, Hope smashed straight and far.

"Where are you getting your marijuana these days?" Crosby muttered.

As we approached the ninth green I had a feeling I was licked. Hope lay two, about 200 yards from the green. The crowd made an alley up the slope to the green.

"What is this?" Hope called. "The Burma Road?" Then he waved to the crowd blocking his path. "Let me look at the green, dear people."

The crowd laughed and fell back. Hope hit a long wood, which zinged over the green and into the crowd beyond.

Four thousand galleryites, at $1 a head and fifty cents for kids, ringed the ninth green as Hope lined up his 25-foot putt.

A Bet Is Made

"It is time to put playthings aside and turn commercial," Crosby said. "I shall wager you four to one that you can't sink it."

Hope looked at him in amazement.

"Five to one," Bing continued. "Six to one. Eight to one."

Hope continued to look at him as if he were a Rockefeller offering a workingman a lollipop in lieu of a raise.

"How bad can you need money?" Crosby asked.

"I just want a pile something like yours," Hope said carelessly. To the crowd, he added, "You know, last year, Bing fell off his wallet and broke his leg."

"Ten to one!" Crosby said, turning away with the air of a man making a final offer.

"Now that you're talking, okay," Hope agreed. He measured the putt, squatted, sighted it.

"If he sinks this, I'll be back in the Coconut Grove," Crosby muttered.

As Hope putted, the crowd held its breath. It went straight into the cup. Hope gave a swooning cry, tossed his club aside and fell backward. The putt halved the hole, all players getting par fives. Hope and Hunter led at the turn, two up.

Hope dropped into the clubhouse for coffee. He weighs about 180 pounds, and golf keeps him in fattish fair condition.

"Isn't it wonderful, Ted?" he confided as he strode toward the clubhouse. "No one's ever done this in the movie colony before. Bing and I have been all over the country. The people are nuts about it. It does everybody good, including us. Healthy all around."

He's very friendly and good-natured, this Hope, despite his merry-go-round wit. He works at humor all the time, but rarely repeats himself.

We returned to the 10th tee, and were off again, all four playing with their usual steadiness. Thus far, hardly a poor stroke had been made.

A baby started to cry as Hope swung on his second shot.

"I know just how you feel," Bob sympathized. "That's the way I feel too."

Everybody took a five on this par-four, 422-yard hole. On the 11th, it was par golf all around. But on the 12th, a 162-yard shorty, things happened. Smith was on, but too deep. Hunter almost hit the flag. Crosby was short. He'd taken a lot of club and hit too lightly. Hope's shot was almost to the pin.

"It would have been right in the cup," he apologized, "if I'd hit it right—which I didn't intend to, anyway."

He and Hunter took the hole with snazzy threes, and Crosby and Smith were three down.

Hope drove a long one into the crowd on the 13th, and Crosby sadly said, "He just annihilated Long Beach."

On the green, Hope sank a 15-footer, then swelled up magnificently, threw his club away and strutted like a superman. Crosby had a 25-footer to sink, but was short by six inches. Hunter and Smith had threes, and the hole was halved. The 13th was halved, too.

Crosby was informed that Hope would have another stroke handicap on the fourteenth.

"Aren't you ashamed to take a handicap from an old man like me?" Bing asked plaintively. Crosby drove out of bounds.

"Retake!" Hope yelled to the crowd, waving them back so Crosby could shoot again.

"Hey, Bob!" yelled a crowd comedian as Hope teed up. "Gimme your ball!"

Hope turned to me in mock despair. "Everywhere I go, I have nine or ten straight men," he observed. "A guy can't play golf."

Hope was off well, and when they got to the green he sank his putt. He and Hunter were four up. Crosby conceded, and my five bucks went.

"Don't go, folks!" George Lake megaphoned to the crowd on the fifteenth hole. "Hope begins to tire here."

"You make the jokes and I'll play golf," Hope retorted.

Nobody left, even though the match was over. They wanted laughs, and never mind the golf. Hope drove off, and broke his wooden tee. Someone in the crowd dived for it, but Hope dived faster.

"Have that reshafted," he said to his caddy, Don Boren, crack club golfer who had volunteered to take him around.

Crosby's drive shot straight into a big, spreading eucalyptus.

"Hey!" cried Hope in alarm. "Careful! You'll knock Johnny Weissmuller out of that tree!"

Nothing much happened after that, except that at one point Bing broke into song, to the delight of the gallery.

"Hey, Bing! Don't do that!" Hope warned. "You'll bring on a moose!"

On the eighteenth, Bing and Bob arranged their private bets. Then Bing drove off well.

"Oh, why did I open my big, fat kisser?" Hope wailed. Then he turned to his caddy. "My lumber, please!" The caddy tossed him a tee.

His drive skidded to the left, then cut grass and disappeared.

We battled through the crowd, Hope mourning all the way about the shot. Then, to his amazement, he found it lying well up with the others.

"I've got relatives in this crowd," he said. He swung with an eight iron, and lofted the ball straight over the green. But when we got there, the ball was closest in. The crowd had kicked his ball out.

"Everybody's a comedian here," he said, as he dropped his putt.

All Have Good Scores

We fought our way into the locker room, and as the boys changed, Hunter commented that it was reasonably good golf, but that crowds won't behave.

"When that guy grabbed my club," Hope said, seriously, "I didn't like it too much. It's hard enough to play against the straight men. The Hopes in the crowd are worse."

As we left, the autograph hunters were there, and Bing and Bob signed their way to the car. Then we were rolling on the California cement. We passed a movie house, outside of which a long line stretched.

"Hey, Bing," Bob asked, "how's about they revive Two for Tonight? They might catch the overflow dough."

"Yeah," Crosby agreed. "If they put Some Like It Hot on with it."

I gathered that these represented the two biggest floperoos the boys had made.

Loosening my shoes to allow cool air to get at my suffering feet, I drew out a pencil stub and figured the individual scores as we rode along. Hunter had a neat 73. Both Smith and Crosby scored 75s. Hope, despite his clowning, had taken a 77.

And that's not bad golf!

THE END

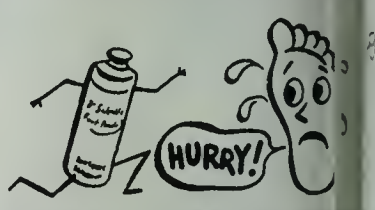


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RYDER OF THE COMIC PAGE

Continued from page 17

An Eastern publisher who knew his ious work—remarkably realistic oil ntings of Indian and cowboy life— t Fred the money to come East, to te and illustrate a book on frontier . He signed him up. The serious book ot yet finished but the publisher has e a good thing out of the Red Ryder l Little Beaver books. Fred's first job to draw a strip called Red Ryder, ch sold immediately to one of the ntry's largest syndicates. This was ate '38. The rest is history.

oday, Fred is one of the fastest artists he business and one of the hardest- king. He has no assistants, which ng strip cartoonists is unusual. He perfectionist and temperamentally pable of working with a helper. An stant might not know the difference ween a California, single or center- rig and that, of course, would be mitous.

red's syndicate takes a rather jaun- d view of his active ranch life. After here is a lot of that long green riding is battered right hand and he is con- tly being thrown, bitten or stomped on. Two years ago he broke his right el- bow, had his arm set in a right-angle cast and, two days later, was back at his draw- ing board.

Whether Red Ryder rates first, second or third among Western cartoon strips is anyone's guess. If Red isn't champ he is certainly a leading contender for the title. He is seen by 45,000,000 people in over 750 daily and Sunday newspapers in this country, Canada, Australia and Central and South America; 65,000,000 people see the eight annual Red Ryder films, each of which is released in more than 8,000 theaters; 12,000,000 Red Ryder comic magazines are sold yearly and 1,000,000 Little Beaver and Red Ryder books cross the counter annually. Mr. Hooper hasn't counted the ears of those who listen to Ryder's drawl on the radio but he figures that a mighty big parcel of people listen in.

It seems reasonably safe to say that Ryder and his little pal command the high esteem of a considerable chunk of people. All in all, Fred Harman's future looks secure.

THE END



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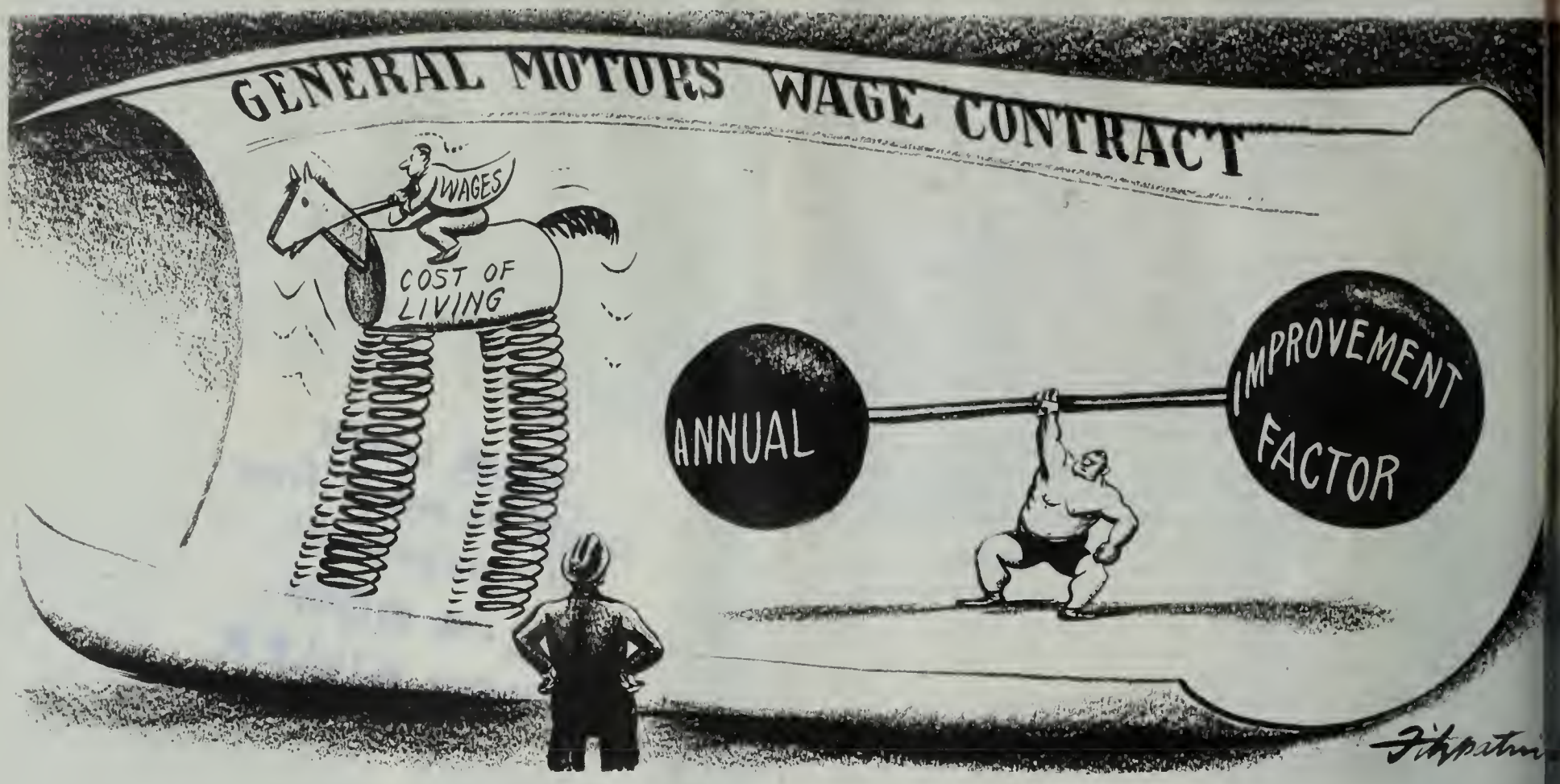
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...HERE'S SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

THE agreement worked out by the General Motors Corporation and the United Auto Workers Union (C.I.O.) raised some questions that we will be talking about for a long time to come.

The immediate advantage to the company, to the union and to the consuming public is that a strike was avoided. A large strike at this time would have had a very sour effect. It would have been costly to the company, tragic to some of the workers, and a headache to the nation that has quite enough to worry over.

Two ideas which were injected into the agreement will demand continuing attention. Of the 11-cent-an-hour wage increase, three cents represent an "annual improvement factor." The eight cents is a cost-of-living adjustment.

The cost-of-living adjustment is familiar. Many years ago the cost of living was the wage basis advocated by labor. In recent times wages have been fixed by other considerations, chief of which is the scarcity of workers. Sometime, of course, the cost of living will again have to be considered. The price level is the final measure of any wage. So it is good to have the relationship between wages and prices formally recognized.

The "annual improvement factor" is a new and an ambitious consideration. Only a large and thoughtful organization could dare promise to increase efficiency annually so that it could afford to make a wage increase based on improvement of production. Behind that pledge to improve industrial processes and to share the fruit of improvement are research, engineering, advertising and mass production. Invention following scientific experimentation is the way to such a goal.

A large corporation rich in man power can risk such a bet on its future, but too many lesser industrial enterprises lack such aids to improvement. Nevertheless where an enterprise does grow and better its productivity, it is wise to distribute widely these gains.

All in all the wage treaty made by General Motors and the union is an interesting document. A great many people on both sides of the industrial table will be considering its consequences for a long time to come. . . . W. L. C.

●

. . . IN CALLING A SPADE A SPADE: Every once in a while, some entirely well-meaning person suggests in public that we take to calling the American economic system by another name than capitalism or the profit system.

The latest of these as we go to press is Walter Mitchell, Jr., managing director of the Controllers (accountants) Institute of America. Mr. Mitchell sprang his idea at this organization's recent Middle West conference that was held in St. Paul, Minnesota.

He argued, as do all who make similar suggestions, that when we call our setup capitalism or the profit system we "make it easy for Communists and other left-wingers to allege that we are merely trying to safeguard the 'vested interests.'" So Mr. Mitchell thinks we ought to take to calling our financial and social mechanism the "enterprise economy."

We move we just keep on calling it capitalism, with a big C and without apologies.

Capitalism is the correct name for it, for one thing. For another, the Communists are the world's current champions at the art of calling things by their wrong names. The Reds term their own tyranny "democracy," claim that their one-man-rule system expresses the will of "the toiling masses," call Hitler-style elections like the recent thing in Czechoslovakia "free democratic elections," and so on.

Liars eventually defeat themselves. We may sound crazy in saying so at this moment in world history, but we think the Communists will eventually cut their own throats somehow with their distortions and contradictions. Why ape them in that respect?

Capitalism is an honorable word, and the system it describes has made more people happy than any other economic device ever yet evolved. Let's keep the word. Let's make the system better and better.

●

. . . SCIENCE CAN STUB ITS TOE: We take note of police use here and there of allegedly infallible scientific gadgets for registering degrees of drunkenness. You know—the cops pick up some motorist and apply the device to his breath, and if he's found to have such and such a percentage of alcohol under his belt the judge is supposed to fine him or suspend his license for drunken driving.

We don't doubt that these things can measure anybody's alcoholic content accurately. But how can any of them possibly register the way alcohol affects the particular person under inspection?

Mr. A, for example, can take five highballs or three dry Martinis and still be a reasonably safe driver. Mr. B gets too potted on one drink to be trusted at the steering gear of a kiddy car. And there is an occasional Mr. C, who gets blotto squiffed on the first three or four drinks, becomes as steady as a gyroscope on the next few, and then suddenly and quietly falls flat on his face about drink number 10 or 11. So it goes.

We don't think the gadget has been or can be invented that will register these individual alcoholic tolerances and peculiarities. Consequently, police use of such devices seems to us unreliable and unscientific. Science has its limitations, and we believe this is definitely one of them.

All science aside, the best advice under this head is: Don't drive at all when you've been drinking at all.

Collier's

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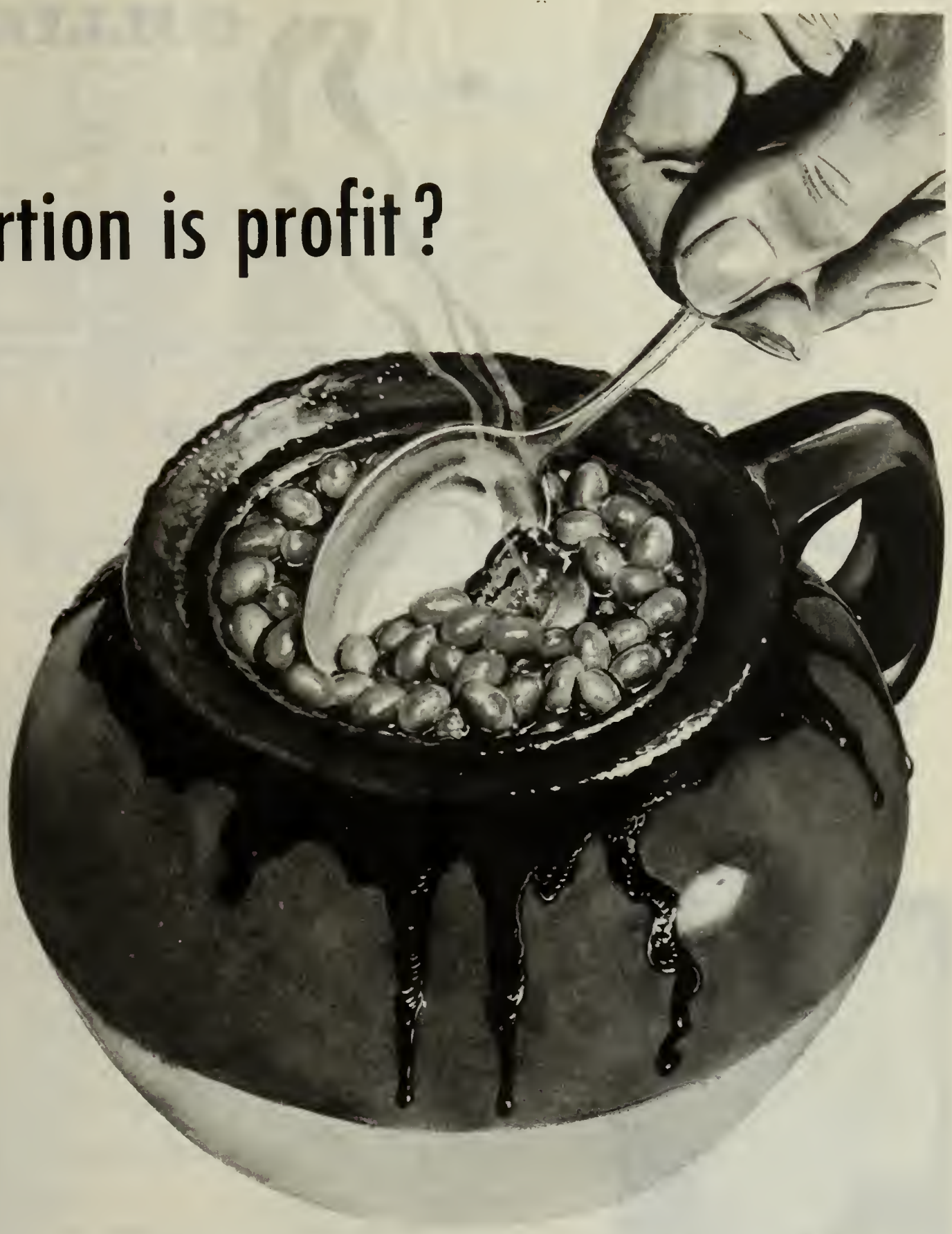
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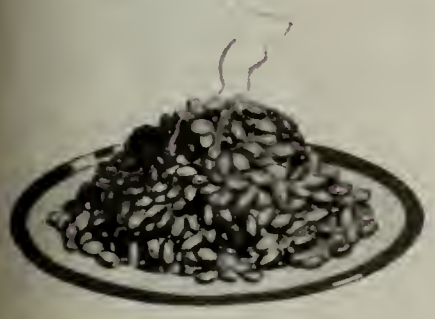
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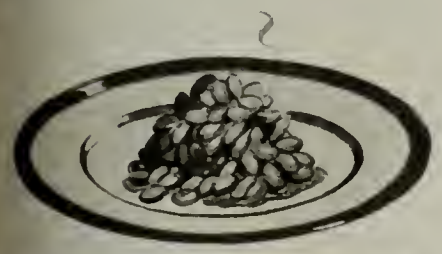
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How big a portion is profit?





You hear a lot of talk these days about how much of the money that industry takes in should be for profit. Many folks have an idea that profits take a pretty big portion of the "bean pot."



The great majority of these same people—when asked what they thought would be a *fair* profit for business to make—said *from 10 to 15 cents out of each dollar of sales.*



But the fact of the matter is: *Government figures show industry averages less than half that much profit!*



4. And remember, about half of what industry does make goes "right back into the pot" to help pay for the development and expansion that bring more products, more jobs, and greater security for all.



5. That's the way the American system works to give more people more good things than are enjoyed anywhere else on earth!

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Supporter Belt of
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"Bracer*"

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Full 2-way stretch all-elastic seamless belt—gently pulls your stomach in so you stand straighter, help yourself look and feel better! • Special design of waistband assures snug fit, minimum roll! • Soft, roomy, no-gape fly-front pouch is *self-adjusting* to any position! Exclusive *tubular* long-stretch elastic leg bands—no crease, no curl, no roll!

Ask at your department, men's wear, drug or surgical store for the supporter belt that's *first in popularity* everywhere, "Bracer" . . . **$3.50.**

"Bracer* Royal" *has a wider, cooler, more porous waistband that offers you even more supportive action* . . . **$5.00**

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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August 21, 1948

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•

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

MARGARET ROSE

DEAR SIRS: Read in Collie Small's wonderful recounting of the charms of Princess Margaret Rose of Britain (The Blooming of Margaret Rose, July 17th) that her father, the king, gets only $1,640,000 a year salary, while Princess Elizabeth, as heir apparent, must struggle along on a mere $160,000. Meanwhile sister Margaret Rose gets not a red sou, and must depend on Dad for handouts. With the cost of living as it is, I am deeply touched and would like to contribute a couple of bucks for tiara polish, and moth flakes for little Margaret's royal ermines. Not much, but it should help.

JIM MCCLEAN, South Norwalk, Conn.

. . . Collie Small's name should be reversed, the dog, for daring to say that Margaret Rose is narrow-shouldered and bandy-legged.

JIM ADAMS, New York, N. Y.

. . . I have a scheme. . . . The royal family sues the United States for Collie Small's statement that Margaret Rose is bandy-legged. With the money, England pays off her debts, becomes solvent and forces the Socialist government out of office. The conservatives and prosperity return, India is recaptured, the Empire is restored, and Collie Small is knighted.

GEORGE HILTEBEITEL, Westport, Conn.

HIGHWAY MURDER

DEAR SIRS: In your editorial of July 17 (These Are the Worst Drivers) you call for nominations for the World's Worst Drivers. I hereby offer The Driver Who Straddles the Center Stripe; The Driver Who Passes on the Right; The Elderly Woman Slow Driver, and The Young Woman Fast Driver. . . .

KIRKLAND FESSENTEN, Cleveland, Ohio.

. . . My nomination is He Who Refuses to Dim at Night, and the Famous Last Worder who says: "I won't dim if I won't!" . . .

PHIL GREGORY, San Francisco, Calif.

. . . The Drunken Driver. . . .

VINCENTE GREEVE, Flushing, N. Y.

CASSANDROUS US

MR. DAVENPORT: Accidentally came across an old issue of Collier's—October 4, 1941, to be exact. Couldn't help but be startled by the editorial—whoever wrote it

(Continued on page 42)

Vol. 122, No. 8. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; one year $4.00; two years $6.00; three years $8.00 in the United States and Possessions, also Canada, Labrador, Newfoundland and Philippine Islands. In Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela, one year $5.00 two years $8.00; three years $11.00. Other countries: one year $8.00; two years $14.00; three years $20.00. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. Changes in address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or

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KEEP UP WI THE WOR



BY FRELING FOSTER

Blushing is not confined to the face and neck. Many members of primitive naked tribes often blush down to the waist, and some models, while posing in the nude, occasionally blush all over.

Some years ago at an auction of yearling thoroughbreds at Saratoga, a scrawny colt for which no one had bid was being led from the ring when a young man, for a gag, called out, "A dollar fifty!" and the auctioneer shouted back, "Sold!" The astonished bidder, having little money, turned the unwanted horse over to a trainer to keep and develop, for a half share in the animal. Botanic proved to be a consistent winner and his earnings and ultimate sale brought the two men a small fortune.

When informed that their King Sebastian had been killed in Morocco in 1578, the people of Portugal refused to believe it because they worshiped him as a god and considered him immortal. In fact, the conviction that he was alive and would come back some day was so deep-rooted that, after nine generations, many Portuguese still watched the night sky for his reappearance and incurred debts repayable "on the return of Sebastian."

Not long ago in New Jersey, a twelve-year-old girl died from drinking too much water. While playing "saloon" with other children, she consumed three quarts in 20 minutes, which proved fatal within 12 hours. So much of the water was absorbed by her blood stream that it filled her lungs and produced all the symptoms of actual drowning.—*By Belden Bly, Winooski, Vt.*

When the interurban electric railways were at the peak of their popularity about 1915, virtually every town in the northeastern section of this country could be reached by them. On these connecting trolleys some persons even traveled between New York and Chicago, although this particular one-way trip required them to change cars 976 times.—*By Mary E. Barron, Zion, Ill.*

Few hunting experiences a credible as the case in which of a single bullet resulted in of three full-grown eleph corded and described in the ficial Game Report of the Protectorate in East Africa standing on a steep slope, the shot, fell and started to slid ward. An instant later, th stepped directly in the way swept off its feet. A few yard the second crashed into th and all three rolled to their the valley below.

The greatest single contest sented to the people of th States was held by a cigar pany in 1937 and required th to solve a total of 90 pictori that appeared in groups of weekly advertisements. It 2,000,000 contestants and cash awards ranged from $ grand prize of $100,000.

The aurora borealis, or lights, may be seen on an a 100 nights a year from t Pole, on 243 nights from Canada, on 25 nights from M on one night a year from Fl one night in every ten years play is even visible fro Mexico.

Celebrities of the 19th whose voices are preserved graph records in the Unit include Queen Victoria, Nightingale, P. T. Barnu Booth, William Gladstone, Harrison, James Whitcomb Mark Twain.

Few of man's most stre tivities consume as much the same length of time, a upstairs. In calorie require example, it exceeds sawing 158 per cent, running by 11 and even swimming by 86 p

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You can recognize an **ANGLE-WING** by the angles on the wing margins. With wings folded, an angle-wing resting on a tree trunk looks like a piece of rough bark.



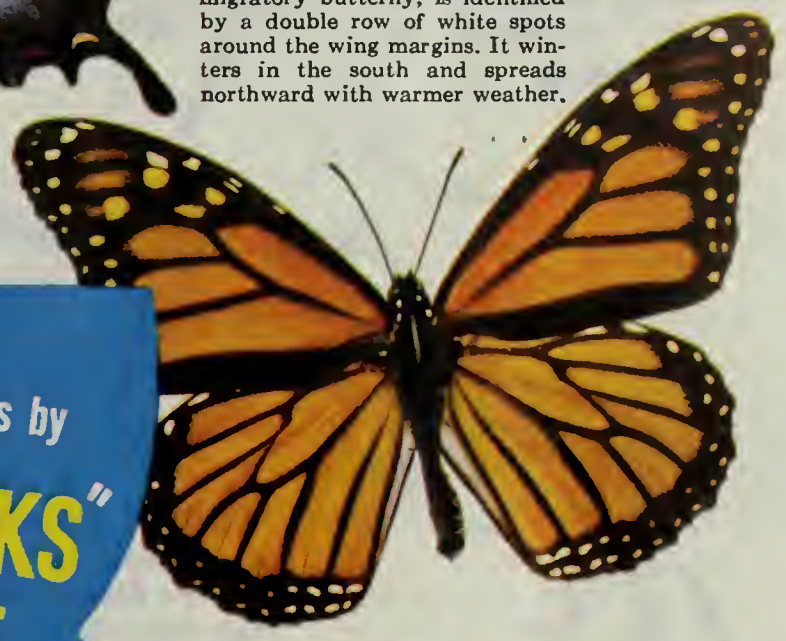
The female of the **TIGER SWALLOWTAIL** is sometimes black, margined with a row of yellow spots—but more often it is colored like the male shown at the left.



The characteristic pattern on the forewings has earned for this butterfly the name of **DOG-FACE.**



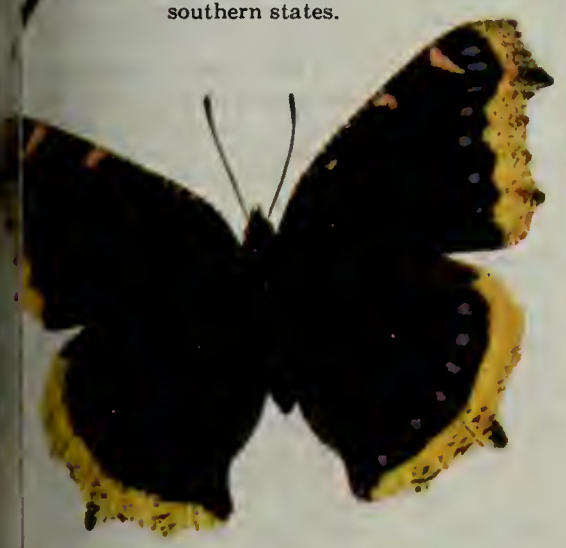
A pattern of yellow and black stripes and a single tail on each hind wing identify the male **TIGER SWALLOWTAIL.**



The **MONARCH**, our only regularly migratory butterfly, is identified by a double row of white spots around the wing margins. It winters in the south and spreads northward with warmer weather.



Black and white "zebra" stripes mark the **ZEBRA** butterfly, our longest-tailed swallowtail. It's common in our southern states.



The **MOURNING CLOAK** is distinguished by sombre purplish wings edged with yellow. You'll see it earlier in the spring and later in the fall than most butterflies.



Broad white bands across blue-black wings mark the Banded Purple or **WHITE ADMIRAL**—a common butterfly of the northern states.

When a butterfly flutters by

THE "TRADE-MARKS" OF NATURE*

identify its species

When you buy gasoline

THE TRADE-MARK "ETHYL"

identifies gasoline stepped up with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid



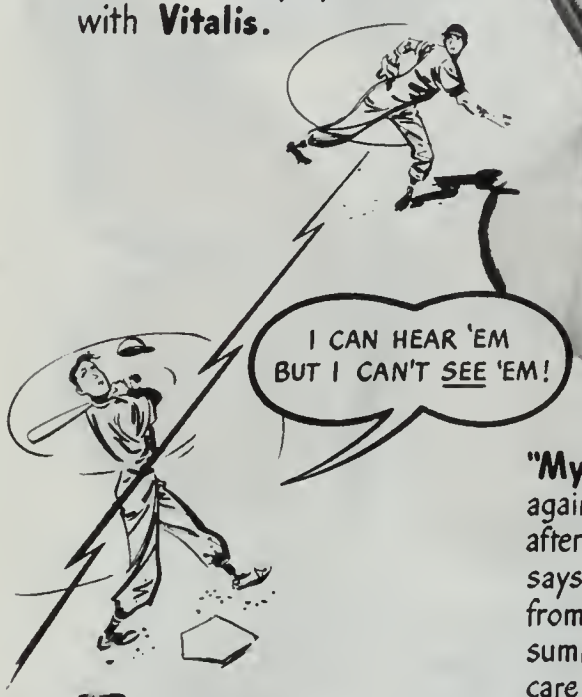
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*Prepared in cooperation with specialists of American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.

Working Out with Bob Feller

"Rapid Robert"—fireballer and strikeout king. As a kid on dad's farm, learned control by pitching into barrel. Bob's ball park workouts under blistering sun are a threat to his hair... so he plays safe with **Vitalis.**



"My hair's got perfect control against scorching sun and showers after the **Vitalis** '60-Second Workout,'" says Bob Feller. Keep **your** hair from a weather-beating this summer. Give it the same smart care that leaders in every league do. Use **Vitalis** regularly.



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"60-Second Workout"

keeps hair summerproofed and handsome



Massaging **Vitalis'** pure vegetable oil on sun-baked scalp protects hair from harmful, drying effects of sun, wind, water. Routs loose dandruff. Helps check excessive falling hair.

Now hair is no longer dull, brittle, hard to handle. Looks **naturally** well-groomed. No greasy, "patent-leather" shine—**Vitalis** contains no mineral oil. For a complete summer hair-conditioning, use **Vitalis!**

P. S. Your barber is an expert. He knows how to keep your hair looking its best for summer. Ask him about Vitalis and the individual, sanitary Sealtube application. *Vitalis and Sealtube are Bristol-Myers trade marks*



Lester Dent about to wing his way on a short story assignme

AT THE age of eight, Lester Dent spent several frustrated weeks on the banks of the same treacherous river that plays a villain in River Crossing (p. 25). The Dents had been ranching happily north of Gillette, Wyoming, and when a neighbor settled about ten miles away, they decided it was time to move to less overpopulated territory.

Whereupon they and little Lester's assorted uncles climbed into a covered wagon and pushed West. "In a few weeks (I made the same trip recently in about four hours) we came to the Big Powder River and its quicksand," relates Lester. "Various uncles rode in, were lassoed, and hauled out. During the fifth week a wool train arrived—several great wagons drawn by twelve-horse hitches.

"The wool boss knew the way across, he said, and then he lost a wagon and five horses. You really get to know quicksand when you hear the sound a horse makes as he sinks out of sight in the stuff. The heck of it all," Dent mourns, "is I can't remember how we finally crossed."

However, free of quicksands, Dent in time became a telegrapher, pulp writer, and seeker of pirate treasure from a small schooner he owned. Right now he keeps and flies a light plane, has yet to make a forced landing. When he isn't grinding out whodunits, Dent acts as pix-snapper and negative-washer for an aerial photography venture he says started as a hobby and has turned into a small monster.

AL SANTORO, who recounts the fabulous Pot Shots of One Shot Ross (p. 24), became sports editor of the Los Angeles Examiner in a roundabout way. A New York City boy, Al's family early migrated to San Francisco where Al went into the newspaper business. He sold papers on street corners. After graduating from business college, Al set out to make millions as a bookkeeper, but when he gummed up a trial balance, he returned hastily to journalism.

At this distinguished craft he bought ham on ryes (with mustard) for the manager, swept up, and valeted bundles of fresh-laid newspapers into waiting trucks—all for $7.50 a week. But the ambitious Alger hero is not to be denied, and years and years and millions and millions of words later, Al finally wound up in his present position.

ARTHUR MAYSE writes 'em the Hard Way. Last fall, out experimenting for The Logger and the Lady (p. 22), he accepted a ride deadhead in the cab of a truck skinner named Mac, high in the Vancouver Island timberland. "We tilted downhill ir fifty tons of fir, cedar and h Mr. Mayse tells us. "Down miles of looping, twisting spired by a roller coaster, a 2,000 feet to tidewater."

As brakes and transmissio the law of gravity, Mayse discussed runaway trucks, hook up the trailer air-bra the prospect of jumping in trouble (they weren't goo nudged from behind by a foot log, and insurance truckers. "When we finally to the booming grounds a sand thrills and chills later Mr. Mayse, "I asked Mac i get his nerves. 'Some,' he 'after six months or so, you You lie awake thinking of that might happen before those pay checks cashed. hen time you took yourself a le day.'" For said holiday, see

Incidentally, Mr. Mayse i rm girl flunkies, camp tennis c rt other softening influences h e tamed the West Coast log point that he's willing to b lumberjack.

MR. LOUIS PAUL, who Plenty of Time for Lo has a plaint. Seems he's not Writer. "I'd give anythin c rough tweeds and smoke a haven't the teeth for it," h "I'd love to tramp the moo wife and bird dog, raise pr and attend Connecticut tow conscientiously. But I'm ne for Women's Club lect young writers never send m ble MSS. to criticize—no n famous I become. I don't ends, or keep a secret diar to reveal the True Me, in books of Louis Paul. No will send me to Russia.

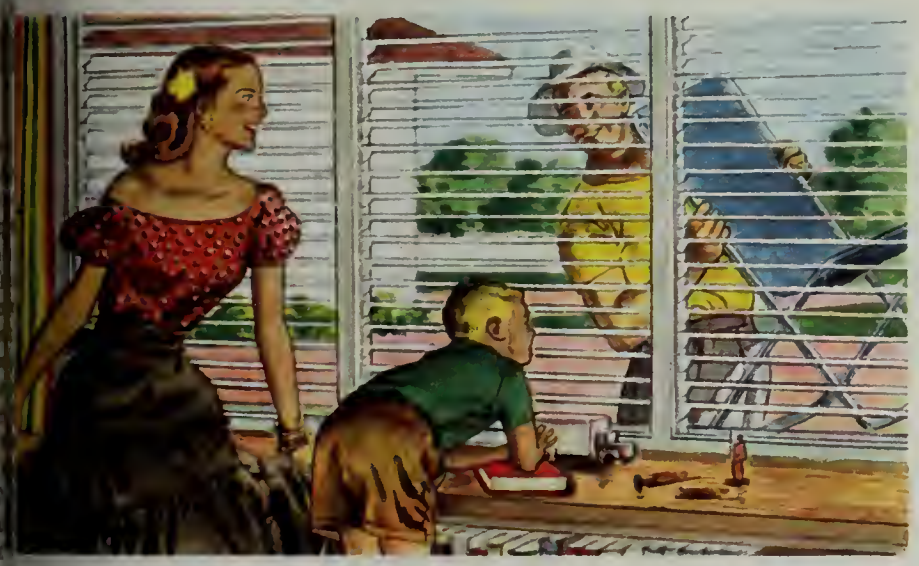
"I realize this is negative ut I ply lack human interest. M hobb are polo and dancing but ere's the slightest chance of m ev tively doing either. As fo Plent Time for Love," Mr. P: l ad sadly, "this delightful yar cam me as a highly reflex res nse need for money."

This week's cover: The tappi Boys. The smiling laddies i he to ing are Paul, seven, and l l.p. Arsenault of Rochester, w Y They were photosnapped b heir J. W. Arsenault, just after vac swim at Sebago Lake, M e. W their granddad has a place. both young tykes are all boy, an hey enough to grow fins; Paul meet cally inclined, and Philij loves crayons. . . . Ti SH

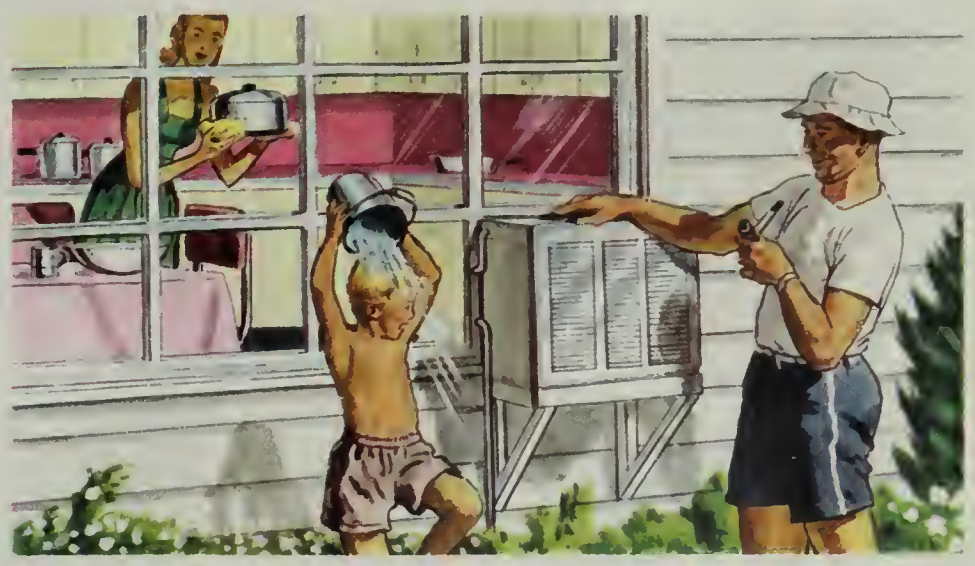
Tried these new ways to keep cool?



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ESE VENETIAN BLINDS fasten on the outside, keep you cooler on the side. Again, Kaiser Aluminum is the choice over all other materials—cause it reflects the sun's heat, assures beautiful, long-lasting appearce. (Also note the window frames. They can't warp, rot, shrink, or st—because they're made of Kaiser Aluminum!)



SOMETHING UNIQUE in cooling systems is this evaporative air conditioner. It can be installed easily in any window you choose. And because it's made of Kaiser Aluminum it has an extra value both to you *and* the manufacturer. To you, because it's light, strong, decorative and rustproof. To the manufacturer, because aluminum is so easily fabricated.

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*Prices slightly higher Denver and West.

Philco Automatic Record Changer with Self Adjusting Spindle for easy loading and unloading of records. Plays up to 12 records automatically.



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RE ARE SOME HINTS on what to en stopped for a traffic violation out- our state. They were prepared es- y for Collier's by members of the Court Committee of the American ssociation.

n't be in a hurry to continue your Take plenty of time to protect your

ways get an official receipt for all fines, costs and other money paid.

hether guilty or not guilty of the , follow the procedure of the local . Remember: In many states, forfeit- ur bail is similar to a conviction and, rted, stands as such on your driving .

not guilty of the charge and if you ly suspect that you are the victim of per official conduct, make immediate to secure local counsel. In protecting wn rights you will help to prevent a uation of such abuses.

you're not satisfied you're getting a deal, immediately consult the local tor's office or a local attorney. If re not readily available, do not hesi- ask the local Automobile Club repre- ve, other police agencies in the county ponsible local citizens for assistance.

p promptly when requested to by a officer. Present your identification t argument. Listen carefully and ously. Answer questions concisely a friendly manner. Don't try to talk way out of your predicament. And try to bribe the officer.

fore the officer leaves, get his name, umber or identification. Unless the is in uniform, or immediately identi- mself, you should demand his identifi- .

witnesses are available, be sure to get ames and addresses.

ways be careful not to violate traffic Watch all traffic signs and signals oluntarily observe all speed laws.

emember: Violations committed on ays, Sundays, holidays and at hours courts are not in session will result in r inconvenience to you.

---

obably no court is familiar to more e and subjected to more critical ap- l by them than the traffic courts of ica," says Tappan Gregory, president e American Bar Association. "Our ation has sponsored an active pro- of improvement in every phase of this f litigation."

TRAFFIC TRAPS FOR TOURISTS

The American Automobile Association reports soak-the-stranger traffic arrests are flourishing in many sections of the nation. Speed traps, roadside finings and threats of jail are making it tough for the motorist

BY JACK HARRISON POLLACK

THIS year twelve to fifteen million American motorists will be apprehended for traffic violations. Most of these will be bona fide cases of deliberate or careless lawbreaking. But many of the arrests will be unjust.

With a record motoring season in full swing, the American Automobile Association reports that soak-the-stranger methods are flourishing in many sections of the country. They may operate for the tourist who does not hew strictly to the line of local regulations with which he is not familiar. Or, as has been the case in some communities, speed traps, roadside trials, and threats or violence are used.

No responsible citizen can object to honest, impartial traffic enforcement. But it is a national scandal when innocent motorists must worry about being swindled in the name of the law.

Even members of Congress have not been immune from this sort of treatment.

A Southern Representative who was motoring home one week end last fall was arrested for speeding as he drove through a certain township.

The congressman made no effort to use his legislative influence, but paid the $15 and started to leave. On his way out he remarked facetiously, "I think it's a dirty trick to drive a patrol car without identification." The remark was not taken humorously. Before the Representative could identify himself he was thrown into a jail cell. And there he stayed for several hours, even though the Constitution specifically forbids a legislator's detention for anything but treason, felony or breach of the peace when Congress is in session. Local authorities contended that the peace had actually been breached.

Strong-arm tactics are not uncommon. Recently a reputable St. Paul, Minnesota, businessman and his wife were motoring through a Southern township when their car began heating up. To let it cool off, they pulled over to the side. A police car drove up. Troopers began searching the businessman's baggage and found some whisky—illegal in a dry county.

"One cop hit my wife, knocking her against the car door and injuring her back," reports the businessman. "Inside the jail he knocked me down. I was refused permission to telephone a lawyer. They threw us into crowded, dirty cells overnight. There wasn't even a cot in mine. I spent the night on a cement floor. The sheriff came in the morning and let us out. We found the locks of our baggage torn out, all our belongings scattered, and a camera, fountain pen and some money missing."

Many other motorists have complained to the A.A.A. about a noticeable lack of Southern hospitality on the part of authorities enforcing traffic laws on Dixie's highways. An out-of-state doctor was recently bled for $20 in a Southern town. He grudgingly paid the fine and remarked that it was a "damn' outrage." Whereupon he was struck from behind, seized by the belt *(Continued on page 64)*

"Collier's is to be highly congratulated for presenting to the American public Jack Pollack's forthright and comprehensive article on ways and means used by all too many law-enforcement agencies in soaking the motorist—particularly the motorist who is traveling away from his home state.

"The spotlight of public attention thus thrown on the problem should be of immediate benefit. It should also invigorate efforts by all those engaged in the difficult task of redesigning and modernizing antique legal machinery."

—R. J. Schmunk, President,
American Automobile Association

Between the tasks set by her Latin teacher and the traps laid by her younger brother, Jane did not have

PLENTY OF TIME FOR LOVE

BY LOUIS PA

I'D LIKE to, Lucille, but—well, he's inhuman. Eighteen pages of Livy! I mean, after all, the whole thing's unconscionable. It's—"

"If you'd put down that telephone and do it, it wouldn't be so unconscionable," said Aunt Martha. "You don't even know what the word means. I want to talk to your father about having the furnace cleaned."

"G'by, Lucille. G'by, now. Aunt Martha wants to use the phone." Jane hung up regretfully. "Lucille wanted me to play some doubles." She sighed heavily. "I'm the victim of Kismet. The new Ancient Lit is inhuman, so I get him. Mr. Harrington. He's young enough, but he's inhuman. We call him Fisheyes. He keeps staring at you without blinking—honestly, Aunt Martha, it's gruesome."

The phone bell rang again. Jane lifted the receiver with a practiced gesture. "Who? Oh, hel-lo! But *naturally*. But of course! Lucille just called me, but she didn't say who—"

"Hang up that phone," ordered Aunt Martha. "You've been out every afternoon this week. I want you to help me with the curtains when you've finished your schoolwork."

"—but I think I'll have to stay in and grind on the Livy. G'by. G'by, Johnny. G'by. G'by. And thanks frightfully for asking me." Hanging up, she turned to her aunt. "Do you realize who that happened to be? Just Johnny Ballou, that's all. I guess he's the most popular athletic star Stapleton High ever had. He thinks I have possibilities."

Aunt Martha lifted her eyebrows. "I beg your pardon?"

"He thinks I'll make the interscholastic tennis team this year."

"Does Mr. Harrington think you have possibilities?"

"Fisheyes? Huh! All he needs is a toga to make him the noblest Roman of them all. Eighteen pages of Livy, when I could be out playing mixed doubles with Johnny Ballou." Jane shook her head sadly.

Oliver came bouncing in, slamming the front door hard enough to rattle every window in the rambling house. "Hello, everybody!" cried Oliver. "Ain't Aunt Eldreth home from givin' her piano lessons yet? She said she'd bring me some jelly doughnuts. Jever see a ole frog that'd croak when you ast him to?" Extracting a well-grown frog from his back pocket, he held it up in front of Jane's nose. "Croak, Franklyn. Go ahead." Franklyn duly obliged.

"Ugh! Take that thing away from me," said Jane. "Don't you know frogs'll give you warts on your hands?"

"Ha, ha," said Oliver. "I'd rather have warts on my hands than red fingernails. Woops!" Franklyn had popped out of Oliver's palms. He pursued the frog across the living-room rug and into the hallway.

"Aunt Martha, you ought to do something about Oliver. I mean—"

"Never you mind about Oliver. Get up and finish your Cicero—"

"Livy."

"Whatever it is. The parlor curtains are all washed, and I want you to help me get them on the stretchers in the basement. If Eldreth comes home early, I'll ask her to go over the Livy with you. Why your father continues to live in this drafty barrack of a house I'm sure I don't know. What did I come in here for?"

"You said you wanted to phone Papa about having the furnace cleaned."

"Oh, yes. Every year he waits until the last minute."

Jane gathered up her books and climbed the winding stairs to her bedroom. Reluctantly she opened her Livy to the appropriate place. The words danced in front of her eyes, and she saw a vision of herself winning the interscholastic singles. Johnny Ballou's tall athletic figure came bounding over the court to congratulate her. Later they went strolling in Linden Lane. "But I *am* in love with you, Jane," he said tenderly. "I guess I always have been. When I saw you win the final round of the match against Andrews High, I realized—" Somehow the unblinking stare of Fisheyes came between herself and this fantasy. Jane sighed. Why did she have to have Fisheyes in Ancient Lit? Why was she burdened with an aggravating brother like Oliver?

Since life was just one series of tragedies after another, Jane considered the possibility of sacrificing love for a career. Perhaps she would become a great tragic actress. Standing before the mirror, she tried to think of a speech from some play, but no lines came to her mind. As a consequence she was compelled to improvise.

"Mr. Ballou, our love is doomed," she informed her reflection. "Ah, no— *(Continued on page 30)*



"Mippity, pippity, kibble and coo," came a singsong voice from underneath the bed. "Jane McCrory loves Johnny Ballou." Jane dragged Oliver into the open. "You gruesome creature!"



ILLUSTRATED BY
ROBERT PATTERSON



MYRON EHRENE

Behind Markos, Communist leader of the Greek guerrillas, a rising storm casts its m
acing shadow over one of the mountain valleys whose people cry for bread and pea

INTERNATIONAL

RED CLOUDS OVER OLYMPUS

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

Upon the heels of the hated Germans came the Communists to make life miserable for the simple, hard-working Greek peasant. The story of Magoula is the story of 10,000 Greek villages. This is a vivid picture of the struggle going on in one of the most troubled parts of the world



MYRON EHRENBERG

One of the traveling Greek War Relief doctors examines a young villager's foot. Those nasty running sores spell malnutrition—evidence of vitamin deficiency



MYRON EHRENBERG

The threadbare condition of this southern peasant typifies rural Greece today

ATHENS, GREECE

IT IS hardly likely that you've ever heard of the village called Magoula, or of a gray-haired woman with steady, dark blue eyes, med Filia Economou, who has taught in the one-om schoolhouse in Magoula for 29 years. It is ubtful if you've ever heard of Father Constantine kiniotis, the wise old bearded priest of Magoula, of wiry, smiling, thirty-four-year-old Spiros Ni-s, who is the village carpenter.

As a matter of fact, very few people in Greece ve ever heard of Magoula. It is a 200-year-old ricultural village that leans against a rounded, ck-crested hill in southern Greece, and the 650 ople who live there do not consider themselves portant at all. Nor do the mighty government ures in Athens or the heads of the American ssion think the people of Magoula important. ey are all much too busy planning the destruc-n of the guerrilla army of Markos to bother out a small village and its 650 inhabitants. They e busy with the great cosmic problems of the day. I think, however, that Magoula is important, cause Magoula and the 10,000 villages of Greece e Magoula, which contain 70 per cent of the reek population, are costing the American tax-yer hundreds of millions a year right now. That an awful lot of drachmas.

We as a country are pouring that much money to Greece in an effort to keep the country from coming Communist-dominated. We have armed e Greek military forces, sent our crack military aders to Greece to "advise" the Greek army, and ve put a hand-picked government into power in thens.

There are a great many critics of our State Department who do not like this at all, but like it or not, one cannot criticize the State Department of any crime worse than realistic thinking and planning. If the military equipment and leadership which we have given Greece had been withheld, there is little doubt that Markos would be in the driver's seat right now. And the Russians (or reasonable facsimiles thereof) would be sitting snugly in such harbors as Piraeus, Kalamos, Salonika, Kavalla and others too numerous to mention.

From that point it would be only a matter of leisurely reaching out a huge paw and we would find Turkey being "liberated" from the dreadful toils of American imperialism.

This would be very embarrassing to our Western bloc in Europe and to our plans for the economic reconstruction of the Continent.

Broadcasting to the Little People

Let us consider the people of Magoula, for in the long-range picture they are more important than they realize. There are nearly 5,000,000 of them in Greece out of a 7,000,000 population, and it is to them that Markos has been directing three radio broadcasts a day from a high-powered station in Yugoslavia. It is true there are probably not more than 25,000 radio sets in all Greece and not one in Magoula, but the messages of Markos come to Magoula and the other 10,000 villages by word of mouth.

Come with me to Magoula and meet the folks and maybe we can find an answer or two that is impossible to find in Athens. It is a big day in the village. The church in the square, where you are baptized as a baby, where you go as a young man to be married, and from where you are buried, is the Church of the Analipsis. It is a holiday in Magoula.

The family of Spiros Nikas is up very early. Katina Spiros saw to that. Katina is ten, and last Easter her father gave her the first pair of shoes she had ever owned. Today she is allowed to wear them. Her younger brother, five-year-old George, is as excited as Katina and even the four-month-old nameless son gurgles happily.

Suppose we share the family's breakfast. It is the same every day—goat's milk and bread. Spiros Nikas owns a brown and white goat which is tied to a stake behind his house. He also owns five chickens. In normal times Spiros is a fairly substantial citizen. He is the only mason and carpenter in town and there is plenty of work for him. In fact, he usually makes about 150,000 drachmas ($15) a week. But now he has been put in charge of the village guard and every night he and 25 other men guard the roads to Magoula, for even here in southern Greece quick fierce raids by the guerrillas are not unknown.

Spiros receives no pay for his ten hours of guard duty but he does receives 17 oka (an oka equals 2.82 pounds) of flour each month, which is enough to keep the family in bread. He also receives seven pounds of sugar. These come from the Ministry of Supply, and the Ministry of Supply gets the flour and the sugar from the American mission. Spiros has to borrow money from neighbors to buy vegetables and meat but he only buys meat once in 15 days.

"I owe my neighbors a lot of money"—Spiros grins, showing fine white *(Continued on page 71)*



The INSPECTOR Had a Wife

BY CHARLES B. CHILD

Madame Chafik did not have all the facts—but she was a woman, and perhaps she did not need them

CHAFIK J. CHAFIK, of the Baghdad Criminal Investigation Department, sat at the dining-room table in his modest house at the corner of Nathir-al-Ni'am Street and the Karradat Miriam. He was informally clad in a wide-sleeved, ankle-length gown of brown silk, opened at the neck to catch the breezes from the Tigris. The late evening meal had been cleared, and he was engaged in his hobby of detecting philatelic forgeries.

He announced, as he lifted a stamp with a pair of tweezers, "A Bermuda 'Perot.' It would be valued at four hundred dinars if genuine. But it is an excellent copy by a Swiss craftsman, and therefore worthless." The Inspector looked at the dark woman who stood at the window intently watching the moonlit street. "You are not thrilled by this addition to my collection, Leila," he complained.

Madame Chafik said tartly, "When you find a stamp worth four hundred dinars I will be thrilled."

"My hobby is relaxing," her husband defended himself. "It is also more dignified than your pastime of observing our neighbors. You were pleased to see Madame Dejani return by boat a few minutes ago?"

His wife turned quickly. "Now you mock me. How do you know what goes on in a street you cannot see from where you sit?"

The Inspector lighted a cigarette with irritating care. "I observed you look toward the river, where there is a landing for boats. Then you retired behind the curtains, which you would not have done if the person you watched had walked on the other side of the street. Finally you contorted yourself to peer in the direction of our neighbor's front door. You had already informed me that Mr. Dejani had gone away, and that his wife had accompanied him to the train. So it was simplicity itself."

Leila said, "He must have taken the Basra train. It was after six when the taxi came. There was only one suitcase, so I knew she wasn't making the journey with him."

"Your reasoning has merit. But are you sure Madame Dejani has now returned? May I know how you penetrated the shroud of outdoor robe which makes the women of Baghdad resemble animated corpses?"

"The passenger from the boat entered the Dejani home with a key. Who else could it have been if not our neighbor? You are foolish."

"I am still not satisfied." Chafik twinkled with mischief. "The railroad station is on this side of the river, and yet this person came back across the river."

"That is strange," admitted Leila, and brightened with new curiosity. "What has she been doing all this time? It is now nearly nine thirty, and the Basra train left at seven. Where did she go? Who—"

"Give me peace," said Chafik. "Such questions remind me of my unfortunate profession—"

"It puzzles me, too, why a woman of character should be devoted to a man who neglects her for an English adventuress—"

"Wife, wife!" said the little man in a shocked voice. "How do you know about Miss Violet Shaw?"

Leila answered evasively. "But it it known to all the ladies in the neighborhood. And once when I was visiting our cousin in the Alwiyah district, I saw Mr. Dejani driving in a carriage with a shameless foreign woman. I asked our cousin, who told me—"

"Enough! You hold dossiers as complete as my own at headquarters. I have now lost all interest in my hobby." The Inspector closed the stamp album and stood up, a slight figure, strangely dignified in the long robe. "I do not keep a mistress myself," he said. "If I did I would be more discreet. This Violet Shaw, who is actually a Eurasian from Bombay, is indeed an adventuress. Mr. Dejani is not a wealthy man, and her extravagances are leading him into difficulties."

"They dine almost nightly at the Zia Hotel and—"

Leila's new disclosures were interrupted by the telephone bell. Chafik's heelless slippers made a sad shuffle on the polished floor as he went to the bedroom. He took the instrument between finger and thumb.

A familiar voice said, "Sir?"

The little man lifted an eyebrow at his wife, who had followed him. He said with resignation into the telephone, "Speak." A few minutes later he said, "I come," and returned the instrument to its bedside stand. "That was, of course, my dour but admirable assistant, Sergeant Abdullah. There was a note of satisfaction in his voice. He announced a corpse."

"Murder?"

"He would not disturb me otherwise." Inspector Chafik began to dress quickly but carefully. "The corpse," he said casually as he adjusted his polka-dot tie, "is labeled 'Violet Shaw'—" . . .

The body was in a half-kneeling position on the floor; the head and shoulders and outflung arm rested across a divan, which was upholstered in black and scattered with orange-colored cushions. The woman had been wearing a canary-yellow wrapper and red slippers.

She had tried to accentuate her English features by fluffing out her straight black hair, and by using light powder on her faintly dusky cheeks. But her figure, which was seductive, had been inherited from a Hindu mother and could not be disguised.

Inspector Chafik, who stood in the doorway, said, "Poor Miss Shaw. What was the cause of death?"

"Sir, she has been dealt several heavy blows on the left side of the



"The Merciful One defend us!" Daoud Shuman clutched the Inspector's arm. "I see her! But she is dead!"

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

d. The weapon, which I have not ted, was a blunt instrument."

Chafik went to the body and raised head to examine the wound. "This ndeed ugly. The object had a nd, beveled edge." He looked und the room and then bent over ble at the end of the divan. "There ust," he said. "Observe, Abdullah, nething with a round base, perhaps mp, stood here recently. Possibly weapon we seek."

Shall I make inquiries, sir, for a on seen leaving carrying a bulky ct?"

It is extremely unlikely the murer was observed. The house is reetly isolated; there are no neighbors to watch the coming and going of visitors." The Inspector placed his hand under the armpit of the corpse. "There is still warmth, but bodies do not cool quickly in the heat of Baghdad. The woman may have been dead some hours. I note she met death in an angry mood."

"Sir?"

"You can see for yourself," Chafik said sharply. "There is ash scattered over the divan and carpet. She constantly flicked her cigarette, as a person does when irritated!" He took a clean handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his hands. "Miss Violet did not keep a servant in the house. Who, then, found her body?"

Sergeant Abdullah produced a notebook and read in a harsh voice, "The following is the statement of Mr. Daoud Shuman. Quote. 'At about eight twenty tonight I was walking on the Alwiyah water front in the company of my friend, Ahmed Faris, when I saw a lady resembling Miss Violet Shaw, who is well known to me. I was surprised, because she had previously broken an appointment with me, pleading a headache—' "

Chafik interrupted, "Briefly, what did Mr. Shuman do?"

"Sir, he went to speak to her, but she hurried away and he lost her in the crowd. Then he began to search for her. It would appear he has a suspicious nature. He went to various cafés and bars, but the woman had not been seen. He says. Quote. 'Then I went to the house. The time was about eight fifty. After knocking and getting no answer, I opened the door with a key Miss Shaw had previously given me—' "

"This is interesting, Abdullah, for a key was also in the possession of Mr. Dejani. So Mr. Shuman demanded an explanation and was confronted by a corpse. What did he do then?"

"His action was commendable. He telephoned us. He does not appear to realize he is a top suspect."

The Inspector winced. "A detective

(Continued on page 75)





Stalin and Roosevelt meet for the first time at Teheran. Those wide epaulets Stalin is wearing are gold, and the large white stars are fastened by red pins. As the Big Three settled down to talk, Stalin doodled and smoked incessantly. Hopkins reported that Stalin's voice was barely audible

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

PART XIII—FROM CAIRO TO TEHERAN

★

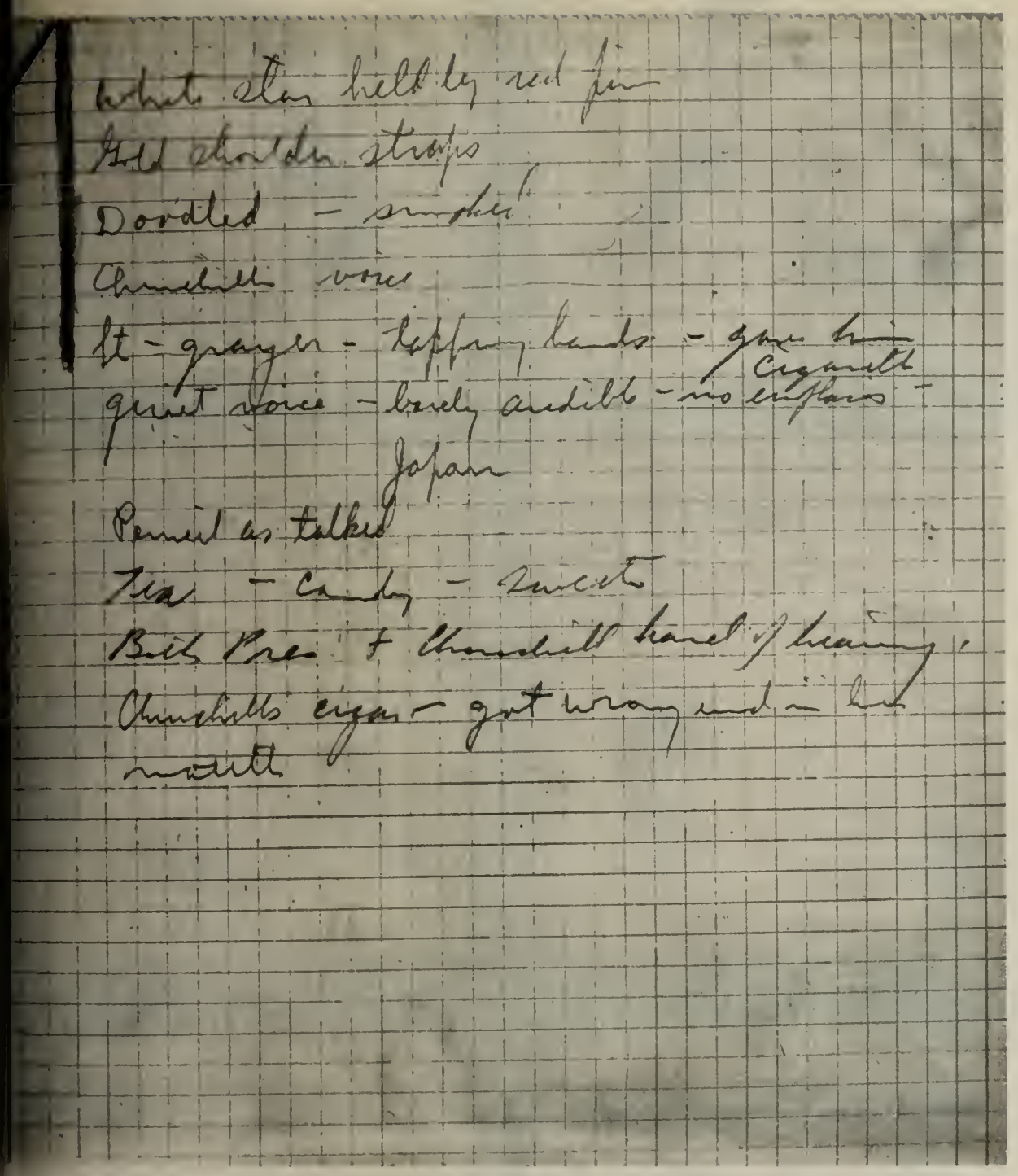
BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

The Cairo plans for threefold thrusts in the Far East, and Churchill's ho[pe] for a European campaign based on northern Italy die a-borning. Bu[t a] few words from Stalin change the entire Allied strategy for global [war]

ON NOVEMBER 13, 1943, the Presi[dent] sailed from Hampton Roads, Virgini[a] on the new battleship, U.S.S. Iowa, which [was] commanded by Roosevelt's former naval aide and good friend, Captain John McCrea. Also trav[eling] on the ship were Hopkins, Generals Marshall, Arnold, Watson, Somervell and Handy and Admi[rals] Leahy, King, Brown, McIntire and Cooke. There were some highly important discussions among the Chiefs of Staff aboard the Iowa.

It was their experience that, while Churchill invariably gave his most enthusiastic and eloquent approval to OVERLORD (the Normandy invasion) in principle, he steadfastly refused to accept it as a scheduled fact, preferring to believe that German man power could be worn down by attrition to the point of collapse, whereupon the Anglo-American forces in the United Kingdom could perform a triumphal march from the Channel to Berlin with no more than a few snipers' bullets to annoy them.

Whether or not these apprehensions were



Hopkins' seribbled deseription of the Big Three at their historie first meeting is reproduced here. Churchill's aecident with his eigar, referred to in the note, must have provided a lively interruption

ıstified, they were so substantial that the U.S. hiefs of Staff drew up papers looking toward comromise arrangements in the event that their British pposite numbers, dominated by the Prime Minister, should present a solid wall of resistance.

On the second day out, there was an extraordiary episode which caused the Navy's most omious warning, "This ain't no drill!" to be shouted rom the bridge. (The statement is generally enered in the log, if one survives, as. "This is *not* a rill!"—but I believe that few sailors have ever said that way in the heat of the moment.)

An American Torpedo on the Rampage

Hopkins wrote a description of this episode, as ollows:

This afternoon the eaptain arranged for an antiireraft drill. Three balloons are released—tied ogether—and the batteries of forties and twenties et loose when the balloons reaeh a proper height nd distanee from the ship . . .

The President was wheeled from the luneheon able to the deek just outside his mess—Wilson Brown, Ross MeIntire, Pa Watson and I went long. The firing began—it seemed pretty good o me although the five-ineh guns made a whale of raeket in spite of the eotton whieh all of us put n our ears . . .

Suddenly an offieer from the bridge two deeks bove leaned over and yelled, "It's the real thing! t's the real thing!" The President doesn't hear ell anyway and with his ears stuffed with eotton e had a hard time getting the offieer's words whieh I repeated to him several times before he understood. I asked him whether he wanted to go inside; he said, "No—where is it?"

Just as I got to the starboard side to find out, everything fired at onee at the wake of a torpedo about six hundred yards away—the firing lasted about thirty seeonds. The wake went well astern.

It was a torpedo all right—but not from a German submarine. One of our destroyers had let loose a torpedo direetly at the Iowa. The first the Iowa heard about it was a flash from the destroyer that a torpedo was moving toward the Iowa, and it was four or five minutes later that the message eame that the torpedo was fired by our own eseort.

The eommander of the destroyer explained it as follows: The torpedo was in plaee but with no primer attaehed—the torpedo must have been unloosed beeause of the heavy seas in some unaeeountable fashion. But Admiral King and Captain McCrea thought this pretty thin. An investigation is afoot.

Can you imagine our own eseort torpedoing an Ameriean battleship—the newest and biggest—with the President of the United States aboard—along with the Chief of Staff of the Army and the Chief of Naval Operations? In view of the faet that there were twenty Army offieers aboard, I doubt if the Navy will ever hear the last of it.

The records give the identity of the hapless destroyer, but I am not going to mention her name in these pages. Her skipper probably did not know who, if any, were the passengers aboard the Iowa. It was bad enough for him to know that one of his torpedoes had been loosed toward the great ship and caused her to maneuver to avoid being hit. It would have been worse, of course, had he been aware that the President of the United States was one of the possible victims. But, had he known that the President's party included Admiral Ernest J. King, he would undoubtedly have attached the anchor to his neck and plunged himself to the bottom of the sea rather than live to face the awful consequences.

The Iowa arrived at Oran on November 20th, where the President was met by Eisenhower and his staff and the three sons who were in that theater, Elliott, Franklin D., Jr., and Robert Hopkins. Roosevelt then flew to Tunis in the C-54 transport plane which had already been given the unofficial but enduring name, The Sacred Cow. The next day, Sunday, he went for a tour of the Tunisian battlefields with Eisenhower, who did not realize at the time that he was being subjected to most searching scrutiny and appraisal.

Roosevelt showed great interest in the site of ancient Carthage—which had once been subjected to unconditional surrender—and he concluded that the Carthaginian armies had probably avoided those forbidding mountains which provided very bad terrain for elephants. Roosevelt, in his casual, seemingly offhand manner, also talked about the future—particularly OVERLORD.

Field Generals Get Most of the Glory

He said to Eisenhower, "Ike, you and I know who was the Chief of Staff during the last years of the Civil War but practically no one else knows, although the names of the field generals—Grant, of course, and Lee, and Jackson, Sherman, Sheridan and the others—every schoolboy knows them. I hate to think that 50 years from now practically nobody will know who George Marshall was. That is one of the reasons why I want George to have the big command—he is entitled to establish his place in history as a great general."

Roosevelt also told Eisenhower of the plan to bring him back to Washington as Acting Chief of Staff. It is probable that Eisenhower expressed to the President his total lack of enthusiasm for a career in the Pentagon Building, but he was a soldier, and he would go where he was sent. Later, Eisenhower was somewhat less certain that these decisions had been finally made, for Admiral King told him of his personal belief that Roosevelt would in the end refuse to move Marshall from his present position.

When the Presidential party took off for the long flight to Cairo late Sunday evening, Eisenhower did not know what the future might hold for him and he remained in ignorance for more than two weeks while the memorable conferences were taking place.

On the fourth and last day of the first Cairo conference some forty-three American and British press correspondents formed themselves into a committee, of which the able Cyrus L. Sulzberger of the New York Times was chairman, and signed a round-robin letter to Hopkins which began:

The undersigned correspondents representing all Anglo-American and Dominion newspapers, agencies and radio chains are addressing this to you as an influential friend of the press.

We wish to express the strongest dissatisfaction with the manner in which we are being treated during the present important conferences. We demand that we be taken further into confidence of the authorities on an off-the-record basis and be given some idea of what everything is about in order to prepare our advance material.

We request a conference with yourself wherein we could present some of our problems to a person known to be our friend, of sufficient influence and energy to help us out and of sufficient experience and understanding to be able to do so.

There followed specific requests, including one for a press conference with the President, Prime Minister and generalissimo, and for another conference in the event that a Russian delegation might arrive in Cairo after the Chinese had departed. It was suspected that Stalin himself might appear, it not then being known, of course, that the British and American delegations were going on to Teheran to meet him there.

Had Hopkins met the press, there was not much he could have told them other than the agreements that were subsequently announced in the official communiqué. There was *(Continued on page 43)*

SUNDAY DINNER

BY
HANK KETCHAM



9 A.M.



10 A.M.



11 A.M.



NOON



1 P.M.



2 P.M.



3 P.M.



4 P.M.



5 P.M.



6 P.M.



7 P.M.

COLLIER'S

SHORT SHORT

THE FUGITIVE

BY VAL DUNCAN



Stymie let up a bit on the man's throat. "I didn't know you could help me. Now I'll show you I'm on the level"

TYMIE knew he ought to be moving instead of sitting there fishing. He ought to be travel- till staying with the river, of e. Sure, he'd been lucky so far. ng some kid's homemade fish had been a break and this spot ts points, too. It ought to be for he had thorn cover all d him and in front was the sweep of the river.

looked safe, but somehow it *feel* safe. The leaves trembled hey were afraid of something. y, he rubbed his beard stubble ouched the puffy blue spot on eek. That guy had hit hard. He d at the split knuckles of his hand. He'd given better than he

re was a noise to his left in the and he froze. He set the pole silently and stared into the dim- A shadow flickered and a young darted out, almost hit him, bounded away. He let go his and swore softly.

n he saw the boat, one man g into the little cove where he tting. Every once in a while the ooked over his shoulder to judge ering. With that pale face, this asn't a regular riverman. When ached shallow water, the boat- umped out and shoved the boat the mudbank. He saluted Sty- with a lift of his head. "Any

was a hard-built guy, about e's height, and with that barrel he could give you a tough time ight. He flipped the boat on its ike a toy.

oo hot for 'em today," said e.

e boatman watched water sluice of the boat. "Scraped a rock. r came in pretty fast."

ough," said Stymie. "Can you

asy with a knife. Got one?"

shook his head.

ost guys fishin' have a knife with

ocketful of knives wouldn't make babies bite today."

The boatman snapped off a small branch of a willow tree. With his fingernail he started to strip it down to white wood. "They're fishin' for plenty upriver today."

When the boatman bent to his work of fitting the wood in the crack, Stymie said: "And catchin' nothin', I bet."

"So far. But guys'll fish a long time for a thousand bucks."

He sat tight as the boatman dug up a stone as big as his fist and started to tamp the wood plug into place. Finally the man quit hammering. "Seen any cops around here?"

"Cops?" The word always stuck in Stymie's throat. "No."

The boatman straightened up. "Thought maybe some of 'em got down this far. Up around Brantville State Pen the hills are crawling with cops and troopers. Dogs, too. They've put up a thousand-buck reward. The guy who broke out is a killer."

"Crashed out of the state pen?"

"Sure," said the boatman. "Last night. That's fifteen miles from here. If he was heading this way, he'd be gettin' here around this time."

"It's tough traveling country. Specially following the river."

The boatman hefted the stone in his hand. "He'd want the river for water and to keep his direction straight. If he found the right spot he could hole up for days till things cooled off."

Stymie's eyes wandered around the little cove he'd picked out.

"Sure," said the boatman. "A little place just like this."

Stymie shifted position, tucking his feet flat under him. If he had to move fast, he had to be set. "You got things all figured out."

ROLLING the boat right side up, the boatman eased it back into the water and slung its rope over a limb of the tree. "Yeah," he said. "I'm kinda handy at figuring things."

"Must be nice to be smart like that. Guy that crashed out must have knowed how to dope things, too."

"Sure, but he won't figure it all the way."

The sun was higher now and beating down hot. Stymie wished he had a floppy hat like the boatman. The sunshine made the guy's face stand out very white. "You're talkin' like a cop."

The boatman was filling a pipe. "Maybe I am a cop."

"You don't look like one with that white face. They're lookin' for a guy with your kind of skin—"

"A cop who's got brains," broke in the other. "Who wears stripes on his arm, who don't get out much himself. On vacation at his brother's place five miles upriver."

"Lissen," said Stymie, his voice hoarse, "you think I'm a thousand bucks? Wise up, mister. A travelin' man can head into a little trouble with a railroad dick, can't he? And say," he hoisted a shoe, "you don't wear a hole that size in fifteen miles."

The boatman fumbled for a match. "Crashing out like that, you have a plant. A pal leaves some duds buried under a tree. Old duds, worn, maybe a fish pole, too."

"Or," said Stymie, "he's a pal with a boat, leaving it tied up so a white-faced con who's plenty smart can sail down the river, nice as you please. When he's spotted by a guy fishin' he pulls in fast and tries a cover-up with a phony line of talk about bein' a cop. He knows he's worth a grand to the fishin' guy."

The face was whiter than ever now and the mouth was drawn in a tight line. The boatman clamped down hard on his cold pipe. "Got a match?"

"Sure," Stymie felt in his pocket and brought out a little hoard of blue-headed matches in a twist of Cellophane. "Make it do," he said. "One's all I can spare."

"Thanks." He knelt down near Stymie's shoulder, scraped the match against the stone and cupped his hands around the bowl. They were the closest now they'd ever been. The flame was on the tobacco and the man was drawing hard to get a good light.

Stymie was on his feet in an easy spring. Out of the hand that held the matches flicked the blade of a spring knife that had also been in his pocket.

The boatman's jaw dropped and the pipe fell. His hand went back and the stone flew. It stung Stymie's arm and sent the knife spinning. The boatman followed fast, throwing a trick wrestling lock on him. Jujitsu. Cops learned that stuff. He felt the squeeze tightening on his neck. Air was hard come by. His head was being forced down to the guy's stomach. Then he saw the gold belt buckle. On it were the words, "Fallville Police Dept. Marksmanship 1942."

DRUMS pounded in his head but he was slippery. A twist and a foot thrown behind the guy and they were both rolling on the bank.

Stymie wriggled like a snared snake. His fingers found the man's throat and closed. He squirmed over that barrel chest and grinned into the bulging eyes.

"So you *are* a cop."

The man's tongue hung out like a thirsty dog's.

"Well, lissen—" Stymie bent close to the man's ear and let up a bit on his throat. "For the first time I'm givin' a cop a break. But only because there's dough in it. For both of us.

"Up to now I didn't know you were a cop, but now you can help me. I couldn't do it before by myself with no gun. Then when you came I thought maybe you were the escaped con—and you were thinkin' the same about me. Now, to show you I'm on the level I'm lettin' up on you. Then we go to work."

Freed, the man sat up, rubbing his throat. His voice was hoarse. "What the hell are you talking about?"

Stymie grinned. "All these years on the road, I know a coupla things, too. Just before you came, I saw a shadow in the thorn over there. Then a rabbit jumped out on me. A rabbit won't jump at one man unless there's another one scaring him behind. That con's in the brush. A thousand bucks waitin'. For us, see?"

"Yeah," said the cop, nodding slowly. "Yeah."

"Let's collect," said Stymie. ★★★

ILLUSTRATED BY AL GABRIELE



THE LOGGER AND THE LADY

He couldn't believe that a beautiful girl would cheat—but then, he hadn't seen a white woman in six months

BY ARTHUR MAYSE

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

SHE'S a great old tub, the Marlum. The boys who follow the woods call her the Loggers' Hearse, and they say if you're hard up for a fight or a frolic you can always find one or the other, or both, on board her. She carries a bridal suite on her top deck and a lockup below. You never know who you'll meet on the Marlum, or what will happen after you meet him or her. Like the time this young truck skinner, Ric Truro, was coming down from the spruce camps with six months' pay and tangled with the poker-playing redhead in the Marlum's lounge.

Ric Truro didn't know she was a poker player, of course. He jus... it was six months since he'... eyes on a white girl in nylons—... year of skinning a ten-speed ... down the grades with fifty t... logs at the back of his nec...—an... that anyhow, the game was g... sleep on account of a bu... farmers and home guards and r... stiffs who wouldn't let him bo... ante.

"Excuse me, boys," Ric sa... we're bound to play lady-st... might as well do it proper." H... in his hand and crossed to w... girl sat reading in one of t... leather chairs with the light sh...

There never was such a game on the Marlum before, and there's never likely to be again



r hair, which was the color of new-
t cedarwood.

"Miss," Ric said, his brown town-
ing hat in his hand, "you look
nely. No offense, but how'd you like
sit in?"

The girl glanced up from her maga-
ne: What she saw was shoulders a
lling-ax-handle across, curly black
ir that was going to make some bar-
r scream like a cougar, and a set
features scrambled by spills and
ttles but adding up to a happy,
mely face. She gave Ric a cool
tle smile: she had large eyes with the
ngest, darkest lashes you ever saw.

Thank you," she said. "No."

"Why not?" Ric asked her. "We're
l sober and well-behaved. You can
ack a book anytime, babe."

This time she really looked at Ric.
ver his checked shirt he wore a con-
rvative brown jacket that must have set him back fifty bucks. A nice happy-go-lucky tame ape duded up for town. Maybe, too, she heard the fifteen hundred dollars sizzling quietly in his hip pocket. Anyhow, she closed her magazine and got up. Her suit was light, kind of severe and businesslike, but her white blouse had a tricky bow at the throat.

"Very well," she said in her soft, cool voice. "I'll play, if you insist."

There never was anything wrong with Ric Truro's manners. He fetched a chair for her and set her in to the table mighty gallant with his pack of cigarettes handy to her elbow.

"I guess you wouldn't know how to play draw poker," he said, and grinned at her with the light flashing off his gold front tooth. "You'll pick it up in a few hands, though. If I do say so, you've got a good teacher, babe."

"I'm sure I have," the redhead said, and it seemed to Ric her smile had warmed up considerable. "As a matter of fact I used to play poker now and then, winter evenings with Daddy. Am I supposed to deal?"

She picked up the deck with slender white fingers. The cards flitted from her left hand to her right with a *wheet—wheet—wheet* like the sound of a razor on a strop.

One of the home guards shoved back from the table and reached for his billfold kind of hasty. "Evening's getting on," he said. "Just deal me out, eh, lady?"

"Me too," said one of the married stiffs. "I remember I told my missus I'd come back to the stateroom early."

That left only a rigging slinger from Menzies Bay, a Swenska falling-bucker off one of those Texada Island gyppo shows, one of the Marlum's crew, Ric Truro, and the red-haired girl.

"If you're ready, gentlemen," she said, and began to deal.

Highball play is nothing new on the Marlum, but they do say that game came near to hanging up a record. The redhead tucked Ric's bonus check into her handbag an hour after they started, and exactly two hours later by the lounge clock, Ric was clean as a barked fir butt. The rigging slinger and the gyppo bucker had pulled out when the girl suggested they switch to wild widow and take the limit off. They watched bug-eyed while she closed her bag with a snap like a rattrap on the last of fifteen hundred bucks.

"Thank you so much for the lesson, Mr. Truro," she said. "I don't imagine we'll meet, but if we do by some accident, my name isn't babe!"

SHE tucked the white handbag under her arm, and walked out of the lounge, leaving Ric Truro with a flat wallet and a breath of perfume.

The rigging slinger snickered, and Ric kicked the table out of the way and batted him in the whiskers. Not that he couldn't bear to lose, you understand. He just resented the suggestion that a girl who smelled so nice would go around clipping tame apes.

Even for the Marlum, they say it was quite a battle. The ship's second officer lost most of his uniform, and reinforcements had to be called from the engine room before they could toss Ric Truro into the poky. And there he sat, thinking of life and women, and women and poker, until the Marlum nosed alongside the North Coast Steamships Company pier in the morning.

The purser, a crab-faced old Scot, turned Ric loose. "Here," he said, and slapped an envelope into Ric's hand. "A lassie left this for ye. She has mair heart than sense, a'm thinking."

Ric tore open the envelope. Inside were his six company checks, his bonus and a scatteration of bills.

"We hae made deductions," the purser told him. "One table, two chairs and a porthole glass broken, and domoge to the second's uniforrrm. We didna' charge for oor winchman's teeth."

"Mac," Ric said, "what was that girl's name?"

"A gey queer thing," the purser said with his eye on the envelope. "I hae forgotten it quite."

Ric jogged his memory with the first bill that came to hand. "Why," said the purser, "now I ken! Janet, she's called. Janet Jamieson, and she's daughter to the late Jamie Jamieson, him that used to gamble up and doon the coast. He bought a wee logging ootfit at Summer Harbor ten years ago wi' money won at sinfu' games of chance upon this verra vessel. But her name will do ye no guid, Muster Truro, for she's a boss logger—"

"Like hell it won't!" Ric said, and jammed the envelope into his stranded pants. "I don't mind losing my stake, but I won't be insulted by her treating me like I was a kid that oughtn't to be playing for keeps. Boss logger or no, when I find that carrottop, Mac, she's going over my knee."

"Best arm yer fist wi' muckle strength then," the purser told him dryly. "I'll no gainsay ye're a braw lad in a roughhoose, but ye've yet to meet Blackjack Mike Halloran, her camp push. Do ye so much as look sideways at Janet Jamieson, and Blackjack Mike will make cat's meat of ye." He tucked Ric's five-spot into his brass-buttoned vest. "Awa' now!" he said. "Go fritter yer hard-earnt pay on drink and hussies and the like foolishness!"

THAT sounded like mighty good advice to a boy just down from the spruce country where it rains all day and all night. Ric Truro had friends in town, scads of them in every beer parlor, and he knew plenty of girls, blondes and brunettes and even a couple of redheads. But he couldn't seem to work up a proper interest in partying. By ten o'clock that night he was back in his Granville Street hotel, cold sober and without more than ten bucks frittered.

He slumped in an armchair with his feet on the window sill and watched the Marlum's lights slide away from the North Coast pier, trying to figure what had come over him. For all the fun he'd had since he hit town, he might as well been roosting in a bunkhouse. First off, Ric tried to blame it on his job. You skin a sixteen-wheeler up and down those sidehills long enough and it gets you, he thought. You know all the time what's due to pop someday when you hit a soft shoulder or your load slides or your air brakes let go on a grade. It's the job; it's making an old man of me.

He sat there chain-smoking, and he couldn't sleep worth a hoot that night for dreaming about the red-haired girl. In the morning he felt even worse. All while he was fiddling with his porridge and hot cakes and eggs and bacon he kept thinking about how sore he was at her, and how sweetly she'd smiled at him.

He was mooching along Granville Street, trying to remember had there been any rings on her fingers, when the Blundell & Ryan Timber Company man-catcher tapped him on the shoulder. Man-catchers, they say, are like ravens, paying no heed to a well buck but sticking close to one that's off his feed. They know better than to tackle a logger till his look and his walk tell them he's broke and is ready for the woods again. Right after Ric Truro told the man-catcher what he could do with his job, he knew what ailed him. He was broke. He had six months' pay in his pockets, but just the same, he was broke, because that dough belonged to the redhead.

With that settled, Ric felt a lot better. He had a quick beer with a hook tender in from Salmon River, then high-stepped across-town to Brady's hiring hall.

"Sign me out," he told Joe Brady behind the counter.

Brady, a skinny little dude with a bald dome and a green eyeshade,

(Continued on page 36)



Manager Wirt Ross talks a good fight when he's telling one of his heavyweight hopefuls how to handle his dukes

POT SHOTS BY

ONE SHOT ROSS

BY AL SANTORO

He's a fabulous character who runs a stable of pugilists in Los Angeles. When he was a squirt in Kentucky his pa named him Wirt and he had to shoot his way out of that with a squirrel gun. His buddies were people like Sure-Thing Slim and Chilkoot Charley

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

THE first time I ever mixed beer and sto with One Shot Ross, the Old Rebel, Goodfellows Grotto on Main Street in L Angeles, I sat in a chair facing the entrance. T Grotto, where Oysters Rockefeller have been serv delicately to gourmets since 1900, is several do down from the Main Street Gymnasium where e are scrambled daily, but not delicately.

"Excuse me," said One Shot. "Do you mi changing places?"

I didn't mind.

"Ever since they shot Jesse James in the bac am careful never to sit down unless I'm fronti the door," said One Shot.

As a preface, this may serve to show that t story of One Shot Ross may not be recorded capsule form. Ross, whose Christian name is rea Wirt, has been a soldier, gambler and adventu Currently he is a manager of fighters. In the spo world he has scored undying fame as the ent preneur who gave Henry Armstrong's contract Al Jolson for a trifling sum only later to see He come down a fast fistic track to win three cha pionships.

One Shot claims to have been a participant many a dramatic episode, either as the cen character, or at least as one of the supernum aries in the wings. He is an authority on the West. And after blowing the collar off the th glass of beer and stout you may, with no difficu televise One Shot breaking trail through swelter tropical jungles; beating a man to the draw in Skagway, or, astride a fast quarter horse, ridin breakneck speed to grab the reins on the lead h of a careening stagecoach bearing dust from diggings. One Shot claims to have been a r agent once, although you get nowhere trying to him down as to when and where he last told a one to stand and deliver.

"Oh, there's nothing against me on paper," will say if you hint that he is a man with a rec

One Shot soldiered in the Spanish-Ameri War, Pacific theater. His cronies in those " member-the-Maine" days were rugged individu like Three Card Dallas, Poison Tom Ivy, Back Back Crowley, Sure-Thing Slim, Pompadour P and Chilkoot Charley.

One Shot is six feet tall. He has a ruddy sch girl complexion, but there is snow in the thatch covers his rooftop. One would judge he first the light of day threescore and ten years ago (Shot makes a marginal note—"I'm 76"). Ye seems ageless. He is mighty of shoulder an girth, although not *too* portly. He stands str as a ramrod, with a throwback of his shoulders dates back to the days when Uncle Sam was pa him fourteen dollars a month and cakes.

In recent years One Shot has gone Hollyw but only to a slight extent. His two-toned s blouses cause the lifting of many an eye in Main Street Gym. But the Hollywood stuff en his skypiece. Old man Stetson would writhe i could see One Shot put the crusher on one o more expensive numbers. One Shot pulls th down over his ears and sets the headpiece he askew.

He has a fondness for warm-colored neckw which usually supports one of his two diam stickpins. These are barometers of his fina standing of the moment. Both stones are can The large one is just under the size of a plover's

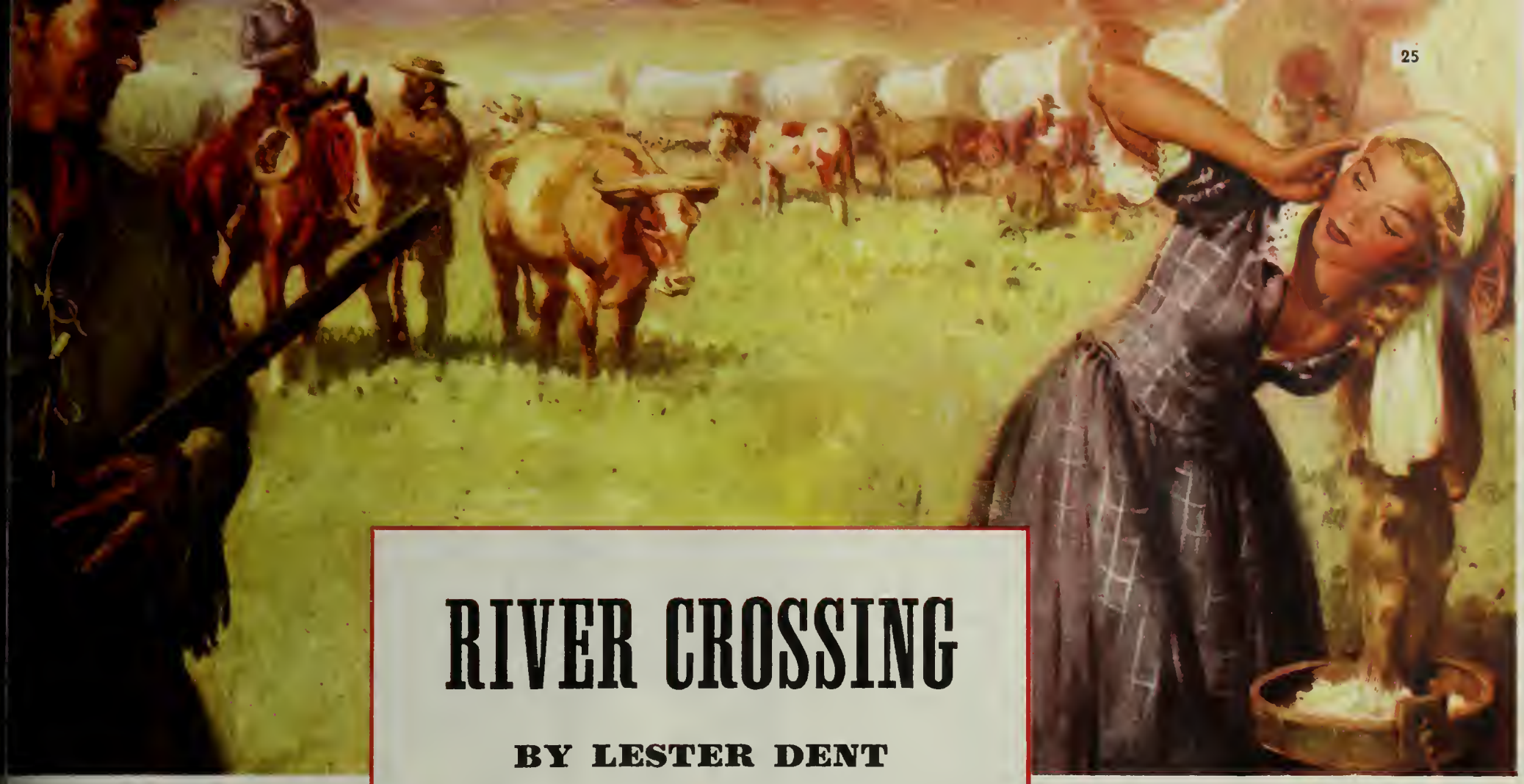
Before "Hammering Henry" Became a Cha

I first met One Shot in Oakland, California, ago. He was managing Henry Armstrong, to hold the featherweight, lightweight and w weight titles. At that time Henry was merely ing in one of the special events. One Shot wearing a piece of ice in the knot of his flamin

"I can see by your headlight that you are balling along and things are all rosy and right you," I said, having heard of his propensit stickpin gems.

"Not too good," One Shot replied, using a designed to frustrate the possible floating slow loan. "The big one's in hock."

It must have been during one of the periods the big headlight was at Uncle Ben's that One decided to sell Armstrong's contract to Ma singer Jolson for a mere $10,000. After Jolson had sold him, Henry earned thousands of d in the ring. With a thirty-three-and-a-third manager, One Shot would *(Continued on pag 66)*



RIVER CROSSING

BY LESTER DENT

Everyone except Stack wanted to hang the old Indian for stealing the ox. But the ox had belonged to Stack, and in a hard country he was a soft man

Stack said, "I would like to know what happened to you at our meeting this afternoon?"

NELS STACK left the wagon camp afoot and plodded slowly up the ridge against the sunshine that was so glittering and so sursingly without warmth. Halfway up, Stack met rfolk a Missouri emigrant, and he asked Nork, "What have they done?"

Norfolk reined in his horse. "Nels, they're going hang the old Indian," he said. "They're waiting you."

"Yes, they sent Tom Davis to tell me," Stack d. "I thought maybe they had got impat."

He did not say more than this, but looked at rfolk searchingly. Stack was seeking signs of me in Norfolk, and he decided he saw some, ough to tell him that shame was the reason for rfolk riding back to camp alone. Stack felt a rm rush of plain human approval, and he tried think of a way of showing Norfolk that he did prove, but nothing came to mind. Norfolk uld resent it anyway.

Norfolk said suddenly, "I don't see why the hell y're waiting on you, Nels. You'll only talk them t of it." Then Norfolk spurred his horse and le on.

Now there, Stack thought, was a thing he'd obved before. A contrary thing. They threw their entment at gentleness and humanity, even when y were overflowing with the same emotion mselves. If Nels Stack stood between them and old Indian, which he intended doing, then Nels ck would be cursed for softness. Stack was sure this. He also knew that he was already labeled a soft young man. Not a wise, humanitarian ung man. A soft one. He had even heard himf called "Preach." But this had happened only a uple of times, since Stack was a moderately althy man, and in the West in 1857, riches were t associated with the clergy.

Stack figured it this way: The wagon train had en stalled here three weeks, thwarted by the river icksands, and in hostile country, too, so everyone was plagued by desperation. Desperation begets fear. Hardness is the only feasible defense against fear in such a situation, and so Stack had moved apart by remaining gentle. It was not an easy lot for him.

Stack resumed his climbing, but he did not hurry. His body did not have the rawhide toughness of these others, but that was not why he did not hurry. The longer they had to ponder their hanging, the more crevices there would be for driving in wedges of common sense.

When he was breathing short, Stack paused to rest and look back at the river.

The river was behind and below him now. The river wasn't a mile wide and an inch deep, the way they'd heard. But it was a nasty river. It was the flat skin of a yellow snake. If it had any bottom other than quicksand, they hadn't found it. It seemed to be an insurmountable obstacle to their trek westward, because nowhere was the water deep enough to float the wagons over, or even swim horses across.

Stack, when he heard hoofbeats, quickly turned. Relief touched him as he saw two women riding sidesaddle back to the wagon camp. They hadn't disposed of the Indian yet, apparently.

And then when Stack saw that one of the women was Laura Collin, his relief warmed into something more. When the women swung to pass him close by, Stack at once removed his hat and waited.

Laura Collin rode slightly ahead of Mrs. Davis, the other woman. It was, Stack had noticed before, a habit of hers to move in the forefront. Not apart, but out in front; there was a great difference about whether a woman was apart from other women, or was one of them, but standing prominently. The women liked Laura Collin. She would, before long, Stack imagined, become their leader and spokeswoman.

Laura Collin was, Stack had guessed, about twenty-four. She had more maturity than that about the mouth and eyes, and a lovely face: he liked the lean erect air she had, and the impression that he got that the bloom was still in her a well-filled cup. There was also—and here he was not guessing—considerable dark tragedy in her past. She had joined the wagon train on the Platte, when he was away on a business trip to the Black Hills. He had found her with the party when he returned, ten days ago, to find progress stalled by the river quicksands, and a state of considerable alarm.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Davis," Stack said politely. "Hello, Miss Collin."

"Mr. Stack!" said Mrs. Davis.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Stack," Laura Collin said, and she gave him a measuring glance, a look that was plainly an attempt to weigh his value against the crisis of the moment.

Stack bent his head in a special way, wishing her to understand he appreciated her interest. Truthfully, it was the first time he was sure she had shown a clear interest in him. There had been other times when he suspected something more than the casual. But those times there'd been too good a chance that what he thought he saw was only the reflection of his own hope.

"Mr. Stack," said Mrs. Davis, "they're planning to hang the old Indian."

He looked at the older woman, wondered why she did not go ahead and have her tears, and said, "So I understand, Mrs. Davis."

"He's such an old Indian," Mrs. Davis said thinly.

"Yes, I know," said Stack gently.

"He's so pitiful-looking."

"Now, now, Mrs. Davis," Stack said. "You should ride to camp and forget about this."

"Mr. Stack, you own ten wagons, and you're a rich man," Mrs. Davis said appealingly. "You can stop them, can't you?"

Stack, knowing the kind of richness she meant did not come from owning ten wagons or a hundred wagons, grew *(Continued on page 60)*

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASALLE

"THERE GOES RUSTY!"

BY KYLE CRICHTON

Taunton is a good name for this Massachusetts track. Here Rusty, the very fast mechanical rabbit, leads six hungry greyhounds a wild chase for the benefit of the bettors—and the cameramen

THE greyhound is an incredibly swift and incurably stupid animal that chases a fake rabbit around a race track, makes a fortune for various humans and gets nothing for his pains but a day without food. Anybody is entitled to love a greyhound but under our laws the affection is returned in only five states, with Massachusetts and Florida providing the bulk of thc adoration.

The sport started in Emeryville, California, in 1919, when Owen P. Smith found the greyhound was a sucker from away back, so Mr. Smith invented the mechanical rabbit. The dogs, penned up in boxes at the starting line, can hear the gadget (named Rusty) as it carecns around the track. When it passes over their heads the boxes are opened, the dogs take off and the race is run. Devotees of the pastime insist that greyhound racing is the most honest form of gambling because a dog may be dumb but he has no jockey to educate him.

It was not always so and skulduggery was in flower in the earlier days. Many a hound left the box so saturated with drinking water and stuffed with provender that he traveled only with distress. The laws, supervised now by the International Greyhound Association, are as inexorably fixed as a Balinese wedding rite. The dog eats nothing for twenty-four hours before a race and at 5 P.M. is turned over to the kennel masters (one from the state and one from the track).

The state racing commission then "Bertillons" each dog, checking his feet, color of toenails, scars, chest and side markings. Then the dogs are locked in pens guarded by state troopers. Nobody can get near them. At race timc they are "Bertilloned" again and escorted to the starting line by uniformed gentlemen who look like Air Force officers.

There are 20 tracks in this country, with St. Petersburg, Florida, the oldest; Revere Beach, Massachusetts, the largest, and Taunton, Massachusetts, which is pictured here, making claims to being the most beautiful. Taunton draws 10,000 on weekday nights and 14,000 on Saturdays. Mutuel machines are used for betting and the tote at Taunton goes as high as $354,000 on a Saturday night.

This country breeds about 6,000 greyhounds a year. They start racing when around fifteen months of age and go on until they are five years old. When sold they bring from $300 to $40,000—thc price offered for the famous Flashy Sir. He won 62 out of 68 races during his career. Other great dogs were Never Roll and Lucky Pilot, who still hold most of the current records. The most renowned of all was Mick, the Miller, an Irish dog that won $50,000 in purses between 1929 and 1931.

Greyhounds race twice a week, get a good meal after the race and have their paws cleaned and their eyes washed by a veterinarian, and are said to be as happy as a greyhound has any right to be.

The best racing dogs weigh around 70 pounds, cover between 12 and 20 feet per leap and for an eighth of a mile are about as fast as a horse. They were first brought to this country by Western farmers and ranchers to kill jack rabbits. They did this acceptably and have also ruined many unwary bettors since.

Dog racing is exactly like horse racing except that dog races take place at night, the track is much smaller and horses are not dogs, except upon occasion. Experts hold that dogs run more nearly true to form than horses but this may be an illusion based on misery. As a matter of fact, the swiftest of all four-footed animals is the cheetah. But who could build a sport on a name like that? ★★★



Before a race, Massachusetts Racing Commission checks the dogs twice against identification cards



A second after the mechanical rabbit shoots by, the doors of the starting boxes sp[illegible]es this



The dogs race past the grandstand just after the start. They make one turn around he track and finish directly before the stands. The usual distances are 550 and 660 y[illegible]ds

ing boxes n uses this new English-type device, with the doors opening upward. Usually there are eight dogs in a race, but in this one, two entries were scratched



round the last turn of the track, the greyhounds come flying, headed into the omestretch. At least three must finish before the judges can declare it a race



Number 1 streaks over the finish line well in the lead. The winning time of each race is recorded electrically by the time clock in the background

There's been a leak in a top-secret State Department project,

in this third of a four-part serial. World peace may hang in the balance



From the other end of St. Stephen's there rose the chant of a choir. "Is that why you came here?" Jeff asked. "How did you know that I was here?"

An Affair OF STATE

★

BY PAT FRANK

The Story: After seven years in the Army, JEFF B KER returns to the States in 1949, determined to something to keep his country out of war. He mak application to the State Department and is accepted a Foreign Service officer. An old friend of Jeff's fath HORACE LOCKE, now in an obscure State Departme position, promises to help Jeff. SUSAN PICKETT, who Jeff loves, will not marry him because she is afra there will be another war and she will lose him. B when Jeff is assigned to Budapest, Susan promises wait for him. In Budapest, Jeff meets the chief of t mission, ADMIRAL BLANKENHORN, an ambitious, mi tary-minded man, who acts as if war has been declar already. Jeff also meets FRED KELLER, who is head the top-secret Atlantis Project, to which Jeff is assign The Project is an attempt to build up, secretly, an u derground organization in Europe that would oper in the event of war with Russia. An attaché nam WILLIAM QUIGLEY is in charge of security for Atlan Jeff's job is to contact theatrical people. Going ho late one night Jeff finds a letter from LEONIDES L SENKO, a Russian whom he knew very well in Italy d ing World War II, pleading to meet him. Jeff me Leonides, who tells him that he is a member of a gro in Russia that is planning a counter-revolution, and wants Jeff, at the proper time, to transmit this to superiors. Jeff agrees. Quigley finds out about the me ing but does not tell the admiral. Jeff meets RIKKI T REDY, a dancer, the most beautiful woman in Budap she is part of his assignment. One night Jeff takes Ri to his room. When he asks her to be a spy, she g angry and insists on leaving. They go outside and in Jeff's jeep. When he steps on the starter a bomb t has been placed under the hood explodes.

IT WAS not a big bomb. It was an absur small bomb. It was a petard, of no m power than an old-fashioned July Fou giant cracker, and perhaps not so much as the pl- tic Red Devil grenades used by the Italians, so i said, to frighten the enemy to death.

Its repercussions were felt in New York a Washington, but they were muffled by grea events and bigger bombs. The Inquirer Journal t an eight-column banner out of it for one edition.

REDS BOMB U.S. DIPLOMAT

BUDAPEST, Dec. 17 (UNS)—(delayed b censor)—Red goon squads today were blame for last night's bombing of an American lega tion automobile, and the wounding of J. W Baker, of Washington, D. C., legation thir secretary. The bomb was planted in Mr. Ba ker's car while it was parked in front of h home. Baker will survive.

Admiral Randolph Blankenhorn, America minister to Hungary, said, "This is an obviou attempt to frighten us out of the country. The won't get away with *(Continued on page 4*

ILLUSTRATED BY MILTON WOLSKY



Direct color photograph of actual cake of ice with fresh roses frozen inside.

Cooling Idea

THERE ARE THOSE who say it just wouldn't seem like summer without e famous Four Roses cake of iee.

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FOUR ROSES



AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET



PLENTY OF TIME FOR LOVE

Continued from page 12

hear me out. When I have done, we shall part. But I shall carry concealed in my heart like a bleeding rose the—"

"Hello," said Eldreth, looking through the door. "Practicing a speech for a play?"

"Well, not exactly."

Eldreth went in. She was a tall woman of twenty-six or -seven, her dark hair worn in an almost affectedly severe arrangement.

ELDRETH HENNING lived with the McCrorys. She was a cousin of Papa's, a young widow of rather mysterious antecedents who had come to Stapleton when her husband lost his life in the Merchant Marine. She supported herself at present by giving piano lessons to the children of the town. She was not overtalkative, and Jane had endowed her with a hundred imaginary biographies.

"I once played in Medea," Eldreth said. " 'He, whose well-being was my greatest happiness, the lord of my soul, has become the basest of men!' " Then she treated Jane to one of her rare smiles. "You shouldn't be pursuing the tragic Muse at your age. What's the matter now?"

"Oh, this Livy and Aunt Martha and Oliver and everything. Were you really on the stage, Eldreth?"

"Well, I was and I wasn't," said Eldreth cryptically. "Here, let me help you with the Livy."

The eighteen pages didn't seem too burdensome with Eldreth to help. Jane finally said, "Do you think a marriage between a girl and a much older man has any chance of success?"

"That all depends. How much older?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly. About a year or so. He's a senior and I'm—I mean, the girl's a junior in high school."

Eldreth laughed. "I don't want to sound like Aunt Martha, but I'd say you had plenty of time yet to think about love."

"How old were you when you first fell in love?"

Eldreth went to the mirror and surveyed her reflection in it. "I had the leads in several college plays, and then a boy came along and somehow the stage didn't matter any longer. When you're that young, love is all cobwebs and dreams."

"Was he the one that died?"

"Yes. And now I've got more problem children on my hands than if I'd had ten marriages—you and Oliver being by no means the least of them. I stayed in here to help with the Livy, not to—"

Jane looked up, startled. "What was that?"

"What?"

"Eldreth, I absolutely and distinctly heard someone cough in this room. There's someone in here!"

"Mippity, pippity, kibble and coo," came a singsong voice from underneath the bed. "Jane McCrory loves Johnny Ballou. Ha, ha."

"Oliver!" exclaimed Jane, horrified. She dragged the culprit into the open. "How dare you, you—you gruesome creature!"

Oliver, disheveled but unperturbed, said, "I came in here because Franklyn is lost and I thought maybe he might of snuck under your bed. When you come in I figured I'd stay there because you get so excited about everything." He turned to Eldreth and asked innocently, "I'm in the third grade. Do I have plenty of time yet to think about love, Aunt Eldreth?"

"I've a notion to put you over my knee," said Eldreth, half joking.

Oliver managed to beat a dignified retreat. "G'by, everybody!" . . .

Papa was in one of his absent-minded moods at dinner. Absorbed in his profession as one of Stapleton's practicing physicians, he had been somewhat imposed upon until Aunt Martha had come to manage his household after the death of his wife.

"But you aren't *listening!*" Jane exclaimed at dinner table.

"Of course I'm listening, if only subconsciously." Papa smiled. "Something about a new friend of yours named Franklyn."

"Franklyn," explained Eldreth, "is a frog that Oliver's let loose in the house."

"It's time something was done about that child," Jane said. "He's inhuman."

"Well, young man," said Papa to Oliver, "why do you persist in doing these things?"

"Me?" said Oliver. "I dunno. I'm inhuman. Kin I have your pudding if you don't want it, Aunt Eldreth?"

CHALLENGE TO AUTHORS

In next week's issue, Collier's begins publication of the STAR STORY. A STAR STORY will appear in each issue. It will be, in our opinion, The Best Story of the Week. For every STAR STORY Collier's will pay $1,000 in addition to the purchase price. This is our Challenge To Authors and friendly salute to our readers.

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"Well, there it is," said Papa, amused. "He admits he's inhuman. I dare say he's beyond the help of medical science."

At this point the telephone in the hall began jingling. "I'll get it," said Jane.

While Jane was outside chatting, Papa turned to Eldreth: "Well, how do the lessons go?"

"Oh, all right," said Eldreth. "Sometimes I feel like an inquisitor. The little ruffians would rather be out kicking a football around, and here I am saying, 'No, no, no! B-flat, Mortimer.' "

"Oh, but definitely," Jane was saying on the phone. "I'll have to manage it, Lucille—you know the problems one has. The central wing at eight. 'By for now. G'by."

Papa had to go to a meeting after dinner. Eldreth said, "I'm going out, too. I've an appointment to keep." Then Aunt Martha announced that she had set her mind on seeing a new picture at the Bijou.

"But that leaves me here all alone with Oliver!" Jane said. "I just told Lucille I'd meet her in the library. We're going to study."

"Then call her up and say you spoke too hastily," said Papa.

"But, Papa! I mean, this is Kismet, it really is. Livy all afternoon, and Oliver all evening. Gosh, couldn't you take Oliver with you, Aunt Martha?"

"Oliver sees too many movies as it is," Aunt Martha declared.

When the others had left, Jane cast a baneful eye on her brother. "Honestly, I believe you take a delight in making my life miserable."

"Who, me?" Oliver cocked his head innocently to one side. "How come you haff to go to that liberry to study? Is it on account of Johnny Ballou is liable to haff to go there to study too?"

"Oliver McCrory, I could—honestly, I could wring your neck!"

"You know what?" said Oliver. "Sposen you went out and I jist never noticed it, why then you could come home early, and who'd know?"

Jane was in something of a quandary. The attraction of the library was very strong. After all, why should a grown boy of nine need a baby sitter? "All right. But what'll you do by yourself while I'm out?"

"Oh, I got a lot of work to do on my television set down in the basement."

"What television set?"

"It's a ole radio that don't work good. I'm still in the experimental state with it."

"Okay," said Jane. A wave of affection for Oliver welled up in her. "Here's a quarter. Tomorrow you can go out and make yourself sick on ice cream."

It was sheer coincidence that Jane failed to notice the familiar figures of a man and a woman crossing the lawn in front of the library.

"Where shall we walk?" said the man.

"Oh, in Linden Lane, I suppose," said Eldreth. "A phrase has been running through my head all afternoon. I was helping Jane with her Livy, and she wanted to know how old I was when I first fell in love. She has a crush on some kid named Johnny Ballou. I told her when you're young, love is all cobwebs and dreams. I'm wondering whether it isn't all cobwebs and dreams at any time."

"Maybe." He pushed some tobacco into the bowl of his pipe.

"What's it like to you, Howard?"

"What is what like?"

"Love."

"H'm. You, I guess. I think about you. Your life. The kind of courage you have—unspectacular. Coming to this small town, giving kids piano lessons, making something whole out of something broken."

"Were you ever in love before?" Eldreth added hastily, "I didn't mean to ask that. Don't answer."

He smiled. "Yes. She was the most beautiful creature who ever existe Italian girl. She's dead."

"Oh! I'm sorry—"

"That's all right." He laughed. had been dead for thirteen hu years when they found her. A p discovered the stone coffin in a fie ing the 15th century. All Rome insane over her beauty, which w fectly preserved. I was enchanted story when I came across it." He with mock seriousness. "Perhaps right. Maybe love is cobweb dreams at any time."

She reached for his hand. "Yo wonderful person, Howard," sh "I don't think anybody appreciat —but me. I'm glad I came here well, and found you."

He laughed. "You're not qu beautiful as Julia, but you're pr much more practical."

"Julia?"

"The Roman princess." . . .

Jane, meanwhile, had met Lu the center wing of the library. Condon and Johnny Ballou hap as it were, to be doing some rese chemistry. The library seemed ward, so they went for sodas at M Drugstore. On her way home Jan still feel the warm place where h had rested inside Johnny's. Whe parted, a court match had been upon for the following afternoo stars winked mysteriously at her approached her home. Her hea or less in the clouds, she ran into in a tweed topcoat.

"Awfully sorry," he said. His had been knocked askew and he to adjust them. "Good evening McCrory."

"Fisheyes!" Jane stammered G-good evening, Mr. Harringto is my street. I'm on my way hom the library. Good night, Mr. H ton."

"Good night," said Fisheyes.

IT WAS tough enough to end stares of Fisheyes during the da out bumping into him at nig thought. People like that wer man. Her momentary irritation short by the sudden knowled practically every light was on in rack. With a shock her mind adj self to the fact that more than thr had disappeared somewhere i void. Something frightful had in her absence, that much was pl dashed up the rickety steps of t porch, her heart in her mouth.

"What's the matter, Aunt M

"Matter enough." Aunt Mart pression was fixed in a mold as plaster cast. Eldreth apparen just come in.

Jane turned to Eldreth. . "Wh pened?"

Eldreth shook her head absen edly. Aunt Martha said, "I'll th to accompany me into the b young lady."

They went down the narrow s Jane was horror-stricken by t that met her eyes. Sections o pipes lay all over the basement. Crory was shoveling soot into Oliver, holding the dustpan, v ered with black grime. But m ble of all to behold were Aunt curtains on their stretchers. Pap up. "Ah, Jane. I presume you the library after all."

"Yes," said Jane. "I thought-

"William," interrupted Aunt "may I ask what you intend doi this young woman? Just *look* curtains I slaved over all aftern

"Now, now," said Papa sc "Let's not cry over spilled soot.

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Oliver didn't knock the pipes down deliberately."

Oliver said, "I figured this frog, this Franklyn, must of snuck down the ventilator from Jane's room and got caught in the hot-air pipe. I was tryin' to bring in some television when I heard him croakin' up there. First I climbed inside the furnace and tried to reach him with my hand. Then I got up on a chair and banged at the pipe with that there broomstick. How did I know the pipes'd all come apart the first minute somebody went ahead and banged 'em?"

"Did you finally rescue the frog?" asked Papa.

"No, sir. I guess he got lost again in the shuffle."

"Just look at my curtains," Aunt Martha said to Eldreth. "I declare, this house lacks the slightest evidence of discipline." Turning to her brother she said, "If Jane hadn't gone out in pursuit of her own selfish ends this wouldn't have happened. Well, William, one satisfaction I demand: I must have it understood that Jane stays in tomorrow afternoon and rewashes these curtains."

"That seems fair enough," said Papa mildly.

AT THE thought of again being prevented from keeping her date on the courts with Johnny, Jane's heart turned into a leaden ball. "All right, Papa. I told you to do something about this gruesome little boy, but you wouldn't. Now I have to stay in and—"

When Oliver was washed and ready for bed Jane cornered him outside his bedroom. "Come here."

"Me?"

"Where's that quarter I gave you?"

"Oh, that." He fished it out of his pocket. "Indian giver!"

"You're Kismet, that's what you are!" Jane railed at him. "You're positively and absolutely inhuman. There's just really no point in talking to you. Go to bed!"

"G'night," said Oliver imperturbably. "I'm Kismet, that's who I am. Ha, ha."

Jane climbed into bed and turned out the light. In her mind she recreated Johnny Ballou's magic smile and deep laughter. Maybe his interest was not merely athletic and professional. Maybe— She leaped up, shrieking. Something cold had touched her forehead. "Papa! Eldreth!"

Eldreth came running in, followed by Oliver. "Aw, don't be a-scared," said Oliver reassuringly. The frog was sitting unconcernedly on Jane's pillow. "It's only Franklyn, that's all." . . .

Jane was unable to find words to describe her predicament to Lucille the following day. To add to her case against Fate, Fisheyes Harrington religiously avoided calling upon her after she had given her all to Livy. "It's definitely and completely unconscionable!" she complained to Lucille at lunchtime. "Washing curtains—and by hand! Why did everybody have to go out last night? Where was Aunt Eldreth? I think she's a mystery woman, Lucille. She goes out at night, and nobody ever knows where. What am I going to say to Johnny? After all, I mean, one can't stand up an athlete like Johnny Ballou twice in succession."

Lucille offered to come over and help her with the curtains. "After all, if a person's best friend is in trouble, well, I guess there's no sacrifice too great for that best friend to make."

Jane was touched. "I wouldn't think of it, Lucille. It's just too gruesome to think of. And all on account of a darned frog. What *will* I say to Johnny?"

"Don't say anything. I'll see if I can make up some excuse."

On her way home from school Jane heaved a series of abysmal sighs. It seemed as though fate had decided to choose her as its plaything. She wondered if Eldreth would be sympathetic to her problem. Probably not. Eldreth ha own mysterious concerns. She wouldn't understand about love—el persons of twenty-six or -seven no l vibrated to the poetry of romance there wasn't anywhere she could tu understanding. She sighed again, cluding that she had been made to the whims of outrageous fortune sil

When she arrived home Aunt M was out, but there was a note which *"Jane. I expect to find the cu washed and dazzling white on m turn."* Getting into one of Aunt Ma ugly aprons, which went twice a her, she let the water run and du three boxes of soap flakes in the swishing them into a foam with a cake turner. Lifting the soot-staine tains distastefully with her forefi she lowered them into the water. Sh working the inert things up and her hair straggling over her fore when the sound of a masculine startled her. Through the spots in of her eyes she made out the fa Johnny Ballou. Please, Lord, she p Let this be a hallucination. But it w

"I hope you don't mind my dro by." He wore a white sweater with red S on the chest, and his rackets under his arm. "I wanted to see moment."

"Oh, not at all! I suppose Lucil *kind* enough to tell you where I wa what I was doing?"

Johnny chuckled. "No. I haven Lucille. I ran into Oliver on m from school and he told me he'd kn down some pipes and they were h you responsible."

"Honestly, Johnny, that broth mine is utterly impossible!"

"Well, I just wanted to say again think you have a good chance of m the interscholastic if you can get e practice between now and next we you could get in a solid week of noons with me, I even think you win the singles. So see what you c Lock Oliver in the coalbin or som Anyway, since you couldn't make afternoon I thought I'd stop by a 'chin up' or words to that effect."

"I'll try to get out, Johnny. I h and truly will. It's frightfully kind to be so encouraging."

"Okay. See you soon."

JANE hardly knew whether t happy or sad. A solid week of noons with Johnny Ballou! Bu chance would there be to arrange f such things?

"Who was that?" asked Eldreth ing in as young Ballou made his w

"Just about the most popular in the whole school, that's all. He I could win the interscholastic si my afternoons were free for a week. But I guess there's no chanc one thing my Ancient Lit comes afternoons. I have to grind on tha rington has no soul. Honestly, E he's inhuman. I mean, he just nev a thought to anything but that d Latin. It wouldn't be any use askin eyes for a favor. He just doesn't this world."

"Fisheyes," said Eldreth. "Is th they call the new Ancient Lit te

"It's those glasses, I guess. A he's inhuman."

"You like this Johnny Ballou don't you?" said Eldreth.

"Well, I mean, after all! Wh greatest star we've ever had invi out for a solid week of afterno mean, 'like' isn't precisely and the right word."

"H'm," said Eldreth specul Then finally, "We'll see."

"See what?"

"Oh, I have a little idea. If it's tion of being excused from a week cient Lit, maybe that can be arr

"But you don't know Fisheyes!

"Possibly not. We'll see. I'm g

n now. I'll talk to you about it again ght."

ne resumed her curtain washing. Her s were not too bright, even with th's encouragement. After all, what l Eldreth do? Oliver sauntered in, rupting her thoughts.

Lo."

ou're just the one person I've been ng to see," Jane pointed to a spot a inches from her feet. "Come here."

What do you want?" said Oliver wa-

ome *here!*"

sidled over reluctantly, cautious of thcoming box on the ear.

hat do you mean by telling Johnny u I was down in the basement wash- urtains?"

didn't mean anything," Oliver pro- d. "Kin I help it if that's what you doin'?"

h, no. You never can help anything. me somebody told you the facts of Oliver. When somebody knows body that they think the world of, don't want that person to see them ing curtains. It's—it's demeaning, bsolutely and completely demean- hat's what it is!"

a, ha," said Oliver. "Washin' cur- ain't nothin' to see. I seen two lov- ssin' each other in the dark."

hat do you mean, you gruesome ? Who did you see?"

h, not you. I was outside the other lookin' for the ball I lost on the I got my head caught in the picket and couldn't get it out for a while. I seen Aunt Eldreth come along a man, and she kissed him in front e gate. About nine times."

ldreth!" Jane exclaimed. "You're y and absolutely out of your mind. th never kissed any man in front of te and you know it. Don't you ever say such a thing to anyone again!"

kay," said Oliver. "G'by."

hen Oliver was gone, she went back more to her task. The whole thing Kismet, she decided. She'd never win nterscholastic singles. There'd never ything but sad memories between lf and Johnny. Cobwebs and ns, that's all love was. . . .

for Eldreth, she went directly to Harrington. "I'm sorry to come in u like this, but there's something I to discuss with you."

'. Harrington rose from behind his He removed his glasses, and there two little red marks where they ed against his nose. "Of course."

wonder if it's possible to excuse for a week from her Ancient Lit s? It's much more important to han it may sound to you or me."

"In what way is it important?"

Eldreth said, "She has a chance to win some contest or other, and to see more of a young man she seems very fond of. When you're young, these things make a great deal of difference."

The instructor took a pipe from his tweed coat and stuffed it full of tobacco. "Well, I dare say it can be arranged. Her work in Ancient Lit's been better than average. Do you mind if I smoke?"

"No. Of course not." She paused hesitantly, then finally spoke again: "Did you know that—well, that all the students call you Fisheyes?"

He laughed outright. "I'd feel insecure in this job if they didn't. A teacher without a nickname is practically no teacher at all."

"Then I can tell Jane it's all right?" He nodded. "Thanks very much, Howard. Shall I see you the same time tonight?"

"Of course. Goodby, my dear."

IT WAS between sets of doubles the following afternoon. What Johnny Ballou was wondering was why he and Ralph Condon were thoroughly sweat-soaked, while the young ladies seemed after their efforts as pink and fresh as powder puffs. Jane was wondering something entirely different. Changing courts, she had a few moments conversation with Johnny.

"I don't get it," she said.

"We'll take them this time, don't worry."

"I don't mean that. I mean Eldreth. Fisheyes is the toughest nut to crack in the whole school. Yet she goes over there to see him, and in five minutes has me excused for a whole week."

Johnny looked down at his partner with a certain air of amusement. "You're a delightful character," he told her. "Let's not spend all our time on tennis. Let's go one place and another when we're through. And let me have you over to meet Mother and Dad."

To conceal her inner excitement Jane said, "What do you mean, I'm a character?"

Johnny grinned. "Eldreth and Harrington. Everybody knows they're bound for the altar—everybody in town but you."

"Hey!" cried Lucille. "Is this tennis or afternoon tea?"

"Tennis," Johnny called. Turning to Jane, he murmured, "Let's get this over with, and then go for a spin to the beach in my jerker."

Jane nodded her head, still bewildered. "Cobwebs and dreams," she murmured absently. "That's what it is, cobwebs and dreams."

THE END



"Just see if that Stephens woman doesn't make poor Mr. Larkin late again for bingo!"

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THE LOGGER AND THE LADY

Continued from page 23

looked up. "Are you nuts?" she said. "You only blew in yesterday."

"That's right," Ric said, "and now I'm blowing out."

"If it's just that you got rolled again," Brady said, "I can get you an advance from Blundell & Ryan. What's eating you, Truro?"

"If you have to know," Ric said, short and cranky, "I got busted at poker. Make her out to Jamiesons' at Summer Harbor, Joe."

"Jamieson's?" Brady took his cigar out of his mouth, which is something he doesn't often do. "Mister," he said, "now I know you're bushed. Jamiesons' is a hell of a layout. The owner's a kid fresh out of college and her super's the thief of the coast. You don't want that."

"You heard me," Ric said. "Jamiesons' or nowhere."

"Then it's nowhere," Brady snapped. "I won't send a good man to that stump-ranch even if he has jolted a screw loose."

"Yes you will," Ric said. "I'm going to squat right here till you do."

And he did. Joe Brady was stubborn too, but when Ric had tramped in at opening time four days running and planked himself on the waiting bench, Brady cracked. He shot his cigar into his big brass spittoon and grabbed his phone and called Jamiesons' town office.

"I've got a boy here wants to work for you," he said, "don't ask me why. A truck skinner by the name of Truro."

WHEN he slapped the phone back in its cradle a couple of seconds later, he was wearing a sour grin under his eyeshade. "The answer is no," he told Ric. "Miss Jamieson says she don't need any truck skinners, especially skinners called Truro."

"I'm going to Summer Harbor," Ric said, and settled himself back on the bench. "Keep hitting her, Joe."

Morning and afternoon, Brady kept trying, and each time he phoned, the redhead gave him a brush-off. On the eighth morning he jammed his hat on over his eyeshade and reached for his jacket, and took Ric Truro out for a drink, something he'd never been known to do for a tame ape before.

"Now look," he said when he'd salted his beer and blown off the froth, "I'm going to talk to you like a father. Jamiesons' aren't just cheap, they're haywire. Janet Jamieson don't know one side of a tree from the other, and Blackjack Mike Halloran, her camp push, is running the outfit into the ground. You put this notion out of your head, Ric, and Blundell & Ryan will take you on as a salary man. You'll be pushing camp for them inside of a year."

Ric finished off his beer. "Let's get back to the office, Joe," he said. "Time we were hitting her again."

Brady phoned, and this time he was almost crying. "Miss Jamieson," he said, "this goof is driving me wacky. Take him off my hands and I'll give you a second-loader and four good chokermen to boot!"

He listened a minute, gnawing his cigar, then hung up. "Well," he said, "you win. And remember, mister, you asked for it. Catch the night boat." . . .

They didn't exactly welcome Ric Truro aboard the Marlum when he toted his packsack and suitcase up her gangplank at eight o'clock. The winchman spat through the gap in his front teeth, and the mate gave Ric a mean glare from the bridge wing.

"Back so soon?" the purser said, scowling through his wicket. "Ye'll no be wanting the same quarters, I trust."

"Any cabin at all," Ric told him.

"A'm refairing to the wee cage below," said the purser, "and it's there ye'll go do ye put so much as a look or a worrrd on the Jamieson lassie this trip. She has troubles enough wi'oot a great timber beast like yersel' fleering after her."

Ric's heart hit his ribs a double kick like a brakeman hopping off a long train. "She on board?" he asked.

"Aye," the purser told him dourly. "She and Blackjack Mike Halloran that's been explaining the company books to her in toon. And I repeat, Muster Truro, ye'll let her strictly alone. She's a lady, and ye're no but a tame ape!"

She wasn't in the lounge and she wasn't in the coffee bar, but along toward evening Ric found her on the main deck up past the forward cargo winch. She was watching the sunset from the Marlum's rusty bows with a white coat over her shoulders and her cedar-colored hair blowing back in the west wind.

"Hello, babe," Ric said.

She stiffened, but when she turned she didn't seem at all surprised. "Mr. Truro," she said, "I think we should understand each other. I hired you for one reason only—because my superintendent tells me we need truck drivers. If you make a nuisance I can fire you just as easily."

"No you can't," Ric told her. "Not till I've worked out my return fare. I figure we should understand each other too. For instance I'm curious to know if you clipped me in that poker session the other night."

"Of course I didn't," she snapped at him, every word an icicle. "It wasn't necessary. I simply applied the principles my father taught me. I wanted to drive a lesson through your thick skull."

"You did that all right," Ric said. "You taught me not to play poker with pretty redheads." He hauled out the envelope, crumpled and ratty by now, and shoved it at her. "Here you go, babe. She's fifty short, but you can knock that off my first month's time."

"No!" she said, and whipped both hands into her coat pockets. "I hate gambling. I won't take it!"

"Sweetheart," Ric told her, still pleasant and polite but kind of edging up on her, "you may be fresh out of college and a boss logger, but you'll take this or get spanked."

Her eyes went round as saucers, and she squeezed as far into the bows as she could get. "You keep away from me," she gasped at him. "If you dare touch me, you—you big gorilla, I'll—"

Ric Truro reached for her and his heart kicked him again, only a lot harder this time. Then he was holding her close and had planted one kiss on her l mouth and was lining her up for an A hand clamped on his shoulder swung round, real reluctant, and s fist the size of a choker hook c for his chin, but not in time to duc

When he woke, he was sprawled Marlum's lockup with his suitca his chest and his packsack for a pill

Hell, he thought, his head still this place is getting to feel like hon

BRIGHT and early next mornin purser banged on the lockup d

"Summer Harbor," he told Ric. ye leave us, Muster Truro."

"Who slugged me?" Ric asked He'd never been hit that hard b and all night, when he wasn't pu over why he'd kissed the redhead he meant to paddle her, he'd been dering who owned that choker-hoc

"Why, Blackjack Mike Hallor course," the purser told him wh fumbled with the key, "as I wan he would. He was for putting the to ye as ye lay there sucking but the lassie stoppit him, a'm so say."

"Well," Ric said, still rubbing jaw, "that's something, Mac. wouldn't do that if she hadn't t shine to me. Anyhow, she kiss right back."

"Nothing o' the sort!" said the and he sounded downright scand "She's a lady. An orphan in a v full o' such wicked limbs as Ha who has gi'en her camp so evil a that no proper mon will sign Jamiesons'. Just brawlers and w dle-footed kelpies like yersel'."

"Then why don't she can thi loran?" Ric asked.

"Because he has a contract, ye the purser told him, "and his contr two years still to run. And bef time's oot, the company will be rupt from his mismanagement, be bought wi' money he's already from it."

"Mac," Ric told him, solemn an "that kid needs someone to loo her. I'm electing myself to the jo

Ric Truro had worked on all of claims, but he'd never run in thing so haywire as that Summ bor show. He saw loggers there knew were blacklisted all up an the coast. Dudes like Pete K company scaler, for example, Ric had last seen hightailing Marlum at Race Point landin

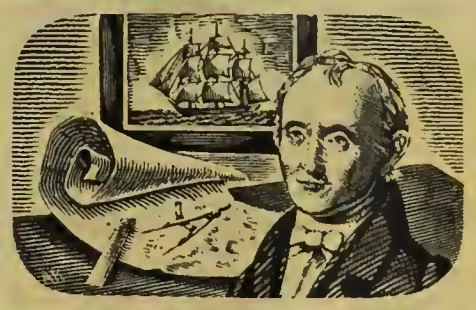


"If it were my family you'd just get out the horseshoes!"

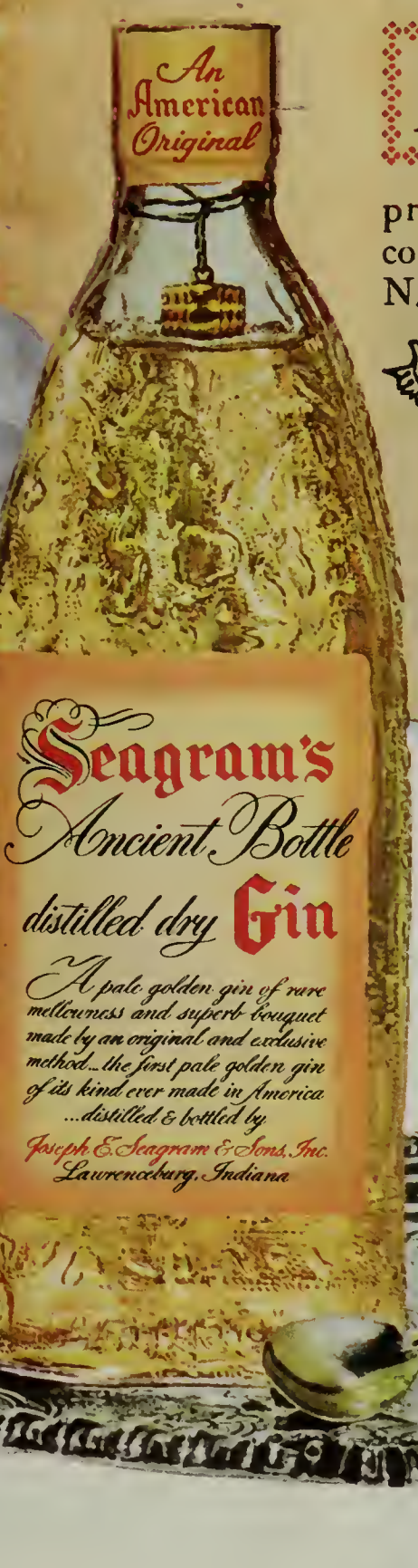
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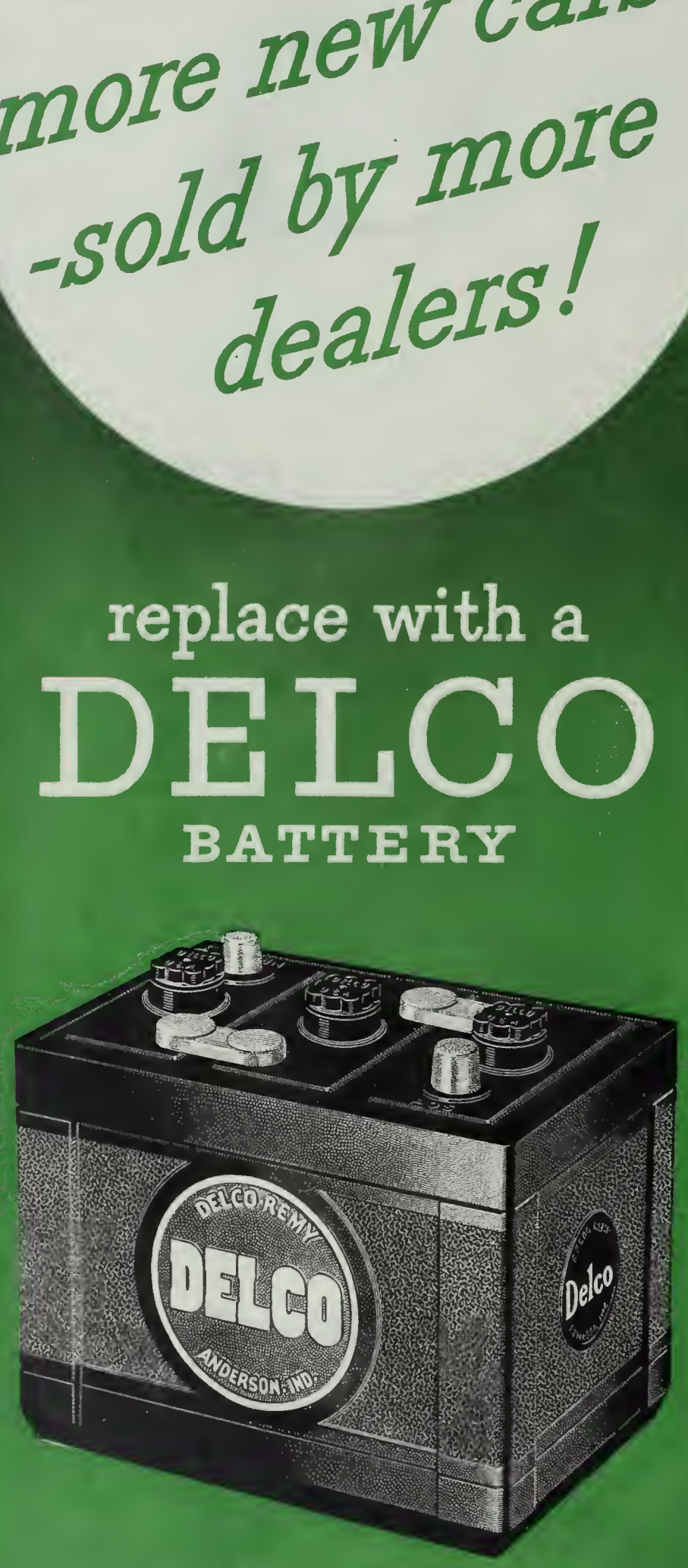
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jumps ahead of a faller's ax. And soon as ever he saw Blackjack Mike Halloran, he judged that Joe Brady and the Marlinn's purser had been singing off the right page.

That was right after Ric had spotted his trailer under the loading boom on his first trip up from the beach. He was killing a smoke in the truck cab when a dude who looked closer to seven feet high than six tramped in from the haulback bight. He was wearing a black-and-white checked shirt with a furry chest bulging out of it, pants stagged at his boot tops, and a red rain-test hat tipped back on his hair. And when he hollered, his voice sent the ravens kiting for the green timber.

"Hey!" he yelled at Ric. "What the hell kind of short-logger's load you call that?"

"Nothing wrong with her that I can see," Ric told him, sitting easy in his cab.

Blackjack Mike didn't answer him, just jumped to the brow-log of the landing and heaved the poor old creep of a head loader aside. He grabbed the loading tongs and slung them into a boom-stick butt. The leverman on the donkey engine hoisted away, all in a rush as if he was scared not to, the second loader threw his tongs, and Ric felt the trailer settle hard on her rub irons as the boom stick jolted into place atop his load.

"There!" Blackjack Mike bawled at him. "That's what we call a load on this claim, Mister. Wheel her away."

A highball skinner doesn't have to take sass even from an owner, but Ric hadn't yet figured how he could help the redhead keep her outfit off the rocks. So he just stamped out his cigarette, while Blackjack Mike gave him a nasty grin from the brow-log, and set his truck rolling down the grade with that oversize boom-stick peaker wagging ten feet past the top of the cab.

Jamiesons' road drops twenty-two hundred feet in the nine miles between green timber and tidewater, and except for two or three flats, she's just one long widow-making hill. But as he highballed down with his load, Ric hardly thought once of the big brown logs pyramided behind him. His mind just kept churning away at how he could run Blackjack Mike Halloran off the claim.

He was still studying on it, and getting nowhere, when he rounded a bend in the canyon stretch and saw an upbound jeep not forty feet below. There was room to pass, but logging trucks are just about the biggest rigs that roll on rubber, and a driver that's not used to them feels like a bug about to be trampled by an elephant when he meets one head on. Even while Ric gave his sixteen wheels the air, he knew the jeep wasn't going to make it. He leaned into the steering wheel and swung his truck out toward the edge, knowing there wasn't more than a logger's prayer between his off tires and a four-hundred-foot dive into Summer Creek. The jeep scraped past, but Ric heard part of his load go bouncing and crashing into the canyon.

HE STOPPED on the next little flat, and hopped out for a look-see. The boom-stick peaker and three other logs were gone, and Ric Truro sure did hate to lose a log. But he wasn't worrying about that, because as he stared at what was left of his load, it all of a sudden came to him how Blackjack Mike was thieving off the redhead. Only three of those logs carried the company brand stamped into their butts, and a log without a brand is money in the bank for anyone who can weasel it out of the booming grounds at tidewater.

Ric was still staring when feet scuffed in the gravel behind him, and he turned to see Janet Jamieson, panting and breathless as if she'd run a quarter mile, which she probably had. She was rigged out in green corduroy slacks with the cuffs rolled logger-style, and little caulked boots with fringed false to and a high-necked white sweater.

"Look, babe," Ric said to her, "got other trucks, but the Lord onl me one neck. What's the idea?"

"I'm sorry," she said. "I guess it was my fault. I—well, I had thi my mind. You're all right?"

"Sure." Ric patted the running and she sat down beside him as knees were weak too. "Why wou be?"

"I was afraid—that is, I thoug Halloran might have hurt you. last night, I mean."

"S'pose he had?" Ric asked her.

"I don't know," she said. "Tha trouble, Mr. Truro."

THEY sat on the running boar ing down at their boots for spell. Then Janet said, "Will you kiss me again?"

Ric said, "Huh?"

"Don't get any silly ideas," Jan "It's just scientific curiosity. I've a—a disorganized state since last Mr. Truro, and I can't take steps rect it until I know the reason, ca

"No," Ric said. "I guess no been sort of disorganized too, I'll

So he kissed her, and she kiss back, then he put his arms arou

From Installment No. XIV THE SECRET PAPERS HARRY L. HOPKINS: "W Churchill asked what te torial interests Russia mi have in the future, Stalin quoted as having repl 'There is no need to speak the present time about Soviet desires—but when time comes, we will speak

and kissed her again, and he'd ha right on kissing her except she hands against his chest and push away.

"Well?" he asked her.

"It was nice," she said, "but i conclusive. Perhaps if there'd moon."

"There'll be a moon Saturday Ric said. "A full one."

"Not Saturday," Janet told hi Saturday nights I go dancing Point with Mr. Halloran."

Ric got up off the running b if a yellow jacket had jabbed hir ing Blackjack Mike for her ca was one thing, but partying w was something else again. "Yo you go dancing with that thief?"

Janet got up too. "Mr. Tru said, "I won't have you speak o perintendent that way. My fat every confidence in Mike Hallo so have I!"

"Yeah," Ric told her, "and loo happening to your outfit. Babe, be red-hot at poker, but you do any more about logging than yo did."

"Exactly what do you mea asked.

"I mean that bull raven up y feathering his nest with your l said.

"He is not!" she blazed at h couldn't be. I check our figu carefully, and every foot we cu the mill."

"How about the feet your sca tally?" Ric shot back at her. "S sawdust out of your head, babe one on the coast knows you thieved off except you, and I gue too stupid to see it!"

For a breath he thought she on him. Then she said, "Mr. T told me I couldn't fire you

d out your return fare. You'll have
l your fare by quitting time. The
m calls at six o'clock south-bound,
you're not on her I'll have Mike
ran put you on."

H yanked the envelope with the red- poker winnings out of his pocket mmed it into the waistband of her . Then he swung up to the cab and l off the brakes, and he hardly l till he hit the log dump at the .

U 'damn' fool, Ric told himself, aiting on the landing that evening the Marlum poked her nose around int, you almost ran your neck into se. You're lucky to be clear of this ut winding up in the married quar-

that didn't work either; and he was g in his cabin, getting worse dis- ized every minute, when the Már- purser rapped on his door.

have a message for ye, a'm sorry to the purser told him. "Ye're wantit lounge."

ll him I'm sick, whoever he is."

isna' a him," the purser said, "and just tell the lassie yersel', Muster ."

was sitting at the center table in ame light suit with the tricky bow throat. Blackjack Mike Halloran Pete Kyle the scaler were across her, and while it was plenty cool lounge, Ric saw they were both ng.

offense," Janet said to him, with a steady look, "but would you care n?"

was so disorganized by this time e could hardly have told you his if you'd asked him quick, but he l up a chair.

r. Truro," Janet said, "I've shaken wdust out of my head. You'd be sed how many unstamped logs I in my booms when I investigated." ve them all a cool little smile, and "If you don't mind, gentlemen, I'll

cards went *wheet—wheet—wheet* gh her slim white fingers. Black-jack Mike smeared more sweat off his face. The scaler reached a shaking hand to an ash tray and fumbled the lighted end of a cigarette into his mouth.

There never was a game like that on the Marlum before, and they say there's never likely to be again. By the time they put in at Race Point, the redhead had Blackjack Mike's contract in her handbag, and in another hour she'd cleaned Pete Kyle right down to the loose silver in his pockets. At Campbell River, Blackjack Mike was too broke even to write another check, and Ric, who'd been holding even all this time, of a sudden began to win. With the lights of Comox in sight, he found that as well as having better than two thousand bucks in checks, he was a boss logger holding a half interest in Jamiesons', won off the redhead with the only royal flush he'd ever been dealt in his life.

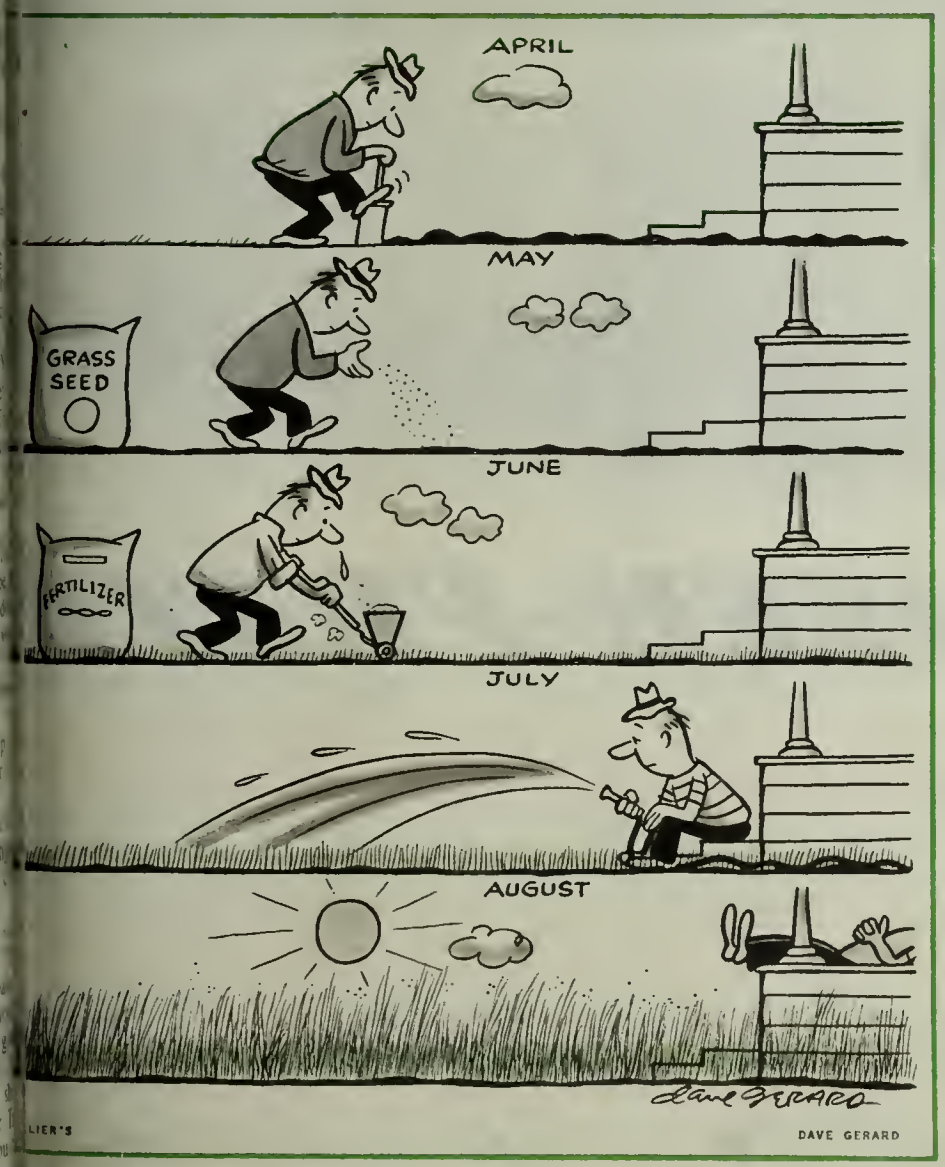
"So much for that," Janet said. She straightened the deck, and there was nothing at all cool about her smile. "One other thing, Mr. Truro. I've changed my mind. It was—very conclusive."

And that's all there was to it, except after the redhead had walked out of the lounge, leaving just a touch of hyacinth behind her, Blackjack Mike got back enough of his nerve to hint she'd had those cards pretty well trained, and of course a boss logger like Ric Truro doesn't stand for any such talk about his girl. They say it was the best battle ever staged on the Marlum. They battled from Whaletown clear to Blubber Bay before Ric came up from under the wreck of a table and laid Blackjack Mike cold with a fire extinguisher.

"It grieves me to say it," the purser told Ric as he turned his key in the lockup door, "but there's other quarters bespoken for ye next trip up." Hard as it was to believe, the look on his ugly little red face couldn't be anything else but a grin. "A'm refairing to oor bridal suite, Muster Truro."

She's no liner, the Marlum, but she's a great old tub just the same. Anything can happen on board her—and you'd be surprised how often it does!

THE END



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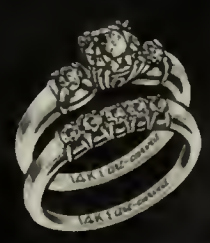
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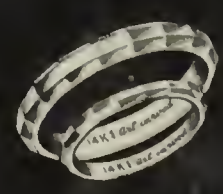
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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

certainly seeing his worst fears realized. I quote from it: ". . . Will Joe Stalin be as charitable toward democracy in that great day as he is in the day when the two biggest democracies are rushing to the help of his hard-pressed regime? Or will he try to slip his Communist ideas in whole or in part into the peace treaty or treaties? Will he go on subsidizing subversive Communist groups in other countries; or will he subscribe wholeheartedly to the Roosevelt-Churchill doctrine that every country has the right to the form of government its people prefer?

"Let's not forget Joe's kind words for democracy in the summer of 1941. Let's remind him of them, vigorously, when and if he shows signs of going back on them."

RAYMOND G. HAMEL, Lawrence, Mass.

SCHOOLBOY FAY

GENTLEMEN: It seems to me that a great national weekly like Collier's, with its former great sporting writers like Walter Camp and Grantland Rice, could do much better than this William Fay, who is currently doing sports for you. In his column of July 10th he complained of Manager Eddie Dyers' decision to use Schoolboy Rowe as a pinch hitter because he (Rowe) batted ninth in the Phillies' line-up. May I ask just where the hell any other pitcher (American or National) bats?

WINSTON H. REUFFER, Lansing, Mich.

THE HOUSE THAT JERRY BUILT

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: I read with interest and disgust the first installment of Collier's story about the gypping of G.I.s in the housing racket (Scandals in Veterans' Housing, July 3d).

Your article cannot but create a generally false impression.

The real responsibility for the quality of houses built under FHA authority rests upon the government itself. FHA is charged with the duty of *inspecting* houses not only *while* they are in process of construction, but also *after* they're finished.

The monthly payments required of the buyers of such houses are far below the current rentals of comparable houses offered to tenants. Disregarding quality and durability, "buyers" are, in ultimate analysis, getting mighty cheap housing.

The real pay-off—the big scandal—will come when the "Guv'ment," meaning the taxpayers, has to take the tremendous losses that will eventually be incurred.

E. A. GENE HARRIS, San Antonio, Texas

. . . It seems to me that during the past year so much publicity has been given to the unscrupulous and profit-grabbing people in the building industry that the sincere, established builder has become the forgotten man.

WILLIAM F. SIEGEL, River Edge, N. J.

. . . It seems to me that the conditions described are a fair sample of the sort of thing one could expect if the government went into big-scale housing, as so many people think it should. Too many persons in this country sit in their easy chairs and yell for the government to do this, that and the other; one of these days they'll wake up to find the government running their business and their lives as well.

WILBUR W. DE ATLEY,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

. . . Examples very similar to those reported by Mr. Maisel occurred here in Albuquerque. Repeated complaints by the local inspector for the State Contractors' License Board brought no results.

Your story of no vents for heating appliances, improper floor joists, no subflooring is an old one. Let me add roof flashing made out of old baby-powder cans!

I suggest that veterans who do not get immediate results—not promises from local officials—should take the matt their own hands with competent courageous legal assistance. Eve American Legion won't always help

NAME WITHHELD ON RE

JUMP OFF JOE

EDITOR OF THE WEEK'S MAIL: The in The Week's Mail, June 19th, com ing on Jim Marshall's Out Where the Ends makes quite a fable of the way Off Joe, Oregon, got its name. Jum Joe was named for General Joseph not for a bus driver. In 1854 and 5 Lane was sent to southern Oregon the Arroke Indians went on the wa A band of Indians took after Lane scouting party and they raced back t the troops. They came to a strean high perpendicular banks, too wi jump. Two men who were ahead ju down the bank and hid in the ove When they heard Lane hesitate, called: "Jump off, Joe." From that October, 1855, that stream has been Jump Off Joe.

MRS. ELVA WHEELER PI
Burbank

USONIA

DEAR EDITOR: Re the suggestion by Clark (The Week's Mail, July 10t our United States of North A should have a distinctive name own, and not be referred to as America. I propose that the U.S.O.N.A. be taken as a name, st for United States Of North Amer would be very apropos.

The people of our country co called Usonians, as easily as Ame and with no chance of being mis stood. Let us have a national chri celebration for USONA, our UNITED STATES OF NORTH A ICA. F. A. MACLOSKEY, Pari

NOT UP TO SCRATCH

DEAR GENTLEMEN: Anent chigger (Inhuman Nature, July 10th), sinc sene can blister (my dad once dope covered with ticks with it, and t died), washing and scrubbing vig with any strong soap, leaving the la dry for an hour before washing ag ways gets nearly every chigger I a late. My mother said they used chickens in the summer—they many chiggers on them.

Those who sweat a lot while work least troubled by the minute beasti

But I'll bet the most savage mos are in Yellowstone Park. To prot visitors to the park, the guvmint provide food for them, or pipe the n effluvium from the geysers at th Plasmahounds and run them off.

GAY MORRISON, Malver

. . . Where in the world did your a the tick that posed for that picture? ticks that I have ever seen in fifty y tick hunting were eight-legged brut

FREDERICK MACCOY, Berkel



Artist Fred Eng drew the 6-legge dog tick, not the 8-legged spott tick. There are many varieties Mr. Eng has redrawn two species.

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

Continued from page 19

uch more that he could have told even after V-J Day when the se- bars were down. For while this Cairo conference had plenty in the of "color"—the Pyramids, the x and the extremely chic costumes adame Chiang Kai-shek, about the correspondents could write more skillfully than Hopkins could principal news value was the mere hat it was held; aside from the dec- n assuring the freedom and inde- nce of Korea, the effect of these ngs on the progress of the war or tory was negligible.

ans for a Campaign in Burma

military talks produced a sem- of agreement on an expansion of NAKIM plan to drive the Japanese Burma and reopen the long-sealed ommunications with China: There be a determined ground offensive north by Chinese, British and assigned American troops under ll's field command, coupled with amphibious operations in the south iy under Mountbatten.

urchill viewed the proposals for operations in Burma with scant en- sm: he considered Burma solely as tpost of the Empire, rather than as ea of strategic importance. He d to drive the Japanese out of it, much for the purpose of gaining to China as to avenge a mortal to imperial prestige, and he did lish the idea that the Americans or, especially, the Chinese should have hare in the credit for its liberation. always went along with the propo- that the supply route to China must pened in order to sustain Chinese e and to keep this gigantic mass manity in the war, but it is apparent he did this out of deference to velt's sentiments.

osevelt, however, was determined his conference should be a success the Chinese point of view and he supported firmly by the military ent of the U.S. Chiefs of Staff. was certainly an instance of a sharp n between the British and the icans on nationalistic lines.

Eisenhower's command, harmoni- nd wholehearted co-operation was le because British and American ives could be summed up in one —"Berlin." In southeast Asia, on ther hand, the British and Ameri- were fighting two different wars for nt purposes, and the Kuomintang nment of China was fighting a third or purposes largely its own. I be- t may be said, without descending w level of chauvinism, that Roose- as the only one of the leaders in the war against Japan who adhered to ain military objective of destroying nemy's power and compelling his nder by the most direct means in ortest possible time.

pkins did not set down his views his subject of Allied disunity in t to the Far East and the reader ave to take my word for it that I given a faithful reflection of them. uld not ignore the fact that such ity existed, nor could Roosevelt, hall, King and Arnold, for there too many emphatic and repeated ders of it. Hopkins was certainly hent in his denunciation of any ican who by word or deed tended to vate it while the war was on, but he so one who believed that the record rse than valueless which, like the sun dial, tells only of the "shining " of sweetness and light.

Despite Churchill's obvious reluctance to commit considerable British forces to the proposed campaigns in Burma, Roosevelt at this time went down the line in supporting the view of Chiang Kai-shek, Stilwell, and possibly also of Mountbatten. Therefore, when the generalissimo and Madame departed for Chungking on November 28th, their hopes were high. These hopes, however, were short-lived. The agreement at Cairo did not stick for more than ten days, and it was not until after American forces had started to strangle Japan from the Pacific, in the last six months of the war, that the first trucks started to roll over the Ledo or Stilwell Road from Burma into China. By then it was too late to matter much.

During these days at Cairo, Roosevelt had to spend many hours on the enormous mass of White House papers that had accumulated during his week at sea and been flown from Washington. Included in this were twenty-nine Congressional bills of which he signed twenty-seven and vetoed the other two. It was always necessary for the President to act on these bills within ten days—he could not delegate his authority to anyone in his absence—and this was the consideration which limited the scope of his travel. No previous President could have gone as far from Washington while Congress was in session as Roosevelt did because only the development of the air transport (including the establishment of the intermediate bases) made it possible for documents to be delivered and returned within the ten-day period.

A State Department Career Man

During these days at Cairo, Hopkins formed a friendship with Charles E. Bohlen, a young State Department career man who had been brought along by Harriman from the embassy in Moscow because of his fluency in the Russian language. Hopkins asked him all manner of questions about the Soviet Union and was surprised and impressed by the objectivity and lack of bias as well as by the considerable scholarship revealed in his answers. Hopkins told Bohlen in characteristic words of the low opinion he had formed of many of the Foreign Service men that he had encountered in his travels, describing them as "cookie-pushers, pansies—and usually isolationists to boot."

Bohlen gave so vigorous and intelligent a defense of the State Department, and explanation of the hopeless handicaps under which its personnel often must work, that Hopkins subsequently persuaded the President to appoint Bohlen to a post in the White House where he would act as a liaison officer with the State Department, thereby filling a really long-felt want. From then on, Bohlen's star was very much in the ascendant, and he later became counselor of the department under Secretary Marshall.

On Thursday evening, November 26th, Roosevelt was host at a Thanksgiving dinner at his villa, the residence of Ambassador Alexander C. Kirk, near the Pyramids of Giza some miles west of Cairo. The guests included the Prime Minister, his daughter Sarah, Eden, Winant, Steinhardt and Elliott Roosevelt and Robert Hopkins. Roosevelt proposed Churchill's health and expressed his particular delight that this year he could share the Thanksgiving celebration in company with his great friend, the Prime Minister.

At this point, he seemed to have reached the conclusion of his remarks,

if you're the one who does the cooking.. look at the new

time-saving step-saving work-saving



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automatic gas *ranges!*

and Churchill arose to respond, but Roosevelt told him that he had not yet finished. He then went on to say that Thanksgiving was traditionally a family festival and that this year Britain and America formed one family which was more united than ever before.

There was a meeting at Cairo of Roosevelt, Churchill and the Combined Chiefs of Staff (Hopkins being the only other civilian present) at which a general survey was made of future European operations in anticipation of the forthcoming discussions with Stalin at Teheran. Churchill gave a lengthy résumé of the general situation, reviewing the long series of Allied successes in the Mediterranean which, in recent weeks, had turned into a succession of disappointments on the Italian front. He urged that, despite the heavy German reinforcements, the Allied campaign there should be pushed more vigorously than ever with a view to capturing Rome—for "whoever holds Rome holds the title deeds of Italy."

He placed particular emphasis on the assurance that he had in no way relaxed his zeal for OVERLORD but he recommended that this major operation should not be such a "tyrant" as to rule out every other activity in the Mediterranean. Among the various activities that he mentioned was the capture of the Island of Rhodes, which had been the ultimate objective of the recent, ill-fated Dodecanese campaign.

The U.S. Chiefs of Staff had no doubt as to just what all this signified. They felt certain that the persistent Prime Minister was resuming the advocacy of strategic diversions into southeastern Europe and away from northern France. They prepared themselves for battles at Teheran in which the American and the Russians would form a united front.

At Teheran, Roosevelt, Hopkins, Leahy, Brown and Major John Boettiger (the President's son-in-law) at first occupied quarters in the American legation. This was at some distance from the compounds of the Russian and British legations, which were close together. Harriman told Roosevelt of Stalin's concern over the strong possibility that there were many enemy agents in the city and the distinguished visitors might be subjected to what was described as "an unhappy incident" (which meant assassination) while driving between their separated residences.

Secret Police Acted as Servants

On the day after his arrival at Teheran —this was Sunday, November 28th— Roosevelt agreed to accept Stalin's invitation to move to a villa in the Russian embassy compound where complete security could be enforced. It certainly was enforced, for the servants who made the beds and cleaned the rooms for Roosevelt's party were all members of the highly efficient NKVD, the secret police, and expressive bulges were plainly discernible under their neat white coats. It was a nervous time for Michael F. Reilly and his White House Secret Service men, who did not like to admit into the President's presence anyone armed with as much as a gold toothpick.

Roosevelt arrived at his new quarters at three o'clock in the afternoon and 15 minutes later Stalin came to call. This was the first meeting of the wartime leaders of the Soviet Union and the United States. Aside from the President and Marshal Stalin, the only two present at this meeting were the interpreters, Bohlen and Pavlov.

Roosevelt greeted Stalin with the statement, "I am glad to see you. I have tried for a long time to bring this about." Stalin, after suitable expressions of pleasure at meeting the President, said that he was to blame for the delay in this meeting; that he had been very occupied because of military matters. Roosevelt asked Stalin how things were going on the Russian front, and Stalin gave a realistic picture of the situation which was somewhat less favorable at the moment than information available to the Western Allies had indicated. Roosevelt said that among the main topics for discussion at Teheran were measures which would bring about the removal of 30 or 40 German divisions from the eastern front and Stalin agreed that such a transfer would be most helpful.

Roosevelt then said that by the end of the war, the American-British merchant fleet would have achieved such proportions that it would be more than the two nations could possibly need, and he felt that some of these ships should be made available to the Soviet Union. To this Stalin replied that an adequate merchant fleet would be of great value, both to the Soviet Union, and for the development of relations between the Soviet Union and the United States after the war, which he hoped would be greatly expanded.

There was considerable discussion of French affairs during which Stalin surprised the President by expressing the opinion that it was Pétain rather than De Gaulle who represented "the real physical France." There was no doubt in Roosevelt's mind that Stalin considered the collaborationists more important than the fighters of the resistance movement in expressing French sentiments.

Mention of Indo-China brought the conversation around to the Far East and Roosevelt told Stalin of his conversations with Chiang Kai-shek and the plans for offensive operations in Burma. He cautioned Stalin against bringing up the problems of India with Churchill, and Stalin agreed that this was undoubtedly a sore subject.

This meeting lasted 45 minutes but, like all conferences with the Russians, most of the time was taken up in the arduous process of translation. At four o'clock, Churchill and the Combined Chiefs of Staff arrived for the First Plenary Session. Also present at this first session were Hopkins, Eden and Molotov—and it should be noted that throughout the Teheran Conference, Hopkins acted, in effect, as Secretary of State. Stalin's only military aide was Marshal Voroshilov, and Leahy and King represented the U.S. Joint Chiefs. Marshall and Arnold were not present; they had misunderstood the time of the meeting and had gone off on a sightseeing tour around Teheran.

Stalin and Churchill agreed that the President should take the chair at this first meeting and he opened it by saying that he was glad to welcome the Russians as "new members of the family circle" and to assure them that these conferences were always conducted as gatherings of friends with complete frankness on all sides. Churchill said that here was represented the greatest concentration of power that the world had ever seen and that in the hands of those present was the happy future of mankind; he prayed that they might be worthy of this God-given opportunity. Stalin said that this fraternal meeting did indeed represent a great opportunity and it was up to those present to use wisely the power which their respective peoples had given them.

Roosevelt then expressed the American point of view toward the war. He had the impression that Stalin knew very little about the progress of the war against Japan and he therefore dealt with that subject first. He said that the United States was more directly affected by the war with Japan and that the United States forces were bearing the chief burden in that area with, of course, help from Australia and Britain; the greater part of the U.S. naval establishment was in the Pacific and over a million men were being maintained there.

He listed briefly the operations as planned, and summed up the aims of these operations as follows: (1) to open the road to China and supply that country in order to keep it in the war, and (2) by opening the road to China and through increased use of transport planes to put ourselves in position to bomb Japan proper.

The President then said he would take up the most important theater of the war in Europe. He said he wished to emphasize that for over one year and a half all military plans had revolved around the need to relieve the German pressure on the Soviet front; that largely because of the difficulties of sea transport it had not been possible before Quebec to set a date for the cross-Channel operations. He pointed out that the English Channel was a disagreeable body of water and unsafe for military operations prior to the month of May, and that the plan adopted at Quebec involved an immense expedition and had been set at that time for May 1, 1944.

At this point, Churchill interposed the remark that the British people had every reason in the past to be thankful that the English Channel was such a disagreeable body of water.

Roosevelt went on to say that although he was not in favor of any secondary operations which might tend to delay the cross-Channel invasion, OVERLORD, he and the Prime Minister had been discussing possible future operations in Italy, the Adriatic and Aegean Seas, and from Turkey as a base in the event that the Turks might be induced to enter the war. He also mentioned the proposal to supplement OVERLORD with an operation in southern France.

Stalin then spoke of the war in the Pacific, making no bones of the fact that the Soviet government welcomed the Anglo-American successes against the Japanese. He explained that the Russian forces in Siberia were sufficient for purely defensive purposes but that they would have to be increased threefold before they could be strong enough to engage in offensive ground operations against the Japanese—and he added that when Germany was finally defeated, the necessary Russian reinforcements could be sent to eastern Siberia and then, he said, "we shall be able by our common front to beat Japan." (This was the first assurance given to Roosevelt or Churchill to that important effect. It changed the whole strategic picture.)

The Way to the Heart of Germany

Referring to the Italian campaign, Stalin said that great benefit had resulted from the freeing of the Mediterranean to Allied shipping but he did not believe that further advances up the peninsula would be of much avail, for the Germans presented an almost insuperable barrier, as the heroic Russian General Suvorov discovered in his time. He said the entry of Turkey into the war might be helpful in opening the way to the Balkans but that the Balkans were far from the heart of Germany, and the only direct way of striking at that heart was through France.

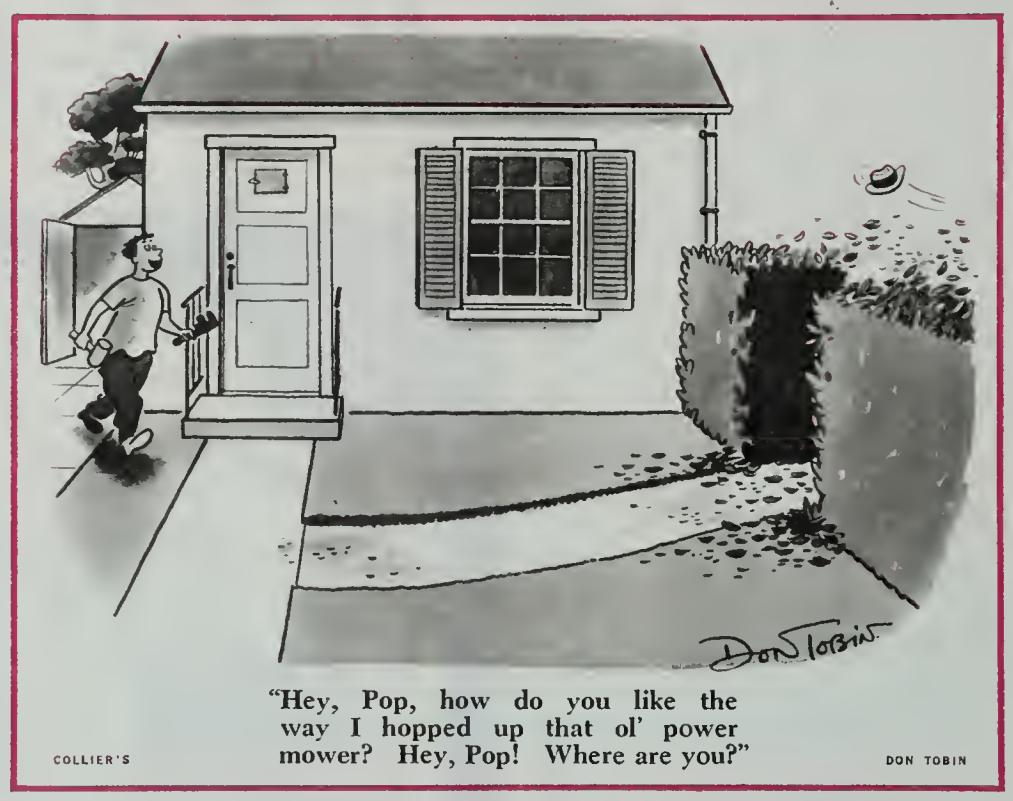
Churchill gave assurance that it was now planned to put one million men on the continent of Europe in May, June and July, 1944. He said that the ordinary force for OVERLORD would consist of 19 American and 16 British divisions, that being the maximum number that Britain could afford because of its manpower limitations. The additional divisions for the subsequent exploitation of OVERLORD would come in a steady stream from the United States.

He said that there might be delay in the launching of OVERLORD because of a great bottleneck at the moment being the shortage of landing craft—and that pending such delays the Allied troops should not remain idle. He then returned to the desirability of getting Turkey into the war, as he did over and over again with a persistence that was both admirable and monotonous.

Stalin expressed the opinion that it would be unwise to scatter forces in various operations throughout the eastern Mediterranean. He said he thought that after the capture of Rome the forces there should be sent into southern France to provide a diversionary operation in support of OVERLORD. He even thought that it might be better to abandon the capture of Rome altogether, leaving enough divisions to hold the present line in Italy and using the rest of the Allied forces for the invasion of southern France. He stated quite plainly, and repeated several times, his conviction that in any case Turkey would not agree to enter the war.

Churchill said that he could not believe the Turks would be so "mad" as to reject this opportunity to join with the united nations under the most favorable circumstances, but Stalin observed that there were some people who apparently preferred to remain "mad."

This first meeting ended at 7:20, having lasted three hours and 20 minutes —and thereafter Roosevelt signed some more Congressional bills and a proclamation and worked on his mail until dinnertime, eight thirty, when he was host to Stalin, Molotov, Churchill, Eden, Archibald Clark-Kerr (British ambassador in Moscow), Hopkins, Harriman and the three interpreters. This dinner represented a major achievement by the Filipino sailors, who had moved only hours previously into a strange



"Hey, Pop, how do you like the way I hopped up that ol' power mower? Hey, Pop! Where are you?"

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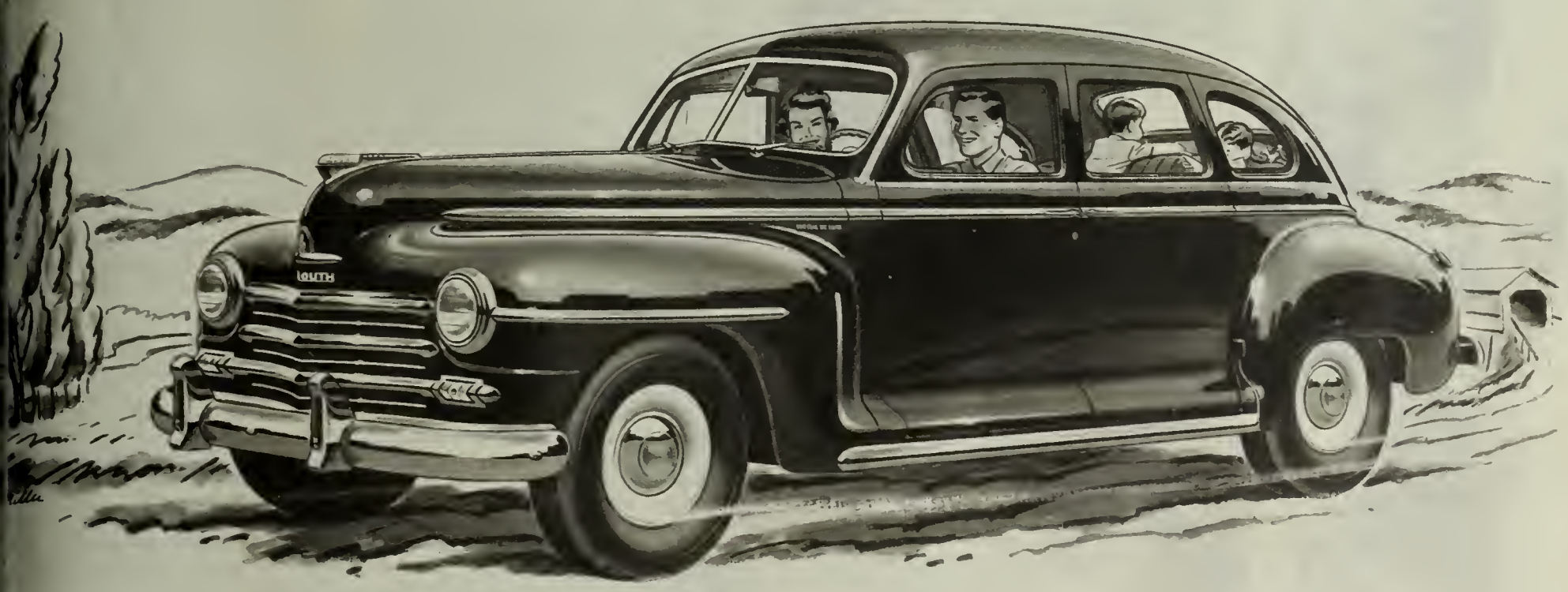


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which lacked most of the essential equipment, including a range.

Hopkins noted that Stalin was grayer than when he had seen him last in the summer of 1941 and also much dressier, now wearing a uniform with gold epaulets each bearing a large, white star fastened with a red pin. Stalin doodled and smoked during the meetings. His voice was quiet—barely audible—and he seemed to expend no effort in placing emphasis on anything as he talked to the interpreter. Harriman has said that Stalin in greeting Hopkins at Teheran displayed more open and warm cordiality than he had been known to show to any foreigner; evidently the marshal saw in Hopkins one who had made promises and done his level best to keep them.

At dinner on the first evening the conversation turned to the subject of postwar treatment of Germany and the frontiers of Poland. Stalin said that Poland should extend to the Oder but he was not specific about Poland's eastern frontier.

Discussing Baltic Problems

The President remarked that he would be interested in the question of assuring the approaches to the Baltic Sea and had in mind some form of trusteeship with perhaps an international state in the vicinity of the Kiel Canal to insure free navigation in both directions. Marshal Stalin apparently thought that the President was referring to the question of the Baltic States. He replied emphatically that the Baltic States had by an expression of the will of the people voted to join the Soviet Union and that this question was not therefore one for discussion. After the misapprehension was straightened out, however, he expressed himself favorable in regard to the question of insuring free navigation to and from the Baltic Sea.

A memorandum was written on Stalin's views concerning postwar Germany, which may be summarized as follows:

In regard to Germany, Marshal Stalin apparently considered the measures proposed by either the President or Churchill for the subjugation and for the control of Germany as inadequate. He tried to persuade the President or the Prime Minister to go further in expressing their views as to the stringency of the measures which should be applied to Germany. He seemed to have no faith in the possibility of the reform of the German people and spoke bitterly of the attitude of the German workers in the war against the Soviet Union.

As evidence of the fundamental German devotion to legality he told of being in Leipzig in 1907 when 200 German workers failed to appear at an important mass meeting because there was no controller at the station platform to punch their tickets so that they could leave the station.

He was convinced that this mentality of discipline and obedience could not be changed.

He said that Hitler was very able, but not basically intelligent. That he was lacking in culture and had a primitive approach to political and other problems. He did not share the President's opinion that Hitler was mentally unbalanced and countered that only a very able man could accomplish what Hitler had done in solidifying the German people whatever we thought of the methods.

As a wartime measure Marshal Stalin questioned the wisdom of the unconditional-surrender principle with no definition of the exact terms which would be imposed upon Germany. He felt that to leave these unclarified merely served to unite the German people, whereas to draw up specific terms, no matter how hard, and tell the German people that this was what they would have to accept would, in his opinion, hasten the day of German capitulation.

The next morning, Monday, mili staff talks were held at which it was termined that it would be feasible mount an operation against soutl France with a two-division assault ar 10-division follow-up to be launchec multaneously with OVERLORD D-I or from two to three weeks precedin

Voroshilov asked a great many sea ing questions about the actual prep tions for OVERLORD. He was interested in the "program" for proc tion; he wanted to know what was a ally being *done*. He asked Gen Brooke point-blank if he attached same importance to OVERLORD General Marshall did. Brooke replie the affirmative but added that he k how strong the German defenses northern France were and that der certain circumstances OVERLO could fail. Voroshilov admitted the ficulties of a trans-Channel operatio had Stalin, but said that the Russians encountered comparable difficulties the crossing of wide rivers and had o come them because they "had the wi do it."

Marshall, whom both Stalin and V shilov obviously recognized as the preme advocate of OVERLORD, that he wished to offer one comm "The difference between a river cross however wide, and a landing from ocean is that the failure of a river cr

From Installment No. XIV o THE SECRET PAPERS OI HARRY L. HOPKINS: Stalin, re plying to a toast at Churchill's birthday dinner, as quoted ir the official record: "Marsha Stalin said that it was easy t be a hero or a great leader i one had to do with people such as the Russians . . . that ever persons of medium courage anc even cowards became heroes in Russia. Those who do not he said, are killed."

ing is a reverse while the failure landing operation is a catastrophe." shall went on to say, "My military cation and experience in the first W War has all been based on roads, r and railroads. During the last two y however, I have been acquiring an cation based on oceans and I've ha learn all over again. Prior to the pr war I never heard of any landing except a rubber boat. Now I think a little else."

Voroshilov said admiringly to shall, "If you think about it, you wi it."

While this meeting was going Roosevelt attended to more mail. cording to Harriman, Churchill sent a message suggesting that he and President have lunch together. Roosevelt was too conscious of the ence of the NKVD men and did not the report spread that he and the P Minister were hatching their schemes. Harriman conveyed Roose regrets to Churchill, who was not pl by them.

But, as Harriman told it, he sai shall insist on one thing: that I be h dinner tomorrow evening. I think I one or two claims to precedence. T gin with, I come first both in seni and alphabetically. In the second p I represent the longest-established c three governments. And, in the place, tomorrow happens to be my day."

(Next week: For the first time official word-by-word record of the war agreements reached by the Three at Teheran.)

AN AFFAIR OF STATE

Continued from page 28

Baker is one of the most valuable
nbers of my staff."
dmiral Blankenhorn will visit
Foreign Ministry to lodge a for-
l protest. He indicated . . .

Proletarian-Bugle gave a different
on, in a small box on page three.

ITISH CAUSING TROUBLE?

UDAPEST, Dec. 17—British
nts, provocateurs or an aroused
nber of the Hungarian proletar-
was responsible for the bomb
ch damaged an American lega-
limousine last night, Budapest
ice believe. J. W. Baker, a third
retary, who was in the car, was
urt.

Baker, police pointed out, was ac-
panied by Rikki Telredy, an ac-
ss. The bomb could have been
own by a Hungarian patriot an-
ed by Baker's attentions to Tel-
y, or it could have been the work
British agents seeking to create
excuse for a diplomatic and eco-
nic attack on Hungary.

Herald had the most complete

UDAPEST, Dec. 17—(delayed
censor)—An American legation
p, clearly painted with American
s, was booby-trapped last night.
W. Baker, legation third secre-
y, suffered shock. His companion,
ress Rikki Telredy of the famous
zona Club, was uninjured.

A bomb was planted under the
's hood while it was parked in
nt of Baker's Revay Street resi-
nce. When he put his foot on the
rter it exploded, blowing the hood
k and cracking, but not splinter-
the windshield.

It is impossible to place responsi-
ty for the bombing, and it is
ubtful if the Communist-con-
lled Budapest police will make
ch of an effort. Anti-American
ngarians could have done it, or
d Army troops, or the police
emselves. Or it could have been
ne by a gang of young hoodlums,
by frustrated car thieves who
nd the jeep securely chained.

WHEN the explosion came Rikki
could not see for a minute, and her
and mouth were filled with smoke
umes, and she was deafened; and if
creamed she did not know it. Then
rst shock passed, and she thought of
nd she groped for and finally found
ever that opened the canvas door
threw herself outside. Not until
did she think of Jeff.

e ran around to the other side of the
and she saw him. He did not look
t like Jeff. He did not look or act
ny man she had ever seen. He was
is belly in the gutter and he was
ng at the dirt and stones in jerky,
ng motions. He was saying words,
what they were she could not under-
d, and in between the rush of words
pitched sobbing sounds came out
s throat. She kneeled beside him in
lime and raised his head and talked
m in Hungarian as a panicky mother
to a hurt child. She stopped talk-
Hungarian, suddenly, and talked in
ish:

What's the matter, Jeff? What's the
er? Oh, be quiet, Jeff! Be quiet! I
ere. I am here. It is all right."

tore his head away from her hands
buried his face in the dark place
een curb and gutter, and Rikki rose
began to shout for help.

the short, dark length of Revay
, there was no movement, no new
, no answering sound. There was
only the babbling man, and the echo of her terror. She stopped screaming. She knew that the people of Budapest do not stir from their beds when there are loud and sudden noises in the night.

She turned to Jeff, and the noises still issued from him. She tried once again to lift his head, failed, and fell across his body, sobbing. . . .

It was thus that the police from the station at 60 Andrássy found them. There were six policemen in this emergency squad. It was the squad that always went to the scene of bombings and shootings, and they knew how to handle it. They dropped off their truck alongside the jeep. Two men with rifles paid no attention to the jeep, but concentrated on the strect and the surrounding houses, to guard against a trap.

THE leader of the squad, a corporal, glanced at the girl huddled over the man. By his sound, the man was badly hurt. The corporal looked inside the hood of the jeep, smelled, examined the wires of the bomb, one twisted around a spark plug and the other attached to the starter wire. He saw how the explosion had blown the hood back against the windshield. The explosion had created its own armor, and he wondered how it was that the man was hurt. Perhaps he was shot.

He took the woman by the waist and lifted her up and stood her on her feet, and when she continued to sob he shook her shoulders. "Shut up!" he said. She was quiet. Then he knelt on one knee beside the man and tried to turn him. The man resisted; he was tall and very strong. "Hey, I need help," the corporal called. Two of his men came, and the three of them forced the man over on his back, holding the arms so they would not be clawed. The man was a mess, and his eyes were wide in madness, and his arms and legs jerked and shook, but there was no blood. "I have seen this," one of the policemen said. "This is battle fear."

The corporal turned to the girl. "Were you in this car with him?"

"Yes."

"He is an American, is he?"

"Yes. he is American. This is his home here. Help me take him inside. He needs help at once."

"Not so fast," the corporal said. "How did this happen? Who is he?"

"I will tell you all that later. Help me get him inside. He must have a doctor."

"No. we will put him in the truck and take him to the station. A doctor can attend him there. We will take you too."

"*Mafla*—stupid ass," the woman said. "I am Rikki Telredy. I know Rajk. I know the whole government. You will do what I say or there will be trouble."

The man was quieter now, and the corporal rose. "So you are Telredy?" he said. "Always you actresses go with the Americans. Why is it?"

"Perhaps they are better men."

"Or have more money," the corporal said. "All right, we will carry him inside. But we will wait with him until his own people come and give me a receipt for him. I will not be responsible."

So they carried Jeff inside, and Sandor came out from under the stairs, his eyes blinking in excitement, and took them up in the elevator. They laid Jeff on the bed and wiped the filth from his face with wet towels, while Rikki telephoned the Park Club. She asked for Fred Keller and told him what had happened and he said he'd be right over.

Jeff was still babbling, but not so wildly now. When she spoke to him he still did not reply. She looked in the medicine closet in the bathroom. There were medicines, there, but none that would



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help him except aspirin, and aspirin seemed silly. She saw a bottle of vitamin tablets, and without thinking popped two of them into her mouth.

Until Fred Keller and Quincy Todd came with Major L'Engle, the mission doctor, she sat on the bed, running her fingers along Jeff's temples, and shielding his wide eyes from the light. The policemen found Jeff's cigarettes, smoked, and grew bored. Every few minutes the corporal would think of a question, and she would answer in a monosyllable.

Major L'Engle was an Army Department doctor who had served in France and Germany, and later in a base hospital in England, and he knew combat fatigue when he saw it. "All right," he ordered, "everybody clear out!" He looked at Rikki. "You stay. I'll have to look at you later."

The corporal wanted to know who was going to give him a receipt, and Fred Keller said he would. Keller said this was a most serious matter, and he trusted that the corporal would make a complete examination of the jeep, and make every effort to discover who was responsible. The corporal shrugged his shoulders and said it was always difficult in a bombing of this type. Also, once the criminals fled, it became a political matter, and therefore a matter for the secret police. No doubt the secret police would make an investigation. Keller and Quincy Todd both laughed. The corporal pocketed a pack of Jeff's cigarettes, summoned his men with his eyes, and left.

"You two can stay if you want," Major L'Engle said then. "Just wanted to get rid of those monkeys."

He lifted Jeff's eyelids and examined the palms of his hands. He loosened Jeff's collar and pulled a blanket over his body. "He's got a bad dose of it," he said. "Look at his arms and legs."

"Bad dose of what?" Keller asked.

"Combat fatigue."

"It scares me," Quincy Todd said. "Can you catch what he's saying?"

"I wish I could use narcosynthesis," Major L'Engle said. "But I'll cool him down with Blue Eighty-eights."

"What's that?" Keller asked

"Sodium Amytal." Major L'Engle was a tightly knit man who wore a military mustache and he carried a military kit. In the bottom of his bag he found a fat, round, blue bottle. Into his hand he shook two pills, bullet-shaped, blue, and long as the end of a man's second finger.

"Can he swallow those?" Rikki asked.

"Sure. You get some water."

The major cradled Jeff's head in one arm, forced the pills into his mouth and shook them into his throat, and made him swallow water after.

"What's he talking about?" said Quincy Todd. "Lot of Italian names, and something that sounds like fire co-ordinates. I never heard him swear like that before. Sounds like he's fighting a battle."

"He is," said Major L'Engle. "He's fighting a battle all over again."

IN THIRTY minutes Jeff's trembling was not so apparent, and his incoherent words were spoken thickly and slowly. Then at last he was silent, and his breathing became regular, and he slept.

Rikki began to cry, and Major L'Engle put his arm around her shoulders and said, "Now, honey, I'll have to find something for you."

She said, "I'm all right. I am perfectly all right. I want to stay here." Then she saw herself in the mirror. She looked her thirty-four years, and the three others she never mentioned. "All right," she said. "I'll go."

"I'll give you a couple of pills. You can take them when you get home. Fred and Quincy will take you."

"Is he going to be all right?" Keller asked. "This isn't permanent?"

"No. Oh, no. He'll have to stay in bed for a couple of days, and rest for maybe a week. Then he'll be as good as ever."

"Suppose he has a recurrence?"

"He won't—unless he gets another bomb."

"We'll all have to be more careful. No more using a car without a driver. I'll get Quigley out of bed and send him up here just in case."

"Yes," the major said, "we'll all have to be more careful." . . .

When Jeff lifted his head and opened his eyes his mouth was thick and parched and his head and face felt swollen and he asked for water. Then he saw L'Engle sitting on the edge of the bed, and Quigley in a chair close by. "Hello, Major. Hello, Quig," he said. "What a hangover! My mouth is full of goat wool. Can you hear what I'm saying? It's morning, isn't it?"

The major had a glass of water in his said, very quietly. "However, that's all past, and you are going to be all right, and Quig is here to see that nobody tosses any more bombs around. But if you were able to tell me everything that happened to you—the thing that sent you to the station hospital—you'd be better off."

"It wasn't much," Jeff said. "Some *Nebelwürfe* came into my position. That's all there was to it."

OF COURSE, that wasn't all there was to it, but it was all he could consciously tell. When the 85th Division was assigned to take the heights commanding Futa Pass, Jeff knew nothing of the grand strategy. All he knew was that the company would kick off at 0200 hours and his platoon would go first.

He also knew that he was afraid. He was always afraid in battle. There was



"Pardon me, please . . . I'm sorry . . . excuse me . . . oops, sorry . . . beg your pardon . . ."

hand, as if he had been waiting. Jeff drank, and said, "Where's Rikki? What happened?"

"You were booby-trapped."

"Oh. What about Rikki?"

"She's okay. Wasn't scratched."

"What happened to me?"

"Baker, that's something I can't tell you. You'll have to tell me."

"I don't understand."

"You must've had a pretty bad shock in the war."

Jeff raised himself on his elbows. "Oh, that's it. I did have a shock, I suppose. No worse than others. Not as bad as some."

"Hospitalized for combat fatigue?"

"You mean did I crack up?"

"That's what I mean."

"No, I don't think so. They took me back to the station hospital in Florence, but then they decided I wasn't so bad, and they sent me to rest camp for a couple of weeks. You know the Fifth Army rest camp? The Hotel Imperial in Rome? Boy, was it wonderful!"

"Ever get any narcosynthesis treatment?"

"No. They didn't think I needed it." This wasn't precisely true. The medics in Florence had thought he needed it. But there were so many others in worse shape that when he'd pulled himself together, when his pride conquered his fear, they'd let him go to rest camp instead of base hospital.

Major L'Engle looked at Jeff's hands again. "I think they were wrong," he no waking moment when he was in range of an enemy shell that he was not afraid.

And he was afraid because he was a smart soldier who kept track of casualty percentages in the combat infantry, and he could estimate his chances. He was deathly afraid of mines and booby traps. He always tried to put his feet only on the fresh tracks of heavy vehicles. . . .

In the late afternoon they rode in trucks almost as far as the regimental OP in Scarperia, and hit the ground there, and immediately came under fire. It was very dry in Italy that autumn, and the vehicles and the scuffing boots of the men raised a tattling cloud of dust as they pressed forward. Jeff cursed the dust, for he knew it invited shellfire. As he had expected, the German SP guns up in the mountains fired into the dust all the afternoon. At the crossroads in Scarperia, Jeff lost his communications sergeant, who was an old and reliable friend, and from that moment Jeff was depressed and had a premonition he would die.

So they came to the jumping-off place, and flopped down in a little dry ditch shielded by dusty bushes. He had not known there would be a ditch there, and it was handy because the enemy's heavy machine guns were searching this ground, and his mortars were nervously working it over.

His bazooka man said, "Ain't good, is it, Lieutenant?"

And Jeff said, "You never had it so good! Look at that sunset! Ever se sunset like that?"

Jeff heard his bazooka man mov back along the ditch, and whisper and he heard the muffled laughter his men. He knew they would be rep ing, "Did you hear what he said? never had it so good!" So he knew men were going to be all right, and told them to eat and get their rest.

He could not sleep, although others seemed to sleep. He grudged e minute that slipped by on his watch, he found himself wishing crazy thi like how wonderful it would be if t would turn backward, and the mi hand would move the other way. last hour was the worst, and his hardly left his watch. Fifteen min before 0200 the guns all opened at o and he thought surely the sky must cr and fall in.

He sensed the men stirring aro him, and he passed the word. When minute hand touched the hour he s "Okay, let's go." He climbed out of ditch and moved forward, his body mind concentrating on making him small. Out of the corner of his eye could see his men moving along w him, and he felt a measure of relief.

Almost immediately he saw w would have to be done. There wa fence of tracer across his path, con from a machine gun on the left. He been taught that tracer at night loo deadlier than it actually was, and should ignore it and press on. This probably a good theory until you actu saw the tracer. Then it was no good. thought they should go get that gun.

THEY did get the gun. Then surp ingly there was no tracer wall to cr and it seemed that they walked throu lane. There was fire and terror on b sides, but straight ahead, miraculousl was not bad. So he walked straight ah toward the deeper black that was mountains. They went on until they climbing, and Jeff wondered whe they had gone too far.

Then he saw the bulk of this hill realized that he crouched at its very b He thought it would be good if he w up this hill, although he had not b told to take any hills. He saw little gouts of rifle fire from the top of the and heard a burp gun working up th

His bazooka man said, "Where hell you goin', Lieutenant?"

Jeff said, "Up the hill."

They went up the hill and at the they found six Krauts, two of t wounded. They had to kill the K officer, and the others gave up. Krauts said they were from the Fo Para Division, and had been expec the attack for a week. They said were all that was left of a company. bombardment had killed all the rest.

He told his men to dig in.

In the early dawn he stared north west until his eyes ran, and finally landscape began to come clear. It lo as if he could spit across to the to Altuzzo. Directly opposite, on the of his eyes, was the corkscrew road ran up Altuzzo, and there were Ger on this road with tanks and self-prop guns and queer-looking equipment.

He did not fire on the Germans, cause he did not want to attract attention sooner than necessary. waited for what he knew must come.

It came. They had received three vos before Jeff realized from the of the smoke that a battery of his 105s was zeroed in on his position.

He was counting his dead, and sh ing for the morphine sucrates for wounded when heavier stuff bega come in, and this time the smoke brown and he knew he had got his toon under bombardment from armies. He lay on the ground, the cussions hurting his belly, and praye

The bombardment grew worse.

"I'm through helping other people... Lu...

from now on I'm concentrating on you . . . . !"



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rs were tearing the hill apart, and ing for him—digging for him per- lly. For another hour he lay there. felt that each succeeding shell was ting a chemical change within him. did not know that he was sobbing, praying.

hat finished him were the six heavy ets, the *Nebelwürfe*, that fell around He was on his hands and knees they came. The blast and con- ion crushed him into the earth as a 's hand swats a fly.

fter that he did not know anything he awoke in the station hospital lorence. They told him his men held ill against a counterattack, but this id not remember. People called the hill Baker's Peak, because it turned to be important enough to deserve ame. People said we might never got Futa Pass, except for Baker's

ff stopped shaking after his two ks in Rome. But for a long time a backfire, or the casual shooting that on in war even behind the lines, ld send him face down and quivering ditch. So they made him a captain, gave him a Silver Star, and attached to Army H.Q., which found good for him as liaison officer with the Air Force in Bari in the spring.

F NONE of this could he speak, nor could he articulate his hatred of the nsate force that had pounded his will courage from his body. Major gle understood all this very well, he gave Jeff another Blue Eighty- , and watched him until he again was asleep.

ff recovered quickly, as the major predicted, but they made him stay in oom. When his hands stopped trem- without the sedation of the Blue ty-eights, Major L'Engle told him he d soon get back to his work. "But t step on any more starters," he ed, "and don't get shot at."

verybody was nice. Almost every- in the legation came to see him, or flowers. Except the admiral. Jeff dered why there was not so much as te from the admiral. Then Mor- Collingwood, the consul general, ped in on an afternoon.

ff saw his chance to ask Morgan ingwood about the admiral. He tried e casual, and remarked, "I haven't any word from the admiral."

lorgan Collingwood looked uncom- able. "It's most unfortunate about dmiral," he said.

What's unfortunate?" Jeff asked.

Well, the way he looks at things."

don't get it, Mr. Collingwood."

Jeff could guess.

Well, Baker, the admiral isn't happy t your behavior. Do you want me eak frankly?"

certainly do."

The admiral heard—from whom I 't know—that you did nothing to ect the woman you were escorting. heard that you cowered in the street. course the admiral hasn't said any- publicly or officially about his ngs. As a matter of fact he praised at his press conference the other The admiral called a special press erence. He wanted to be sure that nstructive version of the affair ap- ed in the press at home. But pri- ly the admiral is chagrined at your duct."

ff tried to keep silent, but he dn't. "That's too bad," he burst out.

Now, now!" said Morgan Colling- d. "That sort of talk won't do you r good."

No, of course not," Jeff said. "Didn't or L'Engle explain—didn't he ex- n to the admiral?"

Yes, he explained, but it only made orse." Collingwood leaned over the as if what next he had to say was fidential. "You see, the admiral said he didn't believe you'd had an injury in the war, because there was nothing in your record to show it. And anyway, he claims there isn't any such thing as combat fatigue. He quoted General Patton, and he said General Patton ought to know."

"Well, he can have his opinion," Jeff said, "and I'll have mine."

"Now that's being sensible," said Morgan Collingwood.

Jeff received cards from most of the mission in Budapest, but none from the Russians, the Jugs, the Bulgars, or the other satellites. The Hungarian Ministry of Foreign Affairs sent him a stilted, insincere note of regret.

He received two cables. The one from Horace Locke said: "RELIEVED TO HEAR YOU NOT BADLY INJURED WOULD APPRECIATE LETTER."

Jeff felt guilty because he had not written Horace Locke, and a little foolish for not having thought of him as a confidant, now in this time when he needed an utterly reliable friend in the department. Should he confide Leonides' conspirational plans to Horace Locke? Could Horace Locke get to the Secretary, if necessary?

He should imagine that Horace Locke could get to the Secretary. After all, Locke had once been a chief of division, and an important man in the department. He thought Horace Locke might be his man.

But there was the difficulty of secure communications with Locke.

The other cable said: "DISMAYED HEAR OF ATTEMPT ON YOUR LIFE STOP JEFF PLEASE PLEASE DONT LET ANYTHING HAPPEN STOP AM WRITING FULLY LOVE SUSAN."

This cable worried him, and yet in a way it made him feel good. She had committed herself entirely. She wasn't just shocked. She was dismayed. He had become part of someone else.

Every afternoon when she was not rehearsing, Rikki came to see him. Sometimes she brought flowers, and sometimes books from her own library, books printed in the United States, their pages limp from much handling. Some, like Look Homeward, Angel, had been published twenty years before, and Jeff had read it but it was good to read again.

She came to see him on his last day in bed. He marveled at her chic, her smartness. She wore a blue suit labeled Fifth Avenue but without a Fifth Avenue label. She told him it was American Army blanket, traded in the black market in Vienna, smuggled across the frontier, sold at a fantastic price in Budapest, and then cleverly dyed and cut by men who loved their craft.

He was sitting up in bed, with the pillows piled behind him, and wore a robe of white toweling. She leaned toward him, and plucked at the threads of the robe. "This matter of which we were speaking," she said. "This matter over which we quarreled—"

"What about it?"

"I will do what you want me to do," Jeff."

"That's fine, Rikki."

"Anything you want, I will do."

"There isn't anything to do right now. I just wanted to know how you felt." He knew what she meant.

Then she sat up straight, her head resting exactly on her straight spine, in the manner of dancers. "Every time I think I understand you Americans," she said, "I find I am mistaken. The ones with wives and four children far away across an ocean, they will chase me. They will tell me they will divorce their wives and forget their children for me, which of course I do not believe but that is what they will say. But you, who have no wife, you hesitate, you shake—look at your hands—you have disturbances of the brain, you have a churning inside you. What is wrong, Jeff? What is this woman you have back there?"

"She's just a girl."

"What is her name?"

"Susan."

"Susan." Rikki considered the sound. "So plain."

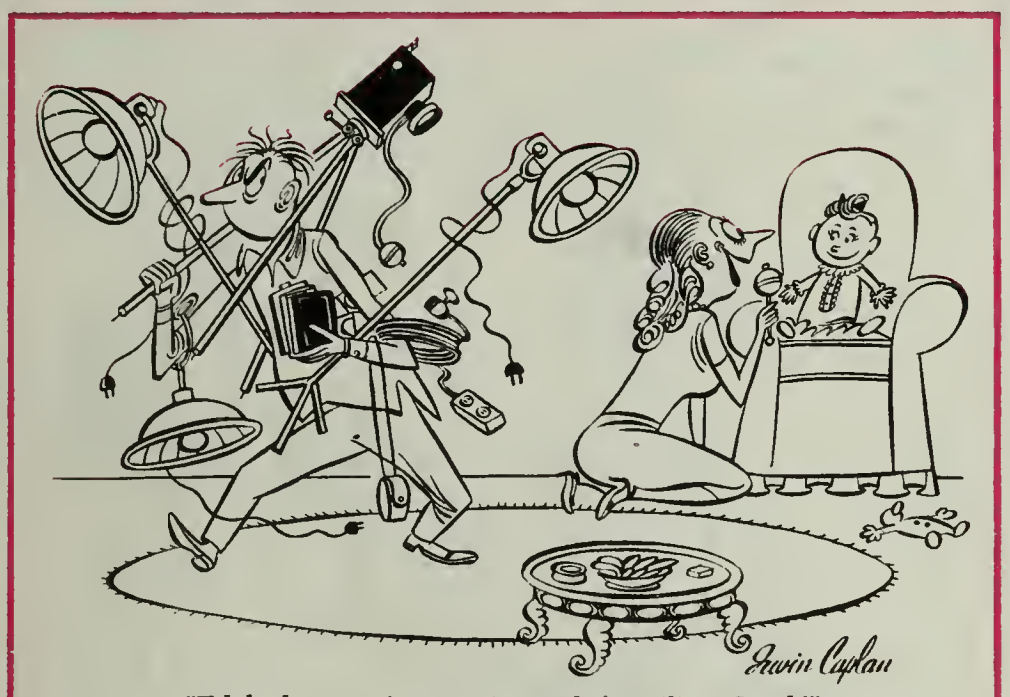
"She isn't plain. She's very complicated."

"And all the time you are here, she expects you to be a monk?"

"I don't think so, she's very liberal, and broad-minded."

Rikki smiled, and showed the tip of her tongue between her teeth. "I would like to meet that Susan!" she said. It was afternoon by the clock, but the night comes fast in Budapest's winter, and the darkness had come.

Soon Rikki would leave, and he would be alone, and lonely with the loneliness of the traveler in a strange city and the alien in a foreign land. He said, "Rikki, come here."



COLLIER'S "Ed, look . . . set it up again . . . she's smiling. Quick!" IRWIN CAPLAN

WHEN Major L'Engle came in the morning, Jeff was up and dressed. The major gave him the usual examination. Then he told Jeff to hold out his hands, palms up. Jeff held out his hands, and the major laid a newspaper across them. The edges of the paper did not tremble.

"You've progressed a long way in twenty-four hours," the major said. "All of a sudden, you're completely relaxed. I didn't think you'd be this relaxed in a month."

"Didn't you?"

"No. You can go out of the house today. Take a little walk. Not too far."

Major L'Engle put on his muffler and overcoat, and felt in his coat pocket, "Almost forgot. I brought your mail from the legation." He brought out a fat packet of air mail, compressed by rubber bands. "These ought to keep you busy a while. You must have a lot of friends back home."

Jeff opened them, starting from the top, with the impatient eagerness of a small boy tearing through a pile of Christmas presents. There were a surprising number of letters from people he didn't know. Most of them were warm and sympathetic. They wanted him to know that the people back home were behind him.

THERE was a letter from Susan: "Dear Jeff—I was in New State cafeteria, having my coffee before the nine-o'clock conference, when I saw your picture looking at me from the front page of The Post, and all I could see in the headline was the word 'bomb,' and for a long time I didn't dare read it. I thought: This can't happen to me—not twice in a lifetime.

"But I hear from Gertrude Kerns—she's my friend in the Balkans Division—that a dispatch came in saying you were getting along fine, and would soon be back on your feet. Thank God! Oh, please, Jeff, be careful!

"I am enclosing clippings from The Post, Times-Herald, Star and News. What really happened? Every story is different. Who was responsible?

"You will notice that the T-H has a photograph of that Hungarian actress, Rikki something-or-other. She looks sort of slinky. I'd never trust a person with eyes like that—man or woman.

"Jeff, you know we didn't do much talking about us. We never had time. I don't know when we ever will have time. Judging from the news, time is running out on us.

"Remember how fearful I was? How afraid I was to have you? How I have changed. I want you, while time remains. I think of the line from Omar: 'The Bird of Time has but a little way to flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing.' I find I'm beginning to agree with Omar now.

"Jeff, I am afraid there is nothing left for you to do. We both feel the same way, dear, but there is nothing either of us can do. All the words have been said at Lake Success (what an ironic name for the place) and all the speeches have been broadcast, and all the notes sent and rejected, and all the treaties made and broken.

"I despair.

"And so, Jeff, I suggest that you resign from the department and come to me. Come to me, Jeff,

Susan."

He put the letter with the others on the leather-topped Italian desk, and yanked his overcoat out of the closet. He felt that he must get away from that letter. Why had she written it? Why had she put into hard, clear, written words what he dared not even think? He left hastily.

He saw an enormous dome looming above him, and in a way it reminded him of the Capitol. He knew, then, that he was going to go into St. Stephen's. He had not been inside a church, to pray, for a long time, oh, twelve or fourteen years.

The climb up the marble entrance left his knees watery, although there were not many steps. Inside he paused to remove his hat, and found that as usual he had forgotten his hat. He walked to the central pillars, and examined the statue of Saint Ladislaus. He felt self-conscious, but no one was watching.

He walked toward a side altar and there were backless wooden benches before the altar, all unoccupied, for this was not an hour of Mass. He became aware of the quiet, the peace. There was a murmur inside St. Stephen's, there was even music from the other side of the

nave, and yet it was wonderfully quiet.

He didn't know how long he had been there when he heard the creak of a man's shoes coming down the aisle behind him, and was aware that somebody moved toward him along his bench. He thought: With all the other benches, why does he have to come here? In the soft light he was aware that the man knelt and crossed himself. He turned his head, and said, "Good Lord!"

"Shh!" said Leonides.

"Don't do that to me!" Jeff said.

"That bomb did your nerves no good, eh, Jeff?"

"I'll say not," he managed to whisper.

"Yes, keep your voice low. We will attract no attention, praying here, unless we make noise."

"What about the bomb?" Jeff asked. "Who did it?"

"Not us. The MVD was concerned because of it. They have orders not to unbalance things here. Not now. The situation is too tense. *He* is not quite ready. *He* will carefully choose his time, but the time, I am afraid, is short. We must somehow begin our operations. We must somehow divert *him*."

FROM the other end of St. Stephen's there rose the chant of a choir. "Is that why you came here?" Jeff asked. "How did you know I was here anyway?"

"I have been watching. This is the third day I have been watching. It is important for you."

"You mean your operations? Sure it's important."

"No, there is something more immediate. This girl, Telredy, who comes to see you—do you like her?"

"Yes, I like her. Why?"

"Then do not see her again. Never again see her."

"Why shouldn't I see her?"

"Because if you see her, she will die. Your Atlantis Project is known, Jeff. It is known that you are in it. Any Hungarian whom you often see will, sooner or later, die or wish he were dead."

Jeff had the queerest feeling, as if he and Leonides had been through this before. He looked at Leonides, sitting on the bench beside him, his big hands clasped, his round, cropped head bent. And when he looked he made a conscious effort to control his own features, and the effort made him realize that this was like the poker games in the Oriente. "What kind of project?" he said. "I don't understand you, Leonides."

"You are a bad liar, Jeff."

"That may be," Jeff said. "But I remember you are a good liar. I'd like to have a nickel for every pot you pulled in with a busted straight."

The chant died away, so that when Leonides spoke next it was only a whisper. "I am not bluffing, Jeff. If you think I am bluffing, continue with this Atlantis Project and see what injuries are caused. But do not continue, Jeff. Stop it quickly. I do not ask you to say yes or no, only listen to what I have to say. The MVD knows of it all. The MVD knows that Keller is at the top, and you and a number of others below. I don't know the MVD source exactly. I know it is from the United States, and probably from the White Russian colony in the United States.

"It is easy for the MVD to operate among White Russians. The Communists and their followers your F.B.I. automatically suspects. The White Russians your F.B.I. automatically trusts. Your F.B.I. forgets that often the White Russians have primary interests in their motherland—family, estates, sweethearts. And a Russian is a Russian. The Germans learned that. They learned it when we emptied our political prisons, and formed the prisoners into divisions, and sent them to Stalingrad. The political prisoners fought well. They loved Russia."

Jeff said, "I have listened to what you had to say, Leonides. Now what about your operations?"

"We are fearful for Yassovsky. He was sent to the Crimea from Moscow, and we have not heard from him since."

"Anything else?"

"Our radio is set. We have it in a truck on the Hochschwab."

"The mountains in the British zone in Austria? I've driven across the Semmering."

"Not even the British patrol the Hochschwab. It will be safe for quite a time. It will do more harm to *him* than all your wireless, and the B.B.C. We will call it RFR—Radio Free Russia."

"How soon can I tell my department?"

Leonides bent his head until his heavy chin touched his chest, and he appeared deep in prayer. His lips moved. "Soon now, please God." Then he asked, "Have you yet told your one person?"

"Not yet."

"Who will he be?"

"Would Keller be all right?" Jeff said.



"Of course it's bumpy. We're sitting directly over the wheels"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

The choir began a new chant, and Leonides raised his head and stared at the great painting of St. Stephen, offering a crown to the Virgin, over the altar. Jeff knew that Leonides was searching the files of his mind for what he knew of Keller. He was going through all the reports. He was evaluating Intelligence. At last he said, "I do not think it should be your Keller, Jeff."

"Very well," Jeff said, "I'll tell Horace Locke, back in Washington."

"You can communicate with him in secret?"

"I'll find a way," Jeff said.

WHEN Jeff got back to his room he fell across the bed. The short walk and the hour spent in St. Stephen's with Leonides had tired him.

When he awoke he knew from the sun that it was afternoon. Rikki was there with a bowl of soup from Madame Angell's kitchen. "Look what I brought you," she said.

"Hello, Rikki," he said, swinging his legs off the bed and shaking the sleep from his head. Now he must act. He must act at once and decisively, so there would be no mistake. "Thanks for the soup, Rikki. It was very thoughtful of you. I'm hungry and I'll eat it. But put it down on the table and get out of here, Rikki. I can't see you again."

"Jeff," she said, "what is wrong? You are sick again?"

"Rikki, it's dangerous for you to be here. I can't explain it all, but you'll have to get out. Right now. Go on now, Rikki."

She put the soup down on the table so that it slopped over the rim of the bowl. "What kind of man are you!"

"This is for your own good, Rikki."

She saw the pile of opened letters on the desk. "Now I see," she said. "Now I see." She smiled as if nothing was funny. "My Jeff has a letter from his Susan. He has remorse."

"Nothing of the sort," Jeff said. He stood up, and tried to say what he had to say quietly, without affront or anger. "Rikki, this isn't a matter of Susan. This is you, Rikki. This is your life."

Her expression changed. He had frightened her. She didn't say anything. She was beginning to understand.

"You can't come up here any more, Rikki. We can't meet anywhere any more. You should not go to Fred Keller's again. You should not eat or dance at the Park Club. You should never enter the legation."

She lowered her head, and said, "Why not?" but she said it as if she already knew the answer.

"Americans are poison for you, Rikki."

"This thing of which we talked?" she asked, without raising her head. "This Hungarian Maquis? Cannot I be in that?"

He knew that as soon as he talked to Keller there wouldn't be any Atlantis Project. "No. You'll have to forget that."

"So you Americans have given up?"

"I have given up that idea. Can't you guess why? Can't you guess why I can't see you any more? Why you shouldn't be seen around any Americans?"

"Yes, I know. But it is very discouraging, Jeff. I am sick. I am empty. You know, all my life was with your people. I thought I was one of you. Now I am alone." She turned away from him, and went out into the hallway, and presently he heard her footfall on the stairs, and the diminishing sound was slow and heavy, and not that of a dancer.

Jeff looked at the soup. He was no longer hungry. Then he realized he must see Fred Keller at once. He picked up the telephone and called. When Fred answered the phone Jeff said, "I've got to see you."

"I'm pretty well tied up."

"Got to see you right away."

"You can't. I've got appointments with Lower Slobbovians all afternoon, and I expect Miss Genghis Khan for dinner." Lower Slobbovians were Hungarians.

Jeff said, "She can't come."

"Why not?"

"She's sick and can't get well." Th meant that she was suspected by t MVD.

"Oh. That's too bad. Yes, you'd b ter come up at eight."

"You should see me right now."

"I can't. That's all there is to it." A then Keller hung up.

AT SEVEN o'clock Jeff put on overcoat and went to the missi He went up to the second floor and tr the door of the dispensary. It was op and the lights were on inside, but L'E gle wasn't there.

He sat on a white metal stool and tr to read a month-old copy of a magazi The type kept jumping out of focus. wished L'Engle would hurry up a come back. He looked up at the rows square bottles on the shelves. Proba better stocked than any hospital in Pest, he thought. His eyes stopped at bottle of Blue Eighty-eights.

He wanted one of those Blue Eigh eights.

Jeff slid off the stool and reached and took the bottle of Blue Eighty-eigh and Miss Ellis, the nurse, opened door and said, "Put that down!"

"Now wait a minute, Miss Ellis," said. "I just came up here to find Ma L'Engle and get a Blue Eighty-eight need it and I know he'd give me on he were here."

"Put that down!"

He saw there wasn't any sense argu with her, and he turned his back so could not interfere and shook ou Blue Eighty-eight and popped it into mouth and swallowed.

"Why, you filthy thief!"

He couldn't answer because he having a hard time swallowing.

"I hope they put you in Leavenwo for ten years. You'll never get a with this, you know. Why, it's the m brazen thing I've ever seen!"

He got it down, but it still felt lik lump under his breastbone. "All ri Miss Ellis," Jeff said, "just take it e When you see L'Engle tell him I came here and took one Blue Eighty-ei Just one, mind you! And I don't th you talk like a lady, Miss Ellis."

He hurried out. It was quicker to w to the motor pool than call and wait a vehicle. If he walked right over h be at Keller's on time.

When Jeff walked into Keller's ap ment he found Fred at ease in a mar lounging robe, the faultless lapels fa with black satin. Fred was smokin a pipe and there was a brandy snifter an open book on the table beside his chair. He seemed like a man wh thoughts were only on a book and an disturbed evening, until you loo closely at his face. Then you saw all muscles were taut, and new lines sho around the mouth. "Hello, Jeff," he s "Do you want to eat first, or talk?"

"I've eaten, thanks," Jeff said. "I th we'd better talk." He folded himself a chair and lighted a cigarette. He relieved to see the Blue Eighty-eight dispatched his jitters. "Atlantis Pro has been penetrated. The Russians k about it. We've had it, Fred."

Keller's tan faded to yellow. "How you know?"

"A Russian told me."

"I don't believe you!"

So Jeff told him the story. He sta in the beginning at Bari. He told everything, but he did not mention onides' own secret. He didn't men Leonides' resistance movement.

When Jeff finished, Keller's pipe out but he was still puffing at it. looked at Jeff, estimating, analyz searching. He said, "Well, it's not as as I thought. I really don't see any son to discontinue Atlantis."

"You don't!"

"No, I don't. But I do see reasons

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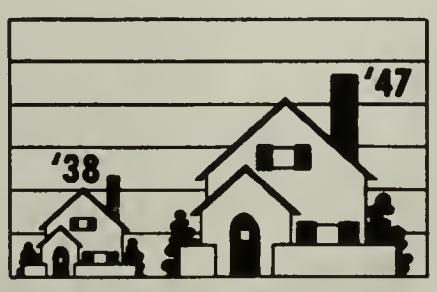
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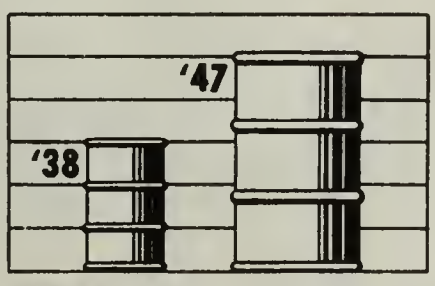
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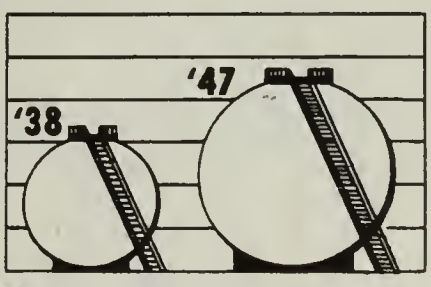
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if what you told me became known—say to the admiral—you'd be fired."

"Are you sure you listened carefully to what I told you?" Jeff asked.

"I digested every word. I'm only worried about one thing. How much did you leak to the Russian?"

Jeff knew he was growing angry. "Give away to the Russians! Nothing, of course!"

"I hope not. I wouldn't like to lose you, Jeff. I think you've been doing a good job, except for this one thing."

"But don't you see that this one thing finishes us?" Jeff demanded.

KELLER said, "You *are* dense." He rose and paced to the bar, and poured a thimble measure of brandy into the fat-bellied glass. He swished it around, and warmed the snifter with his long-sinewed hands. He seemed to have forgotten to offer a drink to Jeff.

"Don't you see?" Keller continued. "Don't you honestly? Don't you see that the Russians are on a fishing expedition? Oh, they may know something. They may even know the name of our project, although I honestly don't see how they'd even know that."

"It seems to me that they know everything," Jeff said, "and they picked it all up right in Washington."

"That's ridiculous. As I said, they may have a little hint of what's going on. So they assign this chap—what's his name?"

"Leonides Lasenko."

"They assign your friend Lasenko to pump you. Why did they pick you, and not me, or one of the others? First of all, you're fresh out here, and obviously don't know enough to stay away from Russians. And secondly, Lasenko knew you. That's the important thing. Lasenko got your name from customs, and he recognized it, and went after you. Perhaps you were the only approachable American in Budapest."

"Yes, I'm sure of that, anyway," Jeff said.

"Now I'll tell you what I'm going to do," Keller said, and Jeff could see he was composed again. "You're just to forget about this whole thing and let me handle it. You're not to mention it to anyone else. You're just to forget about it. And nothing is going to happen to you, except for God's sake, Jeff, don't see that Russian again."

Jeff was silent, but he knew what presently he was going to say.

"Yes, I'll handle it all," Keller went on. "I'll change the name of the project. If the Russians have heard anything about Atlantis, and are trying to find out what it is, we'll just eliminate the name."

"It won't work," Jeff said.

"Nonsense. I'll just tell the admiral it's best for security that we change the name. Time we changed it, as a security measure, anyway. You go right ahead with your work. How're you getting along with Miss Genghis Khan?"

Jeff said, "I'm not going to see her again, and you're not going to see her again."

"Now, Jeff, don't be difficult."

Jeff leaned back in his chair. He was quiet and calm now, and it wasn't the Blue Eighty-eight that had given him this steadiness. "It's easy for you, Keller," he said. "You know the Russians won't kill you. You're safe, because if you were killed that'd be an incident, and at this time they don't want such an incident. But if they grab Rikki, and snaffle out her life, that doesn't hurt you, Keller."

"That's enough, Jeff!"

"No, it's not enough. You know damn' well the way the MVD operates. You know damn' well you're safe. You know they'll watch—are watching now. And every Hungarian you see often enough, or I see often enough, that Hungarian is as good as dead. Do you want to be a murderer, Keller?"

Keller said, "One last chance, Jeff. I know you're unstrung. The bomb—that explosion."

"I'm not unstrung."

"I'd hate to believe that you were a coward. The admiral thinks you're a coward. One last chance, Jeff. I directly order you to continue with your work."

"I'm not going to do it."

Keller shook his head. He seemed older than forty now, and he had lost his spruceness, his straightness. "You will go to your apartment. I will have to see the admiral." . . .

Jeff had a bad three days. The first day, nobody called him, or visited. This in itself was a bad sign. He spent the day typing a letter to Horace Locke. The letter was a careful summary of everything Leonides had told him of what Leonides had called the Second Russian Revolution.

He had no idea how he was going to get the letter to Locke. He knew that any letter he dropped into the pouch, from now on, would be suspect. And he had the same premonition Susan had. Time was running out.



"Take Hal Brenner for instance—one season in summer stock and now he's got a steady job as a union carpenter in Newark"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

THE second day Major L'Engle came to see him, looking harassed. "The admiral," he said. "He's wild. What happened?"

"You mean in your dispensary?"

"Sure, in my dispensary."

Jeff told him what happened, and the major nodded and said, "That's what I thought, but nobody is going to believe me, or you."

"What do you mean, won't believe you?" Jeff asked.

"Well, you taking that Blue Eighty-eight is only part of it." The major twisted his hands together as if what he was saying were difficult. "Baker, that thwarted, lard-faced harridan in white reported other drugs missing. She wrote a letter to the admiral. I knew they were missing before she did. You see, I took them."

Jeff said, "I suppose they blame that on me, too."

"Oh, no, the admiral lets me have all that. You see, I told him. I told him the truth, but he thinks I sold the stuff on the Bourse, and I'm under charges."

Jeff took out the bottle of cognac he kept locked in his dispatch case and gave the major a drink, because obviously the major needed a drink. Then he took one himself. "I'm confused," Jeff said.

The major drank the cognac in a gulp. "If I had just been smart enough to lie! If I had just told the admiral that some of the G.I.s in the M.A.'s office had been sick, or even that I was sick myself, nothing would have happened. But I told the truth. You know the Hunyadi Home?"

"I've heard of it. The home for boys."

"Yes. It's near my place, and every once in a while I drop in there. I don't have any boys myself. But I like boys. Their infirmary is deplorable. No equipment at all."

"So?"

"So for the last six or eight months I've been helping them out. I've saved three pneumonias, and one meningitis, and some others. I told the admiral the truth about it. In the first place, he doesn't believe me, and in the second place I'm not supposed to use the mission's drugs for indigenous personnel. He's right, of course. No getting away from it. He's right, officially."

"I'm sorry," Jeff said. "I'm sorry that I started this."

"Oh, I told him about you too. I told him it was perfectly okay if you took a Blue Eighty-eight because there wasn't anybody there to give it to you. I explained the stuff wasn't habit-forming unless you took it for a considerable period. Did it do any good? No. Every time I mentioned your name he just sputtered. I don't know what else you've done, Baker, but whatever it is, you've got him wild."

"I hope he'll cool down."

"He won't. I'm on tomorrow's plane, going home under charges."

"Oh, that's too bad!" Jeff tried to think of something cheerful, because he liked L'Engle. "You'll be all right. It's the best he could do.

"No, I won't. There'll be an investigation, and anyway a repri[mand] and they'll look on their maps and either the hottest place in the wo[rld] the coldest place in the world and say, 'We've got a new post for you, gle, where there are no black m[ail]. Goodby, bub.' "

Jeff poured another drink, and w[hen] handed the glass to L'Engle he l[ooked] deep into his face. L'Engle's fa[ce] like rock, but rock weathered an[d] lowed by his years and his prof[ession]. "So you're going on tomorrow's p[lane]," Jeff said. "And you're a decent gu[y]."

"You don't have to feel so damn[ed] for me."

"I wasn't feeling sorry. Will y[ou] liver a letter for me, Major?"

"Depends on where it's going[.] going to Washington."

"That's where the letter's going[.]" jor."

"So long as it doesn't contain [any] fied material, sure."

Jeff said, "This hasn't been cl[as]sified yet. There isn't any classification [on] it."

"Now that sounds interesting," t[he] jor said.

Jeff finished his drink. "This [letter] might get you into trouble, Majo[r]," said. "I want you to read it, and [make] your own decision."

He handed the letter to L'Engl[e]. major started reading it, and then h[e] a pair of glasses from the inside [pocket] of his blouse, and put them o[n] started again. When he finish[ed] handed it back to Jeff. "I'll deliver [it]," said. "You got an envelope?"

"Yes." Jeff sat down at the de[sk] wrote, "Horace Locke. Old State [Place] and Pennsylvania Avenues, N.W., [Wash]ington, D. C." He said, "Here yo[u are]."

Major L'Engle dropped the en[velope] into his doctor's bag. "You don['t have] to worry about it," he said, "becau[se my] bag always goes with me, and I nev[er] get it."

"I'm not worried," Jeff said.

"Yes you are," said L'Engle. "[You're] worried that I might talk. You [don't] have to worry about that, either." took the bag in his hand. "So long [and] me up—if you ever get to Alaska.

ON THE morning of the thi[rd] Quincy Todd phoned and [said] "Hey, where you been?"

"You know damn' well where I [have] been."

"You don't have to act like [an] untouchable. You're not, you know."

"No, I didn't know."

"Well, meet me at noon and [I'll] you."

So at noon Jeff walked to th[e] Molnar. Quincy Todd was sitting [at a] table which by custom was their[s]. Marina wasn't there to serve ther[e]. other girl was there, and Jef[f] "Where's your girl friend?"

"I don't know," Quincy said[.] she's not my girl friend any more[.] Russky beat my time."

"You mean my Russky—the n[ew]"

"Yes, your Russky."

"I thought she didn't like Rus[sky]"

"She likes that one. Every nig[ht] I've been here for the last two [weeks] there she is with the Russky. So w[hat] I do? Can I go over and try to e[ject] out of the picture? No. I just sit h[ere] it comes closing time and he ta[kes] home—or somewhere. What's [he] that I haven't got?"

"Nothing. He just gets here fir[st]."

Quincy dumped his cognac i[nto] coffee. "First today," he said. "[Do] know what we call the second floo[r] legation now? The Whispering G[all]. And do you know what they're a[ll] ing about? About you, Jeff."

"I'm not surprised."

"Now, Jeff, I don't want you [to]



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me anything about this. I know you're in a jam, and I know the whole thing is extra-secret. I just want to tell you what's been going on, and I want to pass along a little advice."

"Okay."

"In the first place they've been having conferences about you every day—I mean the big boys—the admiral and Morgan Collingwood and Fred Keller and Quigley. That means they can't agree."

"Maybe," Jeff said.

"I've got a hunch, Jeff, that if you go into this thing tomorrow and say, 'Okay, I've been a bad boy and I won't do it again,' why, nothing will happen."

"I'll think it over," Jeff promised.

JEFF'S phone rang again on the afternoon of that third day. At first he thought it was somebody at the legation, because when he used only simple phrases Leonides' voice was without accent, and almost American.

"I've got to see you right away," Leonides said.

"Who is this?"

"Don't you know?"

"I'm not sure."

"The night you had four deuces, I had four tens."

"Oh. Where?"

"The same place as last time."

"In thirty minutes."

On this dark day St. Stephen's was darker, even, than it had been before. On this day there was no choir, nor music from the organ. In the gloom he could see small groups of women silent on the benches. They had come in from the cold, or rested here a while, their baskets beside them, before trudging through the snow to their homes and their stoves.

Exactly on the minute he heard the scrape of boots on the stone corridor, and felt someone brush against the bench. He did not raise his head until Leonides sat down close to him. Then he saw that the trousers were not Russian uniform trousers, but worn, shabby flannels.

"What happened to you?" Jeff whispered. "Where did you get that outfit?"

Leonides didn't raise his cropped head an inch, and when he spoke Jeff could detect no movement of his lips. "I am a fugitive. I don't speak of how I got these clothes."

"Your plan?"

"Is known. They questioned Yassovsky. They questioned him for one month before they killed him."

"What're you going to do?"

"Run the border. Run the border across the Raab into the British zone. Then to the Hochschwab and our transmitter. We do not quit. We fight."

"I don't think much of your chances, Leonides. You know how they watch the border. You know how they watch for deserters. And they'll be after you. You know they'll be after you," Jeff said.

"There is no chance here. Here my face is too well known. I must go quickly."

"Do you need anything?"

"Perhaps some American money. It is wanted everywhere."

Jeff reached in his pocket and took out his wallet. He had five twenty-dollar bills in an inner pouch. He handed them under his knees to Leonides. "I still think it's terribly dangerous. You haven't papers, or anything, have you?"

"Papers are no good for me," Leonides said. "Today nobody can safely cross a boundary even with an endorsement from God. Only the gypsies travel today. Only the gypsies laugh at passports. Only the gypsies know the safe ways, for they have been doing it for two thousand years."

"I see," Jeff said. "Marina."

"We will not see each other again for a long time, Jeff. So I give you the name of another, with whom you can have liaison. Zatsikeffsky, the Civil Air Attaché."

"How do you spell it?"

"You'd better write it down. Have you a pencil?"

Jeff moved very slowly, raising his hand to his chest. He found a pencil in his vest pocket. Leonides gave him a brown paper envelope, and spelled out Zatsikeffsky, slowly and in whispers.

"And in case something happens to him, too?" Jeff asked.

"He is the last of us here in Budapest."

"Elsewhere?"

Leonides was silent.

"Can't you tell me, Leonides?"

"It is forbidden. I am pledged never to mention the name. Yet on occasion, one must take a chance, and I must now take it. I know the names of few important ones in other places. We do not wish to know. It is not good to know, for it could happen to any of us what happened to Yassovsky, and there is no man who will not talk. Only when a man is dead is he truly silent. I know one in Moscow who is above me." He mentioned a three-syllable name, and Jeff wrote it down. "You spell it?" Leonides observed.

"I've heard it before." Jeff thought of his own troubles, and wondered whether he should tell Leonides, and decided he wouldn't do it, because Leonides had enough worries now. He did say, "I've sent a report to Washington, Leonides, to a man I completely trust."

"That's good. It's not so important that you be secret now, except with the names. As to the plan itself, it is known because of Yassovsky. Now I will go, Jeff. The quicker we start, the better."

"So long, Leonides."

"Goodby." Leonides rose and moved away, his hands in his pockets, and his head lowered.

That was Thursday. At ten o'clock Friday morning Lieutenant Commander Phelan, of the Naval Attaché's office, came to Jeff's room. He was dressed in his best uniform, and wore his ribbons.

"Mr. Baker," Phelan said, "the admiral sent me to inform you that you are wanted in his office."

When Jeff entered the admiral's office he could see that this was not to be so much a trial as passage of sentence. He could tell by their stiffness. The admiral was behind his desk, and the others—Keller, Collingwood and Quigley—were seated in a semicircle, with their backs to the light. There was an empty straight chair in front of the desk, and Jeff knew he was supposed to take chair. He did not want to sit there, ever, because the light would be i eyes and he could not clearly see faces. "Sit down, Mr. Baker," th miral said.

"If you don't mind I'll move chair," Jeff said, and he did move ward the end of the desk. Then b down. In the better light he coul the admiral's face growing red.

The admiral picked up a sheaf o pers, rustled them into a pile, an them down again. The model cr carrier and four miniature destr still sailed across his desk, but in disg ful formation. "Now, Mr. Baker, admiral began, "you know why y here. No matter what my personal ings may be, I want to be fair with It's always been my contention tha ery man deserves a hearing. I'd g hearing to a seaman second class I'll give one to you. Now what hav got to say for yourself?"

"Nothing, sir," Jeff said.

"It is absolutely incomprehensit me," the admiral said, "that you consort with a Russian, and be tak by such a cock-and-bull story. N speak of your other actions. Not to tion your shameful public display b the Hungarian police simply be there's a little harmless explosion. I've seen men stand up under a six inch salvo and grin. Done it mysel

Jeff sensed that the admiral was ing him. Jeff felt that the admiral w him to lose his temper. He looked little fleet in disarray on the desk kept his mouth shut.

"If it were entirely up to me—it would be if the Department of believed in maintaining taut ship—be on the way back to the United today with L'Engle. But the consu eral here tells me I've got to be po you, because you're a Foreign S officer." The admiral enunciated eign Service officer" in what he th was a babyish treble.

"Yes, I've got to be very polite admiral went on. "I can't fire yo self. I can only ask Washington call you. And I have to prefer ch Well, that I'll do."

William Quigley hadn't said any He was sitting with his hands in h wooden as part of the furniture. Quigley felt called upon to speak you will pardon me, Admiral," he "I want to point out that I am res ble to the department for the secur Atlantis Project. Mr. Baker says th project has been penetrated."

"I don't believe it," the admiral

Quigley said, "It is not possib anyone to say arbitrarily that it h hasn't until there has been an inve tion. I propose to conduct such vestigation."

THE admiral's office was quiet William Quigley raised his co eyes. "Jeff," he said, "it is my o that you haven't told us everythin

"You're right, Quig," Jeff said.

"You've seen your Russian again, haven't you?"

"Yes, I did. I saw Leonides La again. I saw him yesterday after He was wearing civilian clothes, a was trying to get across the borde the British zone. He has become the *unbekannte Menschen*. He is a in a resistance movement agains Soviet regime."

The admiral leaned his big across the desk. "Do you make t up as you go along?" he inquired.

"Before he left, Lasenko gave m names," Jeff went on. "One here. in Moscow."

Quigley stirred in his chair. "W he going?" he asked. "Where's th senko going?"

"He's trying to get to the Hochsc They've got a transmitter up

Beginning Next Week

SECOND MAN ON THE TICKET

By

EDWIN LANHAM

A fast-moving novel of political intrigue in the Vice-Presidential race. Governor Willis G. Warburton, aboard his campaign train, discovers that he is about to be smeared by a scandalmongering Washington columnist. The only people who can help Warburton are his beautiful young secretary, Lucy Strawn, and his campaign biographer, Roy Mason—and they fight like cats and dogs.

e going to call it RFR—Radio Russia."

admiral planted a hand on the "Mr. Baker, I don't want to hear ore of your fabrications," he said. ık that you have a twisted or dis- brain."

n I go now?" Jeff asked. "Have ished with me?"

ave, Mr. Baker," the admiral said. will go to your quarters."

n Jeff was gone the admiral d, "Did you ever hear such bal- h?" But nobody said anything, e admiral spoke again. "All right, on. Let's get on with this. What's done? First send a cable to the ment, I say, asking for his imme- recall. Then we'll draw up the s and send them in the pouch."

can't send them by pouch," Quig- id. "You'll remember, sir, that g about Atlantis Project was to be tted to writing."

my estimation," the admiral re- "it's not necessary to go into this ss of Atlantis being compromised. Keller said yesterday he didn't be- , and I don't believe it either. It'd use a useless flap in Washington. now how they panic in Washing-

Keller rose. He stood behind the nd gripped the back of it. He wet s. "I'm afraid I've changed my Admiral," he said. "I'm afraid we Whether Jeff Baker leaked, r the leak was in Washington, or r it was somewhere else I don't But I find I must conclude that ker is telling the truth, until proved ise."

gree with you, Fred," said Mor- llingwood. "I don't think we can an arbitrary decision here at this I think there should be a complete gation in Washington. I think y should go on Sunday's plane y the whole matter in the lap of the ment."

hink that would be proper pro- ," said Keller. "Meanwhile I feel uld discontinue Atlantis opera-

admiral straightened the fleet on sk. He pushed out his lower lip. dmiral had not become an admiral regarding the advice of his staff. certainly changed your mind in a " he fired at Keller.

s, I suppose I did," Keller said.

admiral shook his impressive, maned head. "Well, I suppose I'll o go along with you," he said. . . . ncy Todd called Jeff late on Satur- orning and said, "I see you're still

"Barely," Jeff said.

"I'll come up tonight and bring some local talent."

"I'd rather not." He had been trying to write Susan, and found there was nothing really he could say.

"Just for laughs."

"Okay, for laughs." It would be good, anyway, to see a human face.

ON SATURDAY afternoon Quigley visited him. Quigley sat down in the prim way he had, and dropped a worn dispatch case, its lock askew and its seams leaking threads, at his feet. "Going somewhere?" Jeff said.

"Yes, I'm going to Washington. I suppose you can guess why."

"I suppose I can. Do you think I have a chance?"

"You're in a helluva situation, if you will pardon the language. You see, you have nothing to substantiate your story. It is true that your friend Leonides doesn't seem to be in Budapest. That I've discovered. But it doesn't prove anything."

"It's true."

"I believe it, Jeff. But who else will? It might be better if you had a friend in the department."

Jeff thought it over. "I suppose you'd call him a friend. You know Horace Locke?"

"Certainly I know Horace Locke. But he has no influence, and almost no job. I feel very sorry for him, and I'm afraid he won't be able to help you."

"He is the only friend, except Susan Pickett, of course."

Quigley struggled with the twisted lock of his dispatch case, said, "Darn it! Darn it!" and finally it opened. He took out a notebook. "Now, Jeff, I want you to tell me the rest of the story about Lasenko."

So Jeff told everything he hadn't told in the admiral's office the day before—except the two names—the survivor in Budapest and the one in Moscow, the big one. He knew that Quigley was going to ask for the names, and when he did ask, Jeff said:

"I'm sorry, Quig."

Quigley nodded. "I understand. As a matter of fact I think you're very discreet, Jeff, and I won't press you. But I do urge you also to send the names to Locke."

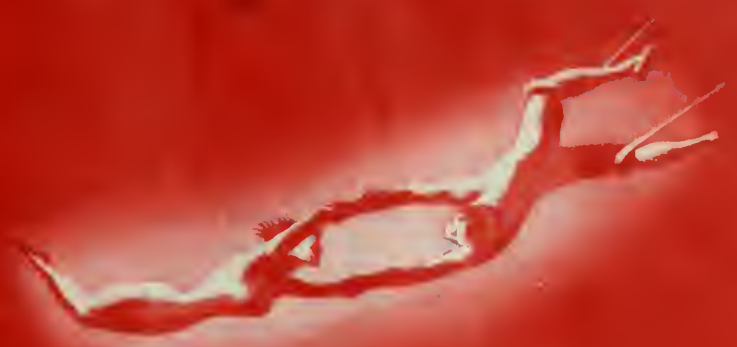
Jeff smiled. "How?"

"I'll take them."

A man couldn't do everything himself. A man had to trust other men. Jeff found he trusted Quigley as he trusted L'Engle. He moved across the room and sat down at the typewriter and wrote one brief paragraph. Then he signed his name and addressed an envelope. He folded the



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paper and slipped it inside the envelope and handed it to Quigley.

"Aren't you going to seal it?"

"No."

Quigley took the envelope and dropped it into his dispatch case on top of his notebook and other envelopes garnished with red wax. He didn't say anything. He spent an absurd length of time fussing with the lock.

Jeff watched him, and then went to the closet and found his own dispatch case, which since he arrived in Budapest had been used for nothing. What was it Susan had said about this case? She hoped it would bring back something to wipe her fear away? Well, this was the only chance the case would get. "Quig," he said, "how about trading cases? Yours has had it, and I never use mine."

"No, you keep it."

"I wish you would trade. I've got reasons."

Quigley stood up and took Jeff's case and ran his fingers along the beautifully turned leather and picked at the seams and inspected the lock. Then he took his envelopes and notebook out of the old case and transferred them to Jeff's case. "This is awfully good of you."

"You're really doing me a favor when you take it," Jeff said.

Quigley shook hands, and Jeff said, "I guess I won't be seeing you again."

"I hope you'll be seeing me very soon and very often. You've done a very nice thing for me, Jeff. I don't think anybody ever did such a nice thing for me."

Jeff thought it was very strange that a hard little guy like Quigley would be so upset, and even have tears in his eyes, and he wondered why.

QUIGLEY had crossed the Atlantic sixty-four times by ship. This was his fiftieth crossing by air, and therefore something of a milestone. On this day, after he was seated in the Constellation, and had wedged his dispatch case against the plane's cushiony side with his leg, he took out his notebook—the thirtieth of identical size and shape that he had used up since joining the department—and wrote, "December 25, 1949." December 25th. Another Christmas away from home. The motors showed their power, the plane began to move, and when he was sure they were air-borne he wrote, "Took off from Budapest 9:32 A.M. Central European time."

He slept from Budapest to Vienna and he slept from Vienna to Prague and from Prague to Shannon. In Shannon he ate roast-beef sandwiches and drank a quart of rich Irish milk. It was when they were halfway across the Atlantic that he put his dispatch case across his knees, opened it and checked the envelopes within. When he came to Jeff's letter to Horace Locke he balanced it on his fingers and it was very thin and fragile, not at all like the other bulkier envelopes with their heavy red seals. He put it back in the dispatch case. Then he slept again.

When the plane touched down at National Airport he took out his notebook and wrote, "December 26, 1949—arrived Washington 10:57 A.M. EST."

Customs and Immigration knew him, of course. As he got into a cab a newsboy was yelling about a new crisis, but he didn't buy a paper because he didn't want to know of any more crises. He debated what to do first, and decided that business must come first, and said, "New State."

While he waited in Gerald Matson's secretarial office he wished he'd stopped at the airport restaurant for coffee. People came in and out of Matson's office as if they were attached to an endless chain. He said to the receptionist, "I beg your pardon, but I just came in from Budapest. Didn't the admiral cable that I was coming?"

"I really don't know," the girl said. He could see that she hadn't been long in the department.

"Well, perhaps," he suggested, "you'd better tell Mr. Matson that I'm here from Budapest, and I have to see him on important business."

"Oh, come off it, mister," the receptionist said. "All our business is important."

Into the mind of Quigley there crept a pixie. "You will, eventually, tell him I'm here, won't you?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes, eventually."

Quigley thought: I've never done anything like this before, and why I should start at my age I don't know. But it might be fun and I think I'll try it because at my age one doesn't have much fun. "When you decide to present my name to Mr. Matson," he said, "would you also give him a brief message? Just a few words?"

"Okay, Mister Quigley."

"Just say, 'Atlantis has been penetrated.'"

She repeated, "Atlantis has been penetrated. Atlantis has been penetrated. Atlantis has been penetrated. Okay, Mr. Quigley, as soon as Mr. Soukis has conferred with Mr. Matson, I'll go in there and say Atlantis has been penetrated."



"Please listen to me, dear. There was a stack of dirty dishes in the sink. I washed them. I wasn't gadding around in night clubs!"

COLLIER'S HERB WILLIAMS

A man came out of Matson's office, and the receptionist said, "Well, there goes Soukis. He's a big Greek. But I mean, big. Now I'll tell Mr. Matson you're here." She fixed her hair. "What was it you said to tell him?"

"Atlantis has been penetrated."

"Oh, sure," She went through the door.

She came out again almost immediately. She didn't stop in the outer office, but fled into the hallway. Behind her was Gerald Matson, his dark eyes blazing like beacons in the pallid desert of his face.

Quigley's interview with Matson lasted through the lunch hour, and into the afternoon. Quigley presented the documents, and then told what could not be put down on paper. He told everything, because he was a perfect reporter. He mentioned everything except the letter he had for Horace Locke. This he classified as a personal matter.

Matson asked, "And what did the admiral recommend?"

"He wants Baker recalled."

"But what about Atlantis?"

"He's laying that in your lap, Mr. Matson."

"He's not going to put it in my lap. It's Keller's baby."

"Isn't it your baby, too, Mr. Matson?"

"This Baker," Matson remarked, "has certainly fouled things up. Not that I didn't expect it. I expected it all along. My opinion is that he got himself into trouble and concocted a story."

"Whatever mistakes he may have made," said Quigley, "I don't believe Jeff Baker is malicious."

"Oh, yes, he's malicious!" said Matson. "He knows very well that my wife is a White Russian! So he cunningly contrived to quote this so-called Russian turncoat as blaming this so-called penetration on White Russians here in the United States. You know what I think it is? I think it's a plot!"

Quigley crossed his knees and seemed to be absorbed in adjusting the crease in his trousers. "You know," he said, "I hadn't thought of that."

"You don't think my wife would be indiscreet, do you?" Matson said.

"Anybody can be indiscreet."

"Are there any more questions you wish to ask me?"

"No. I'll call if I need you. Goodby, Mr. Matson." Quigley was in a hurry to leave.

When he was gone Matson picked up the telephone and called his wife. "Anya," he said, "where's Iggy?"

"Why, he's still in Hollywood."

"That place is full of Reds."

"What are you talking about?"

He hesitated, while he tried to frame the question safely. "Anya," he said, "now don't be angry, but I want to ask you something. Do you remember when Iggy was in Washington and we were discussing something very important, and I told you not to talk in front of him?"

"Of course I remember it. Why did you bring it up?"

"You didn't talk to him any more, did you?"

There was that infinitesimal moment of hesitation that the lie detector can diagnose but the human ear can only sense, and never with sureness. "Why, of course not, dear."

"That's good, dear."

"Why, what's this all about, Gerald?"

"Can't talk about it over the phone. Just remember that you never mentioned anything to Iggy."

"Why, I didn't, dear," she said, and hung up.

Gerald Matson made up his mind. . . .

Quigley found Horace Locke at his desk. They had not seen each other for two or three years, but their greetings didn't show this. In the space of their service and acquaintanceship two or three years was not a long period of time.

Quigley unsnapped the lock on his case, and Horace Locke said, "Th nice case you've got, Quig. Your ol finally collapse?"

"I traded," said Quigley, "with Jeff Baker." He brought out Jeff's and handed it to Locke. "I brough letter from him."

Horace Locke took the envelop turned it in his hands. He saw th flap was unsealed—saw that it had been sealed. "Do you know wh here?" he asked.

"I know it contains two names."

"What kind of trouble is Jeff in?"

"I don't know what's come over Quigley said. "Everything about thi is classified, some of it confidential, secret, and some of it top-secret, a still going to tell you."

"I used to be allowed to keep se

"So you did. So you did. But you'll have to take action."

HORACE LOCKE looked out window at the White House a Capitol. It was his view. He had se long time. But it always fascinate for somehow it seemed always changing. It was almost as if the ings changed with the character people inside them. "I've known since Friday that I would have t action," Locke said. "I knew Frida I had been waiting here all this tim

"I don't think it will be easy for Quigley said.

"I will do what is required."

Horace Locke considered his firs Eventually the affair would have t the Secretary. Of that he was sure tainly the news of this Russian should go before the Secretary at

But more pressing was the predic of Nicholas Baker's son. If Jeff were discredited, and tossed out department, his story of the Russi sistance would never be believed. It not be believed in any case, but o was deprived of his official standi would have no chance. The best was to sound out Matson. Horace didn't like Matson, but he unde him. He deduced it would be in M interest to get rid of Nick's son.

He dialed the Balkans Divisi girl, probably the receptionist in th office, answered. "I would like to to Mr. Matson," he said. "This is H Locke speaking. It's urgent."

"I'm sorry," the girl said in a si Tennessee twang, "but Mr. Mats gone for the day."

"Has he gone home?"

"How do I know? He's gone."

Horace Locke called Matson's in Alexandria. He wasn't hom Anya Matson didn't know wh would be home. He must be worki at the office.

Horace Locke waited thirty m and dialed Balkans again. The rec ist was still there, and he thou strange that she would be there i son had left for the day. "Are y same guy who called before?" she "Don't ring here any more. I'm

Horace Locke put down his tel gently and leaned back in his cha told himself to control his tempe buffs like this always made hi bad, made him want to go off wher weren't any people, and he kne this feeling was not right. It seen Horace Locke that people were ing. They all seemed rude and pish.

He tried Matson's home once and he still wasn't there. Well, pr Matson wouldn't make his deci once. It would take two or thre He would see Matson in the morni wondered whether it would do an to try the Secretary's office, and against it. He had known the Se many years before, and from t time had had business contacts w Secretary, but he had not seen hi for four years. So he didn't dial t

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retary, although he had a hunch the Secretary would still be on the job. Horace Locke went home to his club. . . .

That morning the Secretary had ridden for his usual hour in Rock Creek Park, breakfasted at seven, and arrived at the office at eight thirty. The early-morning broadcasts had warned him he'd have a busy day. Even Arthur Godfrey sounded lugubrious, and when there was no cheer in Godfrey then the world was in a sorry state.

The Russians had murdered an eighteen-year-old G.I. in Vienna. So said Headquarters of United States Forces Austria. Radio Moscow's version was different.

Stockholm was frightened. All night Stockholm had seen shooting stars that didn't come from heaven.

Something foul was going on in the uranium mines of the Belgian Congo. Brussels blamed it on Soviet propaganda. But Brussels also suggested that if the Southern senators could be persuaded to stop screaming their racism, the blacks in the Congo might go back to work.

The un-American Committee was sniping at one of his section chiefs whose wife's nephew had attended a Communist Front rally in San Francisco. The committee wanted him fired at once, and the section chief was in the Secretary's outer office, hysterical and in tears, with an armload of affidavits saying he had always lived in Westchester County and voted straight Republican.

The President was in bed with a touch of intestinal flu.

Greece and Turkey needed more money.

So did China.

The Dominican Republic said Trujillo was en route to Washington, where he expected to be received by the President and presented with a four-motored flying yacht, and a cruiser, three destroyers and a few tanks. He wanted to fight Venezuela.

There was bad news from Korea, Afghanistan, Damascus, Jerusalem, Prague, Indo-China, Trieste and Rome.

The Secretary lunched with the Joint Chiefs of Staff and attended a three-o'clock Cabinet meeting.

When he got back to his office, memoranda and cables rose in a ten-inch pile from the center of his desk. They were all urgent, and all required immediate decisions and answers.

The Secretary canceled his press conference.

He was presented with a scroll by the Daughters of the Spanish-American War.

He took two aspirins and a glass of bicarbonate of soda, and then dictated the speech he would make the following night at the Legion banquet.

A cable typed on red paper, labeling it extremely confidential, came in from the counselor of a Central American mission. It said the minister had been on a three weeks' toot, and what should he do?

The Secretary telephoned his wife that he wouldn't be home for dinner.

He had chicken sandwiches and milk in his office, and talked by telephone to the President, the ambassador in London, and his son, who was going to N York for the New Year's week end needed an extra hundred dollars.

France needed an extra hundred m lion.

No matter how fast he thought, couldn't seem to diminish the pile of pers on his desk, all tabbed red for gent.

He became aware that one of his retaries was dead tired and sent her ho

The Department of State was qu now. It was past nine, and the busi of government was slowing down. Ir New State, only the lights in the c and cipher section and the Secreta office still burned.

He was wearing down that pile. ten o'clock a messenger brought f final cables to be read and rejected initialed.

The Secretary's hands and knees tr bled with tiredness. His shoulders w broad and his courage was limitless, there was too much trouble in the wo for one man.

The last cable was outgoing fr Balkans to Budapest. It demanded resignation of someone in the Buda mission called Baker. The Secretary li his glasses to his forehead and rubbed eyes. It was too bad, he thought, bad that some could not stand the str and must fall by the wayside. He itialed the cable. A secretary appea and took it away. The Secretary deci to go home and get to bed. Tomor might be worse.

(To be concluded next week)

RIVER CROSSING

Continued from page 25

uncomfortable. That sort of richness was only inside a man. Plainly put, it was how much others respected you. He was not sure how poor he might be in that way just now.

"Mr. Stack," said Laura Collin.

"Yes?" He gave Laura Collin his utmost attention.

He saw a curious thing happen to Laura Collin. She was all ready with something to say. It was very sharp, whatever it was; Laura Collin definitely had a whip in her hand. But she laid it down without lashing him.

"They're waiting for you, Mr. Stack, so I think we should proceed," Laura Collin said. "Good afternoon, Mr. Stack."

He watched Laura Collin ride on. He said softly, "Well, now!" and drew the back of a hand across his forehead. There for a moment, there had been a terrific flash of intensity in Laura Collin. He wished he knew what it was. Even more, he wished he were sure why she had lowered her whip.

STACK attacked the climb again. Except for the last part, the meeting had been very agreeable to him. He was puzzled, though.

Then he got it. Or he was afraid he did. She had merely weighed his gentleness—or his softness as the men were beginning, he suspected, to call it—and found him wanting. And why shouldn't she? He understood that her family had been wiped out in a massacre by the Sioux on the Niobrara. He'd heard that. Naturally she would feel contempt for a man soft enough to feel sympathy for a Sioux. The bitterness was now understandable. But why had she laid down her whip? If there were any comfort in the thing, it lay there.

Of another matter, he was certain. Laura Collin was a woman of straightforward character. He had felt this from the first, and somehow that meeting a moment ago had whipped the fog away and he saw her character for the monument it was. Passiveness was not in her. Then why in the devil, having contempt for his gentleness, had she held back?

Near the top, Stack turned to look gloomily at the camp. The two women were just riding through a gap in the twenty-wagon horseshoe that was the camp. The wagon that normally filled the gap, and two other wagons, were to the south on the river flat. Stack could barely see the three wagons through the sand mice the wind was blowing across the flat. The figures of men, tiny and futile at that distance, were laboriously loading sagebrush and greasewood into the trio of wagons.

Stack, switching his gaze back to the river near the camp, wondered if he would be able to see any sign of the seventy wagonloads of sagebrush and greasewood they'd dumped into the quicksand, trying to make a bottom. Sure enough, he could not see more than a trace.

He crossed the ridge and walked down to the men waiting. He counted them, and the figure reached fifteen, with the old Indian not at once visible. But there was a large rock near the lip of a cut bank, and a rope around the rock, so he surmised the redskin was lying bound behind the boulder, ready for the happy hunting grounds.

Some of the men had kept their eyes riveted on him from the moment he topped the ridge, as he had known they would. Others steadfastly refused to look at him, and Stack had known these men would do that, too. He could have picked them out even, by name, before he left the wagon camp.

For Stack had a way of knowing them in a fashion that went beyond beards and clothing and voices and mannerisms. It was a facility he had. It was given to him, he supposed, as a reward for liking all people.

"Hello, Thornbeck," Stack said.

Thornbeck's grunt, his scowl, were not warm. Thornbeck was a darkly serious man with an overmuchness of jaw and shoulders. He was the wagon boss.

Stack returned to Thornbeck a hand wave of the utmost pleasure, and pa the man by. Thornbeck's scowl g ered weight. Thornbeck did not un stand that Stack's pleasure was genu that Stack understood and sympath with Thornbeck's inability to show old Indian any mercy. It was Th beck's way to be hard.

Stack went directly and gently at ting his way. He chose Shorty Ling the first.

"Shorty." He placed a friendly h on Shorty Ling's shoulder. "Sho what have we here?"

"Why, Nels, we're going to hang Indian," Shorty said.

"The Indian is very old and feeble starving, and his war party went a and left him to die," Stack said. "I in God's name did he manage a feat downing another ox?"

"With a rock, it looked like," Sh said. "Nels, remember we took his and arrows and his hunting knife a from him after he killed the first Well, he dropped this one with a st He was trying to butcher it with a p of flintrock when we found him." Sh hesitated, then added, "It was qui trick for such an old geezer, at that."

"The years do not dull the trea that is life, I believe," Stack said. always remains one value worth keepi

"It was your ox, Nels."

"Yes, Tom Davis said so."

"And the old Indian had been war After he killed the first ox, he was wa plenty."

"Yes, I know."

"Don't you think he should be h Nels? Hell, he's a Sioux."

"He is very old, and life is all he l Stack said softly. There was not m time, so Stack added at once, "Rem ber your Grandfather Ling? R how, back in Nebraska, everybody sure Grandpa Ling was going to die erybody but Grandpa and the doc

Shorty said, "The doctor you bro from Omaha and paid for, Nels. that doesn't buy my thinking. I cou do that."

ou don't pay me with your think-
Stack said. "You pay God."
left Shorty Ling and went to Mar-
Smith. Coffelt, the big weathered
uckian, was next, then a small
t-eyed man named Teal, whom
had staked to a wagon and team.
each of these men, and the three
s he spoke to, he touched on some
personal, sobering thing. He did it
ly, making no secret of what he was
. Thornbeck watched him, and
nbeck cut himself a quid from a
of tobacco, then threw it away in
easure without chewing it.
ornbeck came to Stack. "Nels," he
"Nels, you're talking us out of
ng that Indian."
m trying to."
Well, you can do it. I know that,"
nbeck said. "There's not a man here
doesn't owe you something, one
or another. If you want to collect
ent this way, I guess you can do it.
think you're making one of your
mistakes."
Why a mistake?"
e got to stand up to these damn'
. They've got nothing but con-
t for weakness."
ck smiled quietly and asked, "How
he Sioux know how brave we were
hang the old fellow? They prob-
think he's dead."
ornbeck pressed his hands against
alves of his strong legs, then slowly
the front of his coat together and
ned it, and by now there were dark
lines of contempt around his mouth.
s," he said, "you can spread that
ess too wide and too deep." Thorn-
turned then and untied his big roan
. He swung into the saddle. "It
l be the death of all of us, you
." He rode away.
e other men left at once. They
ed friendly enough, even relieved.
Stack wondered. He was troubled.
had noticed that Thornbeck had
d the turn right out, called it soft-
and the devil of it was that he be-
d any of the other men would have
t as plainly.
ck went to the ox the old Indian
brained. Someone had bled and
d the carcass. Stack cut off a chunk
eat, and carrying it by the flap of
walked back to the Indian.
is was indeed an ancient Indian. He
No longer new copper; he was very
opper that looked as if it had been
ed and buried for a long time. His
les were incredible. His teeth were
ven a memory. What made the In-
five on, Stack did not know.
ld man," Stack said.
e Indian neither spoke nor looked

ck said, "They're not going to push you off a cut bank at the end of a rope."

Stack was sure he had some understanding of English, but there was no response.

"They did not do it because they were weak," Stack added. "It's simply a matter of the courage to be decent. But you would not understand, would you? That's too bad. But not your fault."

Stack laid the chunk of meat at the Indian's feet. He untied the ropes that bound the gaunt frame.

The old Indian began to try to get to his feet, and Stack reached down to help him; with a hissing cat sound and surprising vigor, the old man struck Stack's hand aside. The Indian tottered erect. He spat at Stack, then spat again on the ground. He bent and sank dirty walnut claws into the meat, and tottered away with it.

AS THE old man left, Stack knew some grudging admiration. Yonder walked an integrity that was still intact. It was a considerable thing when a man stuck to his principles when he was as near eternity as the old Indian was.

Stack picked up the rope which had bound the old man, coiled it and carried it with him. He walked in a heavy and burdened way, full of his dark concerns about his gentleness.

He topped the ridge, and the mountains in the west were still under crowns of snow. It was from these mountains that the sun seemed to borrow its chill. The mountains fed the river, for there was still the river and its damnable quicksand.

He glanced down at the camp, and he saw the three wagonloads of sagebrush and greasewood had returned. Men were dumping the loads into the river. There was not even enough water in the river to float the brush away. The water, Stack thought, repeating his earlier reflections, was the empty thin skin of a yellow snake. Below its film was the seemingly bottomless quicksand that would swallow these three wagonloads as it had seventy others, practically without a trace.

Only once did Stack pause on the return walk, and that was halfway down the ridge, when he was touched by something that made him halt. When he looked down at the ground at his feet, he understood himself. The hoofprints of Laura Collin's horse were there. He pocketed his hands, frowning.

He saw immediately that he would have to clear his position with Laura Collin. He needed to know what sort of man she regarded him as being. And how his qualities, if any, meshed with her requirements.

It was urgent. He recalled how she had sat her horse at this very spot; he saw the whip of words she had held, and



"How about today you row and I'll watch out for reefs?"

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how she had laid it aside. And he was sure that if he knew why she had put the whip down, most of his questions would have their clear answers.

I'll ask her, he decided. Now.

He walked purposefully into camp, and said to Norfolk, "Norfolk, I brought back your rope. The one with which the Indian was tied."

"It isn't my rope, Nels," Norfolk said.

"Oh. I thought it was yours."

"It's Thornbeck's." Norfolk looked at Stack with a dogged unease and added, "I'll give it to him, Nels. Thornbeck's in ugly humor."

Stack turned away, saying, "No, I'll do it myself, Norfolk." He saw that Thornbeck was helping dump the brush into the river, and walked in the direction, then saw Laura Collin.

LAURA COLLIN and another woman were carrying a bucket of water from the river. Stack, suddenly fired with the anxieties of a man running for the crest of a mountain ridge, to see a new country for the first time, started forward impulsively. But two riders galloped in front of him, making a blinding dust. After wind had pulled the dust away, he saw that Laura Collin and the woman were pouring the water into a kettle, over a fire. Stack debated with himself, decided he wouldn't like to face two women with this, and went on to the riverbank.

"Your rope, Thornbeck," he said.

"Nels, they all wanted to hang that Indian at first," Thornbeck said.

"I believe it was something they hadn't thought over, and they realized it," Stack said gently.

"No. You talked them out of it. You've got a lot of words, and the words get you your way, Nels."

"I talked, and they saw they should let some humanity come into their minds. Let's put it that way," Stack suggested.

"Let's add more to it," Thornbeck said. "Let's say you're a big man here, but a softhearted one. Then let's ask if that's any good in a country like this."

"Thornbeck, you'll feel better when we cross the river. And we will cross. Somehow, we will." Stack extended the rope. "Here's your rope."

Thornbeck stepped away, scowling at Stack with the air of a man frantically anxious to settle this in a fisted way that he understood. "Put it in my wagon, Nels," Thornbeck said, and waited for open trouble, wishful for it.

But Stack gave the order a friendly smile and said, "Sure, of course. I should have noticed you were busy, and thought of leaving it in your wagon."

And Thornbeck, understanding that Stack had bested him without either fighting or backing down, said, "I don't know how a man handles you, Nels. That I don't know."

Stack tossed the rope in Thornbeck's wagon. He walked past the Tom Davis wagon, and saw Laura Collin was now there alone. He stood by the wagon and watched her. She was washing her hair.

The bucket stood on a box, and Laura Collin leaned over it, working the suds through her hair with quick hands. He stared at her, then suddenly placed his eyes on the distant mountains, stunned by the enormity of his desire. The breath would not move in his lungs. He knew that her importance to him was as complete as importance could be. This was as much an appeal to his life as the throaty rushing of a cool mountain stream would be to a man perishing of thirst. Presently his lungs rebelled from no air, and he coughed.

"Oh!" Laura Collin groped for a towel, bundled her hair in it, and faced him. "Oh, it's you, Mr. Stack."

"I had to stop," he said. "I hope you don't mind."

"I do mind."

"I apologize. But you made a very nice picture."

"Well—thank you."

"Miss Collin, I would like to ask you something," he said gently.

He saw move into her much the same kind of interest, a probing of his values as they related to the present, that he had seen that afternoon halfway up the ridge. She asked, "Will you wait while I rinse my hair?"

"Of course."

She swung with a swirl of skirts, put fresh water in the bucket, and again her hands made quick motions. He sensed that she was not indifferent.

She turned to him, toweling her hair, tossing her head so that her hair was a rich golden waterfall that was friendly to the sunlight. She said, "You're a direct man, aren't you, Mr. Stack?"

"I'm afraid so, usually at the wrong times," he said, smiling. "Are you against it?"

"Most women are against directness," she said. "What is your question?"

"I would like to know what happened



"It's a pleasant enough little business but there's absolutely no future in it"

COLLIER'S JACK MARKOW

to you at our meeting halfway up the ridge this afternoon," Stack said.

"Why, Mr. Stack," she said. "No woman would answer a question like that."

He looked at her, saying, "Something did happen this afternoon, didn't it?"

"Something happens to every woman, usually more than once every day," she said, smiling. "Haven't you learned that, Mr. Stack?"

He lost his patience. He was a fool, he decided. So he bowed to her deeply, and said, "My apologies, Miss Collin." He wheeled, not noticing the startled way her hands came up, the regret accompanying the gesture. He was too busy walking away to observe.

Stack went to his wagon and dropped on his tarp roll under the wagon bed, where he was still lying when Thornbeck's shout jarred him.

"Nels! Look at your Indian now!"

Stack rolled from under the wagon. "What is it, Thornbeck?"

"Yonder. The old devil's stolen a horse now," said Thornbeck savagely.

Stack ran between the wagons, and then he saw the old Indian about a quarter of a mile distant, sitting a horse on the riverbank. It was a stolen horse, all right. It was Thornbeck's roan.

Distance did not hide the insolent contempt for them which filled the old Indian at this moment. The ancient copper bag of bones sat as straight as an arrow on the pilfered horse. Stack had the impression the Indian had sat there a long time, gloating. There was no doubt at all that the old man now spat in the direction of the wagon camp. A[nd] then reined the horse about and r[ode] the riverbank.

"Can you beat that!" Thor[nton] snarled. "Wait'll I get my rifle."

There was angry shouting throu[ghout] camp, and men were running f[rom] river. Stack joined the stamped[ing] with mixed feelings. He almost w[anted] to laugh. The unmitigated gall [of] old Indian was superb. The redsk[in] vanished down the riverbank.

"My God!" a man screamed. "[My] God! He's riding right across the [ford]. There's a crossing down there!" [There] was a high hysterical delight in the scream.

Stack got to the riverbank as s[oon] any other, and he watched the c[old] dian complete his crossing. It w[as] intricate route; no wonder the [cow]train men hadn't found it. But it s[tood] clearly now. The old Indian had n[ot] it for them; the hard gray mud fr[om] roan's hoofs stained a trail on th[e] dirty-yellow river water. Alread[y] were splashing out on that trail, th[eir] sticks down into the bottom to m[ake] zigzagging course.

Stack heard low words beside[him]. He looked around, and was star[tled] see Tom Davis praying, on his [knees]. And it was all right, too. Thi[s] across the infernal river was w[ith] prayer.

Across the river now, the old [man] faced to them. He sat straight. He s[hook] his contempt, and then put back h[is] and gave a Sioux yell so faint they [could] hardly hear it. A feeble distant w[ail] but a very full expression of an in[dian] that was still intact. Then the o[ld] turned his stolen horse and began [to] to the mountains.

THORNBECK laid down his ri[fle] picked up a rock and threw i[t] the old Indian. The rock fell [in] river. "Go on, you old devil," Tho[rnton] said.

"But, Thornbeck, he's riding [a] horse," Norfolk said.

"Let him steal it, if he gets so d[amn] much satisfaction out of it," Tho[rnton] said. He came to Stack. He said, "[I] I've never apologized to a man [in] do I go about it?"

Stack saw the men looking a[t] There was not much difference [in] way they were looking at him, h[ow] ized suddenly. And he knew that [a] deal of his feeling that they were [in] his gentleness, and against him, h[ad] been justified. He, like they, had [also] been a victim of the tensions. H[e] Thornbeck, "You don't."

He went back to camp. There [was] spanning of the oxen to be done; [the] men were riding up to round up t[he] mals. Before nightfall, the [cow]train would be across the river. It wou[ld] very cheerful camp this night.

He saw Laura Collin flying ab[out] Davis wagon, helping Mrs. Dav[is] the gear. Stack leaned against the [wagon] and watched, smiling, then said, "[I] to make a fool of myself, but [I] quently do."

Laura Collin put down the cop[per] tle she was carrying. Her hands [went] her damp hair, the way a woma[n] gers will instinctively check on [the] of her appearance about which [she] doubts.

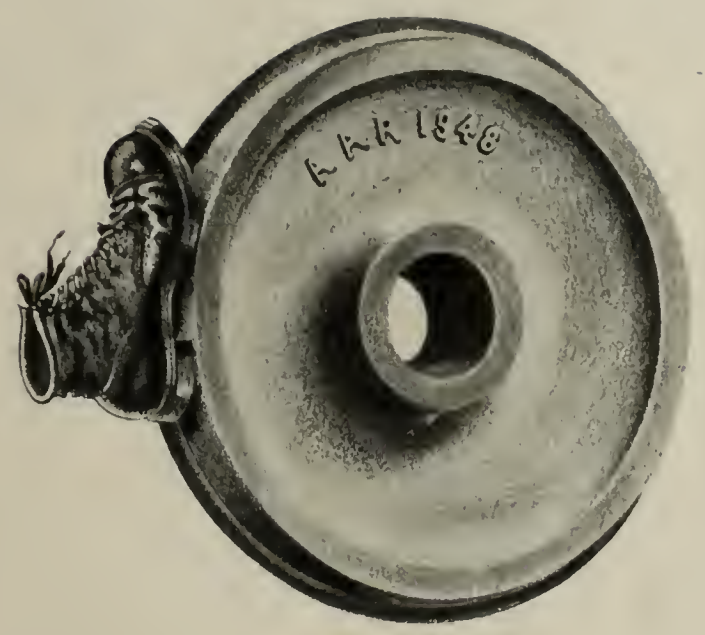
"Mr. Stack," she said, "I'm n[ot] who was foolish, but it wasn't yo[u]."

She came toward him, and he [saw] her face again the sweet certainty [of] the flower a woman's face [has] when she feels secure about an[y] tant thing.

"Do you have to have your [question] answered?" she asked. "I will, [I] insist."

"No, I'd rather not," he said, [and] "I think it would be more fun t[o] it out."

THE END



"Shoeing" the Iron Horse



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This is part of the cooperative effort by which railroads, while competing with one another for business, make sure that every piece of their equipment meets strict specifications for strength, safety, and convenience.

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ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

TRAFFIC TRAPS FOR TOURISTS

Continued from page 11

and collar and tossed into a cell. The charge: disorderly conduct.

But usually it's only money that's wanted. All sorts of gimmicks are used. Lately tourists have complained to the A.A.A. about an empty, abandoned school bus parked as a decoy on certain Southern highways. Unsuspecting Yankees drive past without seeing it—and are nabbed for failing to stop for a school bus!

Some Florida school zones have 10-mile-an-hour speed limits, even though it is difficult to drive a car that slowly on main highways. In one Florida town, a stream of cars was traveling approximately 20 miles an hour in a school zone after classes were out. All the cars had Florida licenses except one—a big car with New Jersey plates.

"I alone was picked out of the line," said the Jersey motorist. "The reason must be obvious."

Cases like these have angered not only auto clubs but chambers of commerce, hotel associations, travel agencies and others anxious to get a bite of the $6,000,000,000 annual highway vacation business. Yet throughout the U.S.—even in tourist states which spend thousands of dollars to lure visitors—motorists are mercilessly bilked. In a small Arizona town, an Eastern motorist was imprisoned for making a U-turn. His six cellmates welcomed him with, "We've been waiting for you. They haven't picked up their quota for the day yet." In the morning he was fined $35.

Belligerent, abusive and discourteous treatment is only part of the sordid story. There are still many parts of the U.S. where it is difficult to get a fair trial for a minor traffic violation. You either forfeit your collateral—usually ranging from $10 to $100—and get out of town, or stand on your principles behind bars.

It Costs More to Stand Trial

Cases are on record where out-of-state motorists have been fined when no charges were preferred and no evidence presented against them. Usually, though, you have the alternative of pleading guilty and paying, say, a $25 fine or posting a $100 cash bond and returning for trial much later. Very often, your apprehenders warn you that it will cost you more should you return for trial. A North Carolina magistrate told a visiting victim that his fine was $30, but if he came back it would be $41.

Even if you are old-fashioned and righteously insist on your day in court, your trial can be whimsically postponed after an expensive and troublesome return trip. In many places court meets only once or twice a month. A college professor, demanding trial for his "offense" in Georgia, was told it wouldn't come up for six months. Another tourist was advised that since "the judge was out of town," he could either post a $20 bond and sign a blank sheet of paper that he was guilty—or be thrown in the hoosegow.

One night several weeks ago, former Judge Joseph Goldstein of Brooklyn was driving through New Jersey on his way to Washington. At Gibbstown he was stopped by a policeman accompanied by a justice of the peace and charged with driving without lights. He was ordered to the justice's home, where he pleaded not guilty and was fined $5 and $2.50 costs. Judge Goldstein paid, "under protest pending appeal," and went on.

Thirteen days later he sent a petition to the justice of the peace, moving to vacate the conviction for a number of reasons, including the ground that the justice, as a witness to the alleged violation, was disqualified to sit as a judge.

The answer of the justice of the peace was that Goldstein had admitted his lights were not lighted. Besides, said the J.P., the 10-day statute of limitations had expired. He denied the petition.

Formal hearings are dispensed with when the fining is done directly from the roadside. Receipts are usually not issued in roadside fining. Recently a corporation executive who was stopped in a Middle Western town and fined $15 requested one. Furious, the officer hauled the culprit before the local justice and warned, "Better not ask the judge for a receipt or he'll hold you in contempt of court!" The judge cheerfully boosted the fine to $25, which he promptly pocketed—without a receipt.

In some big cities, tickets are issued for the most trivial violations. Detroit, which issues more tickets than any other city in the U.S., has been embroiled in a bitter traffic controversy. Recently, the Auto Club of Michigan, which represents 250,000 motorists, publicly charged that the Detroit Police Department operates an interprecinct "Ticket Contest," with cops getting awards for the greatest number of tickets.

Last year more tickets were written in that city (538,425) than there were passenger cars in Wayne County (510,000), netting $2,277,729 in fines. "If this wholesale and indiscriminate passing out of tickets isn't stopped," ominously warns Auto Club general manager Richard Harfst, "motorists will soon be afraid to drive on Detroit's streets." But Police Commissioner Harry S. Toy defends his policy on safety grounds.

A New York county was recently charged by a local paper with running an interprecinct competition. Cops were rated "excellent," "good," "fair" or "poor"—with the latter worrying about being transferred back to foot patrol.

The speed trap is a well-known way of increasing the traffic violation "take." Though experts differ on what constitutes a speed trap, the average motorist would define it as a place where speeds are not posted or where the posted speed is so unnecessarily slow as to tempt him to break the law.

Responsible North Carolinians insist that an organized speed trap preys on out-of-state motorists on one of the state's major routes.

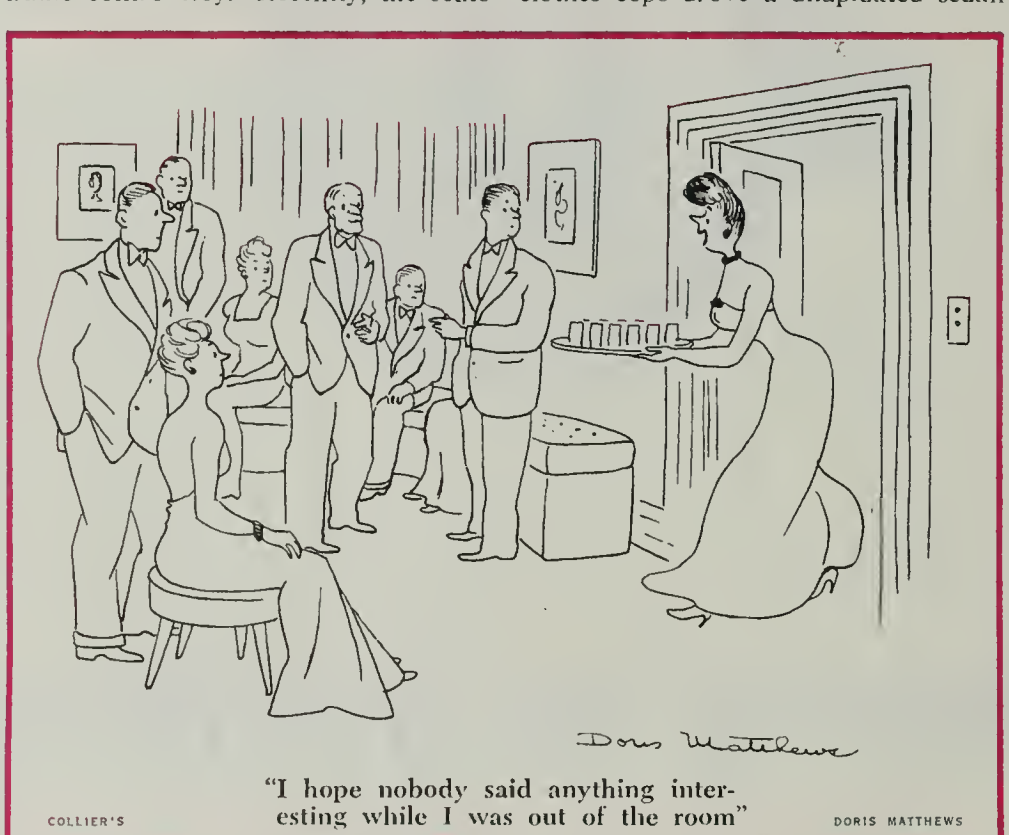
The traps seem to be operated by that old and vicious combination—constable and justice of the peace, said a representative of the official state travel promotion agency in Raleigh.

Georgia and Florida have theirs, too. A Middle Western dentist was arrested three times on the same day in Georgia. "They were all speed traps," he insists.

One young woman states she was driving a new car equipped with a governor which held it down to 45 miles an hour. She was accused of doing 70 miles per hour on a Florida highway and fined $50.

The A.A.A. has been told that "a speed trap as effective as any in the South" operates in upstate New York. Recently the New York State Automobile Association succeeded in pushing through a state law requiring cities and villages "to post suitable signs informing motorists when the end of a restricted speed zone has been reached."

A unique speed trap formerly operated in Maryland. On a lonely road, plainclothes cops drove a dilapidated sedan with only one light. Motorists approaching it feared a holdup, stepped on the gas to get away—and were nabbed.



"I hope nobody said anything interesting while I was out of the room"

COLLIER'S — DORIS MATTHEWS

Traffic lights are good revenue raisers. They are installed at many whistle stops despite engineers' objections that the small traffic trickle makes them unnecessary. During a 13-month period an Ohio justice of the peace collected almost $5,000 from a single red light. A Michigan hamlet operated a camouflaged light. The cop who camped there netted himself $200 to $300 weekly with the co-operation of the local justice of the peace.

If you ever have to face one of America's 46,000 justices of the peace, your chances of escaping unscathed are pretty thin. Over 98 per cent of all violators hauled before J.P.s are convicted.

The J.P. has become a powerful trial judge—thanks to the automobile—even though sometimes he can hardly read or write his own name and often has little or no knowledge of law. Forty-five of the 47 states having justices lay down *no* requirements for the job—not even citizenship.

Since the J.P. often collects most of his income from the redoubtable "fee" system, which prevails in 33 states, his take is heaviest during the "travel season." Approximately 20 to 25 per cent of the nation's millions of traffic cases now come before these men who are frequently "paid by the piece." How can you expect justice when your judge's salary depends on how much he fines you?

When a motorist lacks money, some J.P.s accept other items in lieu of fine rings, watches, cameras, binoculars, sp tires, auto jacks, groceries. But if American Bar Association's current t fic-enforcement program succeeds, "bargaining justice" will be elimina

The modern trend is to replace J with supervised, state-wide courts least one in each county. Pending schools for J.P.s are now being held the first time in major universities. impetus for such training has come f the most active J.P. state association California, Illinois, Pennsylvania New York.

Besides J.P. horse-and-buggy jus the methods of our municipal, po magistrate, city and county courts, w handle about 10,000,000 traffic cases nually, are also frequently disgrac Nearly half our cities do not even di guish between traffic and other cases. tell your side of the story, you may to waste a whole day in court while criminals, prostitutes, drunks and as and battery cases are tried ahead of

A New Concept of Traffic Court

Since more than three fourths o accidents are traceable to traffic v tions, a traffic court should be a c room as well as a courtroom, Norman Damon, Automotive S Foundation vice-president. Viol should leave the court thoughtful a safety rather than bitter about justic

Wide-awake communities are ta steps to improve traffic enforcement. cal papers are publishing daily lis traffic violators. Michigan is tryin standardize motor fines with viola listed "less serious," "more serious" "most serious." Some states have e lished uniform speed laws for all ness, residential and open highway a In California fines cannot be used t enforcement officers' salaries.

La Crosse, Wisconsin, has a uniqu ucational "Fair Deal" traffic cour motorist leaves court cheerfully ming because Judge George P. Rue lets him tell his side of the story questionnaire that says, "Your sign is for identification and is not an a sion of guilt."

Anxious to restore faith in the c the legal profession is now trying to tor the nation's traffic tribunals. T a nation-wide program to invigorat traffic courts is clicking on many ders. One brand-new developmen series of regional Traffic Court J and Prosecutors Conferences he leading U.S. law schools, sponsore the American Bar Association Northwestern University Traffic tute. James P. Economos, the Bar ciation's traffic committee secreta sparking the program. Judges r from these conferences with refr ideas of their responsibilities. "I understood before what a traffic was supposed to do," one new judg mitted.

Where it is necessary, police stan are being raised, too, said Frankli Kreml, traffic director of the Int tional Association of Chiefs of P

But much still remains to be do curb unjust arresting on highways ahead with that trip you were pla With luck you won't run into a cha like the Utah justice of the peace operated from his own front porc would hail a passing motorist, who have to make a U-turn to reach Then the J.P. would announce, pletely dead-pan: "I charge you making a U-turn. Ten dollars!"

All the furious motorist could d sputter and pay up

THE END

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POT SHOTS BY ONE SHOT ROSS

Continued from page 24

have been in the heavy sugar. The deal prompted everybody in California, from the governor down, to query him on what made him dispose of so valuable a contract for such small potatoes.

I have asked One Shot a dozen times. He always evades the question with a quizzical look that mirrors a who-the-hell-do-you-think-you-are-the district-attorney? expression. Then One Shot will smile. He will reach for the sweating pitcher of beer and stout and proceed with an illuminating lecture on the proper temperature for ingredients that have such great slaking powers. He fills your glass. He does not neglect his. Then with great ceremony he lifts his aloft, always with this rustic toast: "Well, here's how—Father lost his farm!"

The Beginnings of a Career

Over the beer and stout One Shot tells me he was born at Browns Crossroads, Clinton County, Kentucky. He began to give Baron Munchausen a tussle for telling tall tales as a mere stripling on his father's farm. Tired of hoeing corn one day in the heat of the afternoon sun, he and a pal, Sure-Thing Slim, retreated to the protection of a shade tree. They chewed the fat about this and that, and Sure-Thing Slim hauled out some advertising which he had torn from a magazine. It read:

DO CARD TRICKS!
ENTERTAIN AND MYSTIFY
YOUR FRIENDS!
SEND FOUR DOLLARS!

"Let's send for them," said Sure-Thing Slim.

"Where will we get four dollars?" asked One Shot.

Sure-Thing Slim scratched his chin and stared a long time at Old Man Ross' prize coon dog that lay stretched lazily at their feet.

"We could sell the dog."

"And that's what we did," says One Shot Ross.

When the package of cards arrived, One Shot and Sure-Thing Slim practiced diligently. By following directions printed on the package, Sure-Thing Slim, who had quick hands, manipulated those short cards until he could make the king, queen and jack talk. After a few weeks they started looking for customers, and took the barber for fifteen dollars. Then came the butcher. A few other curious men about town were relieved of their rainy-day funds. Then the wheels of trade began to drag for want of greasing. The local chapter of yokels was fresh out of chips.

One day a stranger arrived at Browns Crossroads, and before anybody could take a pot shot at him as a possible revenue officer, he was in animated conversation with Sure-Thing Slim and One Shot.

The boys, as one, asked him whether he ever turned a card now and then for pastime. The stranger allowed as how he did and in no time at all they were in action in the old barn loft and Sure-Thing was dealing. One Shot stood directly behind the stranger, who didn't seem to mind. Suddenly One Shot let out a yelp and reached for his six-gun. The stranger seemed mildly surprised and asked, "Why, what's the matter?"

"What's the matter?" echoed One Shot. "You are holding cards my partner never deals you!"

The stranger smiled and said, "Now, don't get excited. Put down that fire stick. It might go off. When I first came here and saw Sure-Thing Slim riffle the deck, I noticed that he was pretty good. But he is still somewhat crude. Boys, it takes years. Here, look!"

The stranger took off his coat and displayed a sleeve holdout that slid cards into his hands slicker than anything Sure-Thing Slim had ever figured on. He had cards under his vest and in his shoe tops. And before Sure-Thing Slim and One Shot could recover their tongues the stranger fanned out a royal flush for them—ace, king, queen, jack and ten.

One Shot put up his six-gun. Then the stranger said, "Well, boys, what do you say? You know a lot of people in these mountains. All you have to do is send them in and we'll cut it up three ways!"

Things went along fine for a while. The boys would have done all right except for what One Shot calls "an unforeseen incident."

One morning Mister Ross addressed his son: "Wirt, here is six rifle balls and some powder. Take the old muzzle-loader and let's have some squirrel."

But young Wirt came back with only five squirrels. When he tossed them on the floor the old man said, "Wirt, where's the other one?"

"Dad, I gets him all right," One Shot explained, "but when I hits him he drops into the crotch of an elm tree 'bout seventy-five feet high, and big around as this cabin."

The old man fixed a hard look on One Shot and said, "Fetch me the ax. I mean to have me *that* squirrel for supper."

One Shot came by his name naturally because with a bead on a squirrel in his sights he always hit it right between the peepers. He is now mighty ashamed. This particular squirrel had spotted One Shot just a tenth of a fraction after One Shot spotted him. He shimmied around the upper trunk of the tree forcing One Shot to take a snap shot. One Shot missed for the first time in his life.

"And that's why I told my father a lie," he said. "I never lied to him before. But I knew that when he chopped down that elm and found no squirrel he'd feel mighty hostile toward me. And that's why I left home and joined the Army."

One Shot was first stationed at Fort Dyea near Skagway, Alaska. It was during the fall of 1897. Tex Rickard, Jack London, Rex Beach, Alexander Pantages and a number of other famed characters were there.

One night One Shot went into town dressed in civilian clothes. This night One Shot was holding. He took the poke and carefully tucked it into the inside pocket of his vest and clamped a safety pin over the pocket. Then he sat in a stud game and had a lot of luck, most of it bad. When the time came to pay off he reached for his pocket and unhooked the safety pin. The poke was gone! He turned to Sure-Thing Slim.

"Slim, I can't understand. The safety pin is still clasped, but there's no poke!"

One of the gamblers sitting near One Shot smiled. He said, "I guess you gents never heard tell of Chilkoot Charley, just about the slickest pickpocket in Alaska—maybe the whole world!"

One Shot had several occasions in the near future to catch fleeting glimpses of Chilkoot Charley. But he only got within shouting distance. Every time Chilkoot saw One Shot, Chilkoot was off like the Gazelle Boy.

One day, though, One Shot came up behind him and collared him. He held on with one arm and stretched out his other hand. He said, "Me friend."

When it dawned on Chilkoot that One Shot desired an acquaintance and held no ill against him for lifting the poke he no longer was nervous. One Shot asked him, "Chilkoot, how did you do it? I admire champions in all walks of life. I am glad to call you friend. If a man of your accomplishments will only join me and Sure-Thing Slim, we will make a barrel of dough and cut it up three ways!"

One Shot relates that the triple the evil intent did a land-office bu for a while.

When the Spanish-American broke out, One Shot found himse ing sentry duty in a camp in th above Manila Bay one dark and night. The camp was on the Some head-hunters had been t through the lines during the nigl had managed to collect a few tr

"Well, I am sitting there with m across my knees under my poncho One Shot. "I keep my old eye pee cause I figure, 'One Shot, you wil no use at all without a head or shoulders!'

"Now, in the Philippines there lot of carabaos. A carabao is a peaceful critter if you leave him b once he gets riled there is nothing ferocious. Not even a Bengal ti know because I hunted them wi friend Ramma Gamma in India.

"When a carabao grazes," co One Shot, "he pulls at the gras short, vigorous sideswipes. Wh grinds his teeth he makes a strange To me this carabao pulling at th sounds like stealthy steps. I unsl rifle and holler, 'Halt! Who goes I get no answer, so I blaze away.

"Well, sir, I must have hit him glancing blow because he gets s a boiled owl and comes bellowing ninety miles an hour. He bowls n and he jumps the trenches. He c down the company street snappi ropes like pieces of string. A breaks loose. Somebody blows a

"Everybody figures we are be tacked so they all start shootin soldiers pepper away into the dark guy lets go with a fieldpiece. A Dewey fires his gunboats in Mani

"That action," says One Shot, s "goes down into history as one greatest battles of the Spanish-An War. And it's all over a carabao Shot happens to nick by mistake!"

Back Home in Old Kentuc

After helping to put Spain in it One Shot returned to the States v other heroes. He longed for the o at home. His father had gone Great Beyond and One Shot no had to worry about the elm tree squirrel that wasn't there.

One Shot's Uncle John was li Browns Crossroads at the time was right glad once again to set l on One Shot. Uncle John was sentimental gent and a great l dumb animals, particularly mul are far from dumb—that is, in a of intelligence. He simply couldn seeing anyone treat a beast unkin

One day a couple of the nei boys were driving a span of mule Willis Creek near Red Fox Mi mules strained in their collars in their traces and though they honestly they could not budge t of moonshine. The wagon mire muddy bed of the creek.

"Uncle John is standing on th side of the crick a-watching," rela Shot. "One of the boys is layi thick with a big black-snake wh other fellow jumps into the cr gives one of the mules an awful the belly. That makes Uncle Jo He gets hotter than a country-sto during a blizzard and cracks out .45. He hits the feller in the cricl slug right between the eyes. T on the wagon makes an escape- the brush but Uncle John knocks in mid-air.

"What follows is a lot of w and hollering and the law hear

ercation. Since Browns Cross- all for law and order, the sheriff over inquiring for old Uncle

n they had been paid off at Angel n San Francisco Bay on Septem- 1901, Sure-Thing Slim, Back-to- rowley and One Shot had cut up 0 three ways. The wad had been from odds and ends like betting fights, card games and dice and o One Shot, always fast with a says to his uncle: "Uncle John, fistful of this scratch—and may swift afoot."

ncle John in the Big Money

day Ross received a letter post- Arizona. It was from Poison y, who wrote he had just returned Fannin County, Texas, where John was doing all right. Uncle ad worked on a ranch until he e to get some land of his own that bad you couldn't raise an um- n it. Uncle John, however, dug er and struck oil. In no time at all more dough than there are sheep tana.

n Tom reported: "One Shot, your hould give you back that scratch t him. He's really holding now. he's getting kind of old and if I I would hustle down Texas way otect my investment. Your uncle ys getting very sore when some rowels a horse and right away he o a fight."

Shot was doing pretty well around Crossroads and there was always ing that would come up just when set to take off. But finally word at his Uncle John had died, mak- Shot his sole heir. One Shot left Crossroads and when he got to County he headed for the court-

himself he allowed, "One Shot, oubles are over. You are a very n at last." But when he got to the use he found that his uncle had actically penniless.

gives all his money," says One to a Foundation for the Extermi- of Horseflies."

Shot decided to head for Califor- California he got into the boxing s. His greatest fighter was Arm- But he had a whole stable of pugilists, among them Chalky , Cannonball Green, Dynamite n, Young Peter Jackson, King n, Santiago Zorrilla, Dry Gulch , Forty-Five Oliver, Bitter Root harley Pitts, Pancho Blanco and o. Currently One Shot is the man-ager of Freddie Beshore, a good-looking heavyweight who has run up a string of 22 wins against two defeats.

Just before World War II, Mrs. Ross became very worried about One Shot's sudden strange behavior. One Shot took to pacing up and down in their back yard. He refused to talk. Their cat, Soapy Smith, arched his back whenever One Shot came near him. Their dog, Pancho Villa, cringed every time he spotted One Shot. So one day Mrs. Ross telephoned Bill Miller, public relations man for the Olympic Auditorium fight club in Los Angeles, an old friend of the family, and asked him to come out.

Miller hastened to the Ross manse at El Monte, just a dollar's throw from Los Angeles, if you have a throwing arm like George Washington's. One Shot appeared in deep thought. He stared vacantly as he walked up and down. Miller fell into step. He tried to start a conversation. No luck. He told One Shot the latest story he'd heard. No soap. He knew One Shot liked to sing and broke out in his very best tenor with They Call Her Frivolous Sal. Still One Shot continued his wordless walking. By this time Miller was out of patience. He turned to Mrs. Ross and said, "I guess you're right. He's nuttier than a fruitcake. The only thing to do is call for the wagon and haul him off to the booby hatch."

When he heard Miller mention the laughing factory, One Shot snapped right out of it. He grabbed Miller like a long-lost brother.

"Bill, I am right glad to see you. You are a sight for sore eyes. Seeing you reminds me I ain't been down to the Main Street Gym for a couple of weeks. Guess I'd better hurry down there before somebody steals all my fighters. I have been in deep concentration because I have a dream. In it I see two heavyweights. And I think: What a wonderful thing! It is tough enough to find one good heavyweight but in my dream I have *two* good ones and they are identical twins."

Now very excited, One Shot said he had to hurry to the gym and got into his car. As he rolled down the Freeway, he tells me, he saw a couple of broad-shouldered lads, and, being always on the lookout for talent, he slowed down for a better look. After the first glance he braked his car to a stop and reversed gears.

"Hello," said One Shot. "Could I give you boys a lift into town?"

One Shot's curiosity was bubbling over. "You boys are big enough to be fighters. You wouldn't be fighters by any chance?" he asked.

One of them spoke up. "Why, yes, we're fighters and we're on our way to the Main Street Gym."

"By sheerest coincidence I am also on my way to the Main Street Gym this very minute and I would be glad to give you boys a lift," said One Shot. "My name's Ross—One Shot Ross they call me."

The boys were astonished.

"Why, this is indeed a strange coincidence! We have a letter here addressed to One Shot Ross. It is from Sure-Thing Slim."

"Will wonders never cease!" said One Shot. "Sure-Thing Slim is my dearest friend. I make some good scores with him in the Philippines. What did you say are your names?"

"Dalton," says one of the boys. "I am Bill Dalton, and this is my brother Bob."

"Well, well, the Dalton boys," One Shot says, with enthusiasm. "Great boys, those Daltons. But tell me, which of you is the oldest?"

"We're twenty-one," says Bill. "We're both twenty-one. We're twins!"

"Shades of Poker Barkely," exclaims One Shot. "My dream's come true!"

One Shot immediately took the boys to Main Street. He had them ready for bouts within a few weeks, fighting them on the same card at the Olympic Auditorium. One Shot opines he might have developed them if the war had not interfered. The Daltons joined the service.

"If the Japs didn't bomb Pearl Harbor," One Shot tells me, "I would have bombed the Brown Bomber. I figure it all this way. The twins are so identical that when we fought Louis I would have one of them in the ring and the other under the ring as sort of a spare. If things got tough, as they probably would, I would have Bill Miller switch out the lights while I switched fighters. Joe wouldn't savvy why the guy in front of him stayed so fresh. He might blow up in sheer disgust."

The Night He Socked the Referee

Only once have I seen One Shot Ross become temperamental. He blew his top one night at the Olympic Auditorium. Frankie Van, the crack little referee, called a close decision against one of his fighters. One Shot hurled his 225 pounds through the ropes and socked Van right on the chin. Before Van could exercise his prerogative of taking a return swing, One Shot was hustled away. He was ordered to explain his riotous conduct to the California State Athletic Commission. Jerry Giesler, the famous attorney, was then chairman. Attorneys Jules Covey and Anthony (Tony) Entenza were also members of the commission.

"Gentlemen," said One Shot, "I can explain everything. Last night I have a dream. I dream I am sitting in the bar at this place Café Society, near the Main Street Gym. There's a lot of good people there. In this dream I am having, Frankie Van calls the waiter and orders drinks for the house. I feel so good about that that I immediately go up to Frankie Van and apologize for hitting him. Frankie is so glad that he apologizes to me. In this dream Frankie says, 'One Shot, I know that I gave you a bum decision—and I promise right here and now that I never again will rob one of your fighters!' "

By this time the California State Athletic Commission was laughing almost convulsively. But what really laid them in the aisles was One Shot's concluding defense.

"Gentlemen," he continued, "you are all lawyers and you will understand what I mean when I say that I plead not guilty by reason of insanity. And I can prove that by anybody in the Main Street Gym. It is a fact that always they are saying, 'One Shot, you are unquestionably very crazy because you sold Henry Armstrong's contract to Al Jolson for only ten Gs.' "

THE END



"Yes, I remember that night. I wore a white satin evening gown, a pearl choker, turquoise earrings, white slippers, and I had a gardenia in my hair. Was I out with you?"

JOHN JARVIS

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PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ART WEISSMAN

In backswing, Fernando Isais' arm is almost perpendicular to the ground

HORSESHOE'S BIG PITCH

BY BILL FAY

FERNANDO ISAIS can do anything with a horseshoe except shoe a horse. He can nick a kitchen match into flame at 10 feet, knock the ash off your cigar at 15 feet, or ring the legs of an upturned chair at 40 feet—the regulation distance between pegs in tournament tossing.

Pitching at pegs instead of legs last summer, Fernando captured the national championship by averaging 82.3 per cent ringers over 34 games. Nothing bothered the slender Mexamerican from Los Angeles. Fernando sipped scalding tomato soup, sauntered from peg to peg and thoroughly mystified Pop Woodfield, seventy-one-year-old dean of America's 10,000,000 horseshoe pitchers.

Pop finally asked Fernando to take off his shirt. "Every time you pitch," Pop observed, "your shoulder blade seems to dive down under your armpit. Never saw anything like it. I want to see what happens."

What really happens, Pop discovered, is that Fernando has an amazingly flexible right shoulder joint. At the top of his backswing, his pitching arm is almost perpendicular to the ground.

"Coming down," Fernando explained to Pop, "the arm falls naturally like a pendulum. They fooled around with a tape measure a couple of years ago and somebody figured out that my motion lacks only about six inches of being a complete 360-degree revolution—from the top of the backswing, that is."

Fernando's rubber shoulder might have made him a top-flight tennis player, but he spent too much time pitching shoes and stringing rackets in his tiny shop near Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum. He's thirty-three years old now, but he still smacks a tremendous service and volleys with finesse. He whipped Pancho Gonzales, 1-6, 6-4, 7-5, in the semifinals of the Olympic club tournament last summer. (That's the Gonzales who later upset Bob Falkenburg, Jaroslav Drobny and Frankie Parker in the Pacific Southwest.)

"Tennis is tougher physically," Fernando concedes, "but it's harder to score points in horseshoes. A ringer counts three points, but your opponent can cancel your ringer with one of his own. For instance, you toss two ringers—what we call a 'double'—and your opponent throws a double, and it's no count—what we call 'four dead.' Guy Zimmerman of Oakland and Ted Allen of Boulder, Colorado, threw 50 'four deads' in one game at the 1940 nationals. Zimmerman started with 36 straight ringers, but Allen beat him, 50-48."

Allen, Zimmerman and Casey Jones of Waukesha, Wisconsin, are leading challengers for Fernando's crown in the nationals at Milwaukee this month. Fernando's only loss in the 1947 tournament was to Jones, but Fernando isn't worrying about him. "I can beat him almost every time," unbashful Fernando ave "Casey likes to keep the throttle do and play fast. I walk slow and p slow and he gets restless and goes his game."

Fernando has an ambition bey retaining the championship. He'd l to play a command performance the nation's number-one horsesho Harry S. (Lefty) Truman. One of first things Lefty did after moving i the White House was build a court the back yard. The porch came lat

TED PLAYS BALL

Just a little story to remember next time somebody insists that T Williams is a surly, unco-operat jerk.

"Ted," the reporter said, "I'm do a piece about the toughest field plays—position by position. Dom Maggio was talking about center fi a few minutes ago and—"

"What did he say was toughest?"

"Coming in on those low, sink liners—making up your mind whet to take a chance on a shoestring ca or play it safe on the hop."

"Dom's right. That's the tough play for me in left field, too, but t won't make a very good story for y —two guys with the same probl Look, I gotta hit a couple now. think it over. Be right back."

Ted hopped off the bench a started for the batting cage. A behind the Red Sox dugout gree him with a loud boooooo. "The ea worm," somebody remarked, "gets bird."

Ted pulled two drives against right-field fence, then slammed a li down the left-field line. Back on bench again, he said: "Funny h often I've been hitting to left this s son. Haven't tried to. Guess it's pitchers' fault. They've been putt everything on the outside corner. still pulling for right but often as —when I sock that outside pitch— ball ends up in left field."

"One of the Boston writers was s ing about half your hits have gon left, including four straight aga Cleveland last month. Guess B dreau's about ready to give up on shift."

"Hope so. Say, how's this for angle on your fielding story. DiM gio's a little guy—has trouble v those sinking liners. But I'm a skinny guy, who has trouble benc over for grounders that little D picks up easy. That's it—the toug play for me is bending way down a grounder and straightening up make the throw to second on a runner. If anybody asks me the s question, I'll remember not to tell that I really have more trouble v liners. Come to think of it, maybe have more trouble with grounders.

TELEVISION TAKES THE GATE

The Louis-Walcott minuet have set sports television back years. A pro football owner, un tunate enough to be in Yankee dium that June evening, looked at

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"Then after fourteen days on the river, and twenty-six days through an unpenetrable forest, I proceeded due north where I finally caught up with him at a dance hall at St. Claire. That was when he took my gun away from me"

COLLIER'S — TOM HUDSON

center-field bleachers and shook his head. "Less than half filled," he commented. "Before television, the fans lined up six hours early and jammed those bleachers at five bucks a head.

"Nobody," he went on, "knows all the answers, but I'm just about convinced television will take our fans out of the bleachers and park them in the corner saloon. The people who can afford it will still buy the best seats between the 20-yard lines, but you can see the game better on television than you can from the cheap end-zone seats.

"Before I sell the television rights this fall, somebody will have to pay me for all the fans who won't be sitting out there"—he gestured toward the bleachers—"and I don't think advertisers are ready to spend that kind of money yet. It doesn't look like there will be any football television from my park this fall—and don't be surprised if a good many other owners decide against television, too."

Promoter Mike Jacobs lost an estimated $70,000 by accepting $100,000 for Louis-Walcott television and radio privileges. Jacobs anticipated a million-dollar gate. He settled for $930,000, television booty included. The $50 ringside section was packed, but the $5-10-20 seats were sparsely populated.

One thing sure, television did not increase Walcott's box-office appeal. People who watched Jersey Joe in meteoric flight across the video screen won't rush to attend any of his appearances in the proposed tournament to determine Louis' successor. Maybe the promoters ought to save Jersey Joe for the Millrose Games. Track fans might pay to watch the Camden Comet try to run the first four-minute mile.

HUMAN CORKS

During the late 1880s, a Massachusetts resident named Enoch Lowell remained underwater for four minutes, 46 and 1/5 seconds.

On an even more breath-taking occasion, Enoch dunked himself for 14 minutes, 30½ seconds out of a possible 15 minutes (coming up for air 12 times).

Proving nothing, perhaps, except that there will always be aquatic nonconformists who look upon standard swimming and diving events as dull, routine exercise. Take Thomas Vincent Lilly of Philadelphia, for instance: Thomas Vincent recently celebrated his eighty-second birthday by asking his neighbors to throw him, bound and gagged, off a di board. They obliged. Thomas Vin wiggled out of the ropes in one mi and five seconds.

Lilly, a pensioned city employee, n estly discounts any element of risk can't sink," he explains. "I float all without twitching a muscle. Doc have examined me plenty of times they can't account for my corkiness.

Lilly was an amateur boxer, pr sional tap dancer and amateur diver fore he became a cork. It happene his fifty-fifth birthday when skep friends bound his ankles, knees wrists with sash cord and tossed hi fully clothed—into a swimming Lilly shucked off the ropes, undre (to his trunks), wrung out his wet clo stored them on his stomach, flo around for a bit, then dressed and s to the pool ladder.

"Weighed 170 pounds in those d Lilly recalls somewhat enviously. " I'm 150 and it's harder for me to down when I want to turn some u water somersaults. Used to do five Now I pop up after two or three."

So much for Thomas Vincent L the cork. Last year a Winter Haven, ida, youngster named A. G. Hancoc vented the most hazardous aqua trick of them all—water skiing wit skis. Two other Floridians, Dick Jr., and Glenn Kirkpatrick, quickly tered Hancock's technique. "You off riding one ski," Kirkpatrick expl "At 35 miles an hour, you put one down on the water. When it's ri firm, you put the other foot down get rid of the ski—quick."

Kirkpatrick can travel a quarter mile on his bare feet. "At 35 mile hour," he says, "the water is hard board. If you've ever walked on a golf green in your bare feet, you've pretty good idea of what hard water like."

PERISCOPE ON THE GREEN

Golf has been the worst spectator for years, but manufacturers are wo on a gadget that will give galleryit unobstructed view of every putt— when the jam is 10-deep. It's a seat with a built-in periscope. When y tired, you sit on it. When the crowd in, you raise it like an umbrella. The scope makes every spectator 10 fe —and one inch thick.

THE END



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RED CLOUDS OVER OLYMPUS

Continued from page 15

'but they do not care. We are t borrowing from one another here u village."

fast over, the Nikas family s church 200 yards away. The dirt hard from being baked by 10,000 t there is a cool, early-morning People are crowding into the They all know Spiros and his and a dozen of them stop to ad- atina's new shoes and the white bons that hold her braided blond

r Constantine Kokiniotis is just ng to say Mass. The choir is p of eight older men, picked, I am lely for their piety, for it is obvi- t they are singing not with their ut with their hearts.

is true, too, of the congregation t makes its responses to Father otis' prayers.

Uncomfortable Worshiper

very long Mass and Spiros Ni- little uncomfortable in his but- hirt and his unaccustomed coat, oward the door. There are as worshipers outside on the steps e are inside. I follow Spiros the crowd and we sit down at a front of the small village coffee d drink strong, sweetened Turk- ee.

s, who has lost his earlier shy- lks of life in Magoula.

gs were all right until war came," . "I was in the army fighting in . I had left a two-month-old son e. We fought as well as we could beat the Italians, too, but the Ger- vere too strong for us. I came nd found that my baby had died ation. Did you know that 55,000 died of starvation in Athens alone? And here in Magoula 20 died. The Germans were very clever. They had an airfield near here. They surrounded our village well with barbed wire and put a guard there. You have seen the well; it is only a mile from the village. It is the only well in the district.

"The Germans would not let our women draw water from the well, unless they brought eggs with them. For a gallon of water they demanded two eggs. They had already taken our cattle and our sheep and our goats. If our women did not have the eggs they got no water and children need water. My wife had no food for our children but our chickens kept laying eggs, so she had water. But the little one grew thinner and thinner. Finally my wife had to kill a chicken to keep him alive. Then she had to kill another chicken. Soon she had to kill them all and then there was nothing left to eat and because there were no eggs there was no water. And the little one died."

"Was it better after the liberation?" I ask.

"No." His face, burned a deep red by the sun, hardens. "Then they came down from the hills—the guerrillas. We welcomed them. They had fought well during the occupation. But when these men came down out of the hills they did not carry a Greek flag; they carried Communist flags. We could never understand that. They were Greeks. Why did they carry Russian flags?"

By now Mass is over and the people of Magoula are streaming out of church and the square is filled with the chatter of women and the laughter of children. Grizzled old Elias Milos, mayor of Magoula, joins us. So does Father Kokiniotis, a handsome, erect, black-bearded man with a hawklike nose and large, intelligent eyes. Everyone arises and mur-



"I don't want to discourage you, son, or interfere with yer plans; but I think it's only fair t' tell you that somebody beat ya to it. Only last week there was another artist feller up here, and he painted a pitcher of that very same lighthouse" JOHN RUGE

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murs the conventional *"kallimera pater,"* and bows to the priest.

It is obvious that there is a great bond of affection between the people and the priest. Like them, Father Kokiniotis was born here in the village. He is one of them and he had suffered with them during the occupation. And he is suffering with them now, for he eats only what they eat, and his house is no better than theirs. Only his beard and his black cassock set him apart from them.

He asks if he might send to his house for a bottle of *retsina.* Everyone nods happily.

"My friend Spiros Nikas has been telling you of our troubles," he says softly. "We have had many troubles. He did not mention the pine trees, did he? In the country surrounding our village we had 50,000 acres of pine trees. The people of Magoula made their living from them and with the money they made they bought sheep and goats and sometimes a plot of land where olive trees grew. Our people would draw the resin from the trunk of the pine tree. That resin has many commercial uses; it is needed for turpentine, for paint and for *retsina."*

The *retsina* has arrived and the keeper of the coffeehouse brings out half a dozen clean glasses. The *retsina* is honey-colored and when the sun hits the bottle the wine seems to change color and dance. The priest pours the wine.

"This is the same wine they drank in Greece 3,000 years ago," he smiles. "It is flavored with resin from the pine tree. That resin also takes the impurities out of the wine. This wine is drunk all over Greece. That is why our pine forests were important to us. But the Germans used the pine trees for fuel. When they went away they burned all the trees that were left.

"We will be all right when the water comes," Filia Economou says. Smiles light up the faces of everyone at the table and they repeat the word "water" softly so that it sounds like a short prayer.

Where Water Is Scarce and Bad

"That is a dream we've had for many generations," Father Kokiniotis laughs. "Our grandfathers dreamed of a time when there would be water right here in the village square. Our well is a mile away and the children and the women have to fetch it here to their homes. It is a deep well and they have to draw the water up by hand. It is not good water and we know that the malaria and the intestinal diseases our people get are all due to the water.

"But a man came here not long ago and said that he was going to get a motorized pump from the Americans that would pump the water from the well. And he told us to get some pipe so that the water could be pumped right here to the village square. The Germans had left some pipe at their airfield and our men dug that up and are cleaning it now. We of the village are going to dig the ditch for the pipe. This man was from the Near East Foundation. He says that he will chlorinate the water and bring cement so we can line the well with it. We will be a happy village if we can have water. Not many villages in Greece have water."

"He will do as he says," the schoolteacher says, emphatically. "He told us he would get a latrine for our school and he did so."

The priest nods. "You must see the school latrine," he says. "It is the only latrine in the village. He showed us how to build it. Our children carried the bricks and the lumber and helped Spiros to build it." The village carpenter grows red with pleased embarrassment. "No flies can get inside. It is very wonderful to have a latrine in the village."

By now half a dozen others have joined us. The keeper of the little coffeehouse comes out with two large plates and a dozen forks. One plate holds hot bits of veal; the other holds slices of tomato and cucumber soaked in lemon and olive oil. There are cries of pleased surprise and now it is the priest's turn to look embarrassed. This is his surprise.

I had met these people before. I had met them in small villages in our own Southwest and in the towns of northern France way back in 1940 and in remote villages in Palestine only a month before. I had even met such people in small agricultural villages near Vyazma on the road to Smolensk during the war. These were people unconcerned with the complexities of life or with the political strife among nations. Their fight for survival occupied all of their attention.

The people of Magoula have an active dislike for Communism and a conviction that bad as their own government is, it is a lot better than Communism would be. It is Father Kokiniotis who brings the subject up.

"I know you want to ask us what we think of Markos and of Communism," he says suddenly. "I will tell you and if I am wrong my friends will correct me. We saw what Communism was in 1944. We were too small a village for them to bother with but we saw what happened in Mandra, not far away. They occupied Mandra and killed a great many people there. They brought people out from Athens and took them behind the hills here and shot them. I went and prayed over the bodies. There were hundreds of them. We all saw the bodies."

There are murmured assents from around the table.

"Do you know what they do when they capture villages in the north? First they kill the mayor, the priest and the most prosperous farmer in the village, and they burn their houses. They say to the people, 'You can divide the property which these three capitalists held. Now let your young men come with us and we will free you from the American and Fascist domination.' What is this American domination they talk about?"

Filia Economou raises her head.

"I only know that if it had not been for the Americans we would not have our school latrine," she says. "I know that soon we will have water here in the village because we are going to get a pump from the Americans. And it has been promised that we will have water right in our schoolhouse. I have 82 pupils." She adds, "When the water comes to our school they will know that it was the generosity of Americans that brought it."

"I will tell you," Elias Milos, who combines farming with the job of being mayor, breaks in, "of a man named Athanasios Diakos. In 1820 he led a revolt against the Turks who had occupied our country for 400 years. They caught him and tortured him. They put his feet in a fire and he laughed and just before he died, he cried out, 'Better one hour of freedom than forty years of slavery.' That is now one of our national songs. Markos says that the poor people of rural Greece are all on his side. Well, we are the poor people of rural Greece and there is not one person in our village who is on the side of Markos."

Elias Milos stops suddenly and his face is red. His friends clap him on the back and say, "Well spoken, Elias!" The priest smiles and fills our glasses for the last time. We clink glasses and everyone murmurs, *"Eis eyian,"* which means "To your health," and then I left.

I went to other villages and found that basically they all thought as Magoula thought.

It is easy for critics outside of Greece to castigate the present Greek government and to insist that it is not representative of the Greek people. They are right, but when they go further and say that in a free election the present government would be thrown out by the people they are being guilty of very wishful thinking. There is no doubt that the people would welcome a government that is in the tradition of the great Eleutherios Venizelos, founder of the labor party and the man who broke up the huge estates and distributed land plots to hundreds of thousands of families.

Venizelos did this many years before our New Deal was thought of and he did it because he believed that the alternative was Communism. He was the great guardian of Greek civil rights. But Venizelos died and today his labor party is pretty much of a mockery.

Criticism of this government ha violent by most correspondei Athens. The government replies placently that it was elected by th ple. Actually, in Greece, gove does not come from the people bu the top. For instance the governi currently appointing the mayors cities, towns and villages in G Even purely local problems are h by the central government in A This is a bit different from our c tion of democracy.

The charge made by Markos a followers that Greece has becom ing but a police state has been by the correspondents. It is cc true that when the Socialist Machi ventured to criticize the g ment for the wholesale execution members who had been in jail fo years, two Machi editors were off to jail. No one knows how Communists and alleged Comi have been shot during the la months. The Moscow radio and publications like the New Tim with their usual fine restraint tha sands and thousands have been ex

Aftermath of a Murder

It is a fact that the governm panicky early last May, when G Ladas, Minister of Justice, was sinated, and dragged 120 men ou and shot them. At the same time net went out to bring in carlo Markos sympathizers and a grea of them were shot and hundreds island concentration camps. Th the effect (governmental officials of acting as an excellent recruitir for Markos.

Public opinion, privately ex was bitter against the executions a prisonments. People will tell you that hundreds of those punished w Communists; they were merely c a governmental policy. And h of disgusted young men who un had no sympathy for Communi to the hills to join Markos mer protest against the government doing things.

The Soviet publications insist tween 60,000 and 70,000 political ers are being held on Makronesos Jura Island and in mainland pris concentration camps. I asked M of Justice George Melas how clos truth the Soviet estimate was.

Minister Melas is well known York, because while acting as rep sentative to the United Nations h Vishinsky squirm more than onc made Gromyko laugh. Melas, a m of the Liberal party, is one of men who talked extemporanec ly Lake Success, and you could n language. Handsome and ch George Melas is one man who i respected in Athens by all faction looked astonished at the high given by the Soviet.

"Good heavens!" he said. "Th mean we had one per cent of th population of Greece behind ba figure is absurd, of course. We h haps a little more than 20,000 p in jail. And we've executed quit and while we're on the subject going to execute some more. Ev we've executed deserved it; each a fair trial, competent counsel found guilty. These men were of the state. Don't forget that fighting for the life of our countr

When Melas touched on the s the recent killing of George Pol Columbia Broadcasting System narrowed with anger. Melas is i of the investigation into the m the American correspondent.

"What made me absolutely s said, and his voice trembled, " ports that we in the governme hand in the murder of George.



HANK KETCHAM

SPORTING ODDS

At a track in England many years ago, a mounted policeman was helping to get the race horses into starting position. At the cry, "They're off!" the policeman's horse broke with the field and the astonished bobby found himself desperately trying to pull in his mount. The best he could do, however, was to slow him down to third place. On the stretch, the horse began to fight it out with one of the official entries, and, despite the policeman's efforts to pull out of the race, he came in second, a scant neck behind a horse ridden by Freddy Archer, one of England's greatest jockeys.

—Dee Eckman, Allen Park, Mich.

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(1) Dissolve 1 pkg. Kool-Aid (any flavor) and 1 cup sugar in 2 cups milk; turn into freezing tray and freeze ¾ to 1 hour (until slushy). (2) Whip 1 cup heavy cream (well chilled) until stiff. (3) Add partly frozen Kool-Aid mixture to whipped cream and whip just enough to mix well, but keep as cold as possible. (4) Return quickly to freezing tray and freeze at coldest point. Requires no more stirring. When frozen, set control back to normal. Makes over one quart. If desired lighter, beat 2 egg whites fluffy with 2 tablespoons sugar and fold into above mixture before final freezing.

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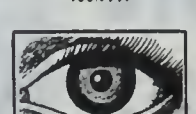
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what a monstrous lie! You can accuse us Greeks of a great many things and you would be justified, but no one ever accused us of being downright stupid. For our government to instigate the murder of an American correspondent would be downright stupid. We are depending for our very existence on America today.

"We've been working hard on the killing of George Polk. We've explored every possibility. To my mind there is only one answer. The Communists murdered him to embarrass our government."

There are a great many in Athens who share Melas' view that Polk was murdered by the *antartes*. The Greeks always refer to the Markos forces as *antartes* (revolutionists). Members of the American mission and the American embassy always refer to Markos' followers as "the bandits."

The statement by Melas that Greece was fighting for her very existence is certainly no overstatement. Even Lieutenant General James A. van Fleet, ranking American officer in Greece who now virtually runs the Greek army, was none too sanguine about immediate military success against Markos. Van Fleet is tall, hard-muscled and flat-stomached and looks like the combat man that he is. Van Fleet is the possessor of three D.S.C.s, three Silver Stars, three Bronze Stars and three Purple Hearts. He was a full colonel under General Patton during the war.

Van Fleet got along with Patton and now he gets along with the Greeks.

The Politicos Offer Advice

In the beginning Greek politicians tried to tell Van Fleet and his officers how to go about defeating Markos. Today they follow his "suggestions" with enthusiasm. Now the Greek army is engaged in a full-scale offensive against Markos—an offensive planned by Van Fleet.

"But from here on in it won't be easy," Van Fleet said, pointing to the big map on his office wall. "Look at those mountains. There have been bandits in those mountains for 2,000 years. Not even the Turks could drive them out and they had something like 400 years to do it.

"However, I am hopeful that by the end of the year the Greek army will have broken up Markos' big concentrations. Once that is done the big military phase of the fighting should be over and it should develop into a police problem."

The Greek army is using American guns, aircraft, rations and leadership. The *antartes* are using Yugoslav and Albanian equipment and Moscow-trained military leaders. Russia supports Markos; we support the Greek army—but only Greeks are killed. And a lot of Greeks are being killed or made homeless.

The hopeless refugees are the immediate problem of owl-faced Theodore Dessilas, Minister of Welfare. I caught the minister just as he returned from a six-day flying trip to survey the situation. He was a discouraged and unhappy man.

"We have between 600,000 and 700,000 refugees to take care of," he said, and he couldn't keep the despair out of his voice. "If we could only have one convincing military victory it would give them—and us—hope and confidence in the future. Our whole economy has come to a standstill. The *antartes* have no great military strength but they have great nuisance value. They dash into a mine and kill twenty workmen and then flee. You can't expect workmen to go back into that mine. Markos raids a rural area and kills a few farmers. You can't expect the other farmers to keep on working. They take their families and move out of the territory. It's not a bright picture."

If I have dwelt overlong on the shortcomings of the Greek government it should by no means be construed as any championing of Markos. Let's take a look at this character. He is Moscow-trained. So is Nikos Zachariades, the real brain of the Markos movement. Zachariades has been described as the most brilliant student ever to attend the Moscow School of Oriental Studies. As secretary-general of the Greek Communist party he is responsible for the policy of the group which is called, in typical Soviet terminology, "Markos' provisional people's democratic government."

Like any Soviet-dominated group, this one relies a great deal on propaganda as a weapon, and from the looks of the propaganda turned out to date it seems obvious that the second team is in there. On May 27th of this year the Geneva newspaper, La Voix Ouvrière (The Voice of the Worker), published a harrowing photograph which depicted ten starving children. The caption under the picture read: "These are victims of Athens monarcho-Fascists. Their parents have been deported, arrested or shot by the Athens monarcho-Fascists in the pay of the Yankee imperialists. They were found roaming the Greek countryside and were saved by the people's army of General Markos."

The same picture, with a similar caption, was used in the press of Hungary, Czechoslovakia and France. There was one slight error in the caption. The picture was actually taken in 1941, not in 1948, and it showed Greek children who were starving under the German occupation. It was then reproduced in a book, The Greek Triology, written by Colonel W. Byford-Jones and published in 1945 by Hutchinson & Company of London. I found the book in an Athens bookshop. The pictures were identical.

The "provisional people's democratic government" broadcasts a great deal, and some of the broadcasts are models of hysterical invective. May I present a sample or two? When a Markos attack had been repulsed in the Sterea Hellas area of Greece the radio blasted, "Van Fleet ordered the vassal criminal generals of the monarcho-Fascists to slay and exterminate all the noncombatant population of Sterea Hellas." Another time the radio droned, "As soon as he arrived in Greece supermurderer General van Fleet inaugurated the policy: 'Kill all prisoners of war.'"

And one day the radio told the world, "The murder of George Polk was inspired by the American imperialist Governor Griswold and the supermurderer van Fleet." Yet one more: "The American and Athenian tyrants will not s money to care for refugee children stead they march them naked and less through the streets of Athe attract sympathy."

This kind of hysteria is dished three times a day. The Greek govern isn't very good at propaganda itsel it never descends to such depths. most effective Greek propagand know is a thirty-three-year-old eng named Constantine Doxiadis. A g ate of the Architectural College in ens, he took his doctor's degre engineering in Berlin.

A Vast Rebuilding Project

Young, dynamic Doxiadis is about the only Greek alive who is politician. He belongs to no party has respect for none. His title is D tor-General of Reconstruction an immediate job is to rebuild the villages destroyed during the war b Germans. Doxiadis began his re struction in the most devastated re the section close to the Bulgarian b in the north. He designed the house stayed in the north until they were pleted.

Markos and his men were al threatening this region but Doxiadis on building.

"When you say that a man love soil of his country it sounds very Doxiadis told me in sharp, clipped qual English, "but it is also a lot of l You won't love the soil long if you to sleep on it with nothing over yo the stars. Now, a home is the lin tween a man and the soil. Give h home and he'll love the soil. Once rebuilt the villages up north we m out. Markos came in, then, trying recruits. The people laughed at What did he have to offer them? had homes. Give all of our people h and you won't find many Comm in the country."

There is an old proverb which "Greece and poverty have always sisters," and most Greeks accept t the truth. They'll have to accept it truth for many years. But they ar fully nice people and someday they remember that the word "democ was coined by their ancient fore and they may decide to try it thems Villages like Magoula will have Every schoolhouse will have a latrin Greece will be a pretty nice count live in.

THE END



COLLIER'S "That's what it says—'one-man exhibition'" TRACHTENB

THE INSPECTOR HAD A WIFE

Continued from page 17

d arrive at a conclusion only after s collected facts. Is Mr. Shuman "

held him incommunicado, awaitour interrogation, sir."

ules and regulations are engraved ters of gold on your heart! While I to the gentleman, kindly inquire if eighbor, Mr. Mohammed Dejani, a passenger on the Basra train to- Secondly, I wish to see the boatwho took a lady across the river anded her at Nathir-al-Ni'am Street ly before nine thirty. Now bring Ir. Shuman."

Here, sir?" The sergeant looked ingly at the corpse.

Ve shall not disturb Miss Violet. witnesses are less inclined to lie in presence of the dead."

WHEN his assistant had gone, Chafik went to the window and parted raperies, which were closely drawn. room was airless. He looked out on hadowy plumes of date palms and ink night sky of the city, and noted the seclusion of the house. It was unded by uncultivated land, and a ing path led through clumps of negd palms to Mamoun Avenue. "There o neighbors within clear sight. The permits secretive approaches and rtures," Chafik said in a flat voice. e drawn curtains worried him. It he custom in Baghdad to shade win- against the fierce heat of the day, open up everything at sundown to the breezes. "There is something rmal here—" he announced in the voice, as the door opened and a fat g man was ushered into the room. Miss Violet always keep her curclosed, Mr. Shuman?" he asked.

Only when the sun was strong. She opened them before the proper . The English like air." The young looked with horror at the body on divan. "I insist—"

My position as investigating officer." Chafik, "puts me in the unique po-n of doing all the insisting." His face suddenly hardened, and he t on in a voice like a blade, "How had Violet Shaw been your mis-?"

human flushed. "You treat me with- courtesy."

I am here to solve a crime. I have ime to be nice to you." The Inspec- balanced himself on his toes like a er. "When did you first meet Miss w?"

Two weeks ago." The young man's n face was now pasty.

You knew she had been the mistress Mohammed Dejani?"

I knew there was another man," Shu- said. "She needed protection and ed to me."

Such women as Miss Violet," said fik softly, "prefer the protection of an who is foolish and still rich, to of a man who is still foolish but not . Doubtless you insisted she should see Mr. Dejani again."

She gave me her promise—"

And that was why you were suspi- us when you saw her on the water t tonight?"

he young man interlaced his pudgy ers. "Naturally I was surprised. I expected to meet her tonight, but telephoned about five o'clock to say had a violent headache and could go out."

You state you saw the lady at eight nty. Was she far from you?"

On the opposite side of the road, near Lido Café—"

You recognized her face?"

human hesitated. "I knew her by dress."

"I am pleased with your answer." Chafik made a little bow. "The river promenade is poorly lighted and the moon did not rise until nine o'clock. It would have been scarcely possible to distinguish faces. Was she unusually dressed?"

"She was always distinctive. Also it would be sufficient to pick her out by reason of the absence of a robe. The English do not hide their charms in the way of our women."

Chafik said, "Let us look for the dress that Miss Violet wore." He went to the bedroom and opened the closets. There were many dresses on the hangers, but Shuman pointed unhesitatingly at one. It was a dazzling print, a pattern of huge orange and blue flowers on a white ground, fussy with cape sleeves and bows.

The Inspector winced. "This is indeed distinctive. What did she wear on her head?"

"A blue kerchief tied under her chin. I had given it to her myself."

OUNCE OF PREVENTION



HOW TO
SPOIL YOUR HOLIDAY

When wandering o'er hill and dale,
Dear Nature Lover, do not fail
To snare your share of poison oak,
As firmly you prospect and poke
Among fierce vines for flowers, wild—
Said oak is likewise far from mild.

—Margaret Fishback

"Then you are prepared to swear the lady you saw was Miss Shaw?"

The young man said, "I cannot deny the evidence of my eyes."

Inspector Chafik opened a packet of Ghazi cigarettes. "Please smoke," he said. "It steadies the nerves, and I may have to give you a shock. But first look around and tell me what is missing."

Shuman obeyed. Then he pointed to the table at the head of the divan, and said, "There was something there. A bronze nude fitted with a clock—"

"The clock was doubtless set in the navel. Such an *objet d'art* belongs here." Chafik looked at the garish room with amusement, then turned quickly on the young man. "Miss Violet argued with somebody before she died. That person may have been you."

"She was dead when I came here!"

"I am a weaver," said Chafik. "I use facts as threads. It is a fact you came to this house in a suspicious mood. It is a fact that suspicion is the seed of dissension. Anger may have caused you to seize the statuette with the novelty navel and strike the lady."

"She was already dead—"

"Mr. Shuman, you saw the lady alive at eight twenty and dead at about eight fifty. It is a ten-minute walk from the Lido Café to this house. Miss Violet took time to change from her distinctive dress to her equally distinctive wrapper. She was also embroiled in argument with the killer. This person could scarcely have left before you arrived."

"I thought I heard the back door close as I entered—"

"You did not mention this in your statement to my assistant. Amended evidence is open to doubt."

The young man made a babbling sound.

"Please sit," Chafik said, not unkindly. "The design I have shown you is ugly, but you should not be frightened by it. The weave is loose and certain threads have been discarded. As a craftsman I do not like it. I had expected a different design."

He turned to Sergeant Abdullah, who had just entered. The sergeant announced, "Sir, I have completed the inquiries. The other suspect was a passenger on the train. I have telephoned the police at Hilla to remove him at that junction and return him here."

"Excellent! But it was tactless to say 'other suspect.' Mr. Shuman was already upset. It would be well for him to go home and spend what is left of the night in prayer." When the man had gone stumbling out, Chafik asked Abdullah, "What of the second inquiry?"

"Sir, I have a boatman who took a lady from the Rafidain Wharf and landed her at Nathir-al-Ni'am Street at the hour you foretold. Although she was clad in an enveloping robe, he recognized her by her voice. She was Madame Dejani."

The Inspector turned the signet ring on the little finger of his left hand. "What else did the boatman say?"

"Sir, he said Madame Dejani dropped a bulky object into the river on the way across. He condoned with her on the accident and offered to get his son to dive. She replied that the object had no value, but was obviously upset."

Chafik looked down at the ring. "How very unfortunate Mr. Shuman saw Miss Violet after the train left for Basra!" he announced in a bitter voice.

AT NOON on the following day, Chafik entered his house on the Street of the Scatterer of Blessings and sank into a chair in the living room. With the gesture of a man breaking lifetime habits, he pulled down his tie and opened the collar of his shirt.

His wife, who had appeared with a glass of cooling sherbet, knelt to remove his shoes and replace them with slippers. She gave no greeting, and the little man remarked, "Although you are silent your thoughts are noisy."

Leila said, "Your men came and took away Madame Dejani. The face of Sergeant Abdullah was that of a judge. She has been arrested?"

"Detained." Chafik briefly closed his eyes, and when he opened them again they were dark with shadows. "Do you think this gives me pleasure?" he asked. "I am a hunter of men. Sometimes I detest myself so much it surprises me my body does not shrivel—"

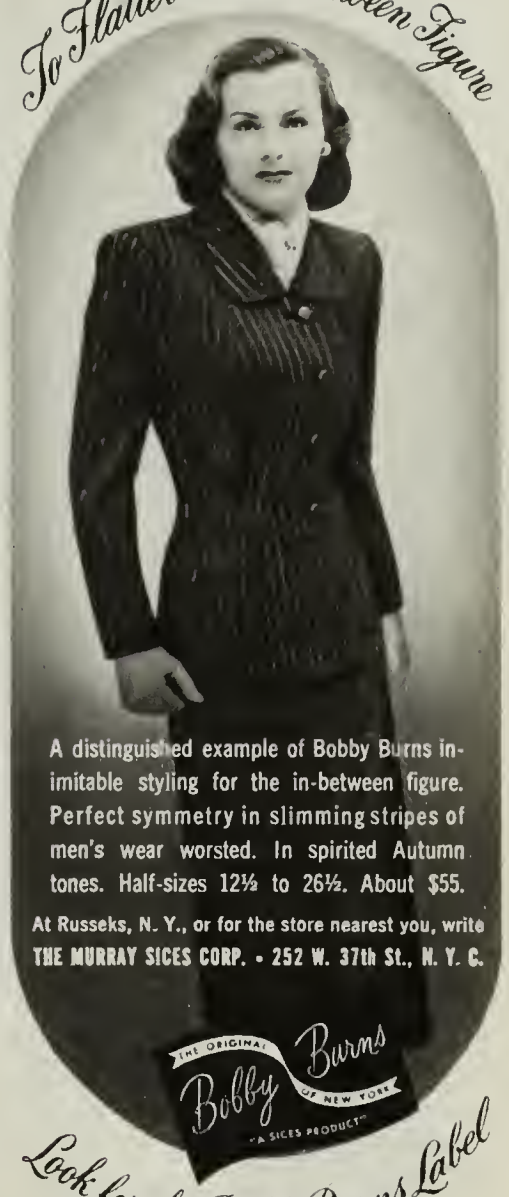
Leila said, "Please, my man, do not speak harshly of yourself. You are just. Without doubt facts forced you to detain our neighbor."

"The facts are a key, a certain bulky object, and the evidence of two witnesses. The key was in the bag of Madame Dejani and fitted the door of Miss Shaw's house. Such a key had been given to Mr. Dejani."

"His wife may have found it and kept it, not knowing what it was."

Chafik said harshly, "She used it last

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night. I know she took a taxi from the railroad station to Mamoun Avenue, a twenty-five-minute journey. From there it is an average fifteen-minute walk to the house. The place is secluded. There are no neighbors. It can be reached by a path across wasteland. Furthermore, the night was dark until the moon rose and a woman wearing a chuddar would have been as a shadow. But it is established by fact Mrs. Dejani was there. At approximately ten minutes past nine she appeared at the Rafidain Wharf, an easy eighteen-minute walk from Miss Shaw's house. She engaged a boatman, and on the way across the river dropped an object into the water. The boatman, who thought it an accident, offered to have it retrieved, but was refused. He remembered the spot, which is where the current swings. We dredged the thing up."

"What was it?"

CHAFIK raised his clasped hands to his mouth, and looked beyond her with shadowed eyes. "A heavy bronze statue with an inset clock. The base matches the wounds in Miss Shaw's head," he said. "The evidence is damning. We know that Miss Shaw was out until eight twenty. She was seen by a witness. When she returned she found Mrs. Dejani. One can understand the conversation between them was not pleasant—"

"Our neighbor is a calm person."

"When a woman becomes jealous she becomes primitive. Madame Dejani afterward fled from the house concealing the weapon under her robe. We have found stains on the inside of the robe. She left by the back door as the witness who found the body entered by the front. I am afraid she is guilty."

"Surely she did not confess?"

"She said nothing. I begged her to defend herself, but she only shook her head. She has a singularly sweet face and great strength of character. How unlike Mr. Dejani."

"He did go to Basra?"

"We took him off the train at Hilla. He is a very weak man. He admits he saw Miss Shaw yesterday and was given his congé. She had taken another lover. When I confronted him with the weapon and the evidence, he wept. I had a desire to beat him."

The little man rose and began to pace the room. "I have woven a pattern with threads of facts, but two threads remain unused. They are frayed. But they are threads." He rearranged the collection of clay animals from Sulaimaniya on the mantel shelf. "Why," he demanded in a hollow voice, "were the curtains drawn in Miss Shaw's room when the evening air would have refreshed it? Why did she change into a wrapper; how was there time since the two women had to talk, and Madame Dejani to commit her deed of violence? This period is barely twenty minutes."

"Why worry yourself about unimportant details?" Leila gave a sly look.

"No detail is unimportant." Her husband spoke sharply. "You should know me, that I must get everything exact." He looked at her suspiciously. "I think you know me quite well," he said dryly.

"Then I will correct you about Madame Dejani." Leila lighted a gold-tipped Egyptian cigarette. "You see her as a woman so jealous of her husband's mistress that she killed her. Yet there had been other mistresses, and they did not rouse this primitive jealousy of which you so glibly speak."

"Glib—I?" Chafik was shocked.

"I have noted," said his wife, looking down her long thin nose, "that men are more prone to insane jealousy than women. Our weakness is an overwillingness to sacrifice ourselves to our men. It is so with Madame Dejani. She has given everything to her husband. When he gambles away his money, she sells her jewels so that he may gamble again. She treats him as a doting mother treats an erring child."

"Almost you make me believe it is not in character for a woman to kill her husband's mistress."

Leila said, "It is not in the character of Madame Dejani." She walked gracefully to the window and rearranged the curtains to cut off a red-hot spear of sunlight. She said over her shoulder, "Your unused fact about the curtains is peculiar. It was so hot last night that nobody would have left them drawn, even in a house not secluded."

The Inspector lifted a hand for silence. He was now huddled in his chair, and although the temperature of the rooms was over ninety, he shivered. Presently he announced, "It is unsatisfactory. The weave cannot be finished when there are still unused threads."

Leila said nothing.

"If Shuman had not seen Miss Violet—" Chafik began. The sentence was left dangling, and he sat up. His eyes glowed as he fixed them on his wife. "Will you be shameless for a good cause?"

"Shameless?" She was shocked and bewildered.

"I intend to make an experiment." The announcement was made in the voice of a martinet, and Leila thought: Now he is the Inspector of the Criminal Investigation Department—

THE river boardwalk leading from Saa'dun Square was a pleasant spot on a hot summer's night. The numerous cafés along the Tigris were strung with lights which twinkled like fireflies among the palms. Boats glided near the walled bank, and the music of flutes and Rababbas was added to the chatter of the young Baghdadis who crowded the walk.

Near the Lido Café, where the crowd was dense, Inspector Chafik walked with Daoud Shuman. The fat young man resembled a sleeper roused from a bad nightmare. "I still cannot believe your news," he said.

Chafik said sympathetically, "It must be a great relief. You were certainly in an unpleasant position. Circumstantial evidence is often damning, and last night I almost arrested you."

"I am sorry that Madame Dejani—"

"Let us forget the unfortunate lady." The Inspector made a sweeping gesture. "How pleasant it is after the heat of the day," he continued. "Baghdad has a certain magic at this hour. Almost one expects to meet Haroun al-Rashid. It was about here where you saw Miss Violet last night?"

"Just across the road—"

"Excuse me if I again ask you if you are certain it was she."

"Inspector, I could not be more certain. I—" Daoud Shuman came to a halt. The color which had returned to his flabby cheeks drained. His mouth opened. He clutched at his companion's arm and stuttered, "The Merciful One defend us! I see her—"

The lights of the near-by café were shaded by the fronds of the palms, which moved in the breeze and sent changing patterns of shadow across the road. A woman, colorful as a butterfly in a dress patterned with blue and orange flowers, came briefly into the light. She wore a bright blue kerchief over her head and walked with a swaying motion of shapely hips. As the shadows flickered, she appeared to dissolve into the darkness.

Shuman shouted, "But she is dead!" He put his hands to his pounding heart, and his fat body wrinkled like the fabric of a collapsing balloon. A man stepped swiftly behind him and gave the timely support of strong arms.



"Bunny! Chateau Rochefort, 1927, the year I was born. I wonder if it's the same month!"

COLLIER'S JOHN MILLIGAN

"Soothe him, my dear Abdullah," said Chafik. "When he recovers from his shock, bring him to my office."

The Inspector parted the gathering crowd with an imperious gesture. A sleek black car slid out of the night, and as he opened the door the woman in the bright, cheap dress scurried across the road. She huddled on the back seat of the car and Chafik heard her sob as he joined her.

"The shame of it!" came the voice of his wife. "Oh, to parade myself in that woman's dress. I feel unclean—"

He took her hand. "May I be forgiven—" he began, humbly.

Leila said, "I am all over blushes. To think I showed myself with face uncovered. The looks of the men made me feel naked." Her imprisoned hand fluttered and then was still. "It was a successful experiment?"

"The new design is complete." Her husband's voice was hard.

THEY brought Dejani's wife into the Inspector's office at C.I.D. headquarters on Al-Rashid Street. Madame Chafik, now decently swathed in a chuddar, went to the woman and led her to a chair. A protesting voice outside the room was heard to say, "I demand a doctor. I am ill," and Mr. Dejani entered. He was a tall man, slightly stooped, with a wide, loose mouth and unstill hands. He did not look at his wife as he sat down.

Daoud Shuman came in propelled by Sergeant Abdullah. The fat young man was still trembling and looked anxiously at the two women, whose faces were hidden by the folds of their robes.

The little man behind the big c
said, "Only the corpse is absent."
saw Shuman glance quickly over
shoulder. "Yes, there are many gh
in this room," he went on. "But t
are all locked in my filing cabinets.
you still certain it was Miss Violet
saw on the river promenade last nigh

"I am not sure of anything—now."

"With those words you destroy
alibi." Chafik paused. "Tonight you
a familiar dress. It was worn by my w
Last night the wearer was Madame
jani—"

The woman said, "Oh, no, no!"

"In this case," went on Chafik, "I h
learned that a devoted woman puts
limit to her sacrifice. Madame De
went secretly to the house of Miss Sh
knowing she would find a corpse.
had a twofold purpose. First, to rem
the statuette which was marked with
criminating fingerprints. Secondly,
create an alibi for a worthless man.
knew that the woman, Shaw, habitu
walked the river front, so she dressed
that woman and paraded. She is darl
the dead woman was dark, and alik
build. The dusk and her unusual d
made it a good risk. But she did s
friend of Miss Shaw. The shock n
have been severe, but she kept her h
and avoided Shuman and returned
mediately to the house. She arrive
eight thirty. I think she collapsed.
twenty minutes was more than an
time to replace the livid dress in the cl
for me to find, and to depart with the
criminating weapon. The witness alm
caught her."

MADAME DEJANI made a mo
ment of protest, but the little m
looked up and shook his head gently.

"It was intelligently planned. The d
was as distinctive as a uniform; as p
tective to the identity as a peacock's
oring. We would have found ot
witnesses than Mr. Shuman to tell
Miss Shaw was seen after the train
for Basra. But he so strengthened
alibi that I accepted it."

Shuman said, "I have been greatly
fault."

"The Inspector was also at fault,
fortunately he had a wife." Chafik m
a little bow in the direction of his lady

"You do yourself injustice," s
Madame Chafik. "You were alre
doubtful; two facts were left over."

"Those threads are now in the des
Miss Shaw, being dead, could not h
changed into her wrapper in the prese
of Madame Dejani. The curtains w
not opened after the heat of the day
cause she died before the sun went do
She was killed by a man who was jeal
because she had taken a richer lover.
acted blindly, without premeditation."

"She was a bad woman," Mada
Chafik said.

"One might say he is a bad man.
justice makes allowances for the viole
of passion. It is not the killing that
graces this man, but what comes af
ward. He fled in panic to his wife.
told her the sordid story. He hid lik
rat while she tried to cover his crime
she has covered so many other of
transgressions—"

Madame Dejani whispered, "He
sick. Have pity!"

"My pity is only for you." Inspec
Chafik let his hands fall heavily to
desk. "I am waiting," he went on i
bitter voice. "I cannot believe this r
is so degraded that he will still try
hide behind the noble woman who
ready to shoulder his crime."

Mohammed Dejani stood up with
jerky movements of a puppet. His w
rising with him, clutched with b
hands, as a mother reaches for a c
precariously balanced at the edge of a
The man said, "I confess—" but the
of his words were lost in the terrible w
ing of the woman.

THE END



Unit standards, campaign and combat streamers, Distinguished Unit Citations of the 376th Bomb Group and 1st Fighter Group, U. S. Air Force

They were THERE!

scoured the skies from the sun-drenched
sts of North Africa to the heart of Cen-
Europe. They ranged across the Pacific
e palm-fringed island citadels of the
y. Wherever there was work to be done,
were there.

eirs the job of going first, to feel out
ugh spots, to cripple the factories and
als, to cut off streams of supplies, to
the way for hard-fighting ground troops
aid in their advance. Heroism rode the
s on every front.

story will tell the story in countless words. But no record perhaps will tell the story more dramatically, more vividly than the very standards of each of the famous U. S. Air Force units themselves.

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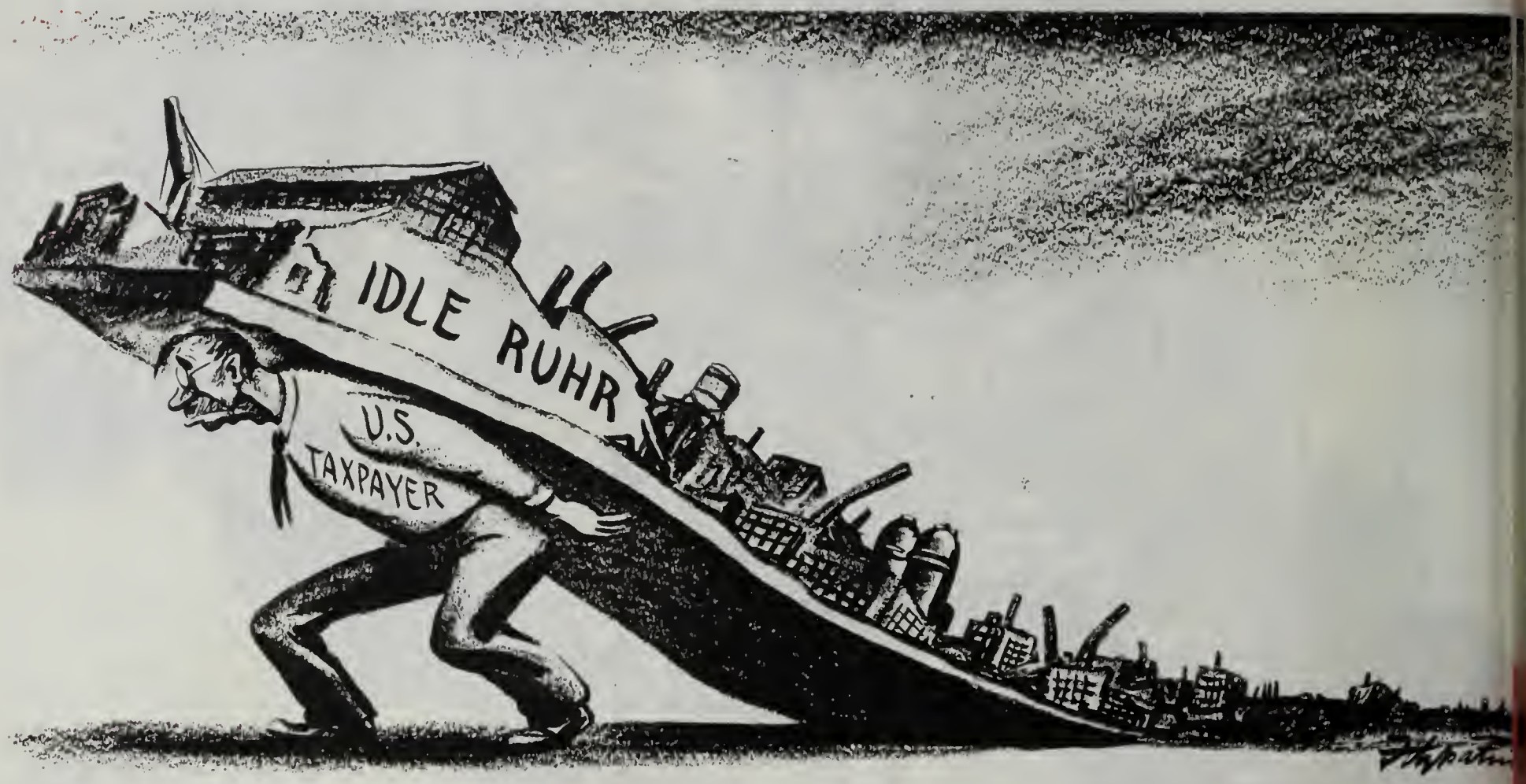
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Collier's believes...



...GERMAN RECOVERY IS A "MUST"

FOLLOWING months of discussion after the crack-up of the Big Four London talks on Germany last winter, six nations recently got together on a plan for western Germany.

The nations: Belgium, Britain, France, Holland, Luxembourg, the United States.

The plan: roughly, to give western Germany a federal government of its own, under close Western Power supervision; to allow the area to recover economically as fast as possible; to tie the iron, coal and steel output of the Ruhr into the Marshall Plan, the Ruhr itself being under joint six-power control with some German participation; to keep adequate occupation forces in the Reich until peace is deemed secured.

Thus the Morgenthau plan to pauperize Germany forever goes out, and a realistic scheme takes its place.

The United States, it seems to us, should insist on the new plan's being carried through over all obstacles. We're well aware of various objections to it, but think the chances must be taken.

It is possible, as the French De Gaulle faction fears, that Germany may revive militarily via a revived Ruhr. Another clear possibility is a great, final clash between the Western Powers and the Iron Curtain countries for control of all Germany.

But what matters most to Americans is something else than these items. What grinds Americans is the fact that for more than three years we have been financing a German poorhouse, to the tune of millions a week. This bids fair to go on indefinitely, unless western Germany is somehow pulled together, braced up and allowed to become again the workshop of Europe.

The six-power plan offers the best hope we know of for achieving that result in the shortest possible time.

We'll just have to take our chances, it seems to us, on Russian stubbornness and Communist villainy, on the nightmarish things seen by French politicians, and on the misgivings of various Americans who are still in vengeful mood regarding Germany. The main thing is to get this Old Man of the Sea off the U.S. taxpayers' back, and to get him off in a hurry.

●

. . . WE DON'T KNOW OUR OWN STRENGTH: James A. Farley the other day made what seemed to us a remarkable speech, at a sales executives' convention in New York. The address had to do with American goods as they turn up in other parts of the world, and how they impress the people who see them or use them. Mr. Farley should know about this, of course, since he gets around the map quite a bit as a supersalesman for that soft drink.

What he said in substance was that our products, from tractors and automobiles to beverages, are flowing out over much of the world in enormous quantities . . . that their quality is uniformly high . . . that almost everybody with money to spend in other countries would rather buy American goods than those from any other nation, because (and here is the pay-off line) "American goods abroad everywhere carry with them a feeling of integrity and of good faith."

We take for granted in this country such things as uniform quality at given prices; trade-marks and brand names designating products which will invariably be as advertised, no matter where you buy them; and so on. Few of us realize that those things do not obtain in many other countries. "Let the buyer beware" is still the ruling word in numerous foreign markets, and if you get stung on some purchase it's just your tough luck.

To find that in one country, at least, goods are honestly made, honestly branded and honestly marketed is a tremendous and an exciting discovery to many a foreigner. It is almost certain, too, to make him admire that country, despite the world-wide Communist campaign of anti-U.S. vilifica and here, it seems, is one element in our nati strength of which most of us are unaware. Let' come aware of it swiftly—and determine to onto it.

●

. . . HERE'S A BOOK THAT SHOULD SELL: W waiting patiently for a book of memoirs t written by some big shot in the late war, and taining a number of passages to this effect:

"I realize that more than a few people beli was a very wise and farseeing character in the conflict. Matter of fact, I wasn't.

"True, I was able to meet some emergencies th the proper action or almost so; but that was m luck. I was shot with luck at my birth—why, I know—and in simple honesty I must attribute tually all of my 'achievements' to that stark, plicable fact.

"I didn't win the Battle of the Blowout, his ri- ans to the contrary. That classic engagement won by a combination of my luck and the eve ing courage of the U.S. fighting man.

"When I made mistakes in the heat of the flict, I didn't have the guts to admit them out —though I told myself that I was keeping about them for the sake of the men's morale. press was very kind in this respect, and co up for me more than once—on the plausible as I see it now, questionable ground that the p on the home front couldn't take the truth whe truth would hurt.

"In short, I was just a human being, strug along from day to day, and any resemblanc tween me and Superman is purely coincidental

As stated, we're waiting patiently for a written in that vein, and have a hunch the buying public would eat it up. But we fear wait a long, weary time, if not forever.

Collier's

AUGUST 28, 1948 TEN CENTS

Teheran: Stalin makes commitments but insists on three exits

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

WHY IKE SAID NO!

By Marquis W. Childs

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August 28, 1948

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Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

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in

"HILLS OF HOME"

co-starring

EDMUND **GWENN** • DONALD **CRISP**

TOM **DRAKE** • JANET **LEIGH**

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Original Screen Play by WILLIAM LUDWIG

Suggested by the Ian Maclaren Sketches "Doctor of the Old School"

Directed by .....FRED M. WILCOX

Produced by.....ROBERT SISK



When "The Green Years" appeared on the screen a few years ago it was hard to imagine there could be another tale so wonderful in sentiment, a love story so tender. M-G-M found such a narrative in "Hills of Home" and has now dramatized it magnificently in Technicolor.

The story was fashioned from the well-known sketches by Ian Maclaren. William Ludwig did a screen play that really tugs at the heart, and the director Fred M. Wilcox wielded his megaphone superbly. Robert Sisk, the producer, had the guiding hand in the production.

It has been cast with skill. No one but Edmund Gwenn could play so brilliantly the beloved Dr. MacLure who shared the joys and heartaches of his people. It is another Academy Award performance, equal to his well-remembered "Miracle on 34th Street".

Only Lassie could portray so intelligently the dog who at first outrages the Scottish homeland with his cowardice and ineptness in the stern tasks of the hillside. His attachment for the old doctor leads to what in human terms, would be called regeneration.

For the character of the Highland youth whose courage overcame great obstacles—the natural selection was Tom Drake, young hero of "The Green Years". His sweetheart, and most attractive, is talented Janet Leigh.

You will want to visit the "Hills of Home" because, as Tom Drake whispers to his sweetheart in the picture: "The very hills of the Glen are special hills. The sweetest hills of all. The hills of home."

M-G-M is proud of this motion picture and rightly so. It lifts the screen a notch. It is important because it is good.

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THE WEEK'S MAI

UNWANTED

DEAR EDITOR: When I read W. B. Cou
ney's article Unwanted in this week's C
lier's (July 17th) it made me proud to
on his team fighting un-American "Am
cans." Courtney starts his article wit
statement to the effect that the first bo
load of DPs came over on the Mayflo
in 1620. I as a Jew am glad no "patriot
Indians objected to that landing becaus
the son of an emigrant wouldn't have b
able to send four sons to the war zones
that those early Pilgrim Fathers' philo
phy could remain a working sensi
democratic force. What philosophy
these objectors using? Certainly not t
of the Sermon on the Mount.

GEORGE BARKIN, Brookline, M

. . . Never in my life have I read s
hearts-and-flowers drivel. Comparing
DPs to the Pilgrims, indeed! Did the
dians publish heart-rending accounts
the persecuted Pilgrims in England
pass laws and raise subscriptions to b
them over? Did the fugitives arrive
ocean steamers, nourished on fresh fo
attended by ships' doctors, and a safe
rival guaranteed? Did they land in a co
try complete with Social Security, vacci
pasteurized milk and oil burners? I
pig's eye they did!

My heart bleeds for the DPs. It bl
for everyone who is unhappy and
rooted. But let's be realistic. Life is
certain and insecure for us all. A se
life is unnatural.

Let the DPs work out their own dest
Let one of their leaders come forth
a plan for resettlement in Africa, such
Liberia. Or maybe even Alaska. Let t
build their own heritage as our foun
fathers did. Let them become grea
their own way.

RUTH BINGHAM DE LAU
Hamden, C

. . . It is to be hoped the article will ar
interest enough so that Congress will
ther a reorganization of the IRO to m
it more efficient.

Humanely, giving these Unwante
chance—a new lease on life—would b
inestimable value not only to them b
us as a nation. We would demonstra
the world our greatness as a democ
nation by truly being a haven for the
pressed peoples of the world and
merely talking about it.

E. STENBERG, Monroe,

(Continued on page 42)

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

Of all wild animals, members of the deer family undoubtedly possess the most highly developed homing instinct, an outstanding example of which concerns a number of Scottish stags that were shipped from Scotland to New Zealand a short time ago. Soon after their arrival, several escaped from their new quarters and, days later, were found far out at sea swimming courageously toward home, 13,000 miles away across both the Pacific and Atlantic oceans.

One of the most impressive hoaxes of all time was perpetrated in London in 1704 by a French adventurer known as "George Psalmanazar." Posing as an educated native of Formosa, which neither he nor any Englishman had ever visited, the impostor ingeniously invented and wrote several books about his country's strange language, religion, manners, customs, geography and history. So complete and convincing were these works that Psalmanazar was accepted and lionized by British society until he revealed the deception nearly 30 years later. The books had created such faith in the man that few of his contemporaries believed his confession.

In 1912 in New York, fire insurance was still issued with little or no investigation, and arson, therefore, was so common that members of the city's fire department decided to publicize the situation dramatically. So they rented a cheap bare room, furnished it with a chair and curtains costing $4, and then one of the firemen, dressed in plain clothes, got the articles insured for $127,500, or nearly 32,000 times their actual value.

Special issues of postage stamps, when produced in small numbers as collectors' items, are so profitable that, in Liechtenstein, the income from their sale constitutes about one quarter of the country's total revenue.

Although the Marquess of was one of Britain's busiest stat for 56 years before his death in he also managed to achieve the tation of being the greatest hu all time. Between 1867 and when his secretary kept an exa ord of his hunting expeditio Marquess is credited with killin 728 animals, including tigers, buffaloes and rhinoceroses, an age of 216 a week.

Among the scores of glorify tles used by the native princes dia and Pakistan, a unique "Sawai" which is employed Maharaja of Jaipur, Sawai Ma Bahadur. As the word mean and a quarter," his subjects c him 25 per cent better than a nary monarch, a fact constan pressed upon them by his roya each of which carries a quarte duplicate directly beneath it.

A device that enables person talking over the telephone, to s other on a television scree around the instrument was set demonstrated between two buildings in New York duri summer of 1930. But as it is to to be practicable, no attempt t it for general use has ever bee

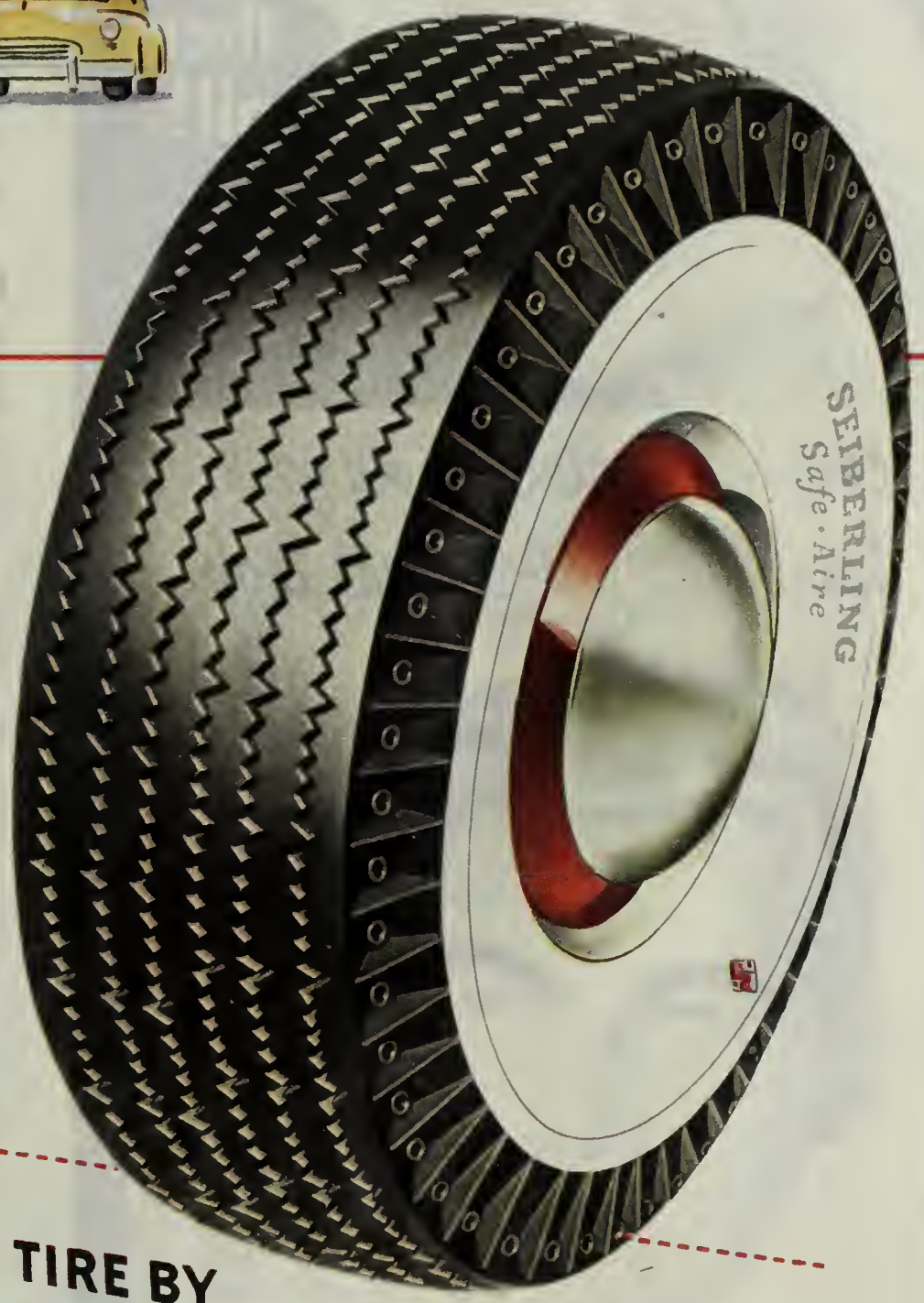
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HERBE

Reading from left to right: Ross, Ben Roth, Salo and Roir in an antic

THE cartoons on pp. 34, 50, 53 and 70, labeled Ross, Salo, Roir and Ben Roth, are the work of four brothers—the prolific and genial Roth brothers. There is one Roth sister. She doesn't draw.

Born in Austria, the Roths survived World War I and its aftermuss, then immigrated to the Bronx in 1922, bringing two earthly possessions—a sense of humor and drawing talent. Collectively the brothers worked their way through the New York public schools and into art schools, slinging vegetable crates in markets, running errands and freight elevators, and doing this and that.

Brother Ben started the boys on the road to riches. One day he submitted a "rough" to Collier's which promptly "okayed it." Before collapsing from excitement, Ben carefully informed the brothers—who promptly dashed off a few thousand roughs. Al, then known as New York's Leading Freight Elevator Cartoonist, from his habit of decorating elevator walls, made the second sale—for $15. He signed the cartoon Ross.

After that it was only a matter of tramping a few hundred thousand miles between cartoon editors, toting hundreds of thousands of roughs, and the Roths—now known professionally as Salo, Roir, Ross and Ben Roth—were operating humming cartoon factories. Today they average from 25 to 50 roughs a week. Combined, they can easily fill your magazine with laughter—selling gags by the piece, package or pound.

The brothers all married the same year—1937—and are busy raising more little cartoonists. "Let's see now," we thought we heard a non-Roth cartoonist once mutter, "four times eight to the thirtieth generation divided by 22 cartoon markets @ $25 a gag equals—"

MARQUIS CHILDS, the distinguished writing and radio man responsible for the political scoop on p. 14—Why Ike Said No—was lecturing a journalism class at Columbia this year when the new Columbia prexy, General Ike himself, walked in. Mark asked Ike to explain his secrets of working with the wartime press.

The general obliged by recounting how in North Africa he'd calle American correspondents tog unexpectedly for an off-the-reco nouncement: the date of the im ing Sicily invasion, about six off. The general asked for ab secrecy. What followed was e what Eisenhower had anticipatec newsmen were so overwhelme responsibility they didn't dare t about any phase of the war in j after that except in a sort of coc time they asked the general ne put such a burden on them They'd rather not know.

"That basically was how the eral did it," sums up Mr. Childs craftily found responsibility w best honor system with newsme

WE ASKED Jack Finney copped the first of our ne Story $1,000 Awards with his hil whodunit rib, It Wouldn't Be (p. 20), how he'd done it. "I a finish a mystery," he admitted, " confused as to just who done why, and not even too sure wh actly, the corpse was. Then m picks up the same story, and minutes later, about page 36, sh briefly, 'The daughter—obviou moment she strolled in the gra bor that butter wouldn't melt mouth.'

"This sort of thing encourag to get my little burlesque off m before Hercule Poirot drove m well-padded cell."

When asked about his plans f future of the Star Award mone Finney said he hoped to take a order course which advertises low That Man! You, Too, Ca Private Eye!"

This week's cover: Purl of Price. When Artist Wilson found his girl friend Marge ent in yarn, needles and Argyles, a sighed what a cover it would m he agreed. So he hired Billie D seventeen, a pro model, recei Hollywood High, borrowed half-done Argyles from hi begged a cat from a friend—a to work. May the result be a w relief to all knit wits—and may forgiven for such a remark. .

TED SI

The ride of the Year

You'll ride relaxed, at ease—seated in the smooth-riding *middle section* of the car. It's a "Mid Ship" Ride—it's a revelation in real comfort. And seats are much wider, too!





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When the traffic light turns red you'll find you can bring your new Ford to a halt with just a touch of your foot! That's because of new "Magic Action" King-Size Brakes that use part of the car's forward motion for stopping power. They work up to 35% easier!

See for yourself why the '49 FORD is THE CAR OF THE YEAR!



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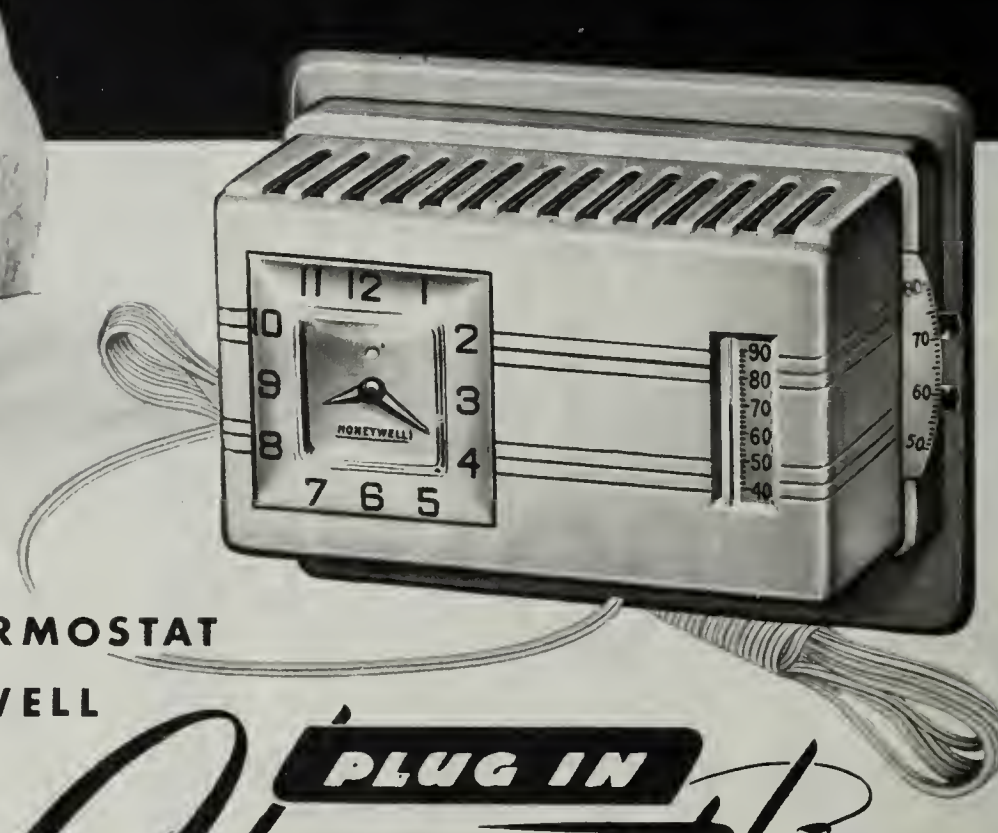
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ECOND MAN ON THE TICKET

BY EDWIN LANHAM

vernor Warburton told his beautiful young secretary that there was nothing in his past to prevent him from becoming Vice-President. But a shington gossip columnist found something—something that would smear like mud. Beginning a new serial of love and political intrigue

HE expression on Governor Willis G. Warburton's full, relaxed face was familiar. I had seen it the night he tried to conceal his pride and satisfaction as he read aloud a telegram from his opponent in the gubernatorial contest, ceding his election, and again the afternoon a three-year-old bearing the War- on colors nosed out the favorite to win the President's Handicap, $50,000 added, k in the days when the Governor owned a small racing stable. This time I thought ew what it meant; it meant that the Governor had a full house, at least. My hand a nine-high straight.

Even though I was sure I would take a beating this time, I did not mind. It was d to see the Governor enjoying himself; it was good to see the lines of strain in ace relax. Campaigning is hard on the most durable candidate, even for the sec- man on the ticket, and Governor Warburton had campaigned with an indefati- le sense of responsibility to his country and his party. I was aboard his special because I wanted to see him in Washington, Vice-President of the United States. as there to help all I could, even when it involved bucking a full house with a -high straight.

Bill Evers, the Governor's press secretary, had dropped out when the Governor ed, and the other three players, all newspapermen assigned to cover the Warbur- campaign, had failed to improve their hands on the draw. I was left there with a straight, facing the Governor's pat hand and looking into his pleased, amused eyes.

"Roy," he said, "this is going to cost you."

He said it like a man with a bludgeon, and a casual observer would never have

Clyde McDonald was just leaving the table when I looked in. Lucy gave me the high sign—but big



guessed there was a ten-cent limit. At worst the hand could cost me hardly more than half a dollar, but the Governor had drawn his heavy eyebrows down over his blue eyes, he had set his square jaw, and looked as hard and overbearing as he could. Of course I knew Willis Warburton. I had known him for ten years, from the time I broke in as a reporter covering the Statehouse, when he was highway commissioner. So I was sure that if I were so rash as to continue the betting he would simply grin and show his hand, if he knew he had me beat.

"I'm raising you one dime, Roy," the Governor said.

The three reporters grouped around the table in the Governor's private car grinned because of his sonorous tone, like a carnival barker. They liked the Governor, and enjoyed these casual games of poker almost as much as he did, although later, they would probably continue the game at considerably higher stakes in the press car. They knew the Governor needed to relax

The Governor put his dime on the table. "It's up to you, Boswell."

He often called me that, because I had whipped out a campaign biography entitled Second Man on the Ticket: The Career of Willis G. Warburton. There was a pile of copies on a table in the private car, and the only resentment I had ever held for the Governor was because he had never read one, on the grounds that that sort of thing embarrassed him. He had helped little in the preparation of it, and Bill Evers and I had pieced the facts together from newspaper clippings and talks with relatives.

In the past few years I had written a couple of biographies, thoroughly researched and documented, which had been well received by the critics. I never asked the Governor if he had read them, but I knew he had, and thought well of them, and he called me Boswell as a sort of appreciation of my risking what reputation I to write a campaign brochure.

I looked again at my nine- straight, squirmed again. "Oh, h I said. "I fold."

The Governor's bushy eyebr went up and he pursed his lips. "W Roy," he said, with fatherly reb "You shouldn't have done that. I h nothing." He faced his cards, sho two pairs. The other players lau and the Governor said, "First ti ever bluffed anybody with a ten- bet." He grinned at me.

"Next time I'll call with this said, and took my Win With War ton campaign button from my l and dropped it on the table. " think its chances are worth a d Governor?"

"No comment," the Governor "Whose deal?"

Bill Evers reached for the cards his shuffle was interrupted by L Strawn, the Governor's personal retary, who came in from her offi the car ahead and laid a telegra the table at Bill's elbow. Lucy warm brown hair and warm gray and she walked with a quick, min step that caught the eye and he usually a little longer than good n ners allowed.

"This came at that tank-town we just made, Bill," she said.

BILL picked up the telegram read it with a worried expres He usually looked worried. The d of a press secretary are varied an remitting, and I doubt if Bill had a night through since he took ove job when Warburton first ran for ernor. He was a serious, ner young man who stuttered a little he was excited. Anything unexp had a way of throwing him off ance, with the result he walked a tightrope as press secretary to a didate for the Vice-Presidency, somehow at the same time he al managed to keep his center of gr low enough to stabilize his head.

"Fellows," Bill said, with an happy frown. "I guess we'd b postpone proceedings here. S thing important has come up."

"Yes, sure," the reporters They all stood up, nodded to the ernor, grinned at Lucy Strawn filed out.

"Bill," the Governor began, lea back in his chair and smiling pati "What's exercising you now?"

"Listen to this," Bill said, and the telegram aloud: "Boarding a Marketville stop please arrang commodations."

"Yes?" the Governor said.

Bill said with emphasis, "It's s 'Clyde McDonald.' "

"McDonald?" said the Gove "Clyde McDonald? Oh, you that fellow from Washington?"

"Hatchet-man McDonald," said. "What does *he* want?"

"No doubt we'll find out," Governor Warburton, and s wearily. "Did you break up the just for that?"

"I did," Bill said firmly. "And won't be any more poker games

The Governor laughed toler "Bill, you're always issuing thes retarial commands, with a sn your ink-stained fingers. May why?"

Bill stuttered a little, it wa gauge of his excitement. "G- ernor, don't you know who McDonald is?"

"A newspaperman," the Gov said. "Just another columnist."

(Continued on page 30)

He gave Lucy Strawn a speculative glance as she bent to put the cards away. She straightened, and met his eyes



ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO CO



Kansas legislators give Attorney General Arn (left) only three men to patrol the state's 80,000 bootlegger-infested square miles. When desperate, Arn calls on Lou Richter, State Bureau of Investigation chief, for help

KANSAS STAGGERS TO THE POLLS

BY COLLIE SMALL

Stop us if you've heard this one: In Kansas you call up your bootlegger and after having a few you trudge to the polls and vote dry. But maybe this time—Oh, yeah?

SOME years ago, in front of the railroad station in Wichita, Kansans raised a shining monu-t to the memory of Carrie Na-. While it lasted it was customary passers-by to pause for a draught e cool water that gushed from the tain and to reflect with varying ees of despondency on the great ades that have kept Kansas dry las, that is only the way it *used* to The weary traveler no longer is to lose himself in quiet medita-at that shrine of temperance. In spring of 1946, the monument was cked down by a beer truck. Whether it was the will of the gods or a simple case of erratic driving that dislodged the tombstonelike chunk of granite will not be established until November, when Kansas votes again on whether to go wet or stay dry. On Election Day, Kansans will pull the levers that elect the governor, a senator, the usual complement of congressmen, and any number of local officials, each of whom will have sworn to uphold the duties of his office as they have never been upheld before. But the real issue, to be fought to the death, is prohibition.

This is a perennial issue, and while it in no way affects the availability of spirituous liquors in Kansas, there being plenty for everyone, it is a problem which Kansans enjoy grappling with periodically just for the moral exercise.

The last time the state voted on prohibition, in 1934, the late William Allen White, the Emporia editor, predicted that most Kansans would stagger to the polls and vote dry. He was right. When it was all over, the dry forces had won by 89,000 votes and to celebrate the victory a good portion of them toasted the cause with homemade Kansas Deep Shaft.

What will happen this November is beyond the ken of ordinary mortals who are still baffled by the paradox in 1934. One theory is that Kansans operate on the selfless principle that each of them is the only person in Kansas who can be trusted with liquor. The average Kansan is sure it is best that he keep it away from his benighted neighbor, who drinks from a pail. Another, more plausible, theory is that the voice of retiring Senator Arthur Capper, a lifelong "teetotaler," is still powerful enough through his many newspapers and farm journals to blow the Wets down.

Whatever the reason, the arrangement to date has been a convenient one, everything considered. The Drys

(Continued on page 68)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BRYSON SNYDER



WHY IKE SAID NO

BY MARQUIS W. CHILDS

THIS is the story behind Dwight Eisenhower's "No." It is set down as I saw it at close range.

A year ago the Eisenhower boom began to take form. The general got the feeling that he was being stalked by a possessive demon that he could not shake off. As Chief of Staff he was trying to carry through the enormously difficult task of changing the Army from a wartime to a peacetime basis. To his office in the Pentagon Building, with the row of windows looking across to the distant dome of the Capitol, came many visitors.

Among them were old friends who had been with him through the campaigns of Africa and Europe. They would ask about his current problems. But invariably sooner or later they would begin to hint about politics and the Presidency.

"The thing that gets me down," Eisenhower often said at that time, "is that my oldest frien behave like this. They just can't seem to believe when I say I don't want it. They kind of sm and—"

The hinting and the smiling and the direct qu tioning increased. To everyone who inquired, harassed Chief of Staff repeated a statement ma in his home town of Abilene, Kansas, shortly af his home-coming in 1945:

PORTRAIT BY ROBERT S. SLOAN

"In the strongest language you can command, ou may say that I have no political ambitions at l. Make it even stronger than that if you can. I'd ke to go further than Sherman in expressing my- lf on that subject." (General William Tecumseh herman in 1884, when offered the Republican omination, said: "If nominated, I will not accept. elected, I will not serve.")

In the months to come, Eisenhower considered sing the same language. But the second sentence emed to him to violate his own sense of a sol- er's duty. After all, as many of them were to re- ind him in a great outpouring of letters, millions f young men had been drafted to serve under his mmand. What he felt most strongly was that ere should be no limit on the duty of any citizen, d particularly of any soldier, to serve his coun- y in any way he could.

But in political-minded Washington, where am- tion and a yen for power are second nature, the eptical smiles grew broader. They refused to be- ve that Ike really meant it.

Last December the general and Mrs. Eisenhower ere invited to a dinner at the smart 1925 F Street lub. It was organized by the club's sponsor, Mrs. aura Curtis Gross, for a group of Pennsylvania oliticians celebrating the election to Congress of epresentative Franklin H. Lichtenwalter, Speaker f the House of Representatives in the Pennsylva- a State Legislature. Lichtenwalter had defeated a .I.O. candidate running on the Democratic ticket, nd the Pennsylvania Republicans wanted to let e world know about their victory. They did just at—but not quite as planned.

Among Those Present at the Party

Significantly enough, in the light of later politi- l developments, the faction behind Lichtenwalter as headed by Pennsylvania's venerable Joseph R. rundy and his right-hand man, G. Mason Owlett. make the dinner really an occasion, invitations ere sent to all Republican bigwigs in Washing- n, including the candidates then under iscussion. And surprisingly enough ost of them came. Present were Sena- r Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michi- n and Senator Robert A. Taft of hio as well as a stable full of dark orses. It was a gay party with no hold- g back on the cocktails and the wine.

When the men were alone for coffee nd brandy, the conversation immedi- tely turned to politics. With the facil- y and the warmth that are so much a art of him, Eisenhower began to talk bout the plight of the country. Soon ost of the others in the room were stening. He talked about how in the ispute between labor and manage- ent both sides were simply thinking f themselves and not of the country. he threat of inflation was conse- uently real and terrible. Because anagement was a more cohesive roup, perhaps it could take the lead forgoing higher profits to set an ex- mple and call a halt to the inflationary spiral. hus the general held forth.

To the politicians present this sounded like the lk of a candidate. Apparently they could not redit Ike with holding a sincere conviction. A few ghts later a radio commentator took to the air ith a disputed version of what Eisenhower had id.

According to this commentator, "General Eisen- ower, who has been mentioned as a possible Presi- ential candidate, propounded his views on how to re the domestic inflation threat, and his proposal as that the government call in the big industrial aders of the nation, and put the pressure on them agree to reduce all prices for a period of two or ree years, so as to eliminate all profits whatso- ver. . . . When it was suggested that maybe the lea would not appeal to them, the general is re- orted to have suggested that the solution, then, ould be for Congress to enact a 100 per cent tax n corporation profits, and use the proceeds for a rogram of subsidies, to bring the prices down by rce of government."

Someone had decided to spike the general's can- idacy by making him out to be irresponsible and a angerous radical. Immediately a public row was n over what the general did, or did not, say. The only two newspapermen at the party, Frank R. Kent of the Baltimore Sun and Arthur Krock of the New York Times, both refuted the commentator's version.

What the public did not know, as the ensuing tempest raged, was that one of the guests came to Eisenhower with a remarkable offer. Senator Vandenberg went over to the Pentagon to tell the general how indignant he was at what had happened.

"I am going to make an affidavit stating what you actually said as I heard it. And I'm going to make that affidavit public," the senator said.

Eisenhower was smarting at what he considered a gross violation of the ordinary rules of hospitality. He had persistently refused to comment on the controversy in spite of a hundred queries put to him. Expressing his deep gratitude to Vandenberg, he said:

"I don't want you to do it. I don't care what they say. Just let it pass. They won't believe anyway that I don't want it."

This incident did two things: First, it strengthened the general's ties with Vandenberg, for whom he already had a great admiration. Second, it helped to convince him that the professional politicians in the Republican party wanted none of him and would do everything in their power to block him.

But with the year's end, events began to move swiftly and the boom for the general filled the political horizon. State organizations of Eisenhower-for-President were being formed. Offices opened to receive contributions from those who wanted to promote the campaign.

When the general realized that sincere people, perhaps thousands of them, would put up cash in his interest, he decided to act. With his friend, Major General Floyd Parks, then head of Army public relations, he discussed how best to put his refusal. It was at this time that a prominent Republican came to him with a proposal.

"What if I brought a half-dozen leaders of the party, including maybe even a man talked of as a candidate, would that influence you?" the visitor asked.

"That's not hard to answer," Eisenhower replied, "because I know it couldn't happen. I know that the people who run your party don't want me."

It was decided finally to put the refusal in the form of a letter to one of Eisenhower's most impassioned promoters. Leonard V. Finder, publisher of the Manchester Union-Leader at Manchester, New Hampshire, had written to say a slate of delegates pledged to Eisenhower would be entered for the Presidential primary to be held in New Hampshire on March 9th. Finder enclosed a front-page editorial urging election of the Eisenhower delegates.

For three days, spent mostly in the privacy of his quarters at Fort Myer, General Ike sweated out his reply to Finder. He wanted to make his refusal clear beyond any doubt, but he also wanted to be certain that he did not shirk duty as he conceived it. With the advice of Parks and two or three others the letter was gone over and over. When the last comma was in place, it was released by Parks with a significant memorandum which said that it was being made public "because General Eisenhower hopes through this means to inform every interested person or group that he is not in politics and that he would refuse nomination even if offered."

Each sentence of that now historic document had been carefully weighed and measured. Nevertheless, certain passages were charged with more meaning than others. One is the expression of "my conviction that unless an individual feels some inner compulsion and special qualifications to enter the political arena—which I do not—a refusal to do so involves no violation of the highest standards of devotion to duty." Another is:

"Politics is a profession; a serious, complicated and, in its true sense, a noble one. In the American scene, I see no dearth of men fitted by training, talent and integrity for national leadership. On the other hand, nothing in the international or domestic situation especially qualifies for the most important office in the world a man whose adult years have been spent in the country's military forces. At least this is true in my case."

Disclaimed "Miracle Man" Abilities

In the immediate aftermath of his refusal the general felt a vast sense of relief.

"They were attributing powers to me that no man could have," he said. "They were trying to make a miracle man out of me. That's what it came down to. Well, I'm not that and I just won't have it."

For a time, at least, the letter took Eisenhower's name out of the political headlines. He was preparing to make the change from military to civilian life. A great many offers had come to him. Some were from business firms offering front jobs with large salaries.

The general was finally prevailed upon to accept the presidency of Columbia University at a salary much lower than some of the fancy figures held out by business. He was deeply interested in education and he felt that such a position, in the nature of a public service, was in the tradition of his career. But promptly a political interpretation was put on it. He was taking this opportunity, it was said, to build a bridge from the Chief of Staff's office to the White House.

At this time Eisenhower was also preparing to write his memoirs. He obtained a stipulation from the United States Treasury that since this was his lifework, the fruit of his entire career, he would be taxed not as though this were income but as though it were a capital gain. This meant the general could keep a much greater part of the proceeds.

So Eisenhower was sitting pretty. He finished dictating his life story and got ready to go away on that long-promised vacation. But the political hex kept bobbing up. Rumor got around that he would be the guest of George E. Allen on a golfing holiday in Georgia. Known as the White House court jester, Allen is a shrewd Mississippian whose friendship with Presidents Roosevelt and Truman helped him to climb the business-government ladder. One of Ike's friends came to him and urged him not to vacation with Allen.

"I don't care what they'll think," the general said with considerable heat. "George Allen is a friend of mine and I'm not interested in his politics."

As a matter of fact Eisenhower was the guest not of Allen but of William E. Robinson of the Herald Tribune. But news photographs showing Allen and the general together in golfing togs may have helped to get the Eisenhower boom moving in another direction.

A combination of circumstances had sent President Truman's rating in the polls tumbling toward the cellar. At the same time his civil-rights program alienated Southern politicians who began to look for some way to sidetrack the President. A popular candidate was the first necessity of all the dissident elements. This was the genesis of the Democratic boom for Eisenhower. And this one was even greater than the Republican balloon that had been punctured in January.

Eisenhower was hardly established in his spacious office in Columbia University's Low Memorial Library before a stream of Democratic politicians began to come to see him. At least eight senators and a half-dozen *(Continued on page 76)*

Julius Caesar, great general, smart man, refused the crown only three times. Dwight Eisenhower, smart man, great general, turned it down at least six times. Here's the story, told completely for the first time. And told with authority, by one of Eisenhower's good friends

SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER

Katie



BY W. L. KNICKMEYER

For all Sam cared, his ex-wife could lead her own life. But he drew the line at wolves like Sweetie Pie Venner, seven times married

IT WAS Friday night, the apartment was quiet, I had the whole week end free for work, and I was busy. I'd just diagrammed the molecule we were working on at the lab—one of the hydrocarbons, a tricky one—and was staring at it when the buzzer went bzzt. I sat there. After a minute it went bzzzzz-bzt. I turned around and looked at the door.

"Busy!" I yelled. "Go away!"

The buzzer said bzzzzzz—without stopping. Somebody banged on the door. Somebody began kicking the door. Somebody wanted to come in.

I listened to it for a while. By this time, any normal person would have gone away. There was only one answer. And there was no use trying to dodge. I was on the fourteenth floor, and she'd look in all the closets first thing. I put down my pencil, went to the door and opened it.

"What the hell do you want?" I said. "I thought you were in Reno?"

Katie looked up at me. She had a little hat cocked up on top of her black hair, a red dress, a pair of little black shoes. She was being a sweet, wistful, appealing little girl.

She said, "Darling," and waved her lashes. "I'm back. Are you glad to see me?"

"No."

"I came straight to you, Sam. You were the first person I thought of." She waved her lashes. "Aren't you going to ask me in?"

Without a tommy gun, how could I stop her? I opened the door wide and stepped back. Katie glanced over her shoulder, said, "All right, boys," and came in. The doorman came in behind her, then the elevator boy, then a cabdriver. They were loaded with luggage and pets.

"Just put it anywhere," Katie said.

I swallowed. I said, "Wait. Listen. Aren't we divorced? I thought—"

Katie looked surprised. "Why, of course we are, darling."

"But you can't just move in on me! Dammit, Kate, it's indecent!"

She waved her hand at me, frowning. "Don't be Victorian, darling. Where else would I go at this hour?"

All the hotels in town had gone out of business, of course.

"I don't care where you go. I've got work to do. Go to the Y.W. Go to the Travelers Aid. Go to—"

"Hush, darling." She wasn't even listening. She fished money out of her bag, tipped everybody and chased them out. Then she turned to me and took off her hat. She smiled. "It's just for a few days, darling. Just until I can get settled somewhere. You know I loathe hotels."

She hadn't changed. She was the same old Katie. A grown woman, an actress, with a career and everything. She made more money in a week than I did in six months, but she still needed somebody to take care of her. A couple of guys in white uniforms, say.

"Okay," I said. "I'll pack a bag and go over to—"

I stopped. She had that look in her eye. She put her hands on her hips and stared at m

"You'll do nothing of the kind," she said. "Do be ridiculous, Sam. There's plenty of room he for both of us. We're not children, you know."

That was what bothered me. We'd been marri two years, we couldn't get along together, we agreed to break it up. But that didn't change l ology.

I said, "One or the other of us has got to go."

Katie looked at me for a minute, and decided meant it. "All right, then. If that's the way y feel about it." She came close and patted my che "Dear Sam," she said. "You were always quaint."



Katie came in, followed by the doorman, the elevator boy, the cab driver. They were loaded. "Put it anywhere," Katie said

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

Katie, anybody with a grain of sense was t. I gave her a cigarette, lighted one for my- nd walked up and down. The week end was I couldn't work with Katie in town. On the or off, Katie had to have an audience.

topped walking and looked at her. She was sit- n her favorite chair, running a comb through air. For a minute, seeing her like that, I got a ry feeling. The soft kind. Like a kitten. It was. oad we hadn't got along better.

ook," I said. "I'm sorry. I'm glad to see you, urse." She looked up and smiled at me, the eal smile, and I looked away quick. I said, "Did ave a good trip?"

"Oh, marvelous!" She sat up with the comb in her hand and her hair hanging all on one side. There were a couple of hairpins in her mouth. She took them out; her eyes were dreamy.

"Harold Venner," she said. "The third."

I said, "Huh?"

"On the train, coming back. He's really charming, Sam."

You could meet anybody on a train. That was what they ran them for. I said, "Uh." Then it hit me. "Venner!" I said. "Sweetie Pie Venner?"

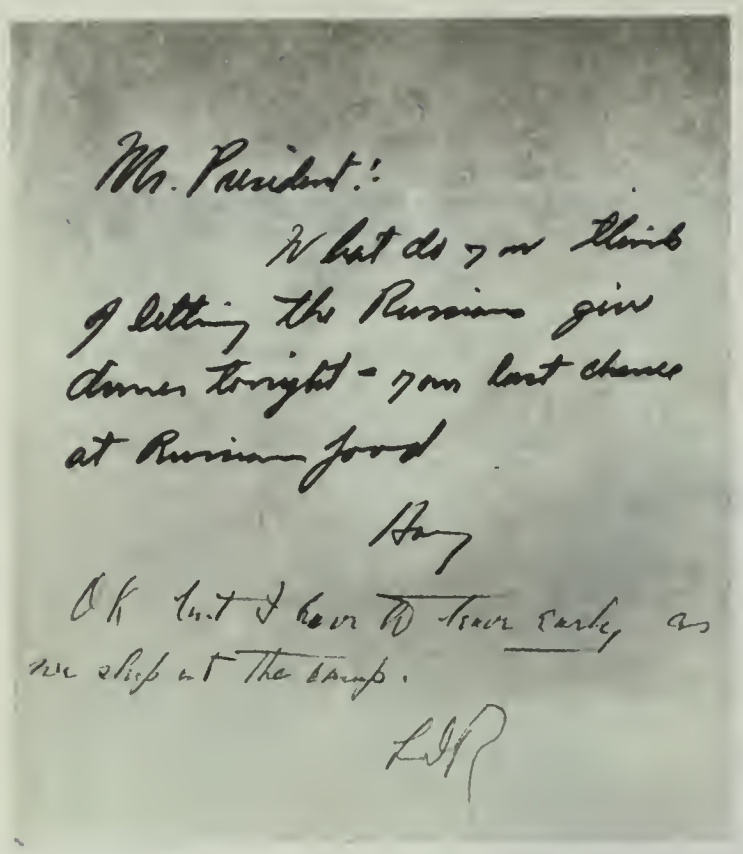
She got a little pink. "It's not his fault if the tabloids—"

"They just print what happens. You're not goir to fall for a guy like that, Katie! My God, he's been married eight times already!"

"Seven," she said. "And he's a fine, charming, intelligent, cultured gentleman. And it's none of your business, anyway."

Romeo with bags under his eyes. Adonis with a hang-over. I didn't know him personally, but I learned to read in the first grade. Pick up any newspaper. Venner in an airplane, with a babe. Venner on his yacht, with a babe. Venner at the Stork Club, El Morocco or Coney Island. With babes.

I said, "Katie, listen. You're needling me, aren't you? You're not serious?" *(Continued on page 53)*



Hopkins scribbled this note during the last Teheran session, as the Allies continued to argue over Germany's partition. Roosevelt and his party left that night to return to Cairo

The Secret Papers of
HARRY L. HOPKINS

Roosevelt springs the United Nations idea on Stalin, and the Big Three plan the future of the world. Here's how the Allied leaders talked turkey at Teheran. Here's how Stalin the Stubborn listened, asked questions—and expressed his views at one of history's most perilous crossroads

PART XIV—THREE TITANS SPIN THE GLOBE

THE Second Plenary Session of the Teheran Conference was scheduled for Monday afternoon, November 29th. Roosevelt lunched quietly with his own household. His son Elliott had arrived that morning from Egypt, his plane having been delayed by engine trouble.

After lunch the President had a short session with the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who reported their conclusions on the southern France operation, and presented memoranda they had prepared for the President to discuss with Stalin. At 2:45 Stalin arrived. Roosevelt said he wished to lend Stalin a report from a U.S. Army officer who had been with Tito in Yugoslavia and had the highest respect for the work being done there by the Partisan forces. Stalin thanked the President.

Roosevelt then gave Stalin three memorandums:

1) A request for permission for U.S. bombers from Britain to use Russian air bases for refueling, rearmament and emergency repair in the proposed "shuttle bombing" of Germany.

2) A request that *(Continued on page 70)*

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD



Outside the Russian Embassy at Teheran, General George Marshall (left) stops to shake hands with an old friend while Hopkins (center), a Russian interpreter, Foreign Minister Molotov, and General Voroshilov all cluster around Stalin

ACME



COLLIER'S

SHORT SHORT

BOY'S BEST FRIEND

BY ROBERT CARSON

The poor child was dying of boredom. So each week Mrs. Donniger gave him a dollar and let him pick his horses

VAUDEVILLE died like a dog, but Terry & Alfredo (they were billed that way) went ht on living. Living and dancing. ey did ballroom stuff. When five- lay was gone, Terry & Alfredo ted at night clubs and supper oms and private entertainments m Portland, Oregon to Portland, aine, and from Mexico to Mani- a.

Terry was the former Theresa Mul- ny. She had a creamy skin and tural red hair and a slim figure. redo was the former Al Sullivan, of Boston Sullivans. He was a black hman who managed to look some- at Latin under colored spots.

The then Miss Mulcahy had met in the early thirties, when she was horine and he was a chorus boy a weak and trembling Broadway sical. Even before the show closed, ich was pretty quickly, they were in e and married and dancing madly a phonograph in a tiny apartment. They stayed in love, even with the d of life they had to lead. Terry s the serious one; she wanted to out of show business eventually start a dancing school. Alfredo s as happy-go-lucky as real Latins reputed to be. He was satisfied h music and traveling, and he liked ocial glass with his friends and an asional small wager on the ponies. Sometimes Terry was irritable and atient with him, but she did real- they were very happy; Alfredo tinually brought her flowers and danced with no other girls.

It was Terry who bought the modest use outside of the city as a home e. It was Terry who had Stephen, ugh Alfredo pointed out to her t having a baby involved the risk missing good engagements, los- your life, or even losing your ure.

Stephen grew up a quiet, good boy. was serious and intent, and had h marks in school. When Terry Alfredo were away on their trips e of Alfredo's old aunts, a Mrs. nniger, stayed in the country and tched over Stephen with loving e. She was the widow of a trainer breeder of horses, and thoroughly iable.

In Stephen's twelfth year he con- cted rheumatic fever and it affected heart. The doctor ordered him to for three months. Terry & Alfredo were beside themselves. They had an offer to go away on a tour, and because of Stephen's illness, they needed the money. At last, with lamentations, they left him in Mrs. Donniger's hands and went dancing across the continent. When the tour was over, they rushed to the bedside of their son.

Putting aside a Racing Form that he was reading, Stephen greeted them gladly. He was feeling much better, being in bed wasn't too dreadful, and he was having quite a bit of fun. Yesterday, for instance, he had hit four winners.

"Four winners!" Terry said, and grew pale and tottered. "Stephen, what are you saying?"

"Just that," Stephen said. "One paid eighty-eight dollars to win, Mother."

Neither Terry nor Alfredo could think of much to say until they talked to Mrs. Donniger later. The good old lady was astounded at their excitement. She explained that the poor child was dying of boredom lying in there, so she'd thought up a little game for him. Each week she gave him a dollar in dimes and let him pick his horses. He could bet as much or as little as he wanted each day. If he lost his dollar early in the week, he received no more money until the next week.

Mrs. Donniger wished Mr. Donniger were alive to see the kid picking them—it was wonderful!

"I pay track odds, of course," Mrs. Donniger said, "and Stephen is into me for sixty-two dollars already. But I imagine his streak will break pretty soon— Is something the matter?"

AS SOON as she was gone, Terry dissolved into tears and sought Alfredo's arms. She said brokenly that the bar sinister had finally turned up —the sins of the parents were being visited upon the children. Stephen was going to be a lousy little racetrack bum. This was the end. And so forth.

"Oh, I don't know," Alfredo replied, in a suspiciously cheerful voice. "Give him a little more rope. All horse players go broke. On the other hand, if his streak should hold—" He stopped and gulped.

"Al, I warn you—don't go betting on any of those nags," Terry said. "I'll have you for contributing to the delinquency of a minor—I'll kill you or leave you! Why, you'd be an unnatural father!"

"All right, all right," Alfredo said, and gulped again.

Later on, he visited privately with Stephen. The child casually mentioned a horse named Fussbudget running that afternoon at Jamaica.

"I know that dog," Alfredo said. "He'll run out, son."

"No, he'll win," Stephen said. "I can hear it in my head."

"Ah—?" Alfredo said. "I dare you to put all your dough on him."

Stephen agreed to that. Moving with the absorption of a mongoose retreating from a cobra, Alfredo sought a cigar stand and put two on Fussbudget's nose. Not long after, Fussbudget came in and paid forty-five sixty to win. Though Stephen had him across the board, it took Alfredo's winnings and all the other money in the house to pay the kid track odds on the barrelhead.

A pale Terry & Alfredo regarded each other after dinner. "Where is this going to end?" Terry said.

"End?" Alfredo said. "Either in the poorhouse or on Park Avenue. If he stays hot, we'll be rich!"

"Oh, no, you don't!" Terry said. "You're not going to use your own flesh and blood for a tipster! I'll divorce you and take him away!"

"Go ahead, divorce me!" Alfredo said. "I'll fight you for custody in every court in the land!"

"Remember," Terry said, rising from the table, "a boy's best friend is his mother." That night Terry slept in the guest room. Alone for the first time since his marriage, Alfredo couldn't sleep thinking of horses.

The atmosphere was tense the following day when Alfredo took Stephen to the doctor for a checkup. During the ride on the train, Stephen mentioned a horse running at Tropical Park named Night Out that he liked. On some flimsy pretext, Alfredo made a detour to Third Avenue and placed a wager. When he had a moment with the doctor, he tipped him on Night Out and kiddingly said the medico could use it in lieu of a fee. The doctor said he might look into it. Before they went home, Night Out was back eating his oats and had paid a hundred-and-two fifty to win.

Alfredo couldn't keep the news. His wife listened to him coldly.

"Suppose I bought you a mink coat?" Alfredo said winningly. "Would you see the light, angel?"

"A mink coat," Terry said. "I'd feed it back to you skin by skin."

She was out buying groceries the next afternoon when the doctor phoned Alfredo that the electrocardiogram on Stephen was fine and that he could get up and return to school. He also said he certainly appreciated that tip on Night Out and to forget any bill his nurse might send. Alfredo hung up and stood with perspiration forming on his brow. He was thinking of horses, and sleeping alone all the time. He went in to see his son and heir.

TERRY returned and found them gravely listening to the race results. Shutting off the radio, Alfredo told her the good news about Stephen. Terry wept and clutched her child to her bosom; and Alfredo had to wipe his own eyes. He got up.

"Well, I have to do some things," he remarked. "I'm sorry for the bad day at the track, Stevie."

"That's all right," Stephen said. "I'm sick of playing that game anyhow. It's for kids who stay in bed. If I bring anybody home from school, you won't mention it, will you? It might sound kind of silly to them."

"I guess it might," Alfredo said. "Now, I'll clam up. And—and I might buy you a bicycle, Stevie."

"Oh, gee," Stephen said, "that'd be wonderful, Dad!"

Terry followed Alfredo from the room and closed the door. He was mopping his forehead.

"How did you do it?" she asked. Her eyes were shining mistily.

"I touted him off his noises," Alfredo said, "and got him to shoot his roll on a couple of mine." He looked momentarily anguished. "He thought his father was his best friend and couldn't be wrong. I said he couldn't play any more now that he was going back to school. I—I had to do it for you. My feet get so cold at night."

"His father is his best friend," Terry said, "and he couldn't be wrong—Ah, Al!"

"I'll tell you something funny," Alfredo said. "The horses his noises gave him didn't come in either. His streak was over—I'm glad I did it."

Then he took her in his arms, and Terry & Alfredo danced rather happily. ★★★

ILLUSTRATED BY KEN COWHEY

Of course, the murderer didn't have to have red hair and a lisp, but according to the mystery books Annie read, all criminals leave clues. Otherwise . . .

It Wouldn't Be Fair

BY JACK FINNEY

WINNER OF THIS WEEK'S $1,000 FICTION AWARD

Collier's

☆

STAR STORY

The editors of COLLIER'S have awarded Star Rating to this story because they believe it especially worthy of your attention. Each week Collier's editors will select for award of the Star Rating one short story. To the author of each STAR STORY a special bonus of $1,000 over and above the established price of the story will be paid.

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Next Week

COLLIER'S STAR STORY will be—

COLLECTOR'S ITEM

By Roald Dahl

For the best in fiction read COLLIER'S

"SUPPOSE you found this guy dead," said Charley. He stood beside the lieutenant's desk, hands in pockets, rocking gently on his feet, a lean young man, with an intelligent face. "Murdered. Shot and poisoned in his library."

"The library?"

"*His* library; big estate in England."

The lieutenant swung his swivel chair toward the window behind him. The morning light cut across one shoulder onto a face made thin by years of insufficient sleep and grooved from decades of worry. "Out of our jurisdiction," he said.

"You investigate anyway," Charley said cheerfully, "and find that the dead guy's wife is a homicidal maniac, that her husband kicked her out into a blizzard on Christmas Eve, after squandering her fortune on another woman, and that she happens to own the Webley-Vebley 12-12 pistol which fired the bullet found in his brain."

"Someday," said the lieutenant, "you'll be too smart for your own good. Whatever you're up to or after, I have a feeling, amounting to a conviction that the answer is going to be no. I never heard of a Webley-Vebley."

"Annie would not be surprised." Charley took a paper clip from the desk and, lowering his head, began carefully bending it straight. "Furthermore, the dead man's wife had run a full-page ad in the local newspaper threatening to kill him, she was alone with him during the last ten minutes of his life, and in her handbag are three African darts each tipped with a poison which kills instantly by turning the blood into putty. You suspect anybody?"

The lieutenant shrugged. "Looks like maybe the wife did it."

"Typical police stupidity." Charley tossed the paper clip at the polished spittoon on the floor and it hit with a ping, then rattled inside. "Annie has often pointed out to me that we constantly leap to conclusions on just such flimsy evidence."

The lieutenant leaned forward, hands clasped, forearms on the desk. "Okay," he said coldly, "just who is this Annie?"

"Annie is a brain. Of frightening power. A marvel at murder. But a brain bounded on the north by gorgeous brown hair, on the south by a magnificent coast line, and—"

"Spare me," said the lieutenant. "I am an old, old man. Just how does this mighty brain work?"

"While we absurd police, satisfied with our ridiculous evidence, are lounging around the station house or stealing fruit from innocent peddlers, Annie is finding the more subtle clues which blundering police methods invariably miss. And she discovers presently what she suspected all along." Charley hitched his chair closer to the lieutenant's desk. "The wife is innocent. The murdered man's aunt, who raised him from childhood, sacrificed everything to put him through college, and who has been completely paralyzed for thirty-five years except for her ears which she can still wiggle slightly—"

"She did it?"

"Exactly. The rare Webley-Vebley is the only known pistol with a trigger so sensitive it can be fired by a flick of the ear."

The lieutenant leaned back in his chair, and gazed at the ceiling for a considerable time. "Colhaus," he said finally. "You know Colhaus in the Twentieth Precinct? He has a daughter—"

"No," said Charley, "Annie. I am not interested in anyone's daughter but Annie. You may not understand—"

"I might," said the lieutenant. "Unlikely as it may seem, I was young once. The remedy in a case like yours—I should say, the cure—is to marry the girl."

"I can't." Charley's smile disappeared, and his face looked thinner. "In spite of some success during six years as a member of Homicide, Annie regards me as only a reasonably well-qualified mope in the field of murder investigation. From her experience," he said bitterly, "covering hundreds of cases, she has formed a very low opinion of police and their methods."

THE lieutenant gestured with his thumb toward a huge oak-framed display cabinet which hung on the wall opposite. Its green felt surface, under the glass, was paved with dozens of overlapping photographs and deadly mementos: cruelly sharp photos of bodies in every state of violent death, sullen-faced men and women, struggling or passive in the arms of the police, actual pistols and blackjacks wired in place.

"You were with me on those," said the lieutenant. "Some of them. You did good work; sometimes. *Tell* her about them."

"I did."

"And?"

"Crude and slipshod work. We often arrested and convicted the first guy we suspected. Sometimes, in fact, the only suspect. And often we obviously the obvious suspect. Do you realize what that means?"

"Tell me."

"They were innocent."

The lieutenant smiled bleakly. "Yes? What about the Crowley case? Clear-cut."

"It was," said Charley gravely, "but it took two weeks to break. Perhaps you thought that was fun. Tell me. You sometimes stop to eat, on a case? Even sleep?"

"Yes."

"Fool. There is no time for anything but driving. Naturally you are pitifully slow."

"This Annie is faster?"

"She often solves cases a full forty-eight hours before Perry Mason."

The lieutenant sighed. "Just what did you have in mind?" he said.

"Well, sir." Charley selected another paper clip. "Singlehanded I have been unable to convince Annie that the murders of fiction, filled with brilliant deductions and subtle clues, have nothing to do with the facts of life. I have told her about real cases. They are dull. No African darts. No guns concealed in the wall which fire when the first footstep contracts the woodwork. *(Continued on page*

e! Marvelous!" said the lieutenant, glancing at Annie. "Annie
h given us enough to work on, the rest will be strictly routine"

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY FREDMAN



CARELESSNESS . . . THE CHILD KILLER

BY HARRY HENDERSON AND SAM SHAW



INTERNATIONAL

In California's San Fernando Valley, Sunday's fun at Hansen Dam turns to tragedy. Mrs. John Thomas (striped blouse) is told the bodies of both her children have been found

THE day was bright and sunny. Mabel, u stairs, could hear Ed, her husband, telli the boys that they'd leave as soon as th mother came down. "You boys get the lunch o to the car," he was saying, and she smiled to h self. Though the children were only four and t and a half years old, they loved to help. She w starting downstairs when Bobbie's choked-o scream made her dash for the garage with terr squeezing her heart. Ed, tears running down l white face, was trying to pull Bobbie out from u der the car. Little Carl, dazed and uncomprehen ing, was slowly picking up the spilled picnic bask

Their grief and what occasioned it is an old sto to the police. Ed had climbed in the car and waite When the children didn't show up, he decided th had been detained by their mother and that h better bring the car out. When he started backi Bobbie had just stepped directly behind the car. was that simple.

This tragedy is repeated up and down Ameri with minor variations, a lot more often than yo think possible. A recent study by safety experts automobile fatalities among children from one four years old proved that. It showed that 10 p cent of these children were killed in drivewa And usually by a mother or father, who simp backed over his own child. Nearly all of th accidents could have been avoided if the pare had made a policy of backing the car into t garage, instead of driving it in frontward. F most of them this had been too much trouble.

This is one of the remarkable things abo America—the casualness with which we kill ch dren. Every day 39 youngsters under fifteen ye of age meet with a violent, sudden death somewh in the United States. That's almost one every minutes.

What does 39 a day add up to in a year? J about 14,500—all hopelessly, irrevocably dead.

These children were killed by what we call "ac dents." Nobody's fault. You could say that th innocent dead children are sacrifices to our mech nized high-speed way of life, not much differ from the innocent children sacrificed by ignora primitive peoples to appease their gods.

You could also say that what killed our childr was the carelessness and stupidity of adults, es cially of parents. You might think it almost imp sible for a father to put his kids in the back seat his sedan without pushing down the door lock. this happens constantly from Maine to Californ And, just as constantly, it would seem, the w pressure yanks open the door and hurls the ch out on the highway.

This happened recently to a Middle Weste who ran back to find his three-year-old son, unc scious, his head bleeding profusely. The fat propped up the child tenderly on the seat beside h and started to drive at 60 miles an hour to a hos tal. But at an intersection a car pulled out in fr of him. He jammed on his brakes. That did

He didn't hit the other car. He didn't even sk

Very day we Americans kill 39 of our
ildren. We drown them, we crush
em, we scald them to death. THESE
CCIDENTS CAN BE PREVENTED

drowned in the Johnstown flood, one of the nation's greatest disasters. But these children were drowned by negligence and stupidity—not water.

Negligence can cause drowning even when there's hardly enough water to do the job. Several hundred mothers this past year left their babies in a few inches of water in the bathtub to answer the phone—and came back to find them dead.

In a large Southern city one child was drowned when it crawled up on a chair—as it frequently did—in order to peer into its mother's washing machine and watch the plungers beat the foamy water. It amused the child and the mother—until one day the mother left the room for only a few minutes. The child leaned too far forward and tumbled in, her cries lost in the throb of the machine, her head battered by the plungers. She was dead before her mother got back. Note this: This accident actually began the first time that the mother permitted the little girl to climb the chair and stand peering into the machine. After that, it was simply a question of time and negligence.

Pediatricians say the main cause of accidents among preschool children is imitation, trying to do what they see grownups do.

Hundreds of youngsters drown each summer while swimming. The American Red Cross, which has been tabulating and analyzing swimming drownings for years, can tell you who is going to drown, where and why. "It's this way," said one of the chief lifeguard instructors. "About 80,000,000 go to the beaches and pools every year. Actually, half of these people can't swim a stroke and have sense enough not to go near the water. We don't have to worry about them.

"But the other half—they all think they can swim. Actually only 10 per cent, just one out of 10, of them, really can swim. The rest can swim a little, but they are not as good as they think they are—and they do the drowning. Most of them are young boys, twelve to fourteen, trying to show off." Most drownings occur in water from seven to nine feet deep and within 10 yards of safety!

Newspaper files bear out these findings. The words "drowned while attempting to swim to . . ." occur again and again. The object to which the victim was trying to swim—a float, a boat, the opposite shore—was always too far, and the swimmer overestimated his skill and his strength.

The lives of many of these young swimmers would have been saved if they had been taught that they weren't really *(Continued on page 66)*



INTERNATIONAL

Rescuers bring in body of Mrs. Thomas' 9-year-old son. He and Patricia, aged 7, wandered from a family picnic and drowned fifteen feet from shore. They were not found till Monday

: just drove his son's already battered head into
e dashboard clock. At 60 miles an hour, which
s the speed the child's body continued to travel
en the brakes were jammed on, his head was
rled into the dashboard at a speed of 88 feet per
ond.

This man might have saved his child's life if he
d laid him down. But his real mistake was speed-
. The accident record books are full of cases of
otionally upset people crashing while en route
or from other wrecks.

Today, carelessness, stupidity and negligence on
part of adults have reached the point where
ccidents" are the chief cause of death among
ildren. They outrank all diseases. To quote Pedi-
ics, the medical journal of doctors specializing
child care, "Accidents not only kill more chil-
en but also, in the ages of one to fourteen inclu-
e, accidents take as many lives as pneumonia,
rrhea and enteritis, measles, diphtheria, menin-
is, poliomyelitis, whooping cough and scarlet
/er combined."

Children are scalded to death, blown to bits by
r souvenirs, electrocuted by frayed wires, poi-
ned, burned, suffocated and killed by animals.
e two most frequent causes of death, automo-
es and drownings, claim their highest toll in the
mmer months. Together, they are responsible for
arly half the deaths of children in accidents.

Tots Drown in Very Shallow Water

Take drowning. It is a simple case of suffoca-
n in water or some other fluid. Children have
owned in rain barrels, watering troughs, aquari-
ns and oilcans. Two years ago, a two-year-old
owned in a mudhole on his father's farm. He
ndered off by himself, stepped into the mudhole,
nk up to his knees and couldn't step out. Even-
ally he lost his balance, fell forward on his face—
d drowned in less than an inch of water.

Each year many children drown in those pretty
h ponds that have become fashionable on subur-
n lawns. Though such ponds are only a few
ches deep, they are certain death for unsupervised
ddlers. In one tragic case two small boys, one
ur years old and the other two, were drowned
multaneously. They had been left alone by the
allow pool, to play with their sailboats. The
unger child's boat sailed toward the center of
e pond, and he reached for it. As he toppled in,
e other child grabbed him. Their heads struck,
ocking them both unconscious. They drowned im-
ediately. That's how the coroner reconstructed it.

In Dayton, Ohio, a father whose son was a polio
ctim, remembered that Franklin D. Roosevelt
d swum to strengthen his weakened leg muscles.
he took the boy swimming in deep water. The
n was quickly exhausted and the father, an in-
pert swimmer himself, could not save him.

Altogether about 2,200 children drown each year,
ost of them during the 90-day period from June
rough August. Just about that many people

Rain in August

BY ANTHONY STEVEN



You could say Monsieur Noé was crazy—and you could hope to Heaven you were right

IF I had not heard Professor Berthot's series of lectures on comparative psychology, I do not pretend that I would be questioning, even at this late stage, the popular explanation of Monsieur Noé's strange state of mind.

I am the village schoolmaster in a southern region of Algeria, and last year I attended a teachers' summer course at the *école normale* in Bouzarea. It was here that the Professor lectured.

So deeply did he impress me, that I have since devoted a great deal of my spare time to the study of this absorbing subject, and it is because of the extensive reading I have done that I am able to advance an altogether more plausible interpretation of the happenings of the past few months.

I have said nothing to my friends. They have never heard of Professor Berthot, and they would imagine me to be talking through my hat. Yet it is the Noé affair which tonight has brought them all together, has made them gather here in this room.

From my corner table in the Bar Pigalle I can watch them without fear of interruption, except perhaps from Simone, and at the moment she is helping Madame Ramera behind the zinc-topped counter.

There is certainly a large crowd. They have been drinking steadily for an hour or more, and now the rising hum of their conversation does much to drown the drumming of the rain on the tin roof.

If I were to ask any one of them his opinion—even the Notary, whose broad back is toward me, or the Curé, whose face shows like a rosy moon above the former's shoulder—it would be indistinguishable from that of his companions.

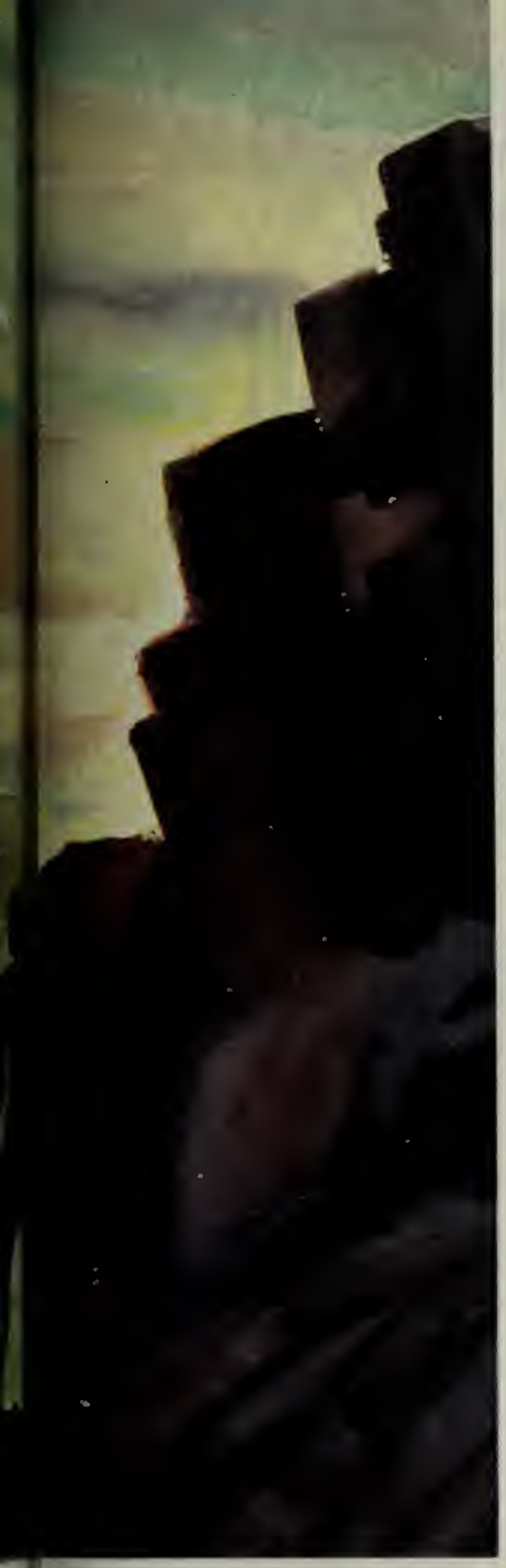
"But, my poor friend, it is as plain as the nose on your face! Aristide Noé has the desert madness."

As an explanation, this sounds rational enough. Our village lies close to the desert, and in summer the intense heat has been known to make qu normal people behave in the most peculiar fashic If they are badly affected, we say that they ha "desert madness"—although it would probably more accurate to describe them as suffering fron nervous breakdown.

Yet however likely such a thing may seem at fi sight, I am certain in my own mind that this is what has happened to Aristide Noé. To begin wi the facts hardly fit. He came to the region a gr many years ago, and it is difficult to imagine h succumbing to its rigors at this stage. Furthermo the first evidence we have of his derangement da from the cool of the year—a point which see conveniently to have escaped people's notice.

The answer lies elsewhere, and, in a manner speaking, I came to suspect this before the qu tion ever posed itself.

After my return from the *école normale*,



dy of my fellow creatures exercised an increas-
g fascination over me. I amused myself by trying
classify the people I knew, and I admit to deriv-
g a certain amount of private pleasure from decid-
g that whereas old Monsieur So-and-so showed
me of the tendencies of a schizophrenic, the el-
rly spinster who lived in the cottage opposite him
as very obviously a hypochondriac.

In this game, which was no more than a harmless
tlet for my new enthusiasm, none roused my
riosity so violently nor eluded my diagnosis so
mpletely as Monsieur Noé. If I succeeded in de-
cting neurotic symptoms among my acquaint-
nces, I was quite unable to pin him down. I told
yself that it was because I saw too little of him.
He lives in a remote farmstead some miles from
e village. There, with his old woman, his three
llow-skinned, ill-favored sons, and a handful of
lf-starved Berber tribesmen, he raises sheep which

are marketed in the coastal towns far away across the mountains to the north.

Visitors have never been encouraged, and all we ever see of the family is when one of them drives down to the village in a dilapidated Peugeot to buy stores and collect the mail. That has normally been once a week. Latterly, their visits have been less frequent.

My interest in the old man was instinctive, and at the start had nothing to do with his odd Biblical name, the dreary wilderness in which he preferred to seclude himself, nor even the animosity he plainly bore the world at large.

Nothing happened to justify my interest until the arrival of the timber in January. I remember the event with great clearness, although at the time I did not recognize its significance.

IT WAS New Year's Day, and my thirtieth birthday. I had to buy stamps. The air blew cool and sweet as I crossed the square, and above me the palm fronds moved lazily against the silver-blue of the sky. By the fountain some children were playing hopscotch. Old Madame Baudin sat in her customary place at the entrance to the post office, knitting busily. She is very deaf now, and so she lets her niece, Simone, do most of the work; but as I passed, she lowered her needles for an instant. In that way she salutes her friends.

I pushed my way through the bead curtain into the dim interior. Simone, who not only registers the mail and sells the stamps, but has to operate the switchboard for all incoming and outgoing calls, was taking a telegram. I rested my elbows on the counter.

"Oui . . . oui, d'accord. Oui, monsieur . . . entendu."

The earphones were perched on her honey-colored hair. I could see the movement of her slender wrist as she wrote down the message in her large childish hand. When it was finished, she read it back. It was to Monsieur Noé. I could not avoid overhearing.

"Timber arrives Aumale railhead Monday, third January," ran the telegram. "Arrange collection." There was some name in signature, but I have forgotten what it was.

"That's strange," I said. Simone pulled off the earphones and turned toward me. There was a mischievous smile on her face.

"What's strange?"

"Old Noé wanting timber."

"You had no business to listen in."

"I know I hadn't, but it's strange, just the same."

The Noés are a miserly family, and timber is a costly item.

"Perhaps he wants to build a hencoop."

"Or a cage for those three apes," I suggested unkindly.

Simone gave me a reproving look.

"The Noé boys aren't so bad."

"How do you know?" I demanded jealously. She leaned across the counter and kissed me softly on the mouth.

"Happy birthday," said Simone. . . .

Three days later the timber started to pass through the village on its way to the Noé farm.

The lorries bringing it from Aumale, thirty miles to the north of us, were laden with heavy beams and stacked high with lengths of planking. It took them several journeys, over a space of days, to complete the job. So much timber must have been worth a fortune.

For weeks afterward we wondered what old Noé could be up to. One or two enthusiastic spies made their way to a point overlooking the farmstead. They could only report that the timber had been laid on a small plateau behind the main group of buildings; there was no activity so far to suggest for what purpose it was to be used.

The days went by, and the sun rose higher and higher in the sky. People's minds turned in upon themselves. Curiosity in the Noé project waned. Nobody could muster the energy to go spying any more. We drank or we smoked kef or we made love. If we had to, we worked.

One evening in July, I was sitting in the Bar Pigalle, playing dominoes with Louis Masson. It was breathlessly hot. Madame Ramera, who has run the bar since her husband's death, stood watching us, her hands on her hips. The cotton frock she wore clung damply to her great shapeless body. The glossy black hair was scraped back from her handsome head and pinned in a knot on the nape of her neck. She has fine dark eyes, and a smile of quite dazzling whiteness.

"I hear you were thrown out of the Tendre Logis last night," she said to Louis.

"I was drunk," he replied simply. "One of the girls complained. You know what old Madame Ruad is!"

Madame Ramera chuckled. Louis is a nice, gay lad of whom she approves. He works as a lineman with the telegraphic service and is billeted in the village.

"Well, she did quite right," declared Madame Ramera firmly. "If *she* didn't take care of her girls, I'd like to know who would."

Louis appealed to me, a grin on his snub-nosed face. "Just listen to her! You can agree with everything she says, and she still wants to start an argument."

Madame Ramera laughed. It was deep and pleasant to hear. A few years ago, before her figure went, she must have been quite a girl.

Jean Nattier, from the *gendarmerie*, strolled in.

"By the way," he called to Louis, "Simone would like to see you. The line's down somewhere between here and Aumale."

This was bad news for Louis. The thought of having to check the line northward for fifteen miles or so in the broiling weather we were enduring just then was enough to make a man weep.

"Let's go and have a word with Simone," I suggested.

It was like an oven in the square. An Arab, muffled up in his burnoose, lay dozing on the steps of the fountain. Near by a stray cur was investigating an unemptied refuse bin. Ticks, horribly bloated, hung like white grapes from its ears.

In the post office it was less oppressive. Simone looked at Louis with sympathy in her gray eyes. The line *was* down.

"Look," I told Louis, "don't go out today. There's a chance the damage is the Aumale end, and they'll send someone out to patch it up. If it isn't fixed by the morning, you can get away to an early start while it's still cool."

The idea appealed to Louis.

"I might even come along with you."

"Yes, but I've only got a motorbicycle," he protested.

Simone supported me.

"It's a fine idea!" she cried. "You can ride pillion and watch the cable for a break while Louis drives."

And so it was agreed.

NEXT morning the line was still dead, and Louis and I were away before sunup. It was deliciously fresh. My head felt clear for the first time in weeks.

The sound of the engine shattered the sleeping street, and the houses fell away like pale ghosts in the dawn. We rode northward through a land sun-charred and dreary. No green of any kind relieved the eye. Here and there, formations of lava and sandstone stuck like white and red bones through the seared skin of soil.

Our pace was leisurely, and I do not suppose we had covered more than six miles when I spotted the break. In fact, it was not a break but a cut. The work of Bedouins, Louis said. It was a habit they had. The penalty if they are caught is severe, but if they need the wire—to make a bangle for a wife or to repair some object—they do not hesitate to cut it from the line.

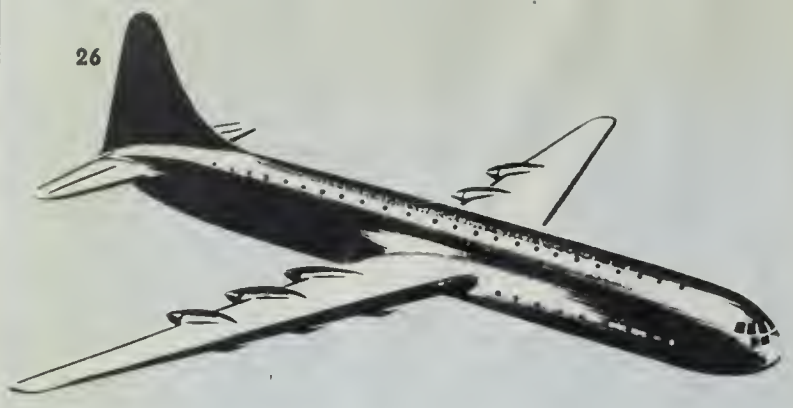
Louis wasted no time. He wanted to complete the job before it got hot. I watched him idly for a moment or two, for there was nothing I could do to help. I looked around in the rising dawn and decided to take a stroll.

It was only then that I realized where I was. If I climbed to the top of the hill at the base of which we now were, I would get a clear view of the Noe farmstead. The going looked rough, but there was not more than half a mile to cover.

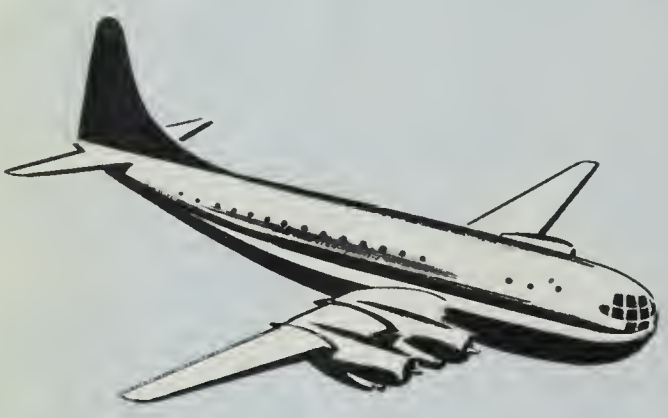
Remembering the timber, all my old curiosity flared up again. When I told Louis, now perched comfortably at the top of a telegraph pole, where I was going, he only grunted in reply. He was holding a pair of pliers between his teeth.

I had been climbing for ten minutes or so, when the light strengthened, and I saw the sun pushing upward like a hot coin beyond the rim of a table-topped mountain. The eastern flanks of the giant boulders through which I now picked a path were washed in rosy light, but westward their shadows raced opaque and blue. *(Continued on page 62)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE



Consolidated Vultee B-36



Boeing C-97



Douglas C-74



Fairchild C-82 "Packet"



Lockheed Constitution

AIR TRANSPORT
THE ANSWER TO
AIR POWER

BY W. B. COURTNEY

In another war airheads will be more important than beachheads. Neither one will work unless we can keep it adequately supplied. The successful combat air force will require a huge transport fleet for air lift

THERE are a lot of your definite tax dollars being spent for aircraft, and a lot of vague figures about those aircraft are being shuffled around in headlines from Washington, in these days of lusty young air power when all our eyes are looking upward with apprehension.

It's hard to keep track of either the dollars or the latest figures. But it might be well to try to poke behind the hosannahs and handouts and hogwash in search of the answer most of us are sweating to know.

Will our umpty billions preserve us from a spot of shoveling in Uncle Joe's salt mines?

They might. Then again—well, you learn such funny things. Like:

1. We have not one, but TWO Air Forces. The Navy, and the Air Force proper. Each is independent. Neither is on speaking terms with the other. Each has its own notion of how to safeguard you and muck up the enemy.

2. A 70-Group Air Force isn't a new idea. General Spaatz recommended it in 1945 (See Collier's, December 8, 1945) as the absolute minimum for safety in the postwar years all of us then figured would be ducky with sweetness and light.

3. The 70-Group Air Force is still only an illusion on paper and in administration pigeonholes. Full and honest steps have not been taken for its planned completion by 1952.

4. Much of the recent hoop-la, which *seemingly* created a 70-Group Air Force, was a political *Schlummerlied:* a lullaby crooned reassuringly from Capitol Hill by the November-rememberers, while they swapped low punches with the White House, made Universal Military Training vanish up their sleeves, and pulled a rabbity Draft bill out of their hats.

5. The 70-Group Air Force does *not* restore health to America's waning aviation industry.

6. A 70-Group Air Force will *not* make it okay for us to relax, in confidence that those "Red so-and-sos can't hurt us!"

Because in the global-warfare realities of today, there is no magic in mere numbers—"55-Group Air Force"—"66-Group"—"70-Group"—unless the most intense and intelligent proportionate attention is also given to just *two* background elements.

From the lessons of the last war, and the already clearly focused problems of the next one, those two elements now stand out as beyond question the most vital and decisive elements of modern war.

Neither element is glamorous; nor a headline grabber. Yet both are the utter marrow of victory.

The first element is TIME.

The second element is TRANSPORTATION.

Time does not yet imply a one-shot war. The Atom Bomb, or any other scalp-curler now fected, cannot guarantee a first-round knocko a powerful nation. Time remains a bedrock ment for staving off defeat until triumph ca sculptured. Its solemn warning for us is that nomic and scientific compulsions will unstu cushion of the months and years the United S has always had tucked in the seat of its britch soften initial falls. No man can forecast with titude—war is too full of imponderables, inclu weather and luck. But General Eisenhower suggested that the first 60 days of another war well reveal its final verdict. One thing is ce The Time element nowadays simply means *next* time there will be *no* time to switch our strength into fighting strength.

Transportation, in military science, is c "Logistics," and covers the whole flowing bus pattern of war. Its magnitude can be judged the last war: Of the total war cost of $350 bil $250 billions went for supplies. Logistics un ably is the biceps, legs, bones, muscles and lif of any nation's war body.

Logistical operation, moreover, is incompa more difficult, complex and mathematically e ing than peacetime transportation.

Logistics in a global brawl, as one between sia and the United States would be, entails digious movements of hordes of men, arman equipment, food, building materials, machiner other supplies through a variety of climates over enormous distances.

That is why objective military students b that Logistics—and not the Atom Bomb c dustrial development—offers the principal that Russia cannot with optimism undertake bal war for some years to come.

Russia has, with German and Czech tech help, and with forced labor of several million held Austrian, German, Italian and Japanese oners of war, fetched up her industrial poten to where it is no longer inferior to ours in qua Her pools of natural resources and man greatly surpass ours. But the Soviet Union c yet draw conclusive profit from those facto from the Atom Bomb if she has it, because hamstrung by Logistics.

Only her airways are modern. All her su means—rails, highways, motive equipment general transport experience—are a century b ours. It is to them, not to the consuming adv of actual war, that her production and res must be drained.

Russia thus poses a sharp illustration meaning of Time element; an even sharper the Transportation element. *(Continued on pa*

DRAWINGS BY JO KOTULA

An Affair OF STATE

BY PAT FRANK

The final installment and the end of a bitter struggle for Jeff Baker. Suspected of treason and forced to resign from the State Department, he is faced with the question of what to do about the girl who loves him

The Story: Determined to help keep his country out of war, ex-Army officer JEFF BAKER joins the State Department early in 1949. SUSAN PICKETT, whom he loves, promises to wait for him when he is sent to Budapest. There Jeff works on top-secret Atlantis Project, an attempt to build a secret underground organization that will operate in Europe in event of war. Jeff meets LEONIDES LASENKO, a Russian who was a good friend of his in Italy in World War II. Leonides tells Jeff of a counterrevolutionary group in Russia, and enlists Jeff's cooperation. The jeep which Jeff drives is booby-trapped and explodes with Jeff and RIKKI TELREDY, a beautiful dancer, in it. Jeff's reaction to the blast is a recurrence of battle fatigue. Susan Pickett writes Jeff and tells him to give up his efforts for peace. Shortly afterward, Jeff meets Leonides again and the Russian tells Jeff that the Atlantis Project is known to Moscow and that any Hungarian seen associating with American agents will be killed. When Jeff recommends that Atlantis Project be abandoned, he is confined to his apartment by ADMIRAL BLANKENHORN, chief of America's Budapest mission. MAJOR L'ENGLE, the mission doctor, is sent back to the States because he has befriended Jeff. Jeff gives L'Engle a letter to his old friend HORACE LOCKE containing the intelligence concerning the counterrevolution. Locke is a veteran State Department official. Leonides' underground activities are discovered by the Russians and he has to desert the Russian army; Jeff gives him money to make his way to a secret Radio Free Russia station in the British zone. The admiral cables a request to the Secretary of State for Jeff's resignation, and sends a Security officer, WILLIAM QUIGLEY, back to report personally to MATSON, head of the Balkans Division. Quigley takes another letter from Jeff to Horace Locke. The cable requesting the resignation of Jeff Baker reaches the Secretary of State late at night. He initials the cable with his okay.

THE cable reached Budapest Tuesday morning, addressed BLANKENHORN FOR BAKER, but it was almost midnight before Jeff Baker sat down to type his answer. It had taken him that long to make up his mind. Some decisions, even of life and death—such as whether to cross the street—are made in an instant. Others bear a clear sign saying "crossroads" and require thought and calculation.

The request for his resignation had hardly surprised him, but he was startled by the detail in which his sins were listed. The cable was like an indictment drawn up by a prosecuting attorney not quite sure of his case, who seeks to base an edifice of guilt upon many thin laths of accusation. It was not at all like a cable from the Secretary of State, and yet the Secretary's name was signed to it, and it could be assumed that such a cable would at least be seen by the Secretary, and initialed, before dispatching. But there was no way to be sure, for all cables from the department bear the Secretary's name, whether they concern the drafting of a new treaty or the disposition of an old steamer trunk.

(Continued on page 43)

"What happens to us, Jeff?" He knew what he had to say. It was the only thing. "I'm afraid this is our last time together, Susan"

ILLUSTRATED BY MILTON WOLSKY





Through his spotting-scope Wayne Moore can dope the wind by figuring how fast it blows through a heat mirage

STRAIGHT SHOOTER

BY BILL FAY

WAYNE MOORE'S auto repair shop sits in a valley near Washington, Pennsylvania. Across the creek—some 300 yards from the shop—there's a dead tree overgrown with brush. The groundhogs who live in that thicket are not very smart. If they were, they would have moved a long time ago.

Moore is the national small-bore rifle champion. Every time he crawls out from under a car he looks out the back window at that dead tree. When he sees a blur of groundhog, business halts for target practice.

"I don't hit every shot," Wayne admits, "but I get one now and then. After lunch I fire a practice round with the .22-caliber I use in competition. Have a target set up a hundred yards down the hill. Between the groundhogs and the target, I keep my shooting eye."

Moore is forty-one. He surprised everybody by winning the nationals on his first attempt in 1946—with a borrowed gun. He retained the title last August with a record 3,194 x 3,200. It was the first time a winner repeated on the new firing line at Camp Perry, Ohio.

Wayne's a friendly, modest fellow with tremendous shoulders.

"I developed the shoulders going around on crutches as a kid," he recalls. "Hurt my left knee in a sand-lot football game. Tuberculosis of the bone set in and the leg was finally amputated, but the injury never handicapped my shooting. We fire the nationals prone and I'm just as comfortable as the next shooter. My brother Chuck is a one-legged shooter, too, but it's never bothered him in competition."

Chuck lost his right leg in a railroad accident. The four Moores—Wayne, Chuck, cousin Bob and Bertie (Bob's wife)—captured the national any-sight team title last August with 1,591 x 1,600. They followed Wayne's simple shooting formula: Make 'em or miss 'em quick.

"At Camp Perry," Wayne says, "you get 20 minutes for 20 shots. I run mine off in eight to 10 minutes."

Wayne can shoot bang-bang fashion because he has a fast system for doping the wind. "Ever notice how a sidewalk shimmers in the summer?" he asks. "That's warm air rising. Same thing happens when you look along the ground at a target a hundred yards away. The warm air makes a mirage in front of the target, sort of a steamy, colorless vapor. You watch the mirage through your spotting-scope (telescope) and dope the wind by figuring how fast it blows the mirage along."

Wayne tries to pump two or three shots into the target before the wind changes. "You keep adjusting your sights to compensate for the wind," he says.

Oddly enough, national champion Moore hasn't been able to win the Pennsylvania title. "Been runner-up four times," he says, "but that's a tough tournament. Pennsylvania's got more good shots than any other state." National Rifle Association statistics confirm Wayne's claim: 107 of the nation's 460 master riflemen live in Pennsylvania.

Wayne plans to retire from national competition this year.

"Takes too much time," he explains. "Besides, hunting and fishing with my kids is more fun."

Wayne has three sons—Dave, sixteen, Gary, twelve, and Dick, ten. Dave got his first buck last winter.

WATCH THOSE SPARES

Buddy Bomar became a champion bowler in his spare time.

"At least once a week I go out to the alleys early," Buddy explains. "I give a boy a couple dollars for setting up the 7-8-9-10 pins. Then I spend a couple hours pickin' them off. Those are the positions you shoot at all the time in matches—no matter what other pins stand."

Bomar rolled five games in an exhibition recently. He missed six spares—and lost $2,000 in prize money.

"Not what you'd call spare change," Buddy cracks.

"Always remember to concentrat on those spares," Buddy says. "Yo lose them through carelessness an lack of practice, and no number o strikes can offset them."

GOLF'S BROTHER ACT

It's been a long time, nearly sixt years, since Michael Turnesa em grated from Italy and settled in Elms ford, New York. Michael might hav taken any of a hundred jobs, but h went to work at the country club. Si sons of groundskeeper Turnesa—Phi Frank, Joe, Mike, Jr., Doug and Ju —caddied up into pro jobs.

Joe made Turnesa a headline nam by finishing second to Bobby Jones i the 1926 National Open. The ne year Joe was second to Walter Hage in the P.G.A. Then the six Turnesa held a meeting to make plans for th seventh Turnesa—13-year-old Willi

"Six pros are enough for one fan ily," Joe declared. "Willie should b an amateur."

"Right," Phil agreed. "Willie shou go to college, too."

Both motions were carried unan mously. Phil, Frank, Joe, Mike, Ju Doug and Jim started the savings a count that put Willie through Ho Cross. The investment paid off. Will won the National Amateur in 19 and the British Amateur in 1947. No he's president of a firm that manufa tures fire extinguishers.

Meanwhile the six profession Turnesas were breaking the cour record for hard luck. Jim whippe Jug McSpaden, Byron Nelson ar Ben Hogan in the 1942 P.G.A., b lost to Sam Snead in the final roun Mike gained the P.G.A. finals at S Louis last May and Hogan beat hi

"This," Mike told Frank, "ought clinch our hard-luck title." But Mi spoke too soon. Three weeks lat Jim broke the National Open reco with 280—and finished third. Hog and Demaret had given the record worse beating.

Another generation of Turnesas on the fairway. Sixteen-year-old Di (Joe's son) scored a promising 77 the Long Island Open. Mike's boy four. Willie's son Charles is thr Little Mike and Little Charles are ta ing putting lessons from Big Mi who's about the best putter arour

When Papa Turnesa joined his golfing Turnesas at their last reunic he remarked: "Sometimes I wonc what would have happened to t family if I'd gone to work in a boi factory."

CITATION'S TRAVELING COMPANI

Ben and Jimmy Jones, the Calun Farm trainers, never miss a raci trick. Example: Good Ending, an u tried two-year-old, slipped betwe the horse car and the loading platfo at Hialeah. The fall scraped his l and side.

Nothing serious, but Ben a Jimmy feared the accident mi make Good Ending train-shy. Jim proposed the remedy: "The Ar sends pilots right back up in the after a crash. Let's give Good E ing lots of traveling."

After that, Good Ending visi half a dozen race tracks as Citatio traveling companion. He didn't st once. Maybe it was a waste of tr fare. Maybe not. If the story Good Ending has a happy ending n year—say at the Kentucky Derb it will be another triumph for Joneses and their thorough train methods. ★

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY MYRON EHRENBERG

ICE'S ADVENTURES
IN PHILCOLAND

"How WONDERful!" cried Alice.

"Adjust the shelves to suit yourself!"

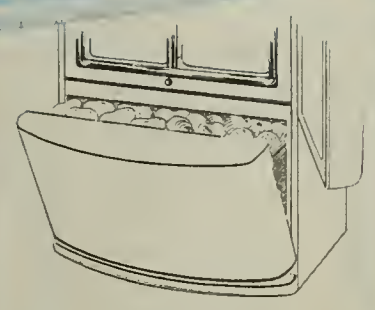
This *Shelf-Adjustability*
Made Alice stop and stare.
For Philco *Shelf-Control*, in truth,
Is quite beyond compare.
You shift the shelves to suit yourself,
And find, to your surprise,
You have *more room* for foods without
Regard to shape or size.
It's one of *many* features
In the line for 'Forty-eight.
Go see them at your dealer's now,
And you'll agree: "*They're great!*"

PHILCO

Famous for Quality the World Over

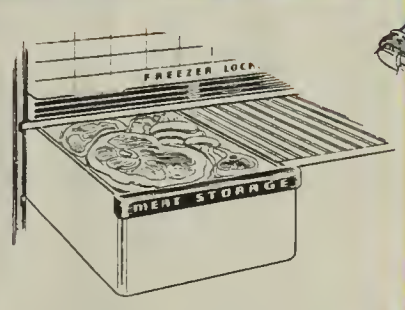
it's a WONDERful Refrigerator!

"You can say that again!"

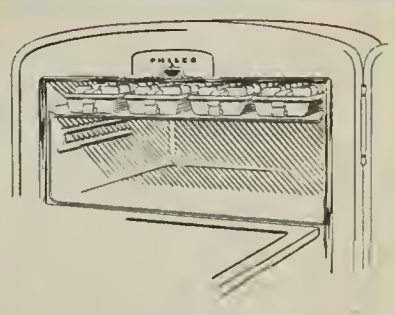


TWO CRISPER DRAWERS
Deep, glass-covered drawers with stainless-steel slides keep vegetables and fruits fresh and crisp in moist cold.

VEGETABLE BIN
Big, unrefrigerated storage-space for vegetables, cereals, crackers, and the like. More evidence of Philco convenience.



MEAT STORAGE
Deep drawer directly under the Freezer Locker for roasts, chops, and other meats. Keeps them cold, fresh, ready to use.



GIANT FREEZER LOCKER
A huge, clear space for frozen foods. Ice trays on a separate, super-fast freezing shelf. More room than ever!

© 1948, Philco Corporation

Women like this will be GLEEFUL!



So will all the many people kept awake, made nervous or jittery by the caffein in regular coffee! For . . .

THE NEW IMPROVED SANKA COFFEE

—the "drink-it-and-sleep" coffee—now has a new, marvelous flavor to delight lovers of fine coffee! It has a truly wonderful taste—yet it's still 97% caffein-free!



FINER FLAVOR

in Sanka Coffee is due to a brand-new flavor-saving process . . . a miracle method of taking the caffein out of the coffee.

Try Sanka Coffee today. See for yourself what a great flavor-improvement has been made. Sanka comes in two forms: Ground for drip or percolator; Instant Sanka, made instantly in the cup. Products of General Foods.



SECOND MAN ON THE TICKET

Continued from page 12

"With a big syndicate," Bill said. "With another million readers. With a weekly radio broadcast and a few million ears flapping when he talks. You can't have him writing and talking about poker games with the press aboard your special train. For undisclosed stakes, he'd have it."

"He'd do that, would he?"

"That's his technique," Bill said. "In the old days they called a newspaperman who performed when the boss blew the whistle a trained seal. Nowadays it's performing weasels we got."

The Governor sighed. "All right, Bill, no more poker games, if you say so."

STILL frowning, Bill said, "The games aren't important. What worries me, Governor, is why he's coming aboard in the first place:"

"There's some importance to a Vice-Presidential campaign, Bill," the Governor said mildly.

"Now you know what I mean, Governor," Bill said. "Clyde McDonald thinks he's considerably more important than any Vice-President that ever lived. If he left Washington to board a campaign train, it would normally be the Presidential candidate's train, and the other party's candidate, at that. So why does he suddenly descend on us?"

"Let him come," the Governor said. "My life is an open book." He grinned and pointed at the copies of Second Man on the Ticket, stacked on a table. "There it is."

"*You* never opened it, Governor," I said.

"It wasn't necessary, Boswell," he said. "I'm familiar with your prose style." He turned again to Bill Evers. "Now, why don't you stop worrying for the rest of the day, at least until Mr. McDonald comes aboard? And, Roy, maybe you and I had better get busy outlining that speech for Hydetown."

I said, "Okay," and got up. Lucy Strawn began putting away the cards, but Bill Evers stood by the window, looking thoughtful and depressed. He said over his shoulder, "I wonder if that's it. You suppose he's here because of Hydetown?"

"It will be a big celebration," Lucy said.

He tapped his fingers impatiently on the windowpane. "Maybe that's it. Vice-Presidential candidate visits his old home town for the first time in thirty years. Big reception. Big clambake. Yes, I suppose that might interest Clyde McDonald. Maybe he thinks he can dig up some dirt in Hydetown."

"After thirty years?" I said.

Bill turned slowly from the window. "Governor, of course there isn't any dirt in Hydetown, is there?"

"It's farm country," the Governor said quietly. "Best dirt in that part of the state."

"I only asked," Bill said. "I knew I didn't need to. Sorry, Governor."

"Forget it," the Governor said. "If I were a sensitive man, I wouldn't be in politics."

"Still," Bill said, "I'm going to find out just what he's after. I'll get it out of him somehow." He gave Lucy Strawn a speculative glance as she bent to put the cards away. She straightened, turned, and met his eyes. She stood quite still for a moment, looking at him.

"If you were only blond," Bill said. "He goes for fluffy blondes."

"Who doesn't?" Lucy said, and smiled. "But how many blondes can type? I can type, and I can be a little fluffy, if I have to. Maybe he will want some typing done."

"It's a thought for today," Bill said.

"You'll do *my* typing, Lucy," Governor Warburton said severely. "B don't like plots. If you want to k why he's here, ask him straight out

"Whatever you say, Governor," Evers said.

"And quit asking for trouble," Governor said. "Come on, Roy, let about that speech."

The reason I was aboard the trai to write the Governor's speeches. tomarily he outlined in a general what he wanted to say and I knocke a fast draft of it. Then he went to with a pencil and I did a rewrite, the pencil came out again before he gav script to Lucy for typing.

His rise in politics was largely d his singular directness, a refreshing ity among politicians. He had been on a Hyde County farm, but had m out of the state as a young man an become a contractor in a small M Western city that had begun to ex soon after the turn of the century. Governor had made a fortune i early days when automobiles made roads necessary, and his start in po had been as highway commissione that post he had uncovered graft in way construction and his hard-fist vestigation had led to his nominatio election as governor.

Other facets of his career wer sort that endeared him to uncritica ers of a leisurely, gregarious life, bu necessarily to the voters at large. H an astute poker player, and he coul his liquor manfully. He was an imp of the breed, and had once raced a string of horses. As governor, he ha through a bill legalizing pari-mutue ting, and the race tracks had returr the state, bringing revenues that h him to abolish a two per cent sales t stituted by his predecessor. These among the qualities that recomm the Governor to me, but I had la emphasis on them in the biography

Instead I had stressed the hardh businessman, the progressive repre tive of American industry, the ma would do his part toward balanci budget and putting the nation on a financial basis and even, if the ec were propitious, reducing taxes a or two. Naturally, Bill Evers ha wanted Clyde McDonald sending ports of poker games in the Gov private car.

THE Governor led the way to t servation platform, sat down a his feet on the railing. He was a bi with only a slight overlay of fat, his movements and his postures was no self-consciousness at all.

"Roy," he said, "I'm a senti man."

"Okay," I said. "We'll have so bies for you to kiss next stop."

The Governor rewarded me wit tient smile. "I've been thinking Hydetown," he said. "Like the la never forgets her first lover, I g man never forgets his boyhood ho will always be the best little town country for me."

I had looked it up and I said, "P tion 3,220. Rotary meets on W day."

"Population was about twelve h when I left there," he said. "I don any Rotary Club, but there was a Fellows Hall, of course, and a co pool parlors. I suppose it was pri even in those days, but it was friendly town, and I liked it. I have a couple of good friends in town, but I lost track, and you I'm wondering if they'll be at the when this train rolls in. It will m feel pretty good if they are."

"The whole town will be at the

ernor," I said. "The county chair- out there, a fellow named John M , has been working overtime."

h, I know Johnny Mills," the Gov- said. "We were boys together. He d the record catfish out of the river summer. He's one of the two I was ng about."

ou'll see him at the station," I said. s in charge of the reception. He and mayor, a fellow named Melvin r. I guess you know him, too."

e Governor chuckled. "I guess that Mel Fisher up, Roy, arranging a tion in my honor."

le's not one of those pals of yours, "

lardly," the Governor said. "In l we called him Meathead Fisher. ever called him anything but Meat- Everything he did went wrong. I guess you know my wife came Hydetown, too."

overnor," I said, "I wrote a book. u take the time to read it you'll find ow much I *do* know."

ll read it one of these days, Roy," promised. "After the campaign. nwhile, I'll tell you something that's n your book. I cleared out of Hyde- because I wanted to make some ey in a hurry, and Melvin Fisher was eason for that hurry. His father left tidy pile, by Hydetown standards, c was carpeting Ruth's front porch American Beauty roses, long stem. l to get out and hustle, and as soon ad train fare to Hydetown and dou- re back and something left over for ture I went back there and poked d among the roses and I found and married her."

uth told me she never intended arry anyone but you, Governor," I

Vell, maybe so," the Governor said, grinned. "But Melvin Fisher had ht a ring and a dress suit and had d out the preacher. I'd like to have his face that night when he came nd with his bouquet of American ties. We were already on the train en. And now here I am, thirty years going back to the old home town as ndidate for Vice-President of the ed States, and Melvin Fisher is r of the town and has to give me a welcome at the station. Poor old thead."

took his feet off the railing and ed his hands between his knees. er mind all that," he said. "Let's usy on that speech. Roy, I have thoughts on foreign policy that probably bring us some urgent tele- s from the national chairman."

hen the Governor started work on thing, he liked to see it through, t meant intensive work for me. I had eck some statistics, then I roughed out the speech, and when he had corrected it after dinner I completed the rewrite. It was late by the time I had finished, and I shared a nightcap with Bill Evers, who was waiting for Clyde McDonald to come aboard at Marketville. Bill looked gloomy.

"I met that guy McDonald at a governors' conference," he told me. "Roy, he's the kind you've got to watch every minute. You say something casual and innocent and he'll put a twist on it that will curl your hair. I'm worried."

"I think the Governor can take care of himself, Bill," I said.

"Sure he can—in a clean, open fight. But you know how he is. He's apt to take a guy at face value, until proved otherwise. Part of his appeal is that he tends to think the best of everyone, and you know it. He'll talk free and easy and Clyde McDonald will find something to pounce on."

"Bill," I said, and put down my glass. "He's just a columnist. The records show that the newspapers don't have much influence on an election. Lay off, or you'll make the Governor jittery, too."

"I guess so," he said. "Okay."

I WENT to bed. I was berthed four cars ahead of the Governor's private car, and the walk to the drawing room I shared with Bill Evers was as familiar as a stroll around the block.

In a sense the campaign train was like a neighborly street. Just ahead of the Governor's private car was a car for the office staff.

Then came the press car, a former club car stripped inside and fitted with a typewriter shelf on each side, running the length of the car, at which were typewriters and metal chairs for the correspondents to write their stories. There was a small bar at one end of the car and as I passed through I saw four men sitting near it in an intent group—the poker game was still in progress.

We had left a lot of track behind us since the campaign started, and most of those aboard the train were regulars. We knew each other well, and we shared a communal life, with an odd sense of suspension in time as we moved in a unit across vast stretches of the country.

Occasionally a national committeeman or the governor of the state through which we were passing rode a way with us, but in general our party was the Governor and Bill Evers and Lucy Strawn and the office staff and, up ahead, the newspapermen assigned to the Warburton campaign.

Until the telegram came, Bill and everyone else on the train had looked forward to the Hydetown reception as a break in the campaign. It was the halfway mark, and the campaign had been building up to it. Of course it meant a



LLIER'S "If I'd been a bit quicker I'd have had the ball too" VIRGIL PARTCH

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OUTSTANDING

-and they are mild!

"Grandpa refused to budge until - - -"

"Next to talking politics, Grandpa likes comfort. We couldn't pry him away from that easy chair of his. Then we got the new Plymouth and I started raving about that wonderful Air Pillow Ride. 'Air Pillow—what?' snorted Grandpa. And then I began to coax.

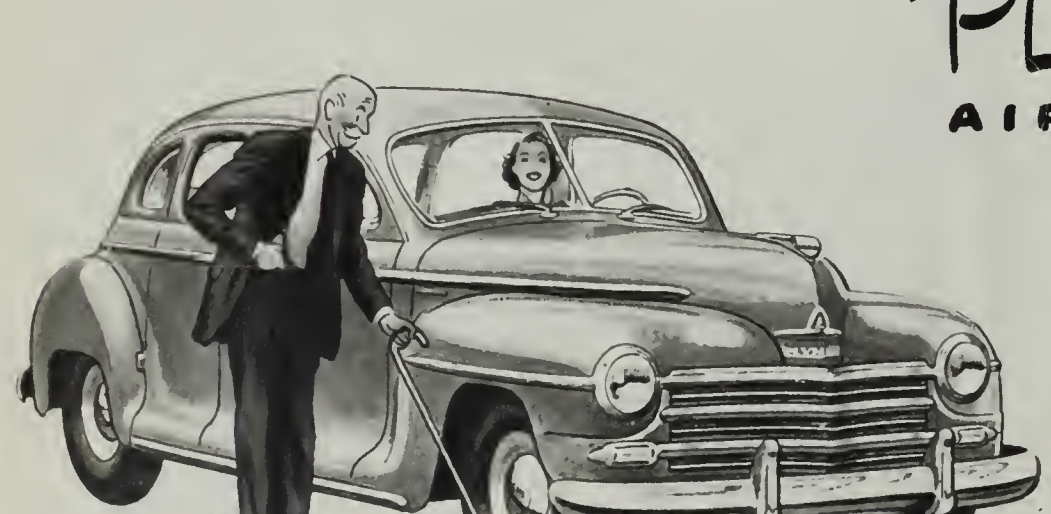




"It wasn't easy, but Grandpa finally agreed to take a ride. He was plenty wary when he first sat down on the rear seat. 'Relax, Grandpa,' I told him. 'You're sitting on millions of tiny air pillows. Yes, that seat cushion is made of Airfoam, the wonderful new cushioning material you get in Special De Luxe Plymouths at such slight extra cost.'



"Grandpa soon got the idea. He stretched out his long legs and settled himself deep in that soft, buoyant cushion. Then he smiled as only Grandpa can smile when he's really comfortable. 'You're not only riding on air—the Plymouth is, too,' I told him. 'We have those sensational new bigger and fatter Super-Cushion Tires. And they come as standard equipment at no extra cost.'

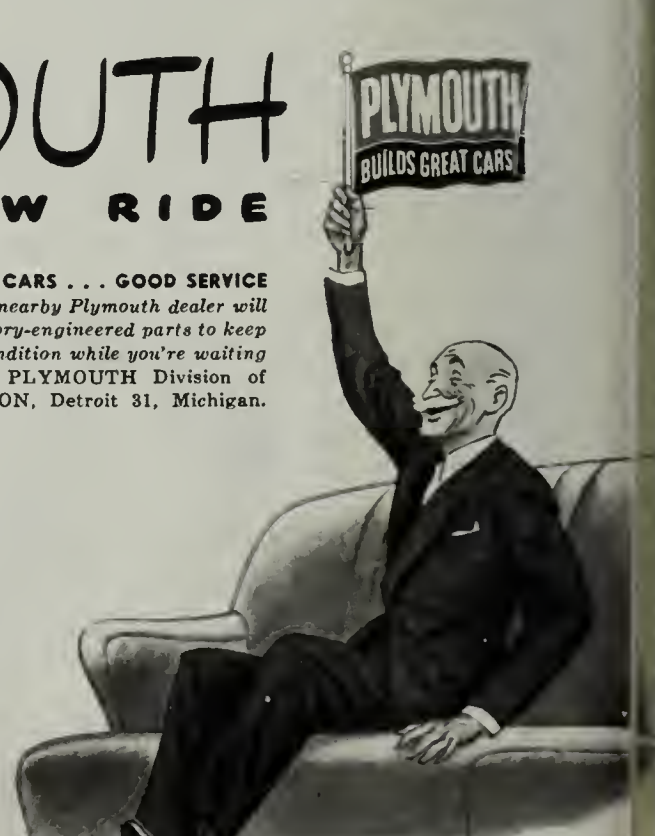


"Grandpa was really talking a blue streak by the time we got back home. He got out and took a good long look at those new tires. 'Biggest I ever saw on a car,' he said. 'And they sure do soak up the bumps. That's the most comfortable ride I ever did have. Air Pillow Ride—indeed. Darned if these Plymouth people haven't put my easy chair on wheels!' "

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lot of work for all of us, but it represented a sort of hump. Once we were over it, we felt that we would be coasting on through to Election Day.

Mulling it over in my berth, I was not particularly concerned by Clyde McDonald's activities, and I doubted if there was anything sinister in his covering the Warburton campaign. After all, Ego, the national picture magazine, was sending a reporter and a photographer to Hydetown to cover it, and all the news services and the larger metropolitan papers would be represented. And the Governor was expected to make an important speech. There was reason enough for Clyde McDonald to stir out of Washington.

WHEN the train stopped at midnight at Marketville, and McDonald came aboard, I was asleep. I did not see him until morning, when I went to the dining car for breakfast. I had slept late, and there were only a few in the car. As I came in, the first thing I noticed was a man with his nose buried deep in a book. It was the book that caught my eye. I could see the title on the jacket: Second Man on the Ticket, by Roy Mason, and when I looked at the man who was reading it I recognized him from the photograph that appeared at the head of his daily column as Clyde McDonald.

He was a fat man with crew-cut red hair, and appeared indolent until you saw his sharp, bright eyes, and seemed genial until you heard his biting phrases. He had a quick, acidulous wit and an affected, tough-guy way of talking out of the side of his mouth.

I stopped at the table and said, "You're Clyde McDonald, aren't you?"

He glanced up and said, "Yeah. Take a chair."

I sat down opposite him and he closed the book. "Which side of this zoo you on?" he asked. "Looking in or looking out?"

"I work for the Governor," I said.

"Looking out," he said. "I'm looking in."

"My name is Roy Mason," I said, and picked up the menu.

"Oh, yes," said McDonald. "The eminent biographer, I presume. I've been reading your latest achievement."

"So I noticed," I said.

"It's a work of art," he said. "Congratulations."

I gave my order to the waiter and sat looking out the window, feeling fidgety. I'm always nervous before I have my first cigarette in the morning, but I make it a rule never to smoke before breakfast.

"Yes, sir," said Clyde McDonald. "Willis G. Warburton, the business genius. The farm boy who made good. The two-fisted investigator. The family man. The balancer of budgets and issues. You almost made me forget I lost my shirt on one of his dogs one day out at Jamaica."

"He had a couple of pretty good horses at one time," I said.

"That so?" McDonald grinned. "You name 'em any place in the book? I didn't notice it."

"You'll find 'em in one of your old Racing Forms," I said. "That isn't a book about horse racing."

"One lucky thing," McDonald said. "I guess not many of those delegates at the convention go to the track much."

"Andrew Jackson used to race horses," I said. "And, Mr. McDonald, the Governor hasn't run an entry in ten years. He raced horses in the first place because an old friend made him a present of a yearling."

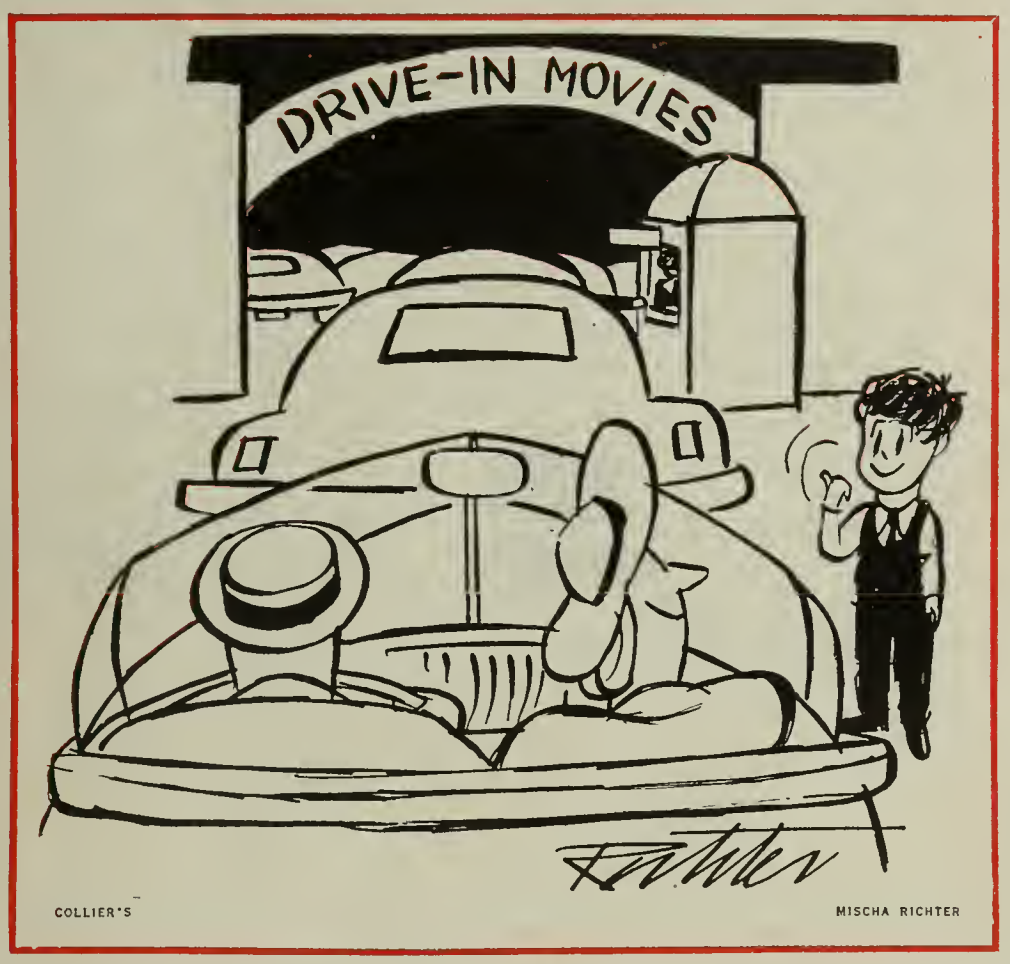
"Oh, indeed," McDonald said. "You got that in here, haven't you?" He flipped the pages of the book. "Yep, here it is: *No account of Governor Warburton's activities is complete without mention of his brief experience in raising thoroughbred horses. Having received a very fine yearling as a present from a friend, the Governor many years ago established a modest farm for breeding horses. Some of the animals bred at the Governor's farm were entered in races at various tracks throughout the country and acquitted themselves well. The pressure of his administrative duties forced Governor Warburton to abandon his experiment in hippology some years ago.*" Clyde McDonald gave me a beatific smile. "Beautiful," he said.

The waiter put my breakfast in front of me, and I drank coffee. McDonald closed the book and gave its cover a little pat, like an old friend. "What's on the schedule of the Great Hippologist today?" he asked.

I winced and said, "Mr. Evers can give you the schedule."

He nodded. "Maybe that's what I got here." He took a sheaf of mimeographed pages from his pocket.

"Yes, this is it. Twelve fifteen, arrive at Milltown. Members of the party will be ready to leave the train upon arrival.



Members of the press and photographers will kindly handle own typewriters, cameras, et cetera, et cetera. Reception committee to meet the Governor will include et cetera, et cetera. Entire party will proceed to Milltown Hotel et cetera, et cetera. Ah, here we are. Governor Warburton's schedule: 1 P.M., press conference at Milltown Hotel. Two o'clock, luncheon, et cetera. Three o'clock, conference with veterans' organizations. Three fifteen, conference with leaders of textile industry. Four, conference with et cetera, et cetera, et cetera— Hey, no speech?"

"Not today," a smooth voice said. "Just et cetera today."

WE BOTH looked up. Lucy Strawn stood in the aisle, smiling. She said, "Is this chair taken?"

I got up to pull it out for her, and began introductions, but she cut me off. "We met last night," she said, and sat down. "What's for breakfast? I think I'll try some of that et cetera." She turned to the waiter. "Et cetera," she said. "Sunny side up."

"Yes, miss," the waiter said.

Clyde McDonald grinned. "When you get hold of something," he said, "you don't turn loose, do you?"

Lucy tapped the book on the table with her finger tips and said, "Doing your homework?"

"Research," he said. "Research on the life and times of the Great Hippologist."

"The what?"

"Ask your friend Mr. Mason," Clyde said, with a malicious grin.

I knew it would be in his column next day, and I knew that he, too, was one of those who never turned loose once they got hold of something. Every mention of Governor Warburton's name in his column henceforth would probably carry the bracket (The Great Hippologist).

"What is this Great Hippologist business?" Lucy asked. "What's a hippologist?"

"A hippologist is a man interested in the study of horses," I explained. "Mr. McDonald thinks it's a cute name."

Lucy surveyed Clyde McDonald. "A cute name for you would be the Great Hippopotamus," she said.

"It's redundant," he said, unperturbed. "But, I suppose, not inaccurate." He looked down smugly at his paunch.

"What happens in Milltown, if there's no speech?" Clyde McDonald asked. "We just sit around and wait for the train to pull out?"

"There's a press conference," Lucy said.

"Yeah, I know those press conferences," he said. "Yokels from the local press sit around bug-eyed while the great man sounds off about nothing at all. No, thanks. But I tell you what. Maybe *you* ought to hold a little conference with the press, Miss Strawn."

"Me?" said Lucy. "Why me?"

"At some nice bar," he said.

Lucy's bright gray eyes flicked to mine for an instant, then she shrugged. "I'm afraid I have nothing for the press today."

"The press has a nice cocktail and a good lunch for you, though," McDonald said. "I'll be in the lobby of the hotel at one o'clock. Okay?"

I tried to shake my head at Lucy; and I'm afraid I made it rather obvious, but apparently McDonald did not notice, nor Lucy for that matter. She smiled at him and said, "All right. If I can get away."

"Make the effort, will you?" he said. "You know, you might talk me into supporting your boss for Vice-President."

I had finished my coffee, and I set the cup in the saucer with a jar and got up. McDonald gave me a short nod of dismissal, and Lucy did not glance up at all. But if she wanted to pal around with a redheaded goat with a crew haircut, that was strictly her concern, and possibly, I thought, she might do the Governor some good.

I found Bill Evers dictating answers to a sheaf of telegrams in the office car. I slid onto the seat beside him and said, "This looks like insubordination."

"What do you mean?"

"You sicked Lucy Strawn onto Clyde McDonald," I said. "Didn't you?"

"Of course not," he said. "I just told her to butter him up a little."

"It's okay with me," I said. "But it will irritate the Governor."

"Then he'll have to be irritated," Bill said. "We've got to protect him, Roy. That's our job."

"Yes," I said.

"You write the speeches," Bill said. "I'll take care of what goes on behind the scenes."

I went back to the Governor's car and looked over the speech, which had been stenciled for the mimeograph machine. The Governor was alone on the observation platform, smoking a cigar. His wife had left the train on his orders a week before because she was showing the strain of being a candidate's wife, and he looked rather forlorn out there alone, but I did not go out. He had little enough time to himself, and today would be a busy day in Milltown. For me it was an easy day, since there was no speech subject to last-minute changes.

WHEN the train stopped at the Milltown station at noon I dropped off at the dining car and took a taxi to the hotel, avoiding the official reception.

Milltown was like any other small city—no place to be left to one's own resources before nightfall. There were no sights to see, particularly after a dozen such stops in a dozen such towns, which seemed all to be exactly alike, so the natural place to lay your hat was on a bar stool. I went to the hotel bar, and later Bill Evers joined me. We had lunch together, and at four o'clock went up to the Governor's suite for the conference with local party leaders. We listened to the reports, and while Bill made notes I saw to it that every politician's hand held a well-filled glass.

After the last party stalwart had been shooed from the suite nearly an hour later, the Governor said, "Roy, pour me a stiff one, will you? I've still got that reception to go through."

"You can get a good night's sleep tonight, Governor," Bill said. "After we get aboard again at six o'clock there's no stop until we make New Orleans at noon tomorrow."

"Bill, you're the one in need of rest," the Governor said. "Worry about yourself for a change. I'm all right. And say, I want to get some telegrams off. Where's Lucy?"

"Lucy?" Bill said. "Oh, Lucy's got a slight headache, Governor."

Lucy, I supposed, had kept her date with Clyde McDonald. If there was anyone who could get anything out of him, Lucy was the girl. She was a little too cocksure for my taste, and there was a wise, brittle quality that showed me she had been around.

Somehow I never have been attracted to sophisticated women; they tend to make a man feel that he has lost the initiative, and if a man loses the initiative he's apt to feel that he is simply being used as a prop to play dolly. Lucy made me feel somewhat that way. She was always smiling in a rather secret amused way and making the sort of cracks that a high school boy gets from his sister in college.

Bill Evers returned with a stenographer, a little fussed because she had never taken dictation from the Governor before, and as Bill and I went into the next room with our drinks he whispered to me, "They had lunch down in the grill, Roy, and I guess they're still there. He was leaving the table for a minute when I looked in, and Lucy gave me the high sign."

I put my glass down and said, "I don't

like the idea of using Lucy for that kind of thing." I said it with sudden irritation that made me realize I was pretty tired; the strain of the trip was telling on me. "I agree with the Governor on that," I said.

"Lucy loves it," Bill said. "That's her element, boy. She's playing *femme fatale* all over the Milltown Hotel Grill. Drinking B and B and dropping her eyelids last time I saw her."

I poured myself another drink, and before I had finished the last of it Bill consulted his watch and called out, "Five minutes to go, Governor. You're due at the reception in five minutes."

We heard the Governor's groan. Bill said, "Drink up, Roy. You're coming, too."

"Oh, no!"

"Oh, yes," Bill said. "We've got to stand by him and hustle him out of there as soon as we can. Drink up, and get your hat."

I WENT to the reception, in a room of blue draperies and plaster cupids called the Tuileries Ballroom. I stood against the wall, near the Governor. Photographers made pictures and the men and women of Milltown important enough to make the "distinguished guests" listing in next day's edition of the local papers filed by to shake the Governor's hand. The Governor carried that sort of thing off well. His hand had flesh enough to withstand the punishment, and he could put his smile on and leave it there hour after hour when he had to. On occasions such as this it was obligatory.

The reception lasted until ten minutes to six, and afterward there was a rush. The cars were waiting in front of the hotel, with a police escort, and there was a desperate scramble as reporters and photographers found places, carrying their portables and cameras. Bill and I squeezed into the Governor's car with the Governor and the state chairman of the party.

There was a crowd at the station, with a police line holding it back, and we were hurried through to the train. Bill Evers pried the state chairman loose at the steps and the Governor escaped into his car. When we followed him a moment later he showed a tired grin and said, "Bill, tear another day off the calendar. Then you can order me some hot soup and crackers. I'm going straight to bed."

"That's a good thought, Governor," Bill said. "Everything went okay?"

"Of course it did," the Governor said.

"A guy at the press conference wanted to know why your wife wasn't along," Bill said. "He's from the opposition paper. I told him she was joining us at Hydetown. Governor, she's sure to be there, isn't she?"

"Now you know she is, Bill," he said.

"Yes, sure," Bill said. "I knew that. I was just—"

"Just worrying," the Governor said. "As usual. Now how about—"

"Soup and crackers," Bill broke in. "Coming right up."

As we left the car, Bill said, "I hope that's not a bad sign, just eating soup and crackers. I hope he's not sick."

"He never looked better," I said.

"Still," said Bill, "I'll have the chef put a couple of chops on the tray."

But before we reached the dining room we met Lucy Strawn, weaving toward us through the office car. There was a light in her eyes and a quiet, smug smile on her face.

"Gentlemen," she said, and her voice was fuzzy. "I got the papers."

"I've seen the papers," Bill said impatiently. "Lucy, are you tight?"

"Not newspapers," Lucy said. "I mean the papers."

"What papers?"

"*The* papers," she said importantly. "Don't you ever go to the theater. The papers, man, the papers!"

"You mean from Clyde McDonald?"

"From none other," said Lucy.

"Where are they?" Bill said.

"Honey," Lucy said, "I wasn't so stupid as to filch them, but I have them by heart." She pressed a hand dramatically at her bosom. "It was a telegram."

"Well?" Bill said.

"He had it in his inside pocket, along with a bill from the National Press Club and the summons and complaint of his latest libel suit and the various other memorabilia such characters pack about with them. When he took them out of his pocket, I got a look."

"Congratulations," I said, unable to conceal my disapproval. "You don't look a bit disheveled."

Lucy gave me a level look.

"Pay no attention to him, Lucy," Bill said.

Lucy didn't. She went on talking, looking only at Bill. "He's one of those men who keeps his wallet well tamped down," Lucy said. "To get his wallet out he had to take out a wad of papers. When he paid for the lunch I knocked the papers onto the floor and had a look at the telegram. This is what it said, Bill:

"Young man, I haven't lived in Hydetown for thirty years," the Governor said, and smiled. "The only girl I had any trouble with was Ruth, and that trouble ended when I married her."

"I don't like it," Bill said. "I don't like it at all. What *could* it be?"

"There couldn't be anything," the Governor said. "Nothing important, anyhow."

"Can you think of anything *unimportant* then, Governor?" Bill asked. "It doesn't take much for McDonald to go to work on."

"Not even anything unimportant, Bill."

Bill dropped into a chair. "Frankly, this worries me. You can't think of anything, Governor. But why should the guy send a telegram like that? *Why?*" He looked up. "Governor, you got any *friends* in Hydetown?"

"I think so," the Governor said. "Johnny Mills, the present county chairman, was my friend. I know of nothing to change him."

"I'll send him a wire," said Bill.

The Governor sat up straighter.



COLLIER'S "I like to hear Preston tell his joke. He enjoys it so much" AL ROSS

"Come to Hydetown with Governor Warburton and you'll have a juicy item for your column."

"So that's why he's here," Bill said. "Who sent that telegram?"

"The name signed to it was Melvin Fisher, whoever he is."

"I know who he is," I said. "Meathead Fisher. He's the mayor of Hydetown."

"Come on," Bill said.

He started with loping strides toward the Governor's car. Lucy gave me a look, and followed. I was not sure what the look meant, but I did not like it.

GOVERNOR WARBURTON was sitting in darkness, with his legs stretched out. Bill turned on a wall light and said, "Sorry to disturb you, Governor, but we've got the dope on Clyde McDonald. Lucy, tell him about the telegram."

Lucy told him, and the Governor listened with no change of expression. He made no comment.

"Governor," said Bill, "what do you think?"

"I don't think there's much juice for an item in Hydetown," the Governor said. "I wouldn't worry, Bill."

"Do you have any enemies there?"

"I suppose so," the Governor said. "Melvin Fisher, the fellow who sent the telegram, is no friend of mine. But he's got nothing on me, Bill."

Bill moved his hands uneasily, said, "I don't suppose there was any g-girl trouble—anything like that?"

"You'll do nothing of the sort," he said sharply. "You'd only stir up trouble, doing that, when there isn't any trouble to begin with. Just let it ride, Bill."

Bill was on his feet again, walking up and down, shaking his head. "No," he said. "We've got to find out. Governor, I'll take a plane to Hydetown."

"I can't do without you, Bill," the Governor said. "I need you here."

"Somebody has to go," Bill said. "We can't just let it ride." He looked at me, considered, then gave his head a decided shake. "No. Roy's not tough enough for the job."

Lucy Strawn smiled. "Maybe that's why he's just the man to do it," she said.

I didn't like her characterization of me, nor the cozy tone she used, but before I could protest, her smile widened and she said, "On the surface, that is, Roy. You're actually a stinker underneath." She turned to the Governor. "Don't you think he'd be good?"

The Governor grinned. "Yes, Lucy, I do think so. How about it, Roy? You want to run over to Hydetown and talk to Johnny Mills?"

"But, Governor, how about your speeches?" I said. "We've got to get those speeches lined up."

"Roy, before you came along I made quite a few speeches on my own," the Governor said.

"Now, Governor, I didn't mean—"

"I know what you meant, Roy," he said softly. "You've been a tremendous help to me and I'm grateful right down to my bones. But maybe Bill is right. Maybe you can be more help to me in Hydetown right now than here?"

"Well, naturally I'll go, Governor," I said. "If that's what you want."

"I wish you would, Roy."

"All right, then," Bill Evers said dubiously. "But, Roy, you've got to play 'em close to your chest. Don't let on why you're there, except to Mr. Mills."

"Of course not," I said.

"Also," the Governor put in, "Roy's our man because he's been to Hydetown. He knows the place."

"Why, I've never been to Hydetown, Governor," I said.

He looked at me. His eyes were tired. "Oh, I thought maybe you went there when you were writing me up, Roy."

"There wasn't time," I said. "It was a rush job, you know, and Bill and I just talked to everyone we could and looked up the newspaper files."

"It's a nice town," the Governor said. "You'll like it. Bill, how about my soup and crackers?"

Bill Evers looked stricken. "Coming up, Governor. Coming up right away."

"Good," the Governor said.

Bill took my arm and propelled me out of the car. On the platform he said, "Roy, get your suitcase packed. I'll check on the nearest airport and we'll stop the train at that town, wherever it is. You be ready."

"Don't worry. I'll be ready."

"Well, Operative Y," Lucy said. "Best wishes from Operative X."

"Operative Sex, don't you mean?" I said stiffly, and went on through into the car. Behind me, in the vestibule, Lucy Strawn laughed softly.

THE plane set me down at an airport forty miles from Hydetown at half past four in the morning, as a seeping, orange dawn began to outline the low, regular hills of that Southern country. There was no bus for a couple of hours, but I found a taxi to run me over to Hydetown.

Anyone who has driven from New York to Florida by the inland route has passed through Hydetown, but the odds are that not one in ten thousand stopped there, unless the car had a flat. The highway narrows to the main street of the town, and there are two traffic lights, entering and leaving Hydetown. The buildings along the main street are solid, two-story red brick with flat roofs forming exact planes on opposite sides of the street.

I drove into Hydetown about half past five, and there was not another car parked or moving on the street, not a door opened yet. I carried my bag into the Fisher Arms Hotel.

The lobby was small, and crowded with leather chairs comfortably grouped so that drummers could sit and gaze out huge plate-glass windows at the street. The office was enclosed by a waist-high railing and counter, but the two chairs behind the railing were unoccupied. No one was about.

I put my bag by the window and dropped into one of the big leather chairs. I had not had breakfast, and did not light a cigarette, and I had that gloomy depression that comes on a man who has risen much too early and faces a long and unaccustomed day. I had not been to bed at all, and had slept only a little on the plane.

A truck passed through and dropped off a bundle of newspapers at the drug store across the street, and a pedestrian or so appeared, off to early jobs. I sat by the window and watched the town come awake, and I had heard the rattle of dishes for some time before the sound communicated anything. Then I jumped up, picked up my bag, and hurried to the dining room on the other side of the lobby.

A scrubbed-looking waitress was setting the tables. She glanced up and gave me a steady, incurious look, then went o



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Illustrated—
Above: Pendleton Scarlet $9.75
Below: Oregan Plaid . . . $9.75

Pendleton
WOOLEN MILLS
PORTLAND 4, ORE.
ALWAYS VIRGIN WOOL



about her task. I smiled and approached her.

"Good morning," I said. "How about some breakfast?"

"Grits ain't ready yet," she said.

"Scrambled eggs, bacon, toast and coffee," I said, and sat down.

"I'm sorry, sir, you'll have to wait," she said. "The grits ain't ready yet."

"I don't want grits," I said.

She gave me a strange look. "Don't you want your grits this morning?"

"No grits," I said, and she had given me an idea of the cosmopolitan quality of Hydetown. "Just scrambled eggs and bacon, if you can manage it."

"Sure," she said. "I can get *that* for you right away."

So this was Hydetown, I thought, and wished that Clyde McDonald was with me to see it. The Governor had been right when he said there was not much juice for an item in Hydetown. The town looked squeezed dry as pulp, and the waitress had summed it up. The grits ain't ready yet.

WHILE I ate breakfast the hotel began to stir. Before I had finished, three other early morning risers came in for breakfast. By then the grits was ready, and each had a two-inch-by-four rectangle of it, soaked in butter, alongside his fried eggs. I paid my check and carried my bag to the lobby.

An old man was behind the railing now, chewing a toothpick. Although he had not been among the breakfasters in the dining room, he had apparently had his grits. I put my bag down and said, "How about a room?"

"How long you aim to stay?"

"Just overnight, I think."

He nodded. "We're pretty busy. All filled up this week for the big shindig. But I got a room for tonight. Sign here."

He pushed the register toward me and said as I signed my name, "You only going to use one bed, ain't you?"

"Yes." My eyebrows went up at that.

"Three beds in the room," he said. "Sometimes you get these truckers late at night. One will sign up and the others sneak in somehow. That will be two fifty." As I reached for my wallet he glanced at my signature and said, "I bet you're the fellow wrote that book about Willie Warburton."

"That's right," I said.

"Thought it was the name," he went on. "I knew Willie Warburton when he was a boy. I always had my money on Willie."

"That so?" I said, and added tentatively, "I think he'll win."

"That he will," the old man said. "He sure will. I got my money on him this time too."

I followed him up to the third floor past alarmingly large signs pointing out the fire escapes, and I was glad when I entered the room to see that it was only a short drop to the adjoining roof. The windows gave on the long plane of rooftops, and beyond them I could see trees and a scattering of frame houses. The town seemed shabby and forlorn in the early morning sunlight, and the big room, with its three iron beds, depressed me. But I was tired, and I opened my suitcase for the first time since I had dropped off the Governor's campaign train, took out my pajamas, drew the shades, and went to bed. . . .

It was nearly noon when I awakened. I looked for the room telephone, to call John Mills, but there was none, so I shaved and dressed and went down to the lobby. I crossed to the telephone booth and picked up the directory, and as I was looking up the number a rasping voice said, "I guess you're Mr. Roy Mason."

I turned. A lean man with gray hair and a leathery brown skin was looking me over. Spectacles were pinched on a long, thin nose, and his black bow tie and dark suit gave him a deaconish air.

"I'm Melvin Fisher," he said. "
ate this hotel."

I had not connected the nam
Fisher Arms Hotel with Melvin
I said, "Oh, yes. Mayor Fisher, i

"That's right." His thin lips dr
and showed his teeth enough to
a smile. "So you're the fello
that book, Mr. Mason?"

"Yes, Mr. Fisher."

"It's quite a book," he said. "
quite a book. Kind of long on
lean on facts, ain't it?"

"Is it?"

"But it was mighty good read
went on. "Yes, sir, I guess ever
town expects to see Willie W
come galloping into town on
horse Wednesday, waving a b
sword." The tight lips drew up
a smile. I did not like his smile.
he won't be riding a horse, thoug
vin Fisher said. "Will he?"

"It depends on what sort of tra
tion is available in this town, Mr.
I said.

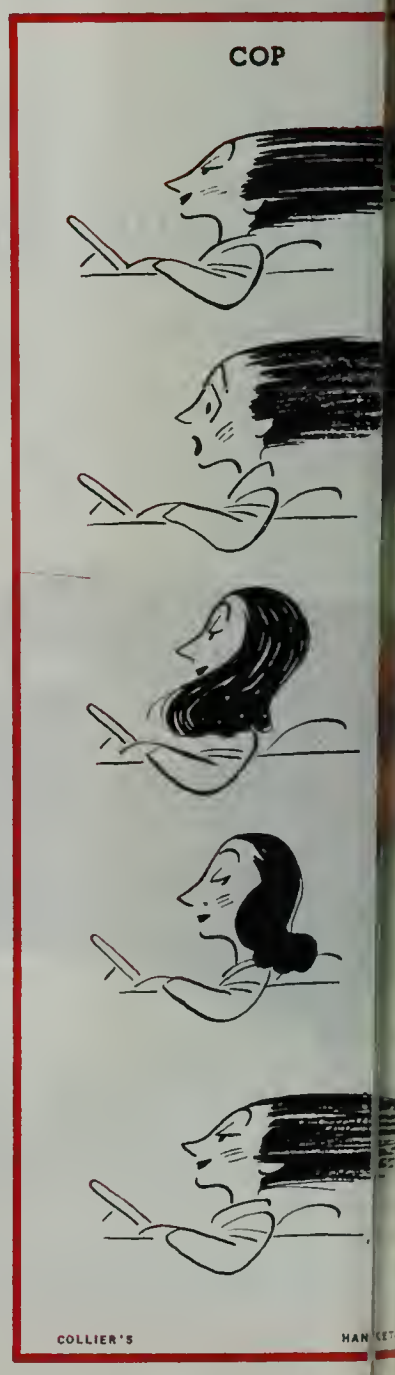
Melvin Fisher chuckled. "I g
said. "Yes, sir, we're a horse-a
town, all right. We're kind of all
gists here, too."

That caught me between the e
were all kicking that one lame p
around. But Fisher continued,
they're calling him the Great Hi
these days."

So it was already in McDon
umn, and the column was avail
in Hydetown, population 3,220.

"But I see you're busy," Melv
said, "I won't bother you any m
Mason. But welcome to Hydet
you tell Willie it will be a
Wednesday. Yes, sir, a big da

He walked away, still chuck
as I stepped into the telephone
saw that everyone in the lobby
ing at me, the fellow that w




"Most likely to succeed this Fall"
Basket Weave Belt, Initial Buckle—Set $3.50
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book. I slammed the door shut and gave John Mills's number to the operator.

"Mason, did you say?" said John Mills. "You the fellow wrote that book?"

I winced and said I was, and he said, "My office is just down the street from the hotel, two doors after the bank."

I knew they were watching me as I left the booth and walked through the lobby to the street. There was much more life in Hydetown now, but if you analyzed it you saw that a large percentage of it was due to traffic passing through town on the highway. Two doors below the bank I saw a window lettered *John Mills, Real Estate and Insurance,* and a solid man with a rosy face pleasantly creased from an uncritical outlook on life was waiting in the doorway.

"Mr. Mason?" he said, and put out his hand. "Come in, come in. What do you hear from Willie Warburton?"

"Left him last night," I said. "He's making a great campaign."

"You bet he is," said John Mills. "I've been following it in the papers. That boy can sure make a speech. I suppose he sent you on to see how everything is shaping up here for Warburton Day?"

"In a way," I said, "yes."

"The whole county will be here," he said. "Just about. It will be a day, all right. Got two bands lined up. The American Legion band and the high school band from the county seat."

I SAT down and said, "I wonder if you have a copy of a paper that carries Clyde McDonald's column."

"Got it right here," he said, and passed me a newspaper folded to the column. I read it through quickly. It reprinted my paragraph from the book and made malicious sport of our efforts to play down the adventures of Willis G. (The Great Hippologist) Warburton at the race tracks.

"This man McDonald is out to get something on the Governor," I said.

"Oh, don't let that Great Hippologist stuff worry you." John Mills waved a hand. "People are more broad-minded than they used to be, and for that matter, we never made any bones about horse racing hereabouts. When we were boys racing quarter horses was a great sport. I remember Willie was in pretty good demand for those races when he was a kid. He was a good rider."

Now I knew what the old man at the hotel had been talking about, when he said he always had his money on Willie. I groaned and said, "You mean to say he was a jockey, Mr. Mills?"

"Why, I wouldn't call him that. He was just a kid in overalls who could stick to a horse's back for a quarter of a mile. Willie used to ride bareback and barefoot, and he could get a lot out of a horse. Why, say, I rode a few races myself, but I was never as good as Willie."

I dropped the newspaper containing McDonald's column into the wastebasket. "Mr. Mills," I said. "I'll tell you why I'm here. Clyde McDonald is on the track of some sort of information discreditable to the Governor and he expects to find it here in Hydetown."

"Discreditable?" said John Mills.

"All I know about it is that Melvin Fisher sent McDonald a telegram telling him that if he came to the reception for the Governor in Hydetown he'd have something juicy for his column."

"Meathead Fisher sent the telegram?"

"Yes."

He frowned. "That I don't like. Mel Fisher is a pretty cagey customer. He doesn't go off half-cocked." He shook his head. "But damn it, if there was anything against Willie Warburton in this town I'd know about it."

"And you haven't any idea?"

"No idea at all." He leaned back in his chair and gazed out at the steady stream of traffic. Thoughtfully, he said, "I don't suppose it could have anything to do with Hattie Perkins."

"Hattie Perkins?" I said wea
girl?"

He grinned at me. "I guess sl
girl once, but it was before my ti
Mr. Mason, Harriet Perkins
school out of town a ways."

"Yes," I said. "Now I remer
name."

"You ought to," he said. "'
her in that book."

"But what could Miss Perkin
do with it?"

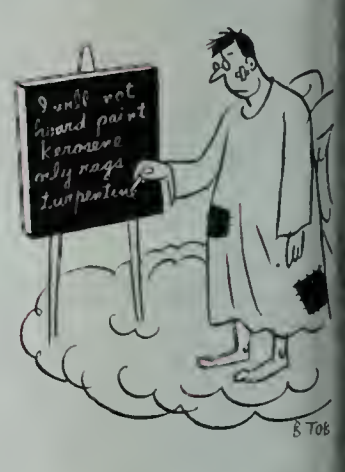
"I'm wondering," he said. "I
dering about that myself. Mis
told somebody she wasn't comi
reception Wednesday. It's all o
that Miss Hattie won't be there.'

I sat up straighter. "Why not?

He grinned. "I reckon you
the blame for that, young fel
that book. She don't like it."

There were prickles along n

OUNCE OF PREVENT



SAINT MAGPIE

Thrifty Gus, the demon ho
Filed his derelicts in orde
Snugly in the cellar where
They'd not be exposed to
Papers, oily rags and twi
Brushes soaked in turpent
Dregs of aging kerosene,
Not to mention gasoline,
Nestled next assorted pain
He'd have registered disgu
Had he watched his hoard
bust.
But in half a dozen flashes
Gus, et al., were just plain

—Margaret Fis

and I swallowed hard; it see
everything came back to my
asked the question uneasil
doesn't she like it, Mr. Mills?"

"Well, you know, Miss Hatti
kind of cantankerous lately. Sh
lady, Mr. Mason, and you kn
schoolma'am is. She has her
too much. A schoolma'am is a
a henpecking wife, and I gue
same reason. Not that Miss Ha
fine old lady. She sure is.
crotchety, and she don't like
wrote in that book about her."

"But I barely mentioned he
"Do you have a copy of that
"I sure have." He produce
the top drawer of his desk and
to me. "Page seventy-six," he
looked it up myself when I h
Miss Hattie felt about it."

I read the paragraph as if I
seen it before. It said: *Gover
burton's schooldays were typi
rugged, hard-working comm
which he lived, yet among th
recollections of his boyhood is
riet Perkins, from whom he re
early education. To this day
her affectionately as "Hatche
and his memories of her and th
schoolhouse warm his though

overnor Warburton walked two chool every day, after doing his t his marks were the highest in n spite of the many afternoons Chet Hattie," a strict disciplinar- him after school for minor ju- demeanors. He recollects today Perkins had predicted a great r him, but thinks that even she astonished to find him a candi- Vice-President of the United

d up at John Mills. "Well," I s corny, but what's wrong with

ll called her Hatchet Hattie," 'I don't know that she ever ob- it, but maybe she don't like in print. And besides, reading graph you'd get the idea Miss d moved on to greener pastures. e that, too."

unhappily. "The truth is, Mr. never occurred to me that she l be alive."

he book down. "But the fact old schoolteacher passes up the home reception is nothing to e nation. That would hardly s a juicy item."

what I'm thinking," he said.

ee," I explained, "the Governor sy that his secretary and I went to get what information we en I wrote it down, against a I'm certainly sorry if I of- iss Perkins, and I'd like to go ll her so. We ought to persuade me to the reception, if we can."

he said. "Miss Hattie ought to

e does she live? I'll take a taxi xplain."

i?" He smiled. "Not in this . Mason. But come on, I'll run o see Miss Hattie."

r was parked at the curb, and had hung a Back Soon sign on his door, we drove out to Miss Harriet Perkins' home, a half mile from the center of town. On the way he said, "I'm thinking you're right. We're off the track. It couldn't have anything to do with Miss Hattie. But I'd sure like to know what Mel Fisher has got under his hat."

Miss Perkins lived in the sort of white cottage with green blinds and rambler roses that I might well have described in the book, so hackneyed was my literary vein, and so trite was the cottage. There was even a girl among the roses, under a trellis, a girl with honey-colored hair and deep blue eyes and a trace of freckles.

John Mills called to her, "Hi, Ginny. Miss Hattie around?"

"She's out back, John," the girl said.

"Ginny," he said, "let me make you acquainted with Mr. Mason. Ginny is Miss Hattie's grandniece, Mr. Mason. Miss Virginia Perkins."

I said, "How do you do?" and I thought that for the first time in years I was looking at something original, a product without make-up or artifice, a raw material that required no processing.

"My friend wants to talk to Miss Hattie," John said.

She looked at me. "Then you'd better take it off," she said. Her voice was low and very clear, with no sorghum in the Southern accent.

"Take what off?" I asked blankly.

"The button," she said. "The campaign button. She'd throw a fit if she saw that Warburton button."

"Better take it off, Mr. Mason," John Mills said.

"Mason?" the girl said. "Did you say Mr. Mason, John?"

"That's right. Roy Mason."

"The fellow who—"

"Yes, I wrote the book," I interrupted.

"Oh, well," Ginny Perkins said, and spread her hands. "Then I'm afraid Aunt Hattie won't want to see *you*."

(To be continued next week)



"I had no idea you wanted the suit for swimming!" JARO FABRY



"Hahaha! Who says parrots are dopes?"



PETE: No one says so, Sinbad! Please listen now, or we'll NEVER get a radio program of our own. Now—once more: *what* am I wearing?

SINBAD: You? You got a fine haircut—hahaha. You got an Arrow Dart Shirt on. Or is it a Dale? *Pretty* coll-ar. *Pretty* coll-ar. Who says parrots—

PETE: Swell, Sinbad! Now think: what is MITOGA, Sinbad? MITOGA?

SINBAD: You got me-got me-got me—hahaha! Is it an Indian Chief? Tell Sinbad the Clever, Sinbad the Wise—hahaha!

PETE: No! No! NO! Now listen, birdbrain: MITOGA is that marvelous body-line design you find *only* in Arrow Shirts!

Think! What *other* trade-mark do people talk about when they buy Arrow Shirts?

SINBAD: Who says parrots are dopes? Hahaha! Starts with "S," Petey. Is it "Sandpapered"? "Snodgenized"? NO—it's *Sanforized!* Good old Sinbad, Clever old Sinbad. What's it mean?

PETE: It means "fabric shrinkage less than 1%," you moth-eaten refugee from Yucatan! I've told you that 500 times, Sinbad. I'm discouraged. We'll NEVER get on the radio . . .



SINBAD: Oh, I . . . don't . . . know. Ever listen to the radio, Petey? Hahahaha!

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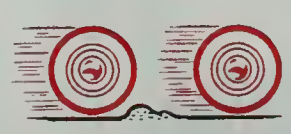
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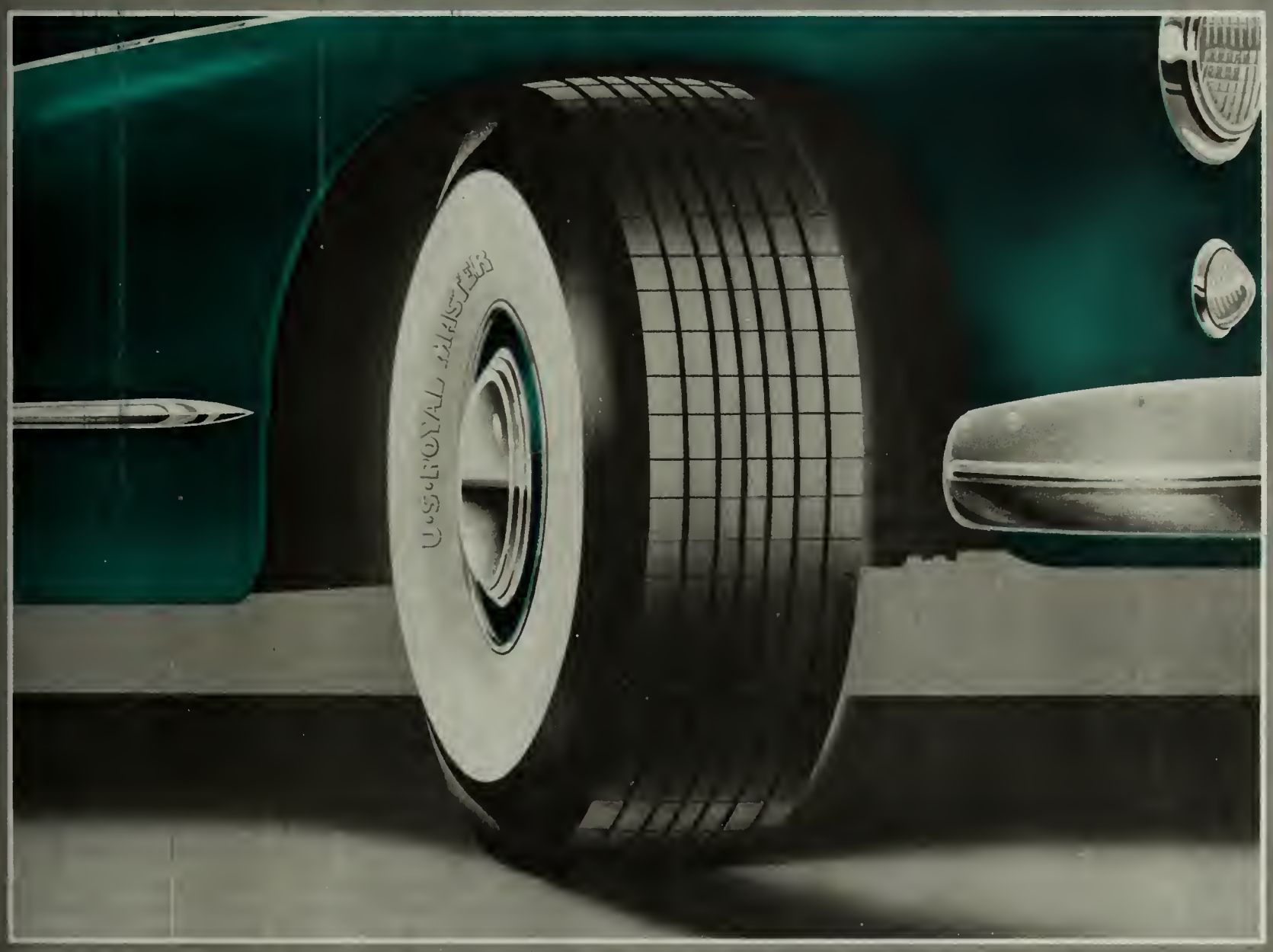


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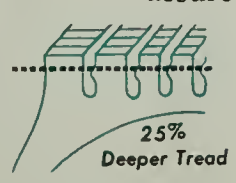


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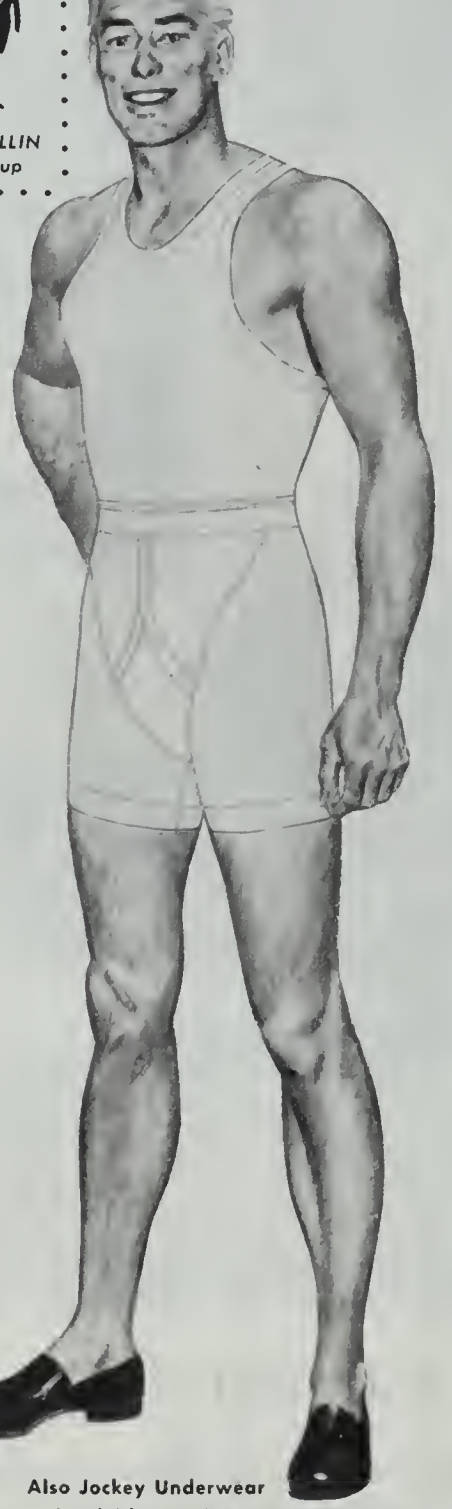


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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

ALFRED & THE WOO WOO KID

DEAR THE WEEK'S MAIL: Gotta disagree with Marge and Charlie who likened Humfreville's "Alfred" to a furriner, Stalin's boy Vassily (The Week's Mail, July 17th).

Alfred is all American. When he first appeared I was making some pictures with Hugh Herbert—the Woo Woo kid. The resemblance, not only facially but in manner and idea, of Alfred and Hugh struck me so forcibly I tried several times to get the Great Minds to combine them in a picture.

Unfortunately I was unable to suggest how to tie Alfred in with sex or gun totin' or drayma in the raw, so the idea went by the boards.

The Russians have screamed they beat Edison to the punch on electric light, Franklin on electricity, Marconi on wireless, and Kellogg on Bran Flakes. But they can't claim they beat Humfreville to Alfred. PAUL GERARD SMITH, Astoria, L. I.

OUR EDITORIAL-MINDED READERS

DEAR EDITOR: You've got a fine magazine. Keep up the good work and you'll have the best. But—

Why not more sports fiction? Your writers failed you? Speaking of sports tell Bill Fay that he's doing a good job on his sports.

I think you ought to have two Alfred cartoons each week.

Hey! Why not some comic covers, funny things do happen—why not snap a picture?

I think you need some more fiction and short stories. How about making Keep Up With the World longer? It's very interesting. Sporting Odds is very good, too; it should be lengthened.

DICK FITZGERALD, Lake George, N. Y.

HOW TO ESCAPE FROM A WIFE

GENTLEMEN: Re How to Catch a Husband (July 3d) on rounding up vagabond husbands: Why bring 'em back alive?

One wonders how many of the three thousand admittedly recalcitrant husbands might have gone on to become something really worth while in this world if your Investigator George Lamb, dean of America's husband chasers, had left them alone to work out a decent salvation.

The writer has had a lot of experience along the lines mentioned, having lived out one divorce, alimony, etc., and is seriously considering giving up a $40.000 business and a $20,000 home, etc., in return for a scribbled note on the theme so ably quoted by the dapper George Lamb. "I'm getting out now while I still have some youth left, to see and do all the things I've always wanted."

I'm forty-six years old and thank God that's just the way I feel.

NAME WITHHELD ON REQUEST,
Port Jefferson Station, N. Y.

WEAKENDER

EDITOR COLLIER'S: Just a note of appreciation of your short short by William Chadwick (Laughter Must Be Shared, July 17th). "A single hour in an evening of spring is worth a fortune of gold—laughter is the balm which eases the pain of life." I have felt that but could not express it. Please publish a paragraph containing this Chinese motto also: "After three days a guest stinks." I'm sorry to be so outspoken but we of California are constant hostesses—we love them for three days, but that's enough.

Wish your magazine was published twice a week.

A CONSTANT READER. Long Beach, Cal.

Maybe we're just Confuciused but we thought it was Franklin who sounded off about guests.

HE-MAN COVER BOYS

EDITOR COLLIER'S: Hooray for the co on the July 17th Collier's—I mean picture of Mr. Stan Robins. He isn't sho ing every tooth in his head like some the pictured gals, but has a human and morous expression.

Wish we could have some more man" covers. How about it, gals? Ple don't publish my name. My husba wouldn't like it. H. F., Santa Rosa, C

. . . I was particularly intrigued by July 17th cover. I presume that the ba ground was composed of authentic lobs pots, the salty-looking gent with the bus eyebrows is undoubtedly the lobster fi erman, and the girl adds the cheeseca but where, oh, where, do they catch th lobsters already boiled?

A. C. SMITH, Plainfield, N

We quote The Week's Work of July 17 "The 'fresh-caught' lobsters are red . because they are boiled right in the tory on the dock for immediate can —so please don't write in. . . ."

SALT VS. KEROSENE

EDITORS: Re Ted Shane's Inhuman ture (July 10th), not every skin is rug enough to stand repeated applications kerosene against redbugs. Rub a m tened salt or saturated salt solution to points of attack. So quick, so soothin this innocent remedy that getting a c of redbugs is almost a pleasure.

HERMAN KURZ, Botan
Florida State Univ., Tallaha

. . . Bugs, bugs, marching up and d again
From head to foot of poor old Shane.
So what? The hungry bugs must eat or
They cannot order ham on rye.
So cut the cackle—toughen up
And learn to take it like a pup,
Vent not your spleen on growing thi
Most all God's creatures got wings
stings!!!

A. MCMASTER, New York, N

IRON PANTS

DEAR SIR: Re the Joan of Arc article (26th), actually, Arrowsmith Tool & Company of Los Angeles produced armor used by the entire cast, excep that of Ingrid Bergman, instead of speedboat manufacturer as stated in article.

Of particular interest is the mat used for this armor. Dow magnes .064" in thickness, was employed e sively. Magnesium, in weight, is app mately two thirds that of alumi with greater strength characteristics application of one of our newest m for an ancient usage.

PAUL R. BURT, Chief Engi
Los Angeles,

TYKE

DEAR EDITOR: Is the tyke with the s gle hold on his baby brother (July 3d little angel who got the gun for Ch mas? (Cover, Dec. 27th.)

MRS. FERN SMITH, Boscobel, is





No—he's a bottle-scarred veteran o peace—fattening baby brother for a ble next Christmas gun cover.

AN AFFAIR OF STATE

Continued from page 27

n this night, candles lighted his room. Whether there was a power failure, or government was conserving electric- or whether the lights were out in this or of Budapest alone he did not w, and it was useless to inquire of dame Angell or Sandor. He had ced candlesticks at each end of the g Italian desk, so that they framed his table. The warm, flickering shadows lded the imperfections of the furnish-, rounded the angular chairs. The m had been his home for almost four ths. Now, whatever his decision, e ties would be torn up.

EFORE him was this implacable sheet of flimsy—a notice of eviction, ificate of failure, diploma of disgrace. other paraphrased copies of the cable ld have been made, so that by now ryone in the legation would know. le suspected this was why through the le day he had received no phone calls no visitors. News of the cable would e seeped to the British and the French, even the Hungarians, during the ktail hour at the Park Club. The ca-

From Installment XV of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: The Combined Chiefs of Staff met at Malta to decide between the Eisenhower and the British final knockout blow against Germany. "The arguments reached such a point that Marshall, ordinarily one of the most restrained and soft-spoken of men, announced that if the British plan were approved by the Prime Minister and President, he would recommend to Eisenhower that he had no choice but to ask to be relieved of his command."

had come in a code which the Ger- ns had broken in 1941 but which was used for matters classified as less secret because it was economical. probably the Russians would read the le too.

he paraphrase read: "Most disturb- information has reached the depart- nt concerning your conduct, which ears to border on treason, in the lapest mission. Specifically you are rged with the following violations of e Department regulations:

1. Without authority engaging in dip- atic negotiations with an official of a eign power.

2. Endangering United States policy indiscreet utterances to an official of a eign power.

3. Deliberately disobeying warnings to associate with representatives of power.

4. Refusal to obey direct orders of erior.

5. Conduct unbecoming of an officer he Foreign Service.

6. Purloining narcotic drugs from the sion dispensary.

Since all these charges have been stantiated the department regrets re- ring your immediate resignation. wever, in view of your inexperience, your previous record in the armed ces, the department will permit you resign without prejudice. In accord- e with regulations governing such es, passage will be furnished to your me station."

he last paragraph was the key, of rse. It was an invitation to go quietly, hout a fight.

All he had to do was write and sign a simple note of resignation and that would end it. It would sponge off the first thirty years of his life. No public stain would remain. He could go home and marry Susan. He could get a job and start over. If necessary, he could refer without shame to his short diplomatic career. It might even carry an aura of distinction. He could say, "Oh, yes, I was third secretary in the legation at Budapest. Had to give it up. Not enough money in it."

Yet he could not bring himself to write his resignation. All day he had known he would not write a resignation. He could go home and get a job, but never again for his government, for in the files would be this unchallenged cable. This was peculiarly important to him. All his life a career in the department had represented honor, respectability and security.

And he couldn't let down Leonides.

He could use his hearing to tell his story. Perhaps he would be believed in Washington, even if unbelieved in Budapest. There would be the unpleasant taint of a department trial. It would undoubtedly leak to the press. To have a hundred people in Washington and Budapest know of these accusations was one thing. To have a hundred million people know was quite something else. If there was a departmental trial, and he was not believed and fired from the department, his name would be damaged beyond his own lifetime.

Yet it was necessary that he fight. There was nothing else to do. The blank paper was already in his typewriter. While it seemed improbable that the Secretary would ever see the letter, he typed it in the traditional form.

"To the Secretary of State,
"Sir:

"I have the honor to report receipt of your coded cable 49122692, classified confidential. Despite this cable I find I cannot resign from the Foreign Service of the United States. I will be happy to answer the charges contained in this cable at any time, according to your convenience."

He signed his full name at the bottom, boldly, Jefferson Wilson Baker.

ON THAT Tuesday morning Horace Locke had found a young woman outside his office door. She said, "You're Mr. Locke, aren't you? My name's Susan Pickett. I wonder whether you could see me, Mr. Locke?"

"Certainly. Come in." This girl seemed tense and agitated, and he wondered what she could want.

He drew up the one chair he hoped was comfortable, and held its back for her in a courtly manner long out of fashion. "Now, Miss Pickett?" he inquired.

"Mr. Locke," she began, "I understand you're a friend of Jeff Baker's."

"More precisely, I was his father's friend," Horace Locke said.

"Oh. Maybe I shouldn't have come."

"Don't mistake me," said Horace Locke. "I'm very fond of Jeff Baker—very much interested in him. Have been all his life. Are you his friend too?"

She said, "I love him. Mr. Locke, he is in very serious trouble."

Now his thin, sensitive hands were on the desk, and he was looking at her differently than he had before, and all his instincts were alert and wary. "How do you know that?" he demanded.

She took a cigarette from her bag and tapped it on her thumbnail, and he noticed that her nails were well shaped, but stubby from typing. She put the cigarette back in her bag. "I work in the department," she said. "Secretarial. I take the nine-o'clock conference."

"This matter of Jeff's didn't come up at the conference, did it?"

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"No. If it had, I couldn't talk about it. I have a friend named Gertrude Kerns. She works in Balkans. We always have coffee together in the cafeteria after I've typed the agenda. This morning she told me Jeff was being recalled. He has been asked to resign. They sent a cable last night. She knows I know Jeff."

"So quick," exclaimed Horace Locke. "So damnably quick!" Matson hadn't wasted an hour.

Susan didn't seem to hear him. "I didn't know what to do. I told her I had a pain in my stomach and it might be appendicitis. I told her please to go to the Undersecretary's office and tell them I felt sick and couldn't take the conference. I went up to Code and Cipher and got a paraphrase of the cable. I suppose I'll get in trouble. I don't care. Here it is." She handed it across the desk.

Horace Locke read it, and read it again. "I'll handle this. I'll handle it and let you know. Now get this paraphrase back to Code and Cipher and forget it."

"All right. I thank you so much, Mr. Locke. I feel better now."

Horace Locke said, "I have very little influence. I can only do what I can. It may be too late already."

"I don't think so," she said.

She rose, and he rose and opened the door for her. As she left he could not help but put his arm around her shoulder. She needed reassurance. She didn't have to sham her inner sickness.

Now the time had come for Horace Locke to act. There was no use appealing to Matson now. Matson had committed himself. Only the Secretary of State could save Jeff Baker. He dialed 3071.

A pleasant voice sang, "Office of the Secretary of State."

"This is Horace Locke, in the department. I must speak with the Secretary."

"Is he expecting your call, Mr. Locke?"

"No. But it's very important."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Locke, but I don't seem to place you."

"I'm Adviser to the Diplomatic Monuments and Memorials Commission." He tried to make it sound important.

"Well, may I suggest you send the Secretary a memo, Mr. Locke. You know he's terribly busy."

"This is really urgent, and really important," Locke said.

THE girl hestitated, and then said, "Well, in that case I suggest you dial one of the Secretary's executive assistants. Their branch is 2881."

"Very well," said Horace Locke.

He dialed 2881. He didn't know any of the assistants. They were all younger. But he knew their names. He asked for Mr. Partridge. He told Mr. Partridge he had to see the Secretary immediately, on a matter of vital importance.

"Couldn't you come over and talk to me?" Partridge asked. "You know how it is, Mr. Locke. The Secretary is snowed under."

"I'll have to see the Secretary himself," Locke insisted. "This is extremely serious, and extremely confidential."

"Couldn't you give me some idea what it's about? After all, that's all I do from seven in the morning until midnight—handle stuff that is serious and confidential."

"No, Mr. Partridge," Locke said. "I can't tell you. It must go to the Secretary, and to him alone."

"Well, I'm sorry that you feel that way, Mr. Locke. I can't do anything for you. I suggest that you dictate a memo."

Horace Locke put down the telephone. He chuckled. He couldn't dictate memos. He didn't even have a stenographer. He tried to think of a way to get to the Secretary. He was still thinking at lunch.

Early in the afternoon he looked out of the window. Across the street photographers were knotting at the entrance to the executive office of the White House. The President must be better. He saw a limousine swing through the White House grounds. It was a Rolls-Royce and that would mean the British ambassador. He watched other limousines stop. He could see the Secretary's car at the West Executive Avenue entrance.

He had to see the Secretary, if he was to help Baker.

Horace Locke put on his hat and coat and walked downstairs.

He walked through the door of the West Executive Avenue entrance. The guard nodded. He was an old guard, who had always been at this entrance to Old State. "Nasty out, today, isn't it, Mr. Locke?" he said.

"Yes. It's foul." He went outside into the drizzle, and felt in his inside coat pocket to be sure he had Baker's letter.

IN NEW STATE he walked confidently to the Secretary's suite. Now that he had made up his mind, it would not be too difficult. In the outer office a receptionist asked his name, and he told her and she asked whether he had an appointment. "No, but the Secretary will want to see me," he said.

She seemed puzzled by his answer. She said, "I'll send in your name, and you can wait."

That was all he wanted, a chance to wait. He took a chair in the anteroom where he could watch the door through which the Secretary must pass.

After he had been waiting for a half hour he sensed, by the activity, that the Secretary would soon be back. But yet another thirty minutes passed, and the Secretary did not arrive.

Then Susan Pickett came in. She had a notebook and pencils in her hand. He saw her as soon as she walked in from the hallway and he lifted his head suddenly so that she noticed him and came over to him. She said, "Oh, you've got an appointment. That's fine."

He rose, and winced. The chill drizzle had loaded his joints with aches and stiffness. "No, I haven't an appointment," he whispered. "I'm just waiting for him to come back."

"Oh, he's back!" the girl said. "He's been back, Mr. Locke. He comes up in his private elevator on the other side of the building and goes directly into the inner office. He doesn't use this entrance."

Horace Locke realized suddenly how he had lost touch with what went on inside the department.

"Golly, Mr. Locke, you could wait here all day and you'd never see him." Susan said. He could see that she too was shaken and worried. He knew that she had depended on him, that she had faith in his ability to help Jeff Baker, and now that faith was gone.

"I'm going in to see him in a minute," Susan said. "I have to see him every day at this time. Would it do any good if I told him you were here?"

Horace Locke considered this. "I'm afraid not," he said.

She said, "What would happen if you went in with me?" Her eyes, which had been so dull, now suddenly were alight.

"What do you mean?"

"I could take you in with me, just as I'd been sent out to get you. I go in and out so much nobody notices."

Horace Locke knew he was going to perform what for him was a desperate act. In his whole life he had never entered an office, a drawing room, or any gathering where by any chance he might be unwelcome. He said, "I will go in with you."

She caught her breath. "I don't suppose the world will come to an end if we do," she said. She smiled.

So together they walked into the Secretary's office. They walked past the receptionist, and the uniformed guard at the double doors, and through the secretarial office inside, and into the Secretary's presence.

The Secretary was alone. His shoulders were bowed over his desk and his glasses had slipped down the bridge of

...ose. His eyes, as always, were ...ed to the pile of red-tabbed papers ...e him. He looked up over his spec..., started to speak to Susan and saw ...ce Locke. The Secretary did not ... disturbed, but he did seem puzzled.

"...ood afternoon, Mr. Secretary," ...ce Locke said. He was at ease again.

"...ell, hello, Locke—Horace," the ...tary said. "Good to see you. How've ...been?"

"...ine, thank you, Mr. Secretary." He ... what would be passing through the ...tary's head. The Secretary would ...inking he must have some appoint... with Locke, and yet he would be ... certain he didn't, and he wouldn't ... to be rude, and so he would wait ...ind out, from the conversation what ...s all about.

...race Locke plunged: "Mr. Secre... I don't have any appointment, but I ...o see you. First I want to apologize ...he intrusion, but after we've talked ...ure you'll agree it was necessary."

...e Secretary took off his glasses and ...hem on the desk. "Well, what is it, ...ce? I assume it must be of surpass...mportance. You know how unusual ...s."

"... is an affair of state, Mr. Secretary." ...words rolled out rounder and big...n this office than if said anywhere ... For them both it had a special ...ing. An affair of state was a mat... the national safety.

"...r. Secretary," Susan asked in a ... voice, "do you want me to come ... later?"

"...o, Mrs. Pickett, I want you to stay ...make notes. All right, Horace, go ...d."

...race Locke brought out Jeff's let... "Mr. Secretary," he said, "I have ...ed two letters safe hand from Buda... They were sent to me out of chan... a third secretary, who because of ...long association with his family ...ed me implicitly. It was the opinion ...is third secretary, in which I concur, ... the matter was of a nature so secret ... the information could not pass ...gh ordinary channels. The letters ...ern this third secretary's liaison with ...ssian officer who claims to be a ...r of a revolutionary group which intends to fight and, if possible, overthrow the present Soviet regime."

Horace Locke paused. But he could see in the Secretary's face that this was fresh intelligence. "Sit down, Horace," the Secretary said, "and let me see those letters."

Horace Locke sat down. He knew now that he had his chance. He decided it would be best to read the letters, because he knew that the Secretary's eyes were always tired from too much reading, and he would grasp it more quickly, and perhaps more completely, if the letters were read. "I think we can save time if I read them," Locke said.

"Yes, do. Go ahead," the Secretary agreed. He turned to Susan. "You'll take all this, please, Mrs. Pickett."

When it was all finished the Secretary said, "I suppose, Horace, that you know I signed a cable last night asking that boy to resign?"

"Yes, Mr. Secretary."

The Secretary tapped a pen on his desk, as if rapping out points in his reasoning. "There is a very weak point in Baker's story. There is no corroboration. There is no corroboration from anywhere in the world. Perhaps Baker himself can furnish that corroboration. We will see. He will have a hearing."

"Thank you, Mr. Secretary," Horace Locke said.

The Secretary rose and held out his hand. "Thank you, Horace. I'll take care of this now. I'm going to check with our people in Vienna. And I'm bringing Baker home."

As Horace Locke left the office he heard the Secretary speak into the interphone: "Have Mr. Matson up here at once."

JEFF slept late Wednesday morning. When he awoke he smoked a cigarette in bed and considered what he must do next. He decided he must present his answer to the cable to Morgan Collingwood. That was correct protocol. Collingwood would take it in to the admiral, and the admiral would snort at it, and then order it transmitted to Washington.

After that it would be Washington's move. His refusal to resign would go to the Balkans desk. Undoubtedly Matson



IRWIN CAPLAN

SPORTING ODDS

While trying to qualify for the National Amateur golf championship, Jerry Dimmick of Dansville, New York, put his second shot 18 feet from the cup on a 430-yard hole, and scored an eight without ever getting off the green. This was the horrible sequence: His first putt slid three feet beyond the cup. The next one "rimmed" and hung on the cup's far side. Reaching over to tap it in, he stabbed at it in such a way that the ball popped back over the cup and hung on the lip again. Simultaneously, the ball touched his toe for a two-stroke penalty. That was seven—and he was down in eight. Dimmick, incidentally, was a one-handicap star at the time.

—Jack M. Tucker

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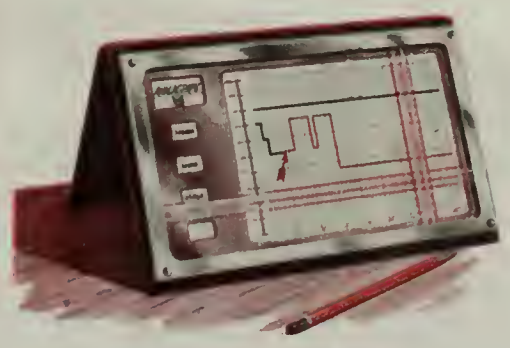


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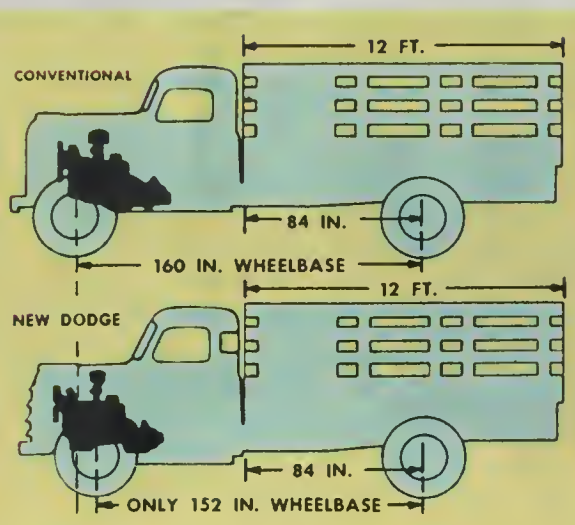
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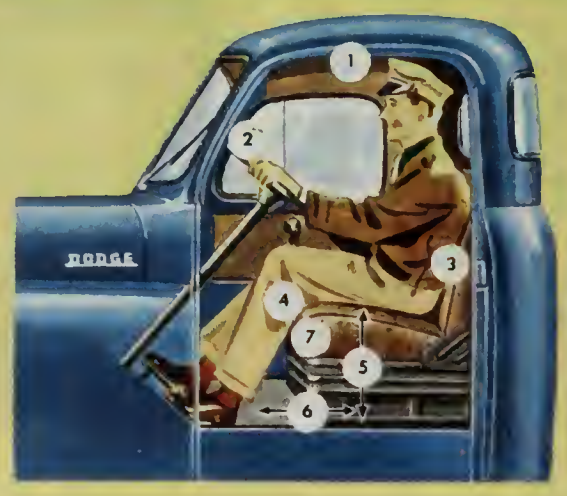
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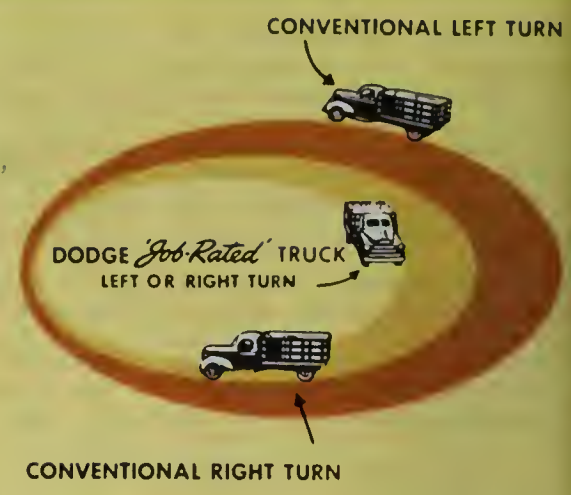
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to Vienna, trains to Genoa, and then
Army transport or freighter to New-
t News. It would take weeks.
He showered and dressed automati-
y while his mind retraced all the argu-
ıts of the day before and reached the
ıe conclusion.

MADAME ANGELL brought his hot water, and he was drinking his k coffee when the phone rang. It was ncy Todd. "So you're finally there," d said. "I tried to get you all last t. What's the matter with your ne?"

I don't know," Jeff said. "I didn't e lights last night either, so I guess es were down somewhere. What'd you t?"

Oh, I just wanted to offer liquid cour- and consolation. Now it may be erent. You just got another cable. little mouse told me."

I'll be right down," Jeff said.

eff folded his reply to the first cable an envelope, and put it in his pocket the cable itself. Then he walked to legation, and went to the message ter. Quincy Todd was waiting there, with him was Marge Collins, from ptography. She looked pleased. ncy said, "I think she's got good news you, Jeff, but she won't tell me."

he had an envelope in her hand. "I'll you this cable," she said, "but first have to give me back the paraphrase got yesterday."

Why?" he asked. "It's mine, isn't it?"

Not any more."

eff brought the sheet of flimsy out of coat pocket and handed it to her, and gave him the envelope.

eff opened it. It was another cable, lressed as before. It read: "DEPART-NT'S 49122692 CLASSIFIED CONFIDEN-L IS TO BE DISREGARDED AND ORIGINAL ALL COPIES AND PARAPHRASES RE-VED FROM FILES AND DESTROYED. BA-R IS TO RETURN TO WASHINGTON ON ST PLANE AVAILABLE AND REPORT IM-DIATELY TO THE SECRETARY OF STATE."

Quincy Todd, who unashamedly had n reading over his shoulder, slammed n on the back and said, "Saved! I ught they'd hang you."

"They may hang me yet," Jeff said. He stn't let his hopes run away with his mmon sense. "That means tomorrow's ne, doesn't it?" he said.

"Yes, tomorrow's plane," Quincy dd said. "You'd better stick around legation, because the admiral will be nting to talk to you."

"You think so?"

Todd smiled. "I certainly do." . . .

The admiral had him at his table at ch. The admiral was affable and pleas- and very nearly apologetic. Jeff felt t the admiral must believe he had werful friends in Washington.

Actually the admiral was congratulat- himself on passing the buck to the partment. Something was going on k in Washington that he didn't under-nd, and it was best that he stay out of Whatever happened, the Navy would pleased that he had not involved him-in a State Department affair. . . .

eff saw Keller that evening. "When u see the Secretary," Fred cautioned n, "simply present the facts as you ow them. Don't be frightened. The cretary's very decent, very humane."

"I met him once before," Jeff said, hen I took my orals. He was swell. I nder if he remembers me?"

"He never forgets anyone," Keller said. "His memory is phenomenal. He sops knowledge, and facts, and he never rgets any of it."

"I think he liked me," Jeff said. "I'm t sure."

Keller thought this over. "I don't be-lieve it's going to matter whether he liked you or not. In a matter of this kind he'll consider only the cold facts. But at least you know you're going to get a square shake. That's the important thing."

That night he went to the Arizona with Keller and Todd, and they watched Rikki Telredy dance. She smiled at them from the stage, but when the show was over she didn't go to their table. She had drinks with some Russian colonels, and chatted at a table occupied by Polish diplomats, and finally left with a Hungarian drama critic. Keller said Rikki was a smart girl—very smart. Keller said to Jeff, "She'll still be here when you come back."

"Do you really think I'll be coming back?" Jeff asked.

"I think you'll be coming back," Keller said. . . .

Thursday morning Quincy Todd helped him pack. When they were finished Todd asked Jeff about the maps



"Dry enough for you?"

that covered an enormous footage of wall. They were beautiful maps. They were Army Air Force aeronautical charts of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic, of the Straits and the Baltic, of inner Europe and the Danube. Jeff said, "I think I'll leave them here for a while."

"I like your confidence," Quincy said.

"Oh, I'm not so confident," Jeff said. "I'm just tired of taking 'em down and putting 'em up."

Jeff left on the evening plane.

WHEN Jeff arrived in Washington he called the Secretary's office from the airport. The girl said, "Oh, Mr. Baker. I've a message for you. The Secretary left instructions he'd see you at eleven. Can you make it?"

Jeff looked at his watch. He had thirty minutes. "I can make it."

He checked his bags and went to the washroom and washed his face and combed his hair. He was glad he'd had the foresight to shave on the plane, but there was nothing he could do about his suit.

He got in a cab and said, "New State," and looked again at his watch.

He reached New State and walked to the elevators, and his elevator was crowded and stopped at every floor. Everyone in the elevator looked so neat and freshly cleaned.

He got off at the fifth floor and gave his name to the receptionist, and he could tell he was expected, for she said, "Just a moment, Mr. Baker." She lifted her phone and said, "Mr. Baker is here," and another girl came out and said, "The Secretary will see you now, Mr. Baker." It was happening too fast.

He followed the girl through the secretarial office, and there were four other girls sitting there typing, and one of them was Susan. Her back was turned toward him and he wanted to yell at her.

The Secretary got up when he came in and extended his hand, and said, "I'm glad to see you again, Baker," and he sounded as if he really were glad to see him. "Just sit down," the Secretary said. He told the girl, "No calls."

The girl left, and he was alone with the Secretary.

There was a cable file at the edge of the desk, and now the Secretary drew it to him. "Good trip?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," Jeff said. "I slept all the way across."

"I never seem to have time to sleep on a plane," the Secretary said. "Every trip I make I tell myself I'm going to take a rest, and sleep all the way, but it never turns out like that."

The Secretary glanced at the top papers in the file. "Now, Baker," he said. "To save time I'll tell you what I've done, and then when I'm finished you can add anything you want.

"In the first place I've talked to Matson and Quigley and Locke, and they've told me all they know of this matter. I want to apologize to you for one thing, Baker. I wouldn't have initialed the cable requesting your resignation had I known at the time what I know now. I'm not blaming Mr. Matson for this. It is nobody's fault but my own. However, that doesn't mean that I may not request your resignation at the end of this interview."

"I see, sir," Jeff said.

"After learning all I could in Washington I cabled our embassy in Moscow, our occupation headquarters in Vienna, and the British in Klagenfurt. I requested any information that would corroborate your story." The Secretary took three priority cable forms from the file.

"Briefly," the Secretary went on, "Moscow has never heard of any organized revolutionary movement in the Red Army or the Soviet diplomatic corps. Neither has Vienna. I am taking into account the probability that they might be the last to hear. But the important reply came from the British zone in Austria. They are certain that nobody answering the description of Leonides Lasenko has crossed into their zone. They know nothing of any underground transmitters operating in the Hochschwab."

"Oh, that's too bad," Jeff said. He wasn't thinking of himself. He was thinking of Leonides.

"I do have one small fact to back your story," the Secretary said. "It is a fact that the Russian naval attaché, Yassovsky, was recalled to Moscow and has since disappeared. But that happens to a lot of Russians. So you can understand, Baker, the position I am in. If your story about Major Lasenko and his underground was provable, then I would naturally believe your story about the penetration of Atlantis Project."

"I understand, sir," Jeff said.

The Secretary lifted his head so that Jeff could see how grave and serious were the eyes behind the spectacles. He said, "I hope your story is true, Baker."

"It is, sir."

"Can you show me any proof—any small proof?"

Jeff shook his head. "This proof doesn't exist, sir. I can only give you my word and my judgment."

"And your judgment is immature."

"I don't think it's so immature," Jeff said. "I think men my age grow up awfully fast."

The Secretary leaned back in his chair, and examined this statement. "In most cases that's true," he said. "But I'm not sure in your case. You see, Baker, your reaction to that explosion indicates that you might be a psycho. Now understand that I am sympathetic with men who suffered battle fatigue, but I must take this into account."

"I know it, Mr. Secretary," Jeff said.

JEFF knew that the cards had fallen against him. He had not been fully prepared for the worst, the worst was happening, and yet he found he could maintain his nerve, his calm, and his courage. He said, "Mr. Secretary, I suppose you will want my resignation."

"I think that would be best for us," the Secretary said.

"But before I give you my resignation, Mr. Secretary, there is something I must submit. Please, Mr. Secretary, do not allow the Atlantis Project to continue. Because if you do, Mr. Secretary, it will cost lives. Some of our friends in Budapest will surely die."

The Secretary rose. "I'm going to accept your suggestion," he said, "but I'm also going to accept your resignation. Good luck, Baker."

"Goodby, Mr. Secretary."

As he walked out of the Secretary's office he was aware that the traffic of the State Department had congested in the outer offices while he had been inside. He realized that this matter which for him meant his whole life and his whole world was only twenty minutes out of one day for the Secretary of State.

In the outer office Susan was still at her desk, and now she was watching for him. He tried to smile at her, and she tried to smile back. She said, across the room, "I'm off at five."

He said, "I'll see you at five."

He didn't think that anybody noticed. He hoped not. He didn't want to embarrass her. He realized that henceforth his association with her would embarrass her in the department.

He went back to the airport and got his bags and dumped them in Stud Beecham's apartment. He could tell by the neatness that Stud was off somewhere on a field trip, and the maid had finally caught up with the disorder. He was glad Stud was away.

He bathed, and sent out a suit to be pressed, and made a peanut-butter and jelly sandwich and washed it down with milk, and then he sat down at Stud's desk and wrote his resignation.

"To the Secretary of State
"Sir:

"Pursuant to our conversation of even date I have the honor to inform you that I am resigning from the Foreign Service of the United States."

Once again he signed his full name, Jefferson Wilson Baker. . . .

He was waiting at the Virginia Avenue entrance of New State when she came out. She came directly to him, her steps never hesitating, and she put her arms around his neck and they kissed right there at the corner of Twenty-first Street and Virginia Avenue Northwest.

That night he took her down to the

water front for lobster. He took her to Hall's. She had suggested that they eat at her apartment, but he didn't want to do that.

There was an hour spent in explanation of what he had done, and what she had done. And then there was the critical moment when she asked:

"Jeff, what about us? Where do we go from here?"

"Let's go to the Footlight Club," he evaded.

"You know that's not what I mean."

"I know."

"What happens to us, Jeff—you and me?"

He knew what he had to say, because it was the only thing to say. "I'm afraid this is our last time together."

"Jeff!"

"That's the way it's got to be, Susan. If we were married you'd have to quit your job. That isn't possible. It isn't possible because neither of us has any money, and it isn't possible because you like your job and I haven't any right to pull you out of your job."

She leaned across the table and took his hand in both her hands, and held it tight. "That's not necessary, Jeff. You're not thinking straight."

"Yes I am thinking straight."

"No, you're not. You're not in the department now. I can marry you. And I want to marry you, Jeff."

He tried to pull his hand away but she clung to him. "It wouldn't work that way, Susan. You marry me and you know what'd happen?"

"No."

"You'd find yourself transferred to being stenographer on the Costa Rica desk. You wouldn't take the nine-o'clock conference any more. They don't want women in sensitive jobs whose husbands leave the department with a mark on them."

"You haven't any mark, Jeff."

"Yes I have. Nobody will say so, and nobody will speak of it, but I have."

The grip on his hand relaxed, and he drew it away. "My darling," she said, "my Jeff. I don't care if I have to work on the Costa Rica desk, or even if they put me in the Hemp and Flax Policy Board."

He shook his head. "You think you wouldn't care, but you would. Just as I am going to care. There will be no moment when I will not wish I were back in the department. I'll get a job all right, and I'll make enough money, and outwardly there won't be any blemish on me. But inside I'll never feel right."

She saw she was defeated. She lowered her head so he could not see the defeat in her eyes. "Pay the check," she said quietly, "and take me home."

ONE night late in January, 1950, at eleven o'clock Central European time, and five in the afternoon Eastern standard time, a new short-wave radio station went on the air in Europe. It called itself RFR—Radio Free Russia—and it pirated a wave length in the 11-megacycle band, right next to Radio Moscow.

Madame Angell was among the first to hear it in Budapest.

She didn't remember when she had been so excited, and yet there was no one to tell except Sandor, the building superintendent and elevator operator, who naturally wouldn't believe her. She put on her tattered and stained wrapper and rushed out into the hallway.

The room that had been occupied by Mr. Baker was still vacant. Mr. Todd had paid the rent for January, as if he expected Mr. Baker to come back. She entered this vacant room. She hadn't made a thorough inspection of the room since Mr. Baker left.

It was peculiar that he hadn't bothered to take down his maps. She examined the maps carefully, and she recognized that they were very good maps. How wonderful it would be if she herself had those maps! She looked in the bureau drawers. There was half a chocolate bar under a newspaper. She took a bite, and put the remaining fragment in the pocket of her wrapper. She had a premonition that Mr. Baker was coming back.

She scurried out of the room and back into her own apartment, and listened again to this fascinating new station that was Russian and yet was not Russian.

IN THE American legation on the Szabadszag-tér a bilingual monitor was taking it off the air. He soon knew it was important enough to be recorded, and switched on the recording machine.

In Klagenfurt the monitors of the British Political Warfare Executive were listening. The signal of RFR was very strong in Klagenfurt, and the chief monitor ordered that other stations in the British zone of Austria tune it in, and obtain a triangulation, for he suspected that the transmitter was very close.

It was heard in London. A complete text was recorded, quickly transcribed and sent to Whitehall, with a copy to Washington.

It was even heard in Washington. Out on the Maryland capes the monitors of Central Intelligence Agency, dialing for Radio Moscow, had picked up this RFR instead, and they recorded it, and prepared to send a special bulletin to the War, Navy, Air and State departments.

Radio Moscow was the first to react to the new transmitter. At two in the morning, in a Hindu broadcast to India, Moscow said: "The desperate Anglo-American political warfare offensive has just tried an infamous trick. Using a British station in the British zone of Austria they now pretend to be the mouthpiece of a Russian counterrevolutionary movement."

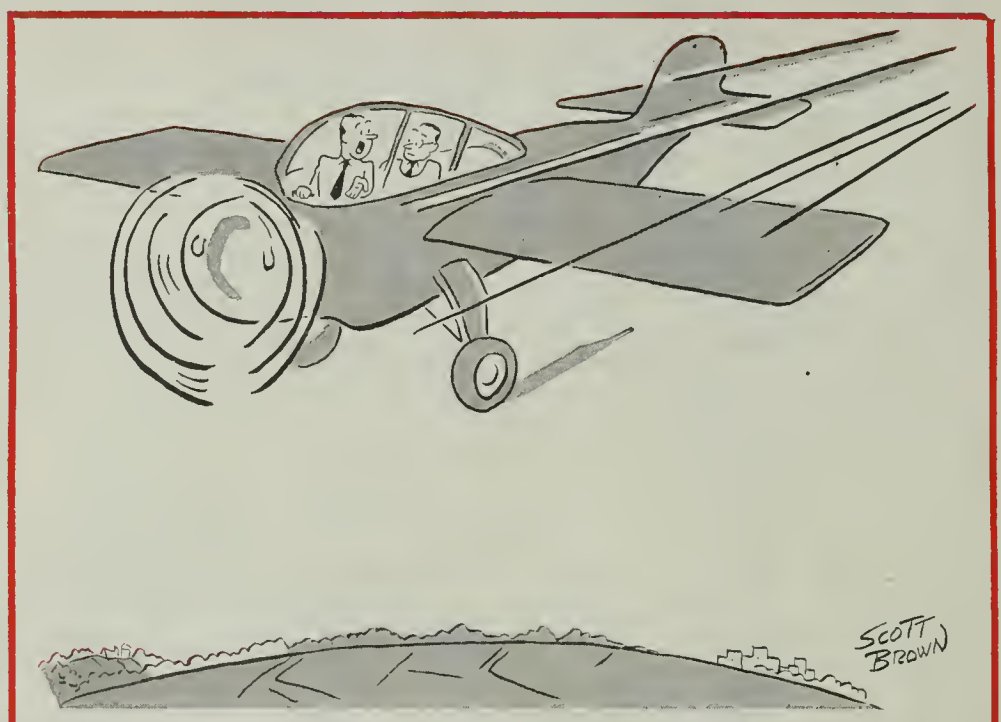
Admiral Blankenhorn heard of it at breakfast. When his Filipino mess boy brought breakfast to the admiral's bedroom he also brought a summary of the night's news and the monitoring report.

On this day there was a special box drawn on top of the monitoring report, headed "BULLETIN." It read:

"A new short-wave station with a very strong signal came on the air last night with news and propaganda especially directed to Russian troops in the occupied areas. Its call letters are RFR—for Radio Free Russia. It also calls itself 'the station of the Second Russian Revolution.' This new station claims to represent a group of Soviet military men and government people. It says that an underground battle against the present regime has been going on.

"A portion of the broadcast was devoted to a memorial to those men, who, this station claims, have already died for the Second Russian Revolution. It mentioned twenty or more names, but of special interest to this post were the names of Yassovsky, former naval attaché, and a Major Leonides Lasenko, who had been stationed in Budapest. According to the broadcast Yassovsky was murdered after torture at a Black Sea naval base, and Lasenko was shot to death while trying to cross the border into the British zone of Austria. Also named as a hero was an unidentified gypsy girl who supposedly gave her life trying to lead Lasenko to safety. The broadcast listed many famous Russian leaders now confined in concentration camps . . ."

The admiral thought it over very carefully and he drafted a cable to the Secretary of State:



COLLIER'S "This little job of mine doesn't go faster than sound, it just sounds faster than it goes" SCOTT BROWN

"I have always had greatest confidence in Jefferson W. Baker and for this reason felt that his story, improbable as it may have seemed at the time, be brought to your personal attention.

"In view of today's developments I feel that Budapest is the logical place in which to initiate liaison with the Russian group fighting against the present Soviet regime. I also feel that Baker, working under Keller's direction, would be the logical man to undertake such liaison."

JEFF BAKER read the news in The Post. He had gone around the corner to the little breakfast shop on Connecticut Avenue, and he'd bought a Post on the way so he could go through the help-wanted ads.

He sat down on a stool in the breakfast shop and ordered pineapple juice and a ham and egg sandwich, but first black coffee. He would drink this first coffee, and then he'd read and eat, and then he'd have another coffee, as was his custom. He opened The Post and looked at the front-page headlines.

FREE RUSSIA RADIO
TAKES AIR; PLEDGES
ANTI-STALIN ACTION

He glanced at it twice before he realized what it was. Then he raced through the story and came to the paragraph about Leonides being killed, and he couldn't eat any more.

The waitress said, "Whatsa matter, bad egg?"

He said, "Oh, no. The egg's all right." He wanted to get out of there. He wanted to be by himself. He left a dollar on the counter, which was more than his usual payment and tip, and left. He went back to the apartment on Riggs Court. He full length on the bed, face down with feet hanging over the end and cried.

Jeff's mind distorted the first im of the news, the way minds will w emotion elbows out cold logic. His thought was that with Leonides dead never be able to prove what he had t Then he began to understand that broadcast itself was proof.

He had a tendency to feel elated. had a bloated "I told you so" feeling. tried to fight down this feeling, but he he must talk to someone. Stud had left for the office. It was not yet o'clock, so Susan would still be in conference. He hadn't seen Susan. he wanted to see her.

There was Horace Locke. He di the State Department, and asked Locke's extension, and Locke answ He said, "Hello, this is Jeff Baker. Locke, did you see the story about Russian broadcast—I mean about l like I told you?"

"I saw it." Horace Locke said cal

"Well, what do you think about

"I think this is an excellent time you to contain yourself. You were r But it is not enough that you be r You must accept your rightness g fully and diplomatically."

"Yes, sir," Jeff said. He thoug over, and he understood what He Locke meant. . . .

THE Secretary of State learned o Free Russia station, and of Mosc reaction, at the nine-o'clock confer Usually the Secretary plucked his morning news out of Art Godf broadcast. But on this morning he slept and missed Godfrey.

The news was on the top of the retary's nine-o'clock conference file. ally the monitoring reports were o bottom, for they were considered o importance than the spot news, an cables from London, Berlin, Rome, and Moscow. But on this day the who arranged his file—Mrs. Pickett- somehow managed the file so tha monitoring reports met his eye first.

The Secretary looked at this thing digested it. All its potentialities we stantly clear to him. He knew that some of his advisers had said coul happen had happened nevertheless sought a parallel in history, and fou easily. People had said the Jap would never surrender, that the nese were monolithic and would fanatically to the last man. But Z rias and Mashbir had contended wise. They'd said the Japanese human beings, and being human, h love of death. The Russians too wer man.

The Secretary's thought changed politics to people. He said, "W Jeff Baker?"

Everybody was silent. Nobody

"What happened to Baker?" the S tary demanded.

Nobody said anything except th who took the nine-o'clock confe and all she said was, "I know whe is, Mr. Secretary."

"I'd like to see him," the Secr said

"I think I'll be able to find him," Pickett said.

The Secretary said, "Thanks, Pickett." His eyes were bothering again. He frowned and took o glasses and laid them across his "When you locate him, Mrs. Picke like to see him."

"At what time, sir?"

"At Mr. Baker's convenience."

Susan realized then that the Secr who often awed and sometimes f ened her, was a humble man.

She called Jeff and told him wh Secretary had said. Jeff said he was ing right over.

He caught a cab to New State. he walked through the doors he had



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"THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES"

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



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Unretouched photo showing how milk pours around the rim on the bottle

And this is important, too! When you buy milk, look for the bottle that's protected by the sanitary Sealright Hood. Every drop of milk you drink passes over that bottle's pouring lip. Because the Sealright Hood is sealed on the bottle under sterile heat, it completely protects this vital pouring surface from the dairy to you . . . your assurance that the milk you drink is as clean and pure as when it was bottled.

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was almost a feeling of exaltation. This building belonged to him. He was part of it. It was, in a sense, his home.

Susan was waiting in the anteroom. She looked awfully young and crisp and gay against the background of worried and tense people who ferried the world's troubles through this room. Alone of all those in the anteroom it seemed that only she and Jeff smiled. They stood apart from the others and she took his arm and whispered, "He gave orders that he'd see you as soon as you came in."

He saw the receptionist eying him expectantly. "Wait for me, Susan," he whispered. He walked to the receptionist's desk. "I'm Mr. Baker," he said.

She lifted the phone and spoke into it, and said, "Yes, Mr. Baker, you're to go right in."

JEFF once again walked into the office of the Secretary of State. The Secretary rose, as before, and held out his hand, but the greeting was different from the last time and the Secretary himself seemed different. His shoulders did not appear so stooped. The Secretary said, "You heard the news, of course?"

"Yes, sir."

"Baker, in the first place, I want to apologize."

"An apology isn't necessary, sir. It was perfectly understandable."

The Secretary smiled and shook his head. "When you make a mistake in my job," he said, "it's always a beaut. It is impossible for the Secretary of State to make a small error, because of the very magnitude of the material that crosses his desk. It has to be a big one—and in this case a very unfair one. So all I can do is apologize, and request you to rejoin the department."

"Of course, sir, I want to."

"It was too bad about Lasenko," the Secretary said, watching Jeff's face.

"He was a good man," Jeff said.

"There must be hundreds—perhaps thousands of Lasenkos," the Secretary said. "Russians who are good men, decent and honorable and intelligent men who like ourselves want peace."

"I think there must be, sir."

"That's a big job for you, Baker."

"That's to be my job?" Jeff said.

"That's it. You're going back to Budapest, Baker."

"How soon, sir?" Jeff asked.

"Right away. In a few days if you're equipped."

Jeff thought it over. "Mr. Secretary," he said, "of course I'll go, but it certainly is going to complicate things."

The Secretary tapped his fingers on the desk. The longer he was Secretary of State the more he was aware of the personal element that influenced his department. Only a few days before, he had been informed by Quigley, of Security, that an indiscretion on the part of Matson, and his immediate family, had compromised the Atlantis Project would have to relieve Matson.

Now a personal element entered new development. It would be a gi course. It would be that fine young Pickett. "I suppose you've got here," the Secretary said.

"Yes, sir. I want to marry he And if I go back to Budapest we c

"She's in the department?"

"Yes, sir."

The Secretary nodded. He had right. "You know the regulations a man and wife working in the d ment," he said. "You know we make exceptions, Baker."

"I know it, sir."

"You're a Class Five, aren't you? new job you're going to take s carry a Class Four rating. Tha much as I can give you, at your age

"That's nice of you, sir."

"But a Class Four doesn't enough salary to support a wife—n these days. There are good reason we don't want our young men to r Baker, believe it or not. We don't them harassed by money troubles want their minds free for their You've plenty of time to marry, girl will wait."

Jeff considered this. "I'd like t to her about it," he said.

"You'll let her decide?"

"Yes, I'll let her decide."

"That's agreeable to me," said th retary. He had great confidence i Pickett, the girl of the nine-o'cloc ference.

IT WAS a week before Jeff flew to Budapest. It was as before, that Horace Locke was at Nation port, along with Susan. Locke did much. He contrived to make hims conspicuous, and when they kis was looking the other way.

The loud-speaker called the Sh Prague, Vienna, Budapest fligh they walked to the gate together, had before, and he held her in his and she said, "It won't seem lik a long time, now, Jeff, because we what's going to happen at the end

"Two and a half years," he said

"Maybe there'll be a break. you'll be called back to report in or so. Then we'd have another w two together."

"Yes, maybe."

"And when you come back yo Class Three, certainly. Maybe Two. Your next trip out, that'll honeymoon."

"I wonder where we'll be going

"I wonder?" she said. "Mayb wonderful place. Maybe Rio, Rome."

"Maybe some awful place like gascar," he said, but neither of th lieved that.

THE END

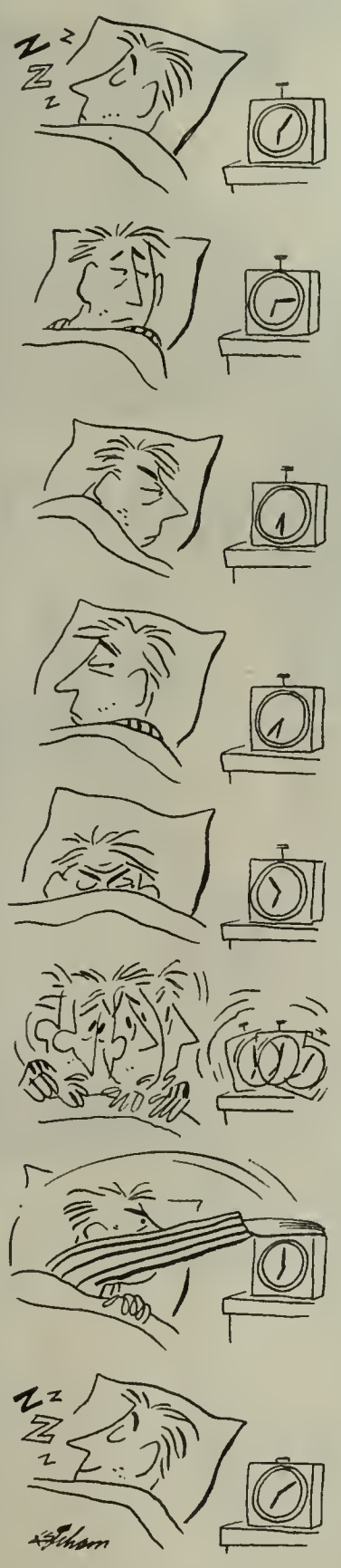


COLLIER'S "I wouldn't take this lying down if I could get up"

How to Wake Up Quietly

BY GURNEY WILLIAMS

CCORDING to figures handed to me yesterday afternoon by my research staff, there are more clocks per capita in the United than there is sleep. This disclosure me awake all last night, and this ng I hit upon a plan that will enable e to get more and at the same will double the of alarm clocks. proposal is revo- ary and if you sounds fantas- ou couldn't be correct.



idea is simply n addition to the ntional alarm we need one to s when to go to s things are now, one-way propo- a problem of ing an alarm in the morning

eedn't point out arious methods ploy to wake up, long as you've with me this far, ht as well. You e gently aroused melodious chime or you can be l from the arms urphy by a clang- ell or raucous r. You can even gadget that turns bedside radio at rechosen time so an be awakened heery announcer ly with a re- that Russia has ed a bomb on ensack.

e only man I who owned one ese radio gim- used it just once. a plastic-button nan named Fret- er (it's a name e not apt to re- er and he'd just barrassed if you His favorite early ing program was r Godfrey, and rst morning this came on at 6:30 retlammer's bed- , Arthur Godfrey elected (as he times does) to some extra sleep. akened by God- substitute, Fret- ner listened for a ent, thought it n all-night disk jockey and snuggled into the sack. He woke up again 47, having missed an appointment the button buyer for a shirt manu- rer. This cost him an order for ,000 buttons and a commission would have reduced his mortgage derably.

turally, it's none of my business her you prefer to begin the day a bell, buzzer, dance band, shaving-cream commercial or an unmechanical and nonelectronic kick in the slats. Personally, for reasons known only to the person who gave me the clock, I depend on a loud buzzing job to start me on my way five days a week at 7 A.M. Sometimes, instead of jumping out of bed I just jump. Things have reached the stage where I dread the slight click that presages the bedlam. Long ago I began to anticipate the uproar and I often wake up at 6:15 and periodically watch the progress of the minute hand, meanwhile catching cat naps.

Cartoonist Hank Ketcham has depicted this vividly in his illustration and I get the willies every time I look at the pictures. Frequently I manage to shut off the alarm a split second before it goes to work. At other times I'm not so fortunate. This includes members of my household and the old lady across the road who has complained to the police on three separate occasions.

But back to my plan. We don't need more or different noises to wake us up; we need them to get us to sleep earlier. If you're the type who likes to hit the hay at 9:30 or 10:00 (and can thus be aroused by a minimum of din nine hours later) you require a firm reminder to lock up and call it a day. So I suggest to clockmakers a decorative living-room number equipped with an 85-decibel fire bell that would ring automatically for five full minutes and would have no lever whatever by which it could be shut off. If this would not break up a bridge game, ruin radio and television shows and also discourage Mabel and Sam Creebler from hanging around any longer, then my name is Fretlammer.

The whole thing comes down to the matter of getting people used to going to bed as regularly as they get up. The clock itself would of course be called the Beddy-by and would be attractively boxed for quick sale.

One more thing: I wish you people would stop roaring into my driveway at all hours on the assumption we're still up just because we forgot to turn off the cellar light. Do you think we like to play gin rummy in the furnace room at midnight or what? ★★★





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SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER KATIE

Continued from page 17

B· eyes dreamed. "He likes me, too. seen every one of my plays. He have a fine soul— Fire—The true c temperament."

should try living with that fire she opened the drafts. I said, . He's romantic."

Ktie nodded. She was looking far She didn't say anything. I ed her, and maybe it was none of usiness but I began to worry a lit- yway. She sounded serious.

ook, baby," I said. "You're a big ow. Use your head. You're Kate er—you could have any one of a ed men. You don't have to pick mething on the train."

eyes came into focus. They began rn. "It's better than picking some- out of a test tube. At least Harold always cracking atoms between his "

we were back at that. "Molecules," . "I'm a chemist, remember?"

VAS no use trying to sidetrack Ka- Not when she saw the makings of a . In our two years I'd had time to up lots of soft answers, but it was rying to put out a fire with gaso-

arold," said Katie, "sent me tele- s on the train. He'd file them at top and I'd get them at the next. weetest messages."

ould imagine. They didn't call him ie Pie. just on account of his ies.

tie said, "But when I was on the last winter, how many telegrams *u* send me? One. What did it say? d, 'Where the *hell* are my studs?' "

ell," I said, "I couldn't find them, here was this banquet, and—"

tie got up out of the chair. "And tand there and make snide remarks Harold! Well, I'm going to have with him tomorrow. I'm going to m as much as I please."

was boiling. She was shooting s. Her hands trembled and her eyes l at me. "I wouldn't stay in your partment if you begged me!" she "Just sit here with your nasty ed little old bugs! Why don't you y a molecule?"

ade one last try. "Molecules aren't " I said. "The molecule is—"

opped. Katie had picked up a ciga- box from the telephone table. She g her arm back and heaved. It was d throw: the box hit the wall two to my left.

ou stick!" Katie cried. "You lump! —oh, you *chemist!*"

e turned and ran out of the apart- , and slammed the door. After a minutes the elevator boy, the door- and a taxi driver came in. They red up Katie's luggage and took it . When they'd gone I went over egan picking up cigarettes.

was just like old times.

idn't get any work done that night. at the desk. I sat on the couch. I d at a magazine. I listened to the . No good. I thought about going d but I knew it was no use. I dn't be able to sleep. All I could do hink about Katie.

tie was lovely. Katie was a fine when she wasn't throwing her tem- ment around. Katie, according to ritics, was a great dramatic actress. trouble was, she didn't have good . She needed somebody to keep her e. She was on the rebound from , and anything could happen.

course, it was none of my business, enner was all wrong for her. Katie to act sophisticated; she thought was a woman of the world. I knew r. Under the surface she was just a nice kid. If she tangled with a guy like Sweetie Pie Venner, she'd get hurt.

Well, I'd warned her. What else could I do? I wasn't her big brother. I wasn't even her husband any more. I was just a chemist, a guy she used to know.

I lighted a cigarette and decided it was her own funeral. I lighted another and decided to go to bed and forget it.

I lighted the third one. I decided to look into this Venner business, find out what was going on and maybe take a poke at Sweetie Pie's nose. After that I got a beer out of the refrigerator, drank it and went to bed. I slept fine. . . .

The next morning I found out from the doorman where Katie'd gone. I did



"It's a wooden token—when you get ten of them, he gives you a dime"

a few errands, bought a green necktie with yellow spirals in it and cashed a check. By noon I was sitting in a cab, parked where I could see the entrance of her hotel.

After a while Katie came out. The doorman put her into a cab and I touched my driver's shoulder.

"That's it," I said. "Follow that one."

The driver said, "Okay, Mac." We started. The driver looked at me in his mirror. "Sharp-looking babe, Mac. She your wife?"

"She used to be." I was watching the other cab. "Don't lose him."

"Relax, Mac. I won't lose him. They're going to the Colony."

"How do you know?"

He shrugged. "I got a intuition. Three'll get you five."

"I'll take that," I said.

At the Colony I gave him his three dollars.

"How's to wait around?" I said. "I can use you all afternoon."

"You're wasting your money, Mac. That babe's all right."

I looked at him. He was a skinny little Joe with a sharp nose. "Never mind your intuitions. All I want you for is to drive the cab."

He shrugged again. "It's your money. I was just doing you a kindness."

By six o'clock I was ready to agree with him. At the Colony she met Sweetie Pie and they had lunch. Then a trip to Radio City, a visit to the Bronx Zoo, stopoffs for a drink here and a drink there. All strictly on the up and up. They talked, they laughed, they ate popcorn, and that was all.

"You see, Mac?" the driver said. We'd pulled up around the corner from the hotel and I paid off. I paid plenty. The driver shook his head. "You wasted your money," he said.

"Oh, shut up."

"That little lady is a little lady, Mac."

I didn't say anything.

"But any time you want to do this again, ask your doorman for Moe."

I said, "Okay, Mac," and walked away.

It didn't add up right. Something smelled. It wasn't the kind of an afternoon a guy like Venner would think up. Of course I didn't know what they'd talked about; I hadn't been able to get close enough to hear. Maybe it wasn't as innocent as it looked. I got the number of Katie's room, went up and knocked.

"Come in."

She'd taken off her hat and was fluffing up her hair. She swung around from the mirror and stared at me. "Well," she said. There was something in her voice. "I hope you enjoyed your afternoon."

I said, "Uh."

She was still staring at me, "I never saw such a ridiculous exhibition in all my life. Next time, why don't you hire a real detective?"

I blinked. I stared back at her. "You mean you saw me?"

She used the nasty laugh I'd heard her practicing last spring for Women In The House. "Saw you?" she said. "It was all I could do to keep you from falling into my soup. I only hope Harold didn't notice."

I had my balance back by that time. "He didn't," I said. "He was too busy looking into your beautiful eyes."

She laughed again. This was the one verging on hysteria, from The Dark Is Ours. "Really, Sam! It's a little late for the jealous-husband act, isn't it?"

"Jealous?" I had a laugh, too. A scornful one. "I'm just trying to keep you out of trouble. I don't want you to do anything silly." I explained: "I feel sort of responsible for you—"

She looked at me. Her lips came together in a straight line. There were pink spots in her cheeks and sparks in her eyes. The drafts were wide open again. "Responsible! You!" Her hands clenched and opened and clenched. Sweetie Pie would have said she was magnificent. Me, I looked to see what she could reach when she got to that stage.

It was going to be another cigarette box. I hoped this one was empty.

"Well," I said, "somebody's got to look after you."

Her eyes blazed. "Thank you very much," she said. "You're so thoughtful. So kind. I don't know how I managed, before I met you. I'll tell you one thing, Sam Blaine. You needn't put yourself out any more. I'll make other arrangements."

She took a quick step toward the table where the cigarette box was, and I got set to dodge in case her aim was getting better. But it wasn't the box. Instead, she picked up the phone. She dialed fast, and waited. Then she said:

"Mr. Venner, please— Hello, Harold? Darling, this is Katie. About tomorrow —I've changed my mind. Where do you want me to meet you?"

THAT was a rugged night. I went to dinner at a little joint where I always ate when Katie was out of town. Then I went to a movie. I sat through it twice, but that's all I know about it. And then I went home and to bed. I lay on my back. I lay on the left side, and on the right side and on my belly.

I've changed my mind, she'd said. Where do you want me to meet you?

And called him darling!

It was four o'clock by the time I got to sleep, and when I woke up it was noon. I wondered where Katie was. I wondered what she was doing. Well, she was over twenty-one, wasn't she? I put on my new necktie, went out to breakfast, came back and looked at the phone.

Maybe she'd called while I was out. Maybe she'd been in an accident. She'd been good and mad, and when Katie was mad anything could happen. I looked at the phone. She wasn't my wife any more. She had a right to run her own life. Sweetie Pie or not, it wasn't my affair. I looked at the phone.

At three o'clock I started looking at the Vs in the directory. I found his number and dialed. A man's voice answered.

I said, "Is Mr. Venner in?"

"No, sir, I'm sorry. Who shall I say called?"

I thought quick. "I'm his lawyer," I said. "I have to get in touch with him right away. It's urgent. One of his wives—" I let it fade off.

The butler, or whoever, giggled. "He said something about meeting a young lady. You could probably find him on his cruiser—the Lorelei, you know." He giggled again. "That's where he usually takes them."

I held onto the phone hard. My voice came out sounding like somebody else. Somebody who spent his time sitting on a lily pad. "Tell me," I said. "Where does he keep this Lorelei?" . . .

The air was fresh and warm. The water was blue, with white boats scattered around on it. I looked at the harbor,



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and the ride out in the cab hadn't done me a bit of good: I was still mad.

At Sweetie Pie, just because he was Sweetie Pie. At Katie, for being such a dope. But mostly at myself. It was my fault. If I hadn't got her sore yesterday this wouldn't have happened. If I'd just let it alone, it would have died out by itself. But no. I had to be a detective.

I got out of the cab and told Moe to wait. He didn't look happy.

"I don't get it, Mac. Other dames, okay. But not that one. I bet you got a wrong tip."

"Three'll get you five," I said.

He shook his head. "I don't gamble on dames, Mac. I'd've swore this one was a lady, but I guess even ladies is just dames at heart."

I WENT down to the dock. There was a shiny little speedboat tied up; a character with a wrinkled leather puss and an Adam's apple was sitting in it.

"I've got to get out to the Lorelei," I said. "Can you take me?"

He looked up and grinned. "Sure," he said. "That's what I'm here for. Hop in, Reverend."

He was a character, all right. Plain Mac wasn't good enough for him.

I said, "Never mind the dialogue. Just get me out to the Lorelei, and do it damned fast."

He blinked twice, swallowed once, said, "Yes, *sir!*" and gunned the motor.

I stayed mad all the way out to the Lorelei. She was a slick white cabin cruiser. We came alongside and I stood up. Venner leaned over the side with his hand out and a big grin on his face. He kind of blinked at my necktie.

"Come aboard," he said, like he was glad to see me. "You're just in time."

I didn't say anything. I didn't take his hand. I climbed up onto the deck and all I had time for was one glimpse of Katie with her eyes wide and her mouth open. Then I hit him.

I heard the splash, but I didn't wait to see it. I turned to Katie, still mad.

"Sam!" she cried. She had a funny look in her eyes, but I was in no mood for soft answers.

"Shut up," I said. "You can talk anytime. Right now, you're going back to town. Where you belong."

I put her into the speedboat. The character at the wheel gave me a funny look but he didn't say anything. He spun the wheel and opened the throttle.

I remembered Sweetie Pie, making like a fish. I said, "Wait a minute. Maybe we ought to pull him out. I don't want the guy to drown."

The character turned his head. "Nah," he said. "That's Charley's work. Venner pays him extra for it. Two more times, and Charley can buy his own boat he's been wanting." . . .

Katie kept still all the way back. What she was thinking I didn't know. I stared at the back of Moe's neck until we stopped in front of the hotel. Katie waited, still without talking, while I paid the fare. Moe looked at me. It was another funny look. Maybe that necktie was stronger than I'd thought.

"Mac," he said, "maybe you know what you're doing. But I got a intuition that the little lady is mad."

He was wasting his time in a cab. He should have been playing the horses for a living.

Katie and I went up in the elevator, without talking. She opened the door and we went in. Katie took off her hat. She looked at me. She still had the look.

I stared back at her. "You see what happens to little girls? Didn't anybody ever warn you about strange men?"

I was feeling pretty good. I'd saved Katie. It would be a long time before Sweetie Pie made another pass at her.

I grinned at her. "It's a good thing I checked up. Don't you even recognize a pass when somebody makes one?"

"Pass," she said. "Pass?" She sort of choked on it. She said, "You mean thought—" She choked again. She w acting. "You idiot!" she cried. "He going to marry me!"

"Huh?"

"We were waiting for the min Harold said he'd been married in a p on a train and on the Queen Mary never on his own boat. He wanted time to be different."

I chewed on it for a while. The acter on the speedboat, calling me erend. Sweetie Pie, with a big sm welcome. Waiting for the minister at once I started to laugh. I cou help it. Katie stood there blazing

"I suppose you think it's funn break up a wedding! To spoil my

I said, "Oh, cut it out, Katie. Ma did make a mistake. But you're we of it. You saved a trip to Reno."

She stamped a foot on the floo seen her throw temperament befor this one was special. "You don't about me at all! You and your cules! Can't you ever mind your business?"

I began to tighten up inside. spoiled my whole week end. I done a lick of work, I'd been chasi over hell in a taxicab—and now sh bawling me out. I got a little bit m

"Next time," I said, "I'll let you the guy. It would serve him right. you, too."

She looked at me with her open. Then she cried, "Don't yo at me! You're not my husband!"

That much I'd read in the newsp I got a little madder. I said, "I'l and you'll listen. I've put up with little tricks for a long time, an tired of it. Temperament—phooey you've got is a bad temper."

She opened her mouth and clo again. She said, "You!" She s again. She sputtered like the Fou July. Then she stopped. Her eyes here, there, and stopped on the ci box. She took a step toward it.

I was damned if I'd pick up all cigarettes. I moved fast and got first. I put my hand on her wris tried to pull away from me. Sh to kick my shins. And then—

SO HELP me, I don't know how pened. I didn't know I was go do it. My arm seemed to work al self. It was just reflex. I let her h right in the eye. She wobbled a and I caught her and held her.

"Katie," I said. " Kate, honey.

Her eyes were wide and blue, kind of light shining in them. She up into my face. "Sam," she mur "You never hit me before. You even got mad when I threw thi thought you just didn't care."

I couldn't think of anything to

"Sam," she said, "why didn't it a year ago? I'd never have di you—"

She cried, "Oh, darling, I h-happy! You *do* love me, after

She had real tears on her face, a was going to have a real mouse eye, but I'd never seen her more ful. She was magnificent.

I kissed her a couple of ti patted her hair. I waited for her crying. Then I said, "Well, it eight o'clock, and I've got work But I'll have a beer with you firs room service, will you?"

She stared at me for a minute. dered if we were going to have to it again. Then, finally, she smiled darling," she said.

I listened to her ordering be sandwiches, and I went over to t ror. I needed somebody to win had work to do, all right, but i have much to do with chemistry. a little job of selling. Object, mony.

I didn't think it would be hard

THE END

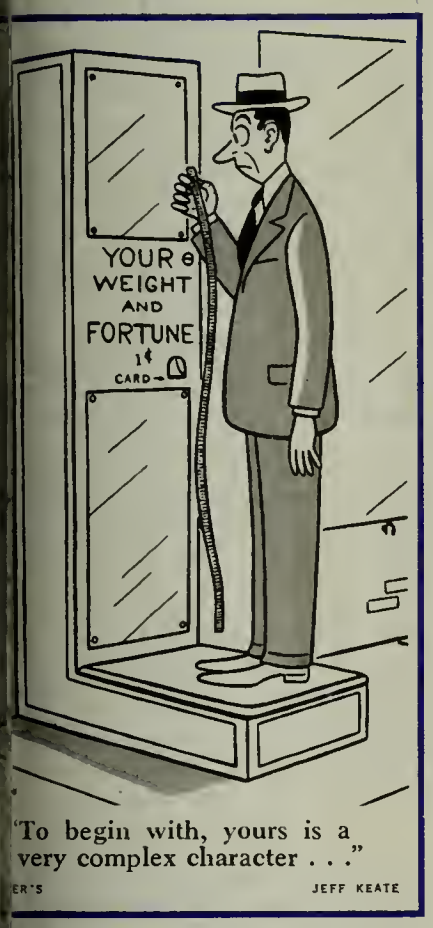
AIR TRANSPORT: THE ANSWER TO AIR POWER

Continued from page 26

Soviet Union and her satellites t match the Logistics capability of nited States—*now*. Fruit of long ul years of industrial boom and living standards, our everyday of every kind of transport exceeds of any power group in the world. hereby our Time element is also endowed.

we are frittering away this pre- mastery of war power's two most ant elements.

never think of the vast and intri- obweb that daily brings your gro- and mail, takes you to work and and affects life in a thousand It is too familiar to be romantic. quently, Logistics has no utility oliticians when the poll-rabbling wags in them. Nor for militarists g to beat up popular backing for budget howls. Yet without bal-



"To begin with, yours is a very complex character . . ."

ER'S JEFF KEATE

attention to Logistics no great ry will find safety in today's kind rld.

a peacetime sense, balance includes redness, which is a method of buy- ime. Preparedness has both politi- d military pockets. The Marshall s an example of political buying of For it is in Europe, where she has enefit of modern Western Logistics ies, that Russia might any day le upon a *partial*, or interim war; is reasonably certain the United is not ready to counter with a , or global, war, that would in- the Soviet homeland's own un- red Logistics. Success in a war d to Europe would buy Russia to build and fashion her Logistics unlimited war later on. Conquest rope, moreover, would give her a orm advantage": enormously re- her military task for a global war. the strictly military sense, balance s each armed service is ready to do n specialized job—and only its own at once and with utmost efficiency. service is responsible for *all* the ons and functions within its own e. That is:

Air force to hunt and hit.
Land force to hammer and hold.
Sea force to heap and husband.

With Logistics force of every vehicular nature amply keyed to supply, they can move and support all three at their maximum ranges and speeds.

Our most shocking instance of unbalance for such a security deal is the existence of *two* Air Forces within the national armed establishment. The Finletter Report to the President spotlighted it by comment which can be summarized this way: Vested interests must be set aside; traditional divisions of appropriations must be ignored; every unnecessary activity must be abandoned. At this moment, the Navy hopes and prays to have approximately 14,500 planes to the Air Force's hoped-and-prayed-for approximately 20,000.

So far as Logistics is concerned, the existence of two whole and separate Air Forces is sinister to a properly balanced air power and national power.

So far as security is concerned, this could be fatal, come other D-Days—with the bickering over who goes where and when, and which does what; the beclouding of strategic issues and responsibilities, and the division and dispersal of available resources.

We have noted how clear it must be to all save ostriches, feathered or gold-braided, that Time *cannot* be wasted in war. We have noted that the mammoth task of Logistics includes the fateful obligation of insuring that Time is not wasted. With those musts in mind, we take a close look at the 70-Group Air Force itself.

The 70-Group Air Force is basically strategical in concept and make-up, with heavy emphasis on long-distance bombers and fighters. Its apparent purpose is to skin the enemy in his back yard, not our'n. By doing so, it would "buy" Time for us at home. But it is lollipop-wishing to expect that it could do so if its 600-mile-an-hour jet wallops have to depend mainly upon follow-up by 30-mile-an-hour land and 10-knot-an-hour sea Logistics.

Unless counterpoised by sufficient air Logistics, the 70-Group Air Force—no matter what its concept is—cannot be "strategical" but only "tactical" in effect; a hit-and-run air force, out from home base and back. No planes today have the range to do that *intercontinentally*. With balanced air Logistics, the Air Force could move out from home base, hit and hold to win.

Without companion Logistics, air force sacrifices another intrinsic profit of true air power: "shortest direct-route approaches." It's all very well to gab about "transpolar war," but we have no effective planes that could fly nonstop from Alaska to any one of every important target in Russia and return; and such routes directly across the Red heartland permit no setting up of help from surface Logistics.

No Air Force is stronger or faster than its slowest air Logistic plane!

That axiom jumps into air power truth from land and sea power records of numerous battles lost and victories that could not be kept because "the reinforcements and supplies didn't come up in time."

If, as seems generally agreed, air will be the deciding arm in future war, it becomes vital to balance our combat air force with air Logistics on the grand American scale. It becomes apparent, that, to make our hopes for security and peace stick, the desperately urgent need of the United States today is a sky full of merchant planes—a great *"American National Air Fleet."*

Latent surface Logistics strength—railroads, highways, inland waterways,

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ocean shipping—has always been a matter of concern to world powers as kernel components of their total national fighting strength. Government agencies have been created to foster and finance them, even in the happy years free of alarms.

Incredibly, the dawning place, the surpassing value, of latent air Logistics strength as a kernel component of total national strength in this new age has roused in the United States no indications of official imagination or awareness.

In World War II air Logistics got its first real tryout. It turned into a "sell-out." This is history that you have not been completely told.

New Strategy for Remote Areas

The astounding feats of Air Transport Command, Troop Carrier Command and Naval Air Transport Service are, in general, well known. Contributions by air Logistics are not so well known. They played a small part, if measured in comparative tonnages; a huge part, if measured in brilliant specialization, in vistas opened and possibilities revealed. But for ATC and NATS the war could not have been so truly global in character. The holding of strategically invaluable distant theaters and cutoff areas which could not otherwise have been maintained was made possible by air Logistics.

For American hearts, the greatest achievement of air Logistics was the use of its speed to reduce the death rate among battle-wounded American boys. Nearly all blood plasma was air-borne. Thousands of casualties were flown home for that extra chance hospitalization in the United States could give them. When Patton's armored thrust toward Germany stalled for want of gas, it was amateur Logistics by Jim Doolittle's 8th Air Force—whose Liberators and Flying Fortresses temporarily became Flying Tankers—that cranked him up again. Ditto at the Battle of the Bulge: Doolittle's fliers kept the defenders of Bastogne eating and shooting until ground Logistics regained contact.

Air Logistics nurtured the "underground" from the Philippines to the Balkans and Europe. Without air supply of arms, food, contact and reinforcements, the French Maquis, for instance, could not have endured. Together with the British, Doolittle's airmen saved Holland from going over the final edge of starvation when the Germans withdrew; and there were no surface means in being.

On various occasions the supreme command called upon "air lift" to rectify tactical ground mistakes, as well as to carry out last-minute battle-plan changes. Political mistakes and switches, too. At this writing, air Logistics—and air Logistics alone—is saving the American Occupation Force in Berlin from hardship, hunger and humiliation.

All that is past and present. Multiply it a hundredfold for the air Logistics picture of the next war.

Some airmen *do not* believe that "air lift" can bear the whole Logistics burden of war. Or that with engines, fuels and craft now known it would ever be able to do so. The picture could alter overnight, with discovery of efficient synthetic fuels or conversion of atomic energy to motive power. But, as of the present day, not enough oil exists in the entire world to provide gas for air fleets huge enough to lift more than a part of the Logistics of global war. That part must be exploited to the last ounce and mile if the speed and power of the combat air force are to count.

Sane airmen *do not* believe that air power combat and logistical can, as of now or within the near future, of itself seize, garrison, supply, occupy and govern a hostile nation. But sane airmen *do* believe that air force *properly balanced with air Logistics* can, as of now and the near future, seize, garrison, supply, defend and progressively advance li zones or theaters called airheads.

Airheads! The new operational that replaces beachheads in militar portance.

Airheads belong as naturally to land mass air-age warfare as beach did to overseas expeditions of st warfare. *Airhead* simply describes hop by which a full military offens kangarooed into enemy land m *Airhead* means taking utmost adv of air power's value for "vertical ing" without intermediate sloggin slugging. *Airhead* means applicati our whole military teamwork in strength in massive strides which ar ited only by the optimum range of bat air force, backed in pace b logistical force with full mainte load. You've got to occupy *in* what you knock out, to grasp vi You can't just smack 'em down come home and wait for a letter "Uncle!"

Airheads will differ from beac operations in many particulars. A is lodgment *within* a hostile con not on its shore. Caterpillar l gears, and certain other measure make airfields unnecessary. Any prairie will do; sparsely populate remote places are best, cutting surface Logistics available to loc position. Our Far West betwee Rockies and Sierras or just east Rockies, and the heartland of the Union from the Urals east throu beria, are favorable airhead r They undoubtedly would be atte objectives—because airhead is a two can play.

Airhead Logistics include "lif thundering clouds of paratrooper Marines of the Air Ocean. G "Jake" Devers and other promine diers have predicted that eventua ground combat divisions must b borne. Today, we haven't enough Troop Carrier Command's st plane, the Fairchild Flying Box lift one division.

From her own and satellite p tion Russia is calculated to have for 25 air-borne divisions. In S land three years ago she neg purchase of silk and accessori manufacture of *7,000,000 para* For carnivals, or Workers' Parks?

Pattern of Airhead Invasio

Airhead Logistics will be enorm were beachhead surface Logistic the first-day Normandy landin used *4,000* ships. First-day airhea cedure will be: air smash and c flood of paratroops; setting up of stant inflow of transport and planes with supplies, equipment inforcements. If successfully c dated the airhead becomes a b the next forward leap. Effective range at present, all factors weig 1,000 to 1,500 miles.

Strategists are convinced that a would be the chief feature of a between the United States and The latter, with neither a navy merchant marine big enough to tr even a small beachhead operation launch the invasion forces of inte nental war *only* by air Logistic us, airheads would be the only way to get at her without bank ourselves of blood and resources. beachheads in Siberia—and wh you? Still closer to home than sia's hard inner guts. Try it fr rope—but remember Napoleo Hitler. Russia, better than any la tion on earth, is protected by ge from sea or land war. An old-fa invasion of Russia would frame beyond our man-power and strength.

But airheads will be technica humanly impossible for the best a

nd strongest air force in the world
s it has logistical backing in the form
whopping national air fleet. Of all
ns, the United States is potentially
equipped to build and maintain such
t. We already have the aviation in-
ial organization to produce the best
the most in giant air liners.
t *capacity* to build doesn't *build*.
air fleet can't pop out like the Min-
en of Concord, overnight. Several
are required to get new designs of
conventional types from drawing
d to production line; and perhaps a
ansport that will outmode all pres-
onventional designs will be practi-
e by 1952. But that is no help for
air Logistics needed in 1950. Our
nificent opportunity is that right
we have designs which could pro-
adequate Logistics in 1950 or ear-
if we get the production lines
king. Outstanding new military air
port types like Douglas' C-124,
ng's Strato-freighter, Fairchild's
g Boxcar, Lockheed's Constitution
Consolidated Vultee's XC-99,
's largest land-based transport, are
in service or under final develop-
t. Started now, a fleet of these
s could be finished by the time the
roup combat force is ready.
curity balance always presupposes
logistical than combat vehicles.
e got hundreds of railroad freight
and highway trucks for every tank;
ns of merchant ships for every naval
ing craft. However, by scraping
y military and commercial barrel the
Force might now muster a hodge-
ge fleet of air liners, in various
s of depreciation, of some 2,000
es. This in the face of warnings by
rts that we must have *in being* at the
of another war a minimum Logistics
gth of at least 10.000 of the biggest
sport and cargo planes—or lose all
es of our combat air strength in the
ents of Time and Transportation.
o do that, every civil air line would
to be robbed of all its planes and
t of its flight and executive person-
instead of a just war-reserve propor-
. It would be worse than last time.
r Pearl Harbor the services com-
deered half the commercial air fleet
anic—then left many planes sitting
for months because they had neither
s nor facilities to operate them, while
ial and business travelers essential
e domestic war effort tore their hair
priorities.
ith many manufacturers and air-line
rators in the red for millions, it is
to hope that the Logistics air fleet
security requires will grow up nor-
ly, and in safe time, from private
tion industry enterprise.
eventy-group procurement, for all
illions, does not restore sound health
e aviation industry at large. Its spe-
zed demands give fat to some, lean
thers; although, since in this age it is
gnized as the most vital industrial
potential, its general well-being is
datory. It does not stabilize avia-
's labor problem, because its year-
ear allocations prevent long-range
loyment planning. Uncertain how
their jobs would last, thousands of
led workers and engineers who be-
e fixed in other lines after V-E Day
not return to aviation.
nother serious reason why private
rprise won't conjure up the merchant
fleet we need is that labor, material
development costs have strato-
ered. Don Douglas' original DC-3—
ld airways standard for years—took
than $400,000 to develop. It was
ed at $125,000. His present DC-6 cost
millions in development; you'd have
plunk down $820,000 to buy one.
uglas, who should know (his firm has
lt 13,000 air liners—more than all
er domestic and foreign manufac-
rs together), frankly told the Presi-
t's Air Policy Commission: "I do not know any air-line operator that I could sell another plane to, even if he were loaded with cash today."

That hints of other grave angles; our airways have fallen as far behind modern air travel as back-country "thank-you-ma'am" roads are behind modern automobile travel.

So, creation of a Merchant Fleet of the Air of 10,000 planes would cost a vat of wampum—even for these days, when billions are jabbered about as casually as hundreds used to be. It would mean more airports, and the swiftest possible tripling of the capacity of the Civil Airways, now traffic-choked by the existing 1,000-plane scheduled air-line fleet and miscellaneous private and commercial planes and armed services aircraft. It would mean intensification of federal research to improve all-weather travel and landing aids. The lag in these brings revenue losses to operators, and the delays, cancellations and uncertainties of air travel which so often make you wish you'd gone afoot in the first place. It would mean shortages in things affecting your household: aluminum, electric power, gasoline.

The Menace of Obsolescence

Because of the giddy pace of aeronautical science, obsolescence must also be reckoned with. Not without reason has the crack been made that when our 70-Group Air Force is completed, in 1953, it will be "the best obsolete air force in the world." That's equally true, however, of any nation. The big gamble is that any day one single innovation—atomic motive power, say—can junk all the billions of dollars' worth of military and commercial air power we possess.

On the other and sunnier hand, however, there are a score of ways in which the bulk of such a merchant plane fleet would be put to work and prove stimulating to the general economy. As the Maritime Commission charters ships to private operators, air-fleet planes could be leased to civil air lines—our own, and those of friendly nations. They could be chartered to those pioneer cargo operators now struggling for an air hold, compelled as they say, to "fly freight in Pullman" (converted air liners) because few distinctive cargo-type planes are available.

In land and sea power ages, "great" nations became and remained so only when their aggressive stature was balanced and fortified by shipping and transportation strength. Enterprise, trade, production, science—plus mobility.

When the age of the new power—air power—broke, its leadership initially fell to us by right of invention and vision and swiftest development.

It is tragedy or lunacy or sluggishness, then—take your pick—for our generals and admirals and politicians, for all of us, to ignore the unavoidable carry-over into air power of that historical lesson of balance.

Destiny has put us into the One World's first division. And now we've got to pick up the bat and face the pitcher—or get out of the big league. Here is what you should bear in mind while you're picking up your favorite wagon tongue—the bases are already loaded with three runners:

First: If the United States is to remain a democracy, it cannot ever maintain in peacetime a full wartime strength.

Second: If the United States is to remain a democracy, it cannot ever fail to maintain in peacetime a stand-by combat strength and a ready Logistics strength husky enough to hold the dike in emergency until we can bring up our full wartime strength.

Third: If there is another war, never before or never afterward will there be so much biting truth in the old folk saying that *"Time* will tell."

THE END

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IT WOULDN'T BE FAIR

Continued from page 20

No hypodermic needles which inject a chemical freezing the blood to dry ice and causing the veins to explode. We don't even seem to find any footprints. So what does that mean? The answer is obvious to Annie. We are missing something. We are trampling countless delicate clues under our big, flat feet. Convicting innocent men on obvious, ridiculous clues, while fiends, ingenious beyond our poor capacity to imagine, are lounging around the city laughing at us. Lieutenant, a man has to have respect from his wife."

"So?"

"So I thought, sir, we'd take Annie along on the next case. Show her a real murder—"

"No." The lieutenant stood up, walked out from behind his desk, and gestured at the walls of his office. "This is not a book from the rental library," he said, "with every killing an excursion trip." With his other hand he gestured at the window toward the police garage three stories below where a motorcycle idled, its vibrations gently rattling the window pane. "This is Centre Street Police Headquarters; *real* police with work to do, not a picnic for amateur mystery-story—Charley, you know better."

Charley stood up and took his hat from the lieutenant's desk. "I guess so. It's too bad, though; Della Street goes everywhere with Perry Mason."

"Colhaus—"

"No," said Charley, "Annie." He put on his hat and stood for a moment, looking at the floor. "I rather expected this. Which brings me to my final hope." He reached inside his suit coat and brought out a bright green-jacketed book which he had held concealed under his arm. "I would like you to read this. The thrilling adventures of Hercule Poirot."

"Why?" the lieutenant demanded.

"It's a very fascinating story. And I would like you to finish it"—he hesitated—"before you come with me to Annie's tomorrow night."

The lieutenant stared at Charley, his eyes narrowed. "Someday," he said, "you will be too smart for—"

"It's my only hope." Charley opened the door and began backing out. "My only chance is that your gray hairs and ancient wisdom will succeed where I have failed"—the door was closing—"in persuading Annie that the police are as competent, in a much duller way, as Agatha Christie."

ANNIE'S living room, Charley had often noticed, was feminine and suited her perfectly. But he was not prepared, the following evening, for what it did to the lieutenant. The lieutenant—surrounded by dainty, soft-glowing lamps, pastel-tinted slip covers, bright modern paintings—looked as out of place as a bishop in a pool hall.

But Annie was superb. She sat gracefully curled in a corner of the davenport, her hair, as always, even more gloriously brunette than Charley remembered. Her softly tanned face was eager, smiling and alive. Her large, blue, and beautiful eyes were animated. She seemed confident.

"The lieutenant read Hercule Poirot," Charley announced. "Loved it."

"Oh?" Annie looked interested; she smiled. "Did you figure it out?"

"No," said the lieutenant.

"You mean, not till the end."

"I mean," said the lieutenant—he took a swallow of his drink—"that I never *did* get it. I read the book. I finished it. Read the last chapter twice. And I still don't know who killed Aaron DeCourcey."

"But, Lieutenant. It *said*. It said *Robert* did it; Robert, the adopted son. He confessed."

"I know. We get those confessions all the time; they don't mean a thing." The lieutenant paused, took a thoughtful sip of his drink, then spoke decisively. "I think maybe this Lacy guy did it: Lacy Spreckles."

"But—"

"It figures," said the lieutenant. "He hated the guy, he bought the gun, he had a fake alibi, he needed the money, he was about to be written out of the will, he said he'd do it, nobody else was—"

Annie recovered her voice. "But, Lieutenant! He *couldn't* have done it! Don't you remember? About the sundial?"

"Look, young lady; we had a case two months ago—"

"Oh, those. Lieutenant, don't you remember?" said Annie pleadingly. "He and Lady Gwen were in the garden—"

"Sure, I remember! But I didn't get it."

"But it's so *simple*." She forgave him with a smile. "He and Lady Gwen noticed on the sundial in the garden that it was exactly three thirty. She remarked on it, remember? *Then* they figured out that that was *sun* time, two minutes slower than *real* time, so it was *actually* three thirty-*two*, don't you see? But then *Hercule* figured out that the sundial was over three hundred years old and during that time the revolution of the earth changed or something—"

"That's the part I didn't get."

"Well, neither did I, exactly. But anyway, the revolution changed the earth's relation to the sun, so the sundial was really *correct*, don't you see? It really *was* three thirty, so Lacy couldn't *possibly* have done it."

"I thought," said Charley tactfully, "that it could have been Lady Jane."

"No." Annie reached out to tuck Charley's tie neatly inside his coat. "It couldn't have been her, either. Remember she was in the drawing room talking to Blake? The brother-in-law? And he noticed how the sun glinted on her hair bringing out the delicate tones of red and gold? Remember?"

"I guess so," said Charley.

"Well," said Annie happily, "don't you see then? It was cloudy all day."

"Cloudy?"

"Oh, Charley!" She leaned forward impatiently and began ticking off points on her finger tips. "There was no sun all day except just *once*, for a second or so. So if Blake saw the sun on Lady Jane's hair, it *must* have been three thirty. Because that was the *only* time Lacy and Lady Gwen could have told time by the sundial in the garden!" Annie paused. "Lieutenant," she appealed, "*you* that, don't you?"

"I guess so," said the lieutenant strangled voice, "except— Well, m the sun was out some other time, And nobody noticed it."

Annie slumped back on the daven "Of course not," she said hopelessly

"But why?" said the lieutenant.

"Because! It just *couldn't*, that's

The lieutenant glanced at Ch "But why?" he said plaintively. " Just tell me WHY, that's all!"

"Lieutenant," said Annie with da ous calm, "don't be absurd. The *couldn't* because—why, it wouldn *fair!*"

THERE was a long silence d which the lieutenant worked fully at squeegeeing the moisture the side of his glass with a forefing

Finally Charley looked up and s "Maybe," he said pleasantly, "they mit murders differently in England

"Yes," said the lieutenant, "they rules." He turned to Annie. " young lady. In twenty years on the I have never had a single sundial i case I've ever been on or ever about. And the earth keeps right volving in the same old way. Th murders really happen, a guy knocked in the head, stabbed a knife, or shot with a gun. Onc while, poisoned. Whoever did it b and we go out and look for him find him. That's all there is to it times out of ten. Clues, yes. Ha find, sometimes? Certainly. But n cate subtle clues like sundials, a split-second alibis. Believe me, m are practically never committed an are never *never* solved the way yo about in detective stories." The li ant paused and took a long drink his empty glass.

"Your glass," said Annie tender empty." She stood up, gently disen his glass from the lieutenant's ne fingers, and left the room for the k

"Colhaus," said the lieutenant.

"No," said Charley, "Annie. think you've made a very strong i sion."

"I would like to make an even st one. I would like to show her righ with a personal demonstration, what murder is like."

Annie returned with the lieut drink, and curled up on the dav again. "As I understand you, Lieu any clue in a murder case less o than a bloodstained monkey w



"He's terribly intelligent. He says he goes out with me to give his mind a rest"

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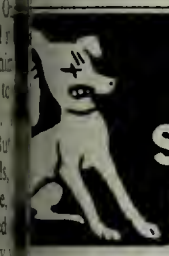
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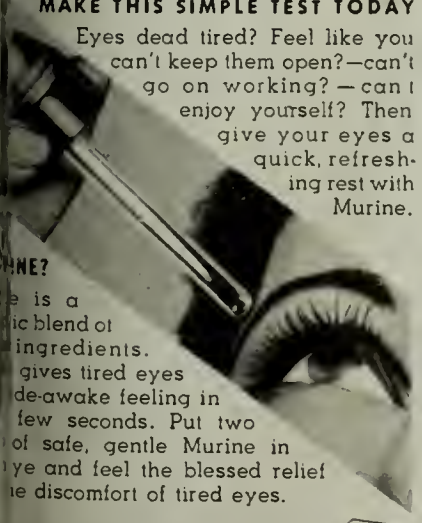
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R YOUR EYES



with a full set of fingerprints, is hardly worth bothering about. Because—"

The lieutenant spoke, frowning and studying his glass. "This drink tastes funny," he said.

"Try some more," said Annie.

The lieutenant drank again. "Still tastes funny."

"I know," said Annie sweetly. "I put salt in it."

The lieutenant set his glass down, carefully. "Salt?" he asked, with deadly politeness. "Why?"

"To show you that if that salt," said Annie, "had been *tse-tsum,* you'd be dead right now! Within two seconds!"

"Look—"

"I'll get you some more," said Annie hastily.

"I don't *want* any more! Just what is this, anyway?"

"Well." Annie looked defensively from the lieutenant to Charley and back again. "You're both so smart that I just wanted to show you. There you'd be on the floor; dead. With *tse-tsum,* a rare jungle poison, analysis shows nothing but heart failure, so they couldn't prove a thing. Anyway, nobody'd suspect me because, as you just explained, murders are *never* committed this way."

"Yes?" said the lieutenant pleasantly. "And just where do you get this seesome? At your neighborhood druggist's?"

"You could get it," said Annie aloofly.

The lieutenant took a deep breath. He continued to inhale, through flared nostrils, as though he were planning to inflate a large balloon. His face changed from a rosy pink to a very attractive shade of orange, the color of a desert sunset. Then the telephone rang.

Annie walked, hastily, out to the hall and answered it.

"Annie's round," said Charley pleasantly, "on points."

"For you, Lieutenant," Annie called sweetly, and the lieutenant, exhaling as he went, came out and picked up the phone, while Annie tiptoed softly back to the davenport.

"Yeah," they heard him say, then silence. "Right away. Send a car. You got the address? Right," he said, then hung up and returned to the room. "Murder," he said softly, "*real* murder. You have never seen a murder, have you? Committed, not with seesome, but by blowing a guy's head off with a gun?"

"No," said Annie.

"Get your hat," said the lieutenant grimly, "and we'll drop in on a fresh, warm, and very real killing." He turned suddenly and looked at Charley, his eyes narrowing. "Say, if I thought you'd planned on something like this—"

"Absurd," said Charley. "Such a plan would be far too subtle for a flatfoot like me."

THE room in which the dead man lay was a hotel room, not cheap or small, but drab and sad under the mean light of the chandelier on its ceiling. It had one window, shiny black against the night, and was furnished with a dark rug, a bed, a desk, a chair, a bureau, a floor lamp.

But Charley, Annie and the lieutenant, standing in the doorway, saw none of these things. They saw only the man on his back on the floor, legs out straight, feet apart. One arm lay over his chest, limply, the other stretched out on the floor, away from the body, palm upward. There was no hair above his eyes; there was no head. The lieutenant gently pushed Annie into the room and closed the door behind them.

Four men, two kneeling at the dead man's side, the others rifling the drawers of the bureau, looked up, nodded at Charley and the lieutenant, glanced curiously at Annie, and resumed their work.

Charley turned to Annie who was still staring, eyes big, at the man on the floor. She was, Charley thought, remarkably pretty for a girl with a green complexion.

"Look," he said softly, "maybe it wasn't so smart bringing you here. I'll take you downstairs and you can—"

Annie turned haughtily. "I am quite all right," she said, apparently using someone else's voice. She stepped bravely closer to the dead man and, frowning a little, stared at his face with her eyes closed.

Charley stooped down, hands on knees, beside the medical examiner who was squatting at the dead man's side. "Identify him?" he said.

"Yeah. Lou knows him. Small-time racketeer; black market in the war, marijuana, loft robberies."

Charley stood up and joined Annie who was standing in a far corner of the room. Her face was now a comparatively healthy white. "Look, honey," he said gently, "the difference between a real murder investigation and the kind you read—"

Annie interrupted. She seemed excited. "The killer," she whispered, "is redheaded."

Charley looked at her for a moment. "Yeah?" he said.

Annie opened her bag and brought out a notebook. "Look at his fingernails."

CHARLEY looked. In the harsh light from the overhead chandelier he could see, caught in the nails of the dead man's outflung hand, a little fringe of short dark-red hairs. *Red hair*, Annie printed in her notebook.

Charley walked back to the medical examiner who was talking to the lieutenant. "That hair under his nails," he asked, "from the rug, isn't it?"

"Of course."

The lieutenant glanced curiously at Charley. "Annie?"

"Yeah."

The lieutenant stood up. "This is almost too easy."

"Wait." Charley remained motionless for a moment, thinking. "Maybe this is the way. I was simply going to explain our procedure, but she wants to be smart, let her have her head. Let's give her all the rope she needs."

The door of the room opened and the policeman on guard outside leaned in, a hand on the doorknob. A small worried man stepped past him into the room.

"Who are you?" said the lieutenant.

"Mr. Whiteman; Theodore Whiteman, the manager."

"Okay; wait."

Annie caught Charley's eye and Charley crossed the room, the lieutenant joining him. She whispered, "See the mud on his shoes?"

"Yes," said the lieutenant. "So what?"

Annie looked at him contemptuously and produced her notebook. "There is only one place in the entire New York area where you will find soil of that peculiar red color. South Street"—she began writing in her notebook—"around the dock area at South Street."

"Very interesting," said the lieutenant gravely. "You'd say, then, that he's been in South Street lately? Maybe the murderer hangs out there, too."

"Very likely. And the murder was committed at seven fourteen."

The lieutenant's mouth opened suddenly, then closed again slowly. "You don't say," he said. "How—"

"His watch, of course. It stopped when he was killed."

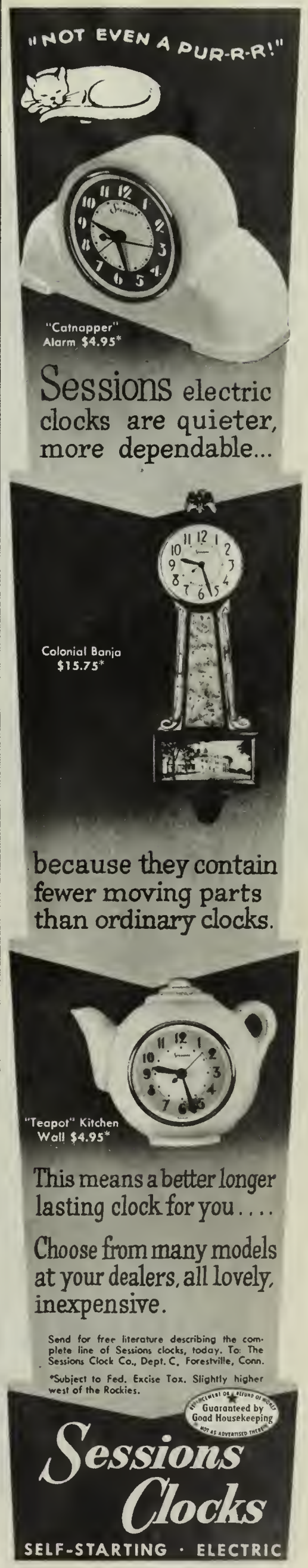
The lieutenant nodded at Annie approvingly. "Good girl," he said. "Keep it up; keep your eyes open." He nodded at Charley and they walked toward the desk where one of the detectives was standing.

"What about that mud?" said Charley.

"Offhand," said the lieutenant, "I could name you fifty places around town where you'll find red soil."

The detective at the desk looked up.

"How come the guy's watch stopped, Eddie?" said Charley.



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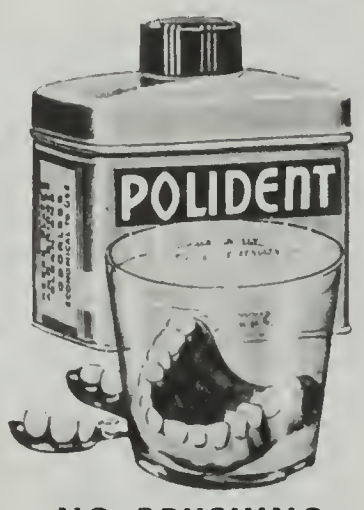


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Polident comes in two sizes—regular and large economy size—available at all drug-stores. It costs only about a cent a day to use, so get a can of Polident tomorrow, sure.

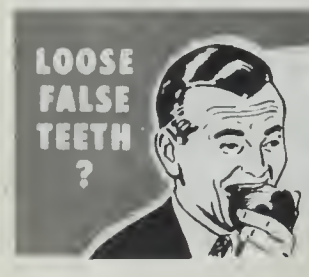


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The detective shrugged. "Wasn't wound. I tried it."

The lieutenant smiled happily at Charley. "Hello, Hercule," he said. He turned to the hotel manager. "Anyone come up here before?"

The manager shook his head. "Not that I know of. Or any of the help; I checked."

"Anyone call?"

"A man; about an hour ago."

"What'd he say?"

"He said, 'Eight-oh-nine in?' And I said, 'Just came in.' And he hung up. Didn't even say thanks."

THE lieutenant nodded as though this were what he'd expected. "You know the voice?"

"Never heard it before."

The lieutenant indicated the dead man with his foot. "You know this guy?"

"Yessir."

"How come?"

"He's stopped here before."

"Know anything about him?"

"Just that."

"You talk to him today?"

The manager nodded. "On the phone."

"When?"

"Seven thirty."

"What about?"

"He owed a phone bill from last time he was here. I asked him to pay."

"What'd you say?"

"I said, 'This is the manager. Glad you're with us again. There is a small bill—' Then he interrupted."

"What'd he say?"

"He said, 'Okay, Theo, later.' "

"Theo?"

"It's what people call me. He knew me."

The lieutenant looked at the manager for a moment, then turned away. "Stick around," he said. He beckoned to one of the detectives who crossed the room. "Lou? Charley?" the lieutenant said. "What do you think?"

Charley shrugged. "Routine," he said. "A small-timer down and out, who just got his hands on some cash. All his clothes are new. Right, Lou?"

The other detective nodded.

"So he's in the chips again," C continued, "and moves in out rain. But there's no money here, Right, Lou?"

Lou nodded again.

"So"- Charley shrugged once m "somebody dumped him for the n Maybe it was his money in th place."

The lieutenant glanced at Lou i ingly.

"Something like that," said "Yeah."

"Well, we'll pick him up, he there, sooner or later," said the li ant. "Teletype out?"

"Half an hour ago."

"Okay." The lieutenant nodde missing Lou, and turned to Charle might as well go."

They crossed the room to Annie Her eyes were fever bright. "Yo ticed, didn't you?" she whispered

"Noticed?" said Charley.

"Oh, *Charley*—the hotel man! he phoned, he wasn't talking t dead man. He *couldn't* have been. seven *thirty* and the man was ki seven *fourteen!* Remember?"

Charley nodded dumbly.

"So he *must* have been talking *murderer.* The phone rang, an murderer answered it!"

"No," said the lieutenant.

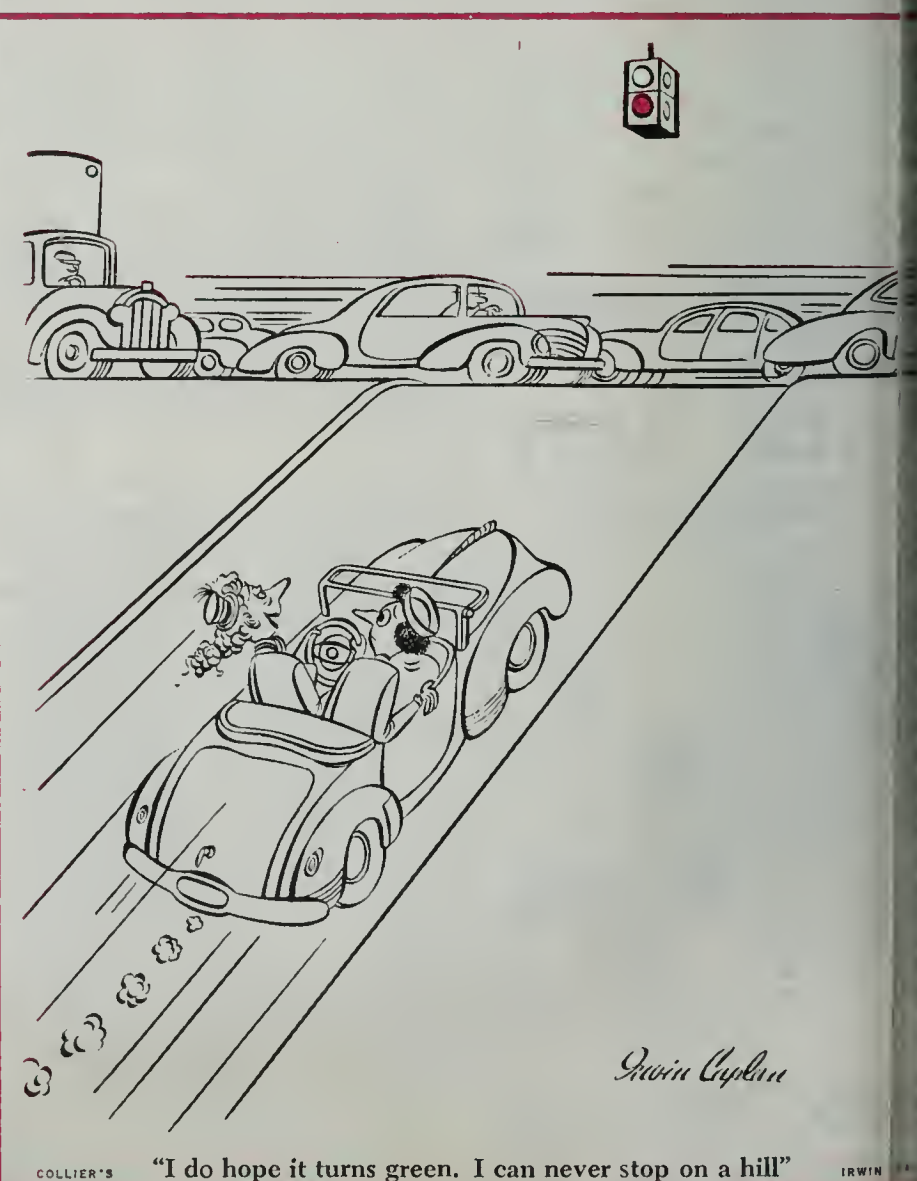
"No?" said Annie challen "Why?"

"Well—" The lieutenant he "He said, 'Theo.' He said, 'Okay. later.' Not likely he'd know the l er's name or use it if he did."

Annie thought for several mo rubbing her front teeth nervously forefinger. "What a break!" s claimed. "Don't you see? The m lisped!"

Charley felt suddenly guilty. honey," he said contritely. He arm around her shoulder prote "Maybe I should tell you—"

"Oh, Charley!" she said. "Do *see?* Look. We know it was the m who answered the phone. We k



COLLIER'S "I do hope it turns green. I can never stop on a hill" IRWIN

dn't have said, 'Theo.' So what *did* that sounded like it? He must have 'Okay, thee you later!' Which is almost exactly like, 'Okay, Theo, ' The murderer lisped!"

Carley looked at Annie hopelessly, ce a mask of guilt and despair. He ed his mouth to speak, then closed it . He had waited, he realized, too It was impossible now, to explain— ever hoped even to speak to Annie

hat's more," said Annie, "he was six our inches tall and left-handed."

onderful," said the lieutenant. y—"

ook at the phone," said Annie y. She pointed to the desk. The e lay in its cradle, the mouthpiece e right. "A right-handed person re- s the phone exactly opposite from As for his height—"

e lieutenant took Charley's arm and crossed the room to the desk. "You his phone?" said the lieutenant qui- o the man at the desk.

e detective looked up. "Of course." ou left-handed?"

om Installment XV of THE ECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. OPKINS: It was reported that senhower was so annoyed and orried by General Montgom- y's inactivity that he had ap- ealed to Churchill to go to ormandy to try "to persuade lonty to get on his bicycle and art moving."

e man glanced at the lieutenant curi- . "No. Why?"

low come you put the phone back hat?"

e detective looked at the phone, then again. "I don't know," he said. "I ys do."

ey returned to Annie. "Marvelous," the lieutenant. He put his arm nd Annie's shoulder affectionately. azing," he said. "Great little help- you'll be for Charley." He looked harley solemnly. "Let's get out of ," he said. "Annie's given us enough ork on; the rest will be strictly rou- ."

ID it was. To Annie's outraged as- tonishment, during the next week, an hunt took place; no cordon of e was thrown round the city. Even e, no circular was issued containing ie's beautifully worked-out dossier e criminal. The police seemed com- ly uninterested in Annie's deduc- i.

harley tried to explain. They had rned to Annie's apartment from a ie, Sweet Murder, My Lovely, and sitting—several feet apart—on the nport.

n this kind of killing," Charley said ntly, "we *know* the kind of guy who t. And that's all we need. Because know he'll be picked up sooner or , somewhere for something. In a bling raid, or for petty larceny, jos- in a subway, whatever his racket is. every possible suspect is always tioned; about this crime and any oth- we've got."

nnie found this explanation less than factory. She sniffed; a sniff that was e to a snort. "It's like hunting for a elle in a haystack," she said, "blind- ed! And not even hunting! Just ing till it jabs you!"

So what? As long as you find the elle."

But when you have a *description,*" ie wailed, "practically an exact de- ption, and—" . . .

elations between Charley and Annie, e six days later when the killer was found, resembled in tenseness the high E string of an electric guitar connected by mistake to a power line. And the fact that he was caught precisely as Charley had predicted didn't help. The word came one evening at Annie's; Charley answered the phone. And when he returned, smiling for the first time in days, he could be pardoned, perhaps, for gloating a little.

"Grab your hat," he said, "we're going to headquarters! And I'll show you a killer caught by the cops without any help from Sam Spade, Inspector Chafik, or even Hercule Poirot!"

They waited, at headquarters, seated on yellow-wood folding chairs, in a small, unadorned, white-plastered room. The lieutenant, more worried and sleepless-appearing than ever, sat staring at his feet. Annie looked coldly ahead, while Charley waited happily, both watching the closed door of the room.

THE door opened. A man was urged forward by a policeman at his back. He stepped forward into the room, ducking his head as he passed through the doorway, then stood staring sullenly over their heads at the opposite wall. His clothes were unpressed and he wore a cap. He seemed about forty years old.

Annie brought out her notebook and ticked off an item with her pencil. "Six feet four," she said. "Right?"

The lieutenant did not look at Annie. "Four and a half," he said.

Annie leaned forward and whispered to the lieutenant. "His cap," she said. "Do you suppose—?"

The lieutenant spoke wearily. "Take off your cap."

The man raised his hand—his left hand—and Annie's pencil flicked once. He pulled off his cap. His hair was almost beautiful: thick and alive, deeply waved and red.

"Little darker than I thought," Annie murmured, and her pencil flicked once more. "Where was he found, Lieutenant?"

The lieutenant looked up again very, very wearily. "Where did they pick you up?" he said to the man.

The man looked at them all for a moment, then returned his gaze to the wall before him. "Thouth Thtreet," he said, and Annie's pencil flicked twice. . . .

During the ten-minute cab ride back to Annie's apartment, neither she nor Charley spoke; Charley because he was unable to, and Annie out of compassion. But when they stood at the street door of Annie's building, the cab still waiting at the curb, a voice, not his, came out of Charley's throat. "Tell me, just tell me this. Did it occur to you, even once, that it *could* have been somebody else? Say, a baldheaded guy, five feet two, who spoke with maybe a stutter? Did it ever enter your head that your clues *could* have been wrong? That it *could* have been somebody else? Did it ever—"

"No," Annie said, "of course not."

"But why?" Charley wailed. *"Why?* Will you please tell me WHY?"

Annie looked at him sadly, pityingly, and made the final effort of a person who knows it is doomed to failure. "The clues," she said gently, "couldn't be wrong." She opened the door. "They just *couldn't* because—Charley, don't you see? It wouldn't be *fair!*" . . .

Charley and Annie are married, now. They are very happy and contented—because they are not married to each other. Charley's wife thinks he is wonderful, a bulwark of law and order, but then she always did admire policemen—from her earliest memories of riding pickaback on the broad shoulders of her father Patrolman Colhaus. And Annie's husband—he thinks she is marvelous. He is a writer, a tweed-jacketed, pipe-smoking author of detective stories. And Annie, he says, gives him most of his best ideas.

THE END



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TUNE IN "The Adventures of Sam Spade" Sun. evgs., CBS Network.

RAIN IN AUGUST

Continued from page 25

When at length I reached the point from which I could overlook the farm, I had to shade my eyes against the sun in order to observe what was happening in the narrow valley below me.

A thin thread of smoke rose from the roof of the farm. I shifted my gaze to where the timber had been stacked. It had all but vanished. Where it had gone to was no mystery.

There was a slight ground mist, and the valley was still deep in shadow, and for these reasons I at first imagined the structure rising from the center of the plateau to be no more than a large barn.

As I watched, a brilliant shaft of light struck downward through a cleft in the hills, illuminating the whole area of the farmstead, and I could see clearly all that until now had been obscured from me. I remember crying out in astonishment. The building, instead of resting upon normal foundations, was encased by a formidable, bargelike hull.

Monsieur Noé had built an ark.

There was a queer feeling in my stomach. I sank down on my haunches, and lighted a cigarette.

But if there was a dreamlike unreality about the scene before me, it did not fade. Here, in this parched dust bowl a few miles north of the great desert, lapped by sunlight, was a boat straight out of the Old Testament.

I LIGHT another cigarette now, thinking of that moment. The queer feeling is there again, not as sharp or as shocking, but more pervasive. I look round at all my friends and neighbors with me in the Bar Pigalle and think of Matthew: *For as in those days which were before the flood they were eating and drinking. . . .*

Staring down at the ark below, I took a firm hold on my fancy. My studies have taught me the importance of the rational approach, but I never imagined that its employment could be at once so testing—and so rewarding. I experienced a deep thrill of triumph as I came to terms with this phenomenon. My instinct had not erred. Later, perhaps, others would pass judgment on Aristide Noé. For my part, I was content to draw my own conclusions.

One thing was evident. Beside the abnormality which gripped his mind, the symptoms of melancholia and hysteria which I had detected among my neighbors paled into insignificance.

He was a victim of paranoia in the grand tradition. On this score my months of study could leave me in no doubt. All my reading had failed to reveal so classical an example of a man suffering from delusions of grandeur—of the paranoiac's tendency to confuse his identity with that of some famous or notorious person. Yet I was left with the sensation that here was something larger than life. It was a minute or more before I could put my finger on what I am now certain was the reason for this.

A man in Aristide Noé's condition who attempts to establish his claim by his actions will quickly be confined to a mental institution. It is the law of a society which has the welfare of the majority at heart. But old Noé's physical isolation had insured him against interference.

There, in the morning brightness, I saw with cold detachment the logical sequence of events as they must have been: the first aberration (and the reasons for this, one could only guess) which had made society his enemy, and then, springing from this imbalance, the burning conviction that he was a man apart, an original, a tool of destiny. The odd coincidence of his name canalized the trend of his thoughts. He became Father Noé not only in name but in deed. Fact mounted upon fact. He had three sons. His only glimpse of the world beyond the valley was of our village. We *were* the world, and to his jaundiced eyes a conveniently wicked one. The voice of his dementia seemed to speak with the authority of God. Soon the deluge would come. It was time to build his ark.

I scrambled to my feet. The ark was built now. To get so much timber, I reflected, he must have raised a heavy mortgage on the farm.

"Poor devil," I muttered to myself, and then: "Poor devils." His family was in this, too. That was a point. Going back to fetch Louis, I wondered why they had co-operated. Or his Berber servants, for that matter. The ark was obviously the work of many hands. The answer, I decided, lay in the old man's fanaticism. He would not be the first to produce mass hysteria among his followers.

It was midday when Louis and I returned to the village. I had pretended to share his simple-minded astonishment, and I enjoyed hearing him retail our discovery to a skeptical audience at Madame Ramera's bar. In the end they believed us. It was the best story that had ever been told in the village. A party of spies who went out that evening confirmed what we had said.

Jean Nattier, pushing his kepi onto the back of his head with a characteristic gesture, made a solemn declaration.

"It only goes to show," said Jean. "Either you behave like human beings in a place like this, and obey the laws of nature, or you don't, and you go crazy."

This oracular pronouncement stuck. Nobody, with the exception of myself and—yes, just possibly—Madame Ramera, has bothered to question its validity since.

From that day onward, if a member of the Noé family showed his head in the village, he was pilloried unmercifully.

I kept my own counsel. I was of two minds as to whether I should writ Professor Berthot, but decided, ten rarily, against doing so. I was jealou my knowledge, and desperately kee see what would happen if Aristide were allowed to pursue his delusio their logical conclusion.

By August, as far as the village concerned, the joke was wearing thin. The only important thing in seemed to be how to keep cool and to avoid the slightest unnecessary l To hell with Monsieur Noé and his

Less and less was seen of the fa which, in view of village opinion, understandable, and I have no d that the whole business would slipped comfortably into the back people's minds until the return of weather, had not a series of occurr during the past few days gradually li themselves in the public mind witl Noés' activities.

Livestock began to disappear.

First it was the Curé's shabby rooster and two pullets which he ke his back garden. The Curé shook his sadly and accepted the theft philos cally. He assured me that it wa doubtedly the work of an Arab w large family to feed. I made no com

On the following day, the No pedigreed retriever bitch, which never been known to stray, vani The Notary's wife was distracted. had had the retriever sent all the wa fashionable kennel near Algiers t bred, and Pierette was expected to v within a fortnight.

The Notary, whose sleep was suff as a consequence, summoned Jean tier and sternly ordered him to re Pierette on pain of being report police headquarters for inefficiency.

Poor Jean, purple in the face, to of this savage injustice over a gla wine at Madame Ramera's. I was to make some soothing reply, wh



"Remember how quiet and peaceful it was when she was just a troopship with eight thousand men?"

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GOOD POINT TO REMEMBER!

A F-T-HED HUMB TACK



RANTEE! PIN CAN'T PASS THROUGH THE HEAD

long military car roared down the street in a cloud of dust. It pulled up, and a sharp-nosed, sour-faced officer in the uniform of the spahis clambered out.

"More trouble," muttered Jean bitterly, and went out to meet him.

Madame Ramera was polishing the glasses.

"It's all very simple," she told me. "The explanation stares him in the face."

I played the innocent. "Then he and I are equally shortsighted."

"Nonsense. It is the work of the Noés. They want to stock up their ark."

That Madame Ramera, who was a clear-thinking woman, should arrive at this conclusion, though for reasons other than my own, was not surprising. I said, still playing my game, "Then that makes them criminals as well as lunatics."

She gave me a level look.

"By their standards, they are neither lunatics nor criminals."

BEFORE I could be certain whether this remark was as profound as it at first appeared, Jean came back, and I heard the sound of the car departing. He sank onto a chair.

"Now it's horses."

"Horses?"

"A stallion and a brood mare. Vanished from the picket lines at Aumale last night. There's talk of their having been seen heading this way."

The idea that the Noés were somehow implicated began, from this stage, to take shape in the public imagination. But the theft of horses from Aumale was something too distant and impersonal to precipitate any communal action.

It was not until this morning, two days later, when the news broke that old Mahomet Ali's two Biskra camels had been stolen during the night, that there was something in the nature of an outcry.

When I stepped out into the street after breakfast, it was to encounter a Jean Nattier I scarcely recognized, so businesslike was the set of his face. He got off his bicycle.

"Where are you off to, Jean?"

"To Aristide Noé's place."

I experienced a pang of uneasiness. "Is it reasonable to go out there by yourself?"

His jaw jutted with a pugnacity so alien to his kindly face that I had difficulty in restraining a smile.

"Thank you," he replied curtly. "I do not anticipate trouble."

I wished him luck. Little puffs of white dust squirted up from beneath his tires as he pedaled away.

It was late this afternoon that I saw him again. He came up to my room and threw himself on my bed. He looked worn out. All the determination had been wiped from his face. I was not surprised. Quite apart from the fatigue of the journey, there was a terrible tension in the air. I was afraid the sirocco was going to blow up from the desert.

Jean needed the drink I gave him. He set down the tumbler and leaned toward me, laying a hairy hand on my forearm. It felt soft and moist. It was trembling.

"They're mad," he whispered, "Old Noé and his gang. They're insane."

I made no reply.

"Listen," he went on, "I went up there this morning. The old devil met me with a gun in his hands. I tried to get him to see reason. Never opened his trap. They locked me in an outhouse. I only broke out an hour ago."

"So!"

"I got back here as fast as I could. But that's not the point. You'll never believe me. The place is like a zoological garden. Never saw so many animals. All in pens. And what do you think? They were getting them into that damned houseboat of theirs!"

I knew then that the game had been played to the limit. Old Noé had taken his mania to the wilderness, but it had not prevented him from trespassing against society. With less reluctance than I would have imagined, I knew that it was time to intervene.

"We'll get the Notary and the Curé, and have a council of war," I said.

"That's a fine idea, old friend. This nonsense must stop." . . .

The council of war was a great success. Practically the whole village flocked to the Bar Pigalle. Madame Ramera did a roaring business. In the middle of it we heard a faint outcry down the village street, but nobody took any notice until Madame Ruad came bursting in at the door. She was a terrible sight. Her black hair was streaming, and the rouge stood out in patches on her cheeks.

"Ay-yi-yi!" she wailed. "Ay-yi-yi—!"

Louis Masson clapped a burly arm about her shoulders.

"Now, Ma," he said, "tell us what the trouble is."

"It is those wicked Noé boys!" screamed Madame Ruad, and at mention of the name everyone stopped talking. Madame Ruad struggled for breath.

"Never, never have they been to my house before, and now suddenly they are come, and they—whoosh! They are gone. In a car. But not alone. They have stolen my three best girls. Julie, and Lima and the Naïl child."

Far away came a noise like the rumble of artillery, and a sudden current of air went rippling over the striped awning outside the bar.

"That settles it!" boomed the Notary, gathering to himself the undisputed mantle of leadership. "Any man with a gun, fetch it and report back here. We will proceed at once to the Noé farm. This affair must be settled immediately."

For a moment nobody stirred. The hush that fell then will always remain in my memory because it was broken not by our own movements or our voices, but by a solemn din like drum taps on the awning. Then it sounded as though all the devils in hell were dancing on the tin roof of the bar.

Jean Nattier walked back from the open door.

"Well," he said, "we can't go out in this. We'll have to wait till the rain stops."

"Rain in August?" muttered the Notary stupidly. "It can't be. It never rains in August."

BUT that was three hours ago, and it is still raining. I have been to look at the sky. It is dark purple and yellowish. There is lightning playing on the mountains. A small river is running down the street. Nobody has been able to leave the bar, and now there is quite a party spirit. It is refreshingly cool. Simone has joined me at my table in the corner. She thinks that I am writing my school reports, but instead I have set down this account of Monsieur Noé's delusion. She touches my hand.

"Tomorrow," she smiles, "there will be green shoots everywhere. It will look like green mist on the sand. And then the day after, there will be little purple flowers. It is always like that after the first rains."

The Notary, his importance gone, has been drinking like a giant. His hand is on the Curé's shoulder.

"It never rains in August," he says. "In thirty years I have never known it to rain in August. The rains down here never start until the beginning of October."

The Curé looks toward the open door a little unhappily. A swarm of flies buzzes round the naked bulb which lights the room. Louis, who is comforting his old friend, Madame Ruad, glances across.

"If this goes on all night," he says, "we'll be under water tomorrow."

Madame Ramera rolls over to the Curé and fills his glass from the bottle.

"All night?" she bawls. "The last time this happened it went on for forty days and forty nights. Didn't it, Father?"

THE END



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SUITED FOR THE CAMPUS

The Yale man doesn't dress like the California collegian. But there are basic rules that apply at either place and the freshman who wants to fit in should learn them



The man at the left is wearing gray flannel slacks, blucher-type shoes and a wool-and-fur-blend pull-over sweater, a combination that is popular everywhere. The dungaree-clad youth has an all-wool pull-over with ribbed crew neck, wide sleeves and V yoke in contrasting stripes. Girls like this sweater too. At the right is a double-breasted glen plaid suit with a striped broadcloth shirt, knit tie and snapbrim hat, a popular ensemble

SKIRT BY SUNCLOTHES

LIFE is stirring again along Fraternity Row all over the country, from Dartmouth to many-campused University of California. The old crowd is back, ar there are new faces—the freshmen, bewildered but ea:r to fit themselves into campus life.

An important part of being "in" at any college is di:sing like the upperclassmen. The second-year man k:ws how to do it. But the freshman is faced with a l:nite problem. For customs of dress vary in different re ons and in different colleges.

For instance, the graduating class at Princeton habitu- l affects a beer jacket. Informal daytime wear at Dart- uth during the winter months is regulation ski clothes. A i at certain Western colleges the men may wear high- led boots, faded blue denims and cowboy hats. So have to plan your wardrobe for the section and the ol you're attending.

Choosing what to wear for a college freshman looks fusing but actually it can be simplified. There are cer- basic dress rules to remember, and there is a basic ege wardrobe. Most important to recognize is that days of the rah-rah college boy are gone. Today's ege man dresses in good taste, almost always with an door flavor. He rarely goes to extremes.

The campus man has, in the past decade, evolved a c "uniform," which is accepted all over the country e sport jacket and slacks combination. Freshmen and erclassmen wear it to and from classes, for campus nging, evenings with the boys and informal dances. More important dates require a worsted suit, and for ange-over, the college-favored Shetland-type suit cut a center vent in the jacket. And for those extra- ial occasions when the best girl comes out for Home- ming Week, a dinner jacket is essential.

Raincoats and waterproof poplin jackets are favored al attire, even when skies are sunny. For the colder ther, alpaca or shearling-lined gabardine topcoats, er long or short, are useful.

The most popular shirts are Oxfords with button- n collars, in white or solid colors. All collegians like yle socks, but solid-color lisle hose and wool and l combinations are also in favor. The most-worn kwear are foulards, in large or small patterns.

All this wearing apparel is basic—worn at colleges over the country. There are regional differences. In East, suit and coat jackets are cut straight, with natu- shoulders, while in the West shoulders are wider and bodies of jackets are tapered. Again, sections of the ntry influence fabrics. Wearing apparel is made ter in weight and color for use at Southern colleges. That gives you a general idea of what you're up against ou're going to college for the first time. Probably the t advice is to concentrate on the basic items initially, n as you get onto the local fashions you can build up mplete wardrobe. ★★★



Above, left to right, are a single-breasted corduroy jacket with notched lapels; a Stonecutter cord of similar cut, with coconut-straw hat and gabardine slacks; and a poplin jacket with a zipper front

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Above, left to right, are a single-breasted flannel suit with three-button front and notched lapels, and a Tattersall waistcoat; a double-breasted wrap-around gabardine coat with an all-around belt, peaked lapels, two slash pockets and adjustable-tab sleeves; a single-breasted jacket with side vents in Shetland-type tweed, and a cap in hound's-tooth check

In favor for cool weather is the single-breasted woodsman's jacket at the left. It has flap pockets and adjustable-button sleeves. Gabardine slacks and moccasin-type shoes are worn with it. In the center is a greatcoat of gabardine with mouton collar and an all-around belt. At the right is a single-breasted raincoat with button fly front and a poplin rain hat

Sign of a GOOD EATING place



on the table!

CARELESSNESS . . . THE CHILD KILLER

Continued from page 23

"swimmers" until they could meet the American Red Cross requirements for a swimmer; and then helped to meet those requirements. The Red Cross says that a swimmer should be able to swim three different strokes, each for a hundred yards, and to be able to swim continuously for ten minutes. In many cities an ARC Learn to Swim program is paying off in lowered drowning fatalities.

By the end of August the danger of death by drowning is over for most of the country. That cannot be said for the automobile, the largest single instrument of death for children. Last year 12 children were killed each day by automobiles. Some of these deaths were accompanied by screeching brakes, by the crumpling of streamlined cowling like old tin, and by the rocketing of bodies inside overturning cars. In one such car the coroner wasn't sure whether the little girl had had her neck broken by the impact of her head against the roof or by her father's body as he was thrown on top of her.

But most of the ones who were killed by automobiles were crossing or playing in the street, or riding bicycles. They raced across intersections without looking, went against light signals.

Most Accidents Occur in Playtime

Relatively few children were killed going to or from school. It was after school, when they were playing, and on Saturdays and Sundays. Then they poured in hordes from behind parked cars. They followed that bouncing ball off the curb without looking, and died.

Some escaped miraculously. A driver in a Middle Western state saw approaching motorists signal him frantically, blowing their horns, pointing at the front of his car. He stopped. On his front bumper, suspended by her dress and her tiny arms, he found a four-year-old. There wasn't a scratch on her. She was too frightened to say how she got hooked on the bumper. All she could say was, "I was after a loaf of bread for my mommy." That could be the pitiful epitaph of many children.

The growing popularity of bicycles has added another traffic hazard. Each year thousands of novice riders are turned loose on our streets with no training in riding or traffic regulations—nothing more than the admonition, "Be careful." The result: Over 300 happy, bike-riding kids between five and fourteen years old were killed in collisions with cars last year. Another 16,000 were injured.

Some of these deaths were caused by reckless automobile drivers. But most of them were caused by reckless kids zigzagging through traffic, cutting in front of cars, ignoring traffic signals. The best thing for a motorist to do when he sees a bicycle approaching is to slow down, stay as far away as possible, and to use the utmost caution in passing.

Behind every child death in a traffic accident lies the carelessness and negligence of adults—parents, drivers, teachers, the community as a whole. Yet there is hope and there is a way to reduce this horrible death toll. Pneumonia, polio, diphtheria, and meningitis are on the road to defeat as child killers. They are being defeated by tremendous, unceasing campaigns to arouse public consciousness of the need to wipe out these dread diseases, backed up by relentless scientific work.

The same methods can be applied to the problem of accidents to children. We're on the track when we realize that accidents don't "just happen," when we realize that carelessness, negligence and stupidity are killing America's children —not "accidents"—and that we can help prevent these unnecessary deaths.

Progress has been made. In 1918 children were being killed at a rate of 20,000 a year. Today that figure has dropped to 14,000—despite tremendous increases in the number of automobiles and the speeds at which they are operated, despite the infinitely greater number of electrical and mechanical machines to which children are exposed. Safety experts believe that with our accumulated knowledge and experience we are now able to reduce children's accidents drastically.

Next month the U.S. Children's Bureau, the American Academy of Pediatrics, the National Safety Council will join with Metropolitan Life Insurance in a major campaign against children's accidents.

It can be done. Some towns have been operating successful traffic accident prevention programs for years. St. Joseph, Missouri, for instance, has not had a



child killed going to or from school in 20 years. A major reason for this is a school safety patrol of 270 boys and girls, well trained and so well organized that they are on the job the day school opens. They are kept interested through incentives, like badges and movie treats, supplied by the St. Joseph Safety Council and by the Automobile Club. Last year the American Legion outfitted the safety patrol with raincoats and white helmets.

The driving public is reached through special leaflets—in the form of traffic violation tickets—left on parked cars, and through the press and radio. At the beginning of every year the kids are shown a traffic safety film and each teacher averages an hour of safety teaching a week throughout the year. "Our program is continuous," says Walter D. Ladd, manager of the St. Joseph Safety Council. "We long ago realized that is the only kind of program that will succeed because you are always getting new children, new parents and new drivers."

A unique feature of St. Joseph's program is its bicycle clinics, held at the schools. There, bikes are inspected, riders are tested and instructed. Once a week the police department holds "bicycle court" to deal with violators of bike safety rules. These children are given tickets, just like grownup violators. Last year 775 youngsters reported to the court. That they learn their safety lesson may be seen in that only four were repeaters!

The program reaches every person in St. Joseph. The results speak for th selves: no children killed in 1941, 1 one in 1943; none in 1944, 1945; on 1946; none in 1947; one, thus far, in 1

The problem of protecting childre a large, busy industrial city might s almost impossible. Yet in Kansas Ci sprawling packing-house center 600,000 people, fatalities among sc children have been cut 68 per cent. through parent education, the acci deaths of children under four have cut 55 per cent. Today, after a 10- fight by the Safety Council, Kansas kids are being taught to drive as pa their training in high school. This reduce Kansas City's fatalities still ther. Altogether, over 75 children alive today because of Kansas City's gram.

Oklahoma City is another big in trial town which has done an outstan job in licking the problem of fatal b accidents. Most of the country cont to kill bike riders at a rate of 320 a Oklahoma City has 13,000 bikes and 000 cars—yet it is passing throug seventh consecutive year without a fatality!

It began early one day in August, Chief of Police Frank Smith answer accident call—a teen-age bike rider dead. The next day he answered an accident call on the other side of t There the chief found a ten-year-ol cyclist had been killed.

What the Records Revealed

Two kids on consecutive days wer much for Chief Smith. Back at h quarters he called for the records o cycle accidents. He discovered tha bike riders were killed the year befo 1940; three in 1939; two more in two more in 1937—two; two. Tha the basic pattern: two bike riders yearly.

The chief summoned his traffic and announced that this bicycle-k business had to stop—before two kids were killed! For five years b this, Oklahoma City had had a dinance requiring bicycle registratio spection and tagging. It had virt ended theft. Now Chief Smith call the firemen and policemen who di registration work. He explained the paign to end bike deaths, loaded with safety material, and sent ther to talk with each individual b owner.

In his traffic department Chief had a famous barbershop quarte Flatfoot Four, winners of the 194 tional championship. He gave th bike for safety demonstrations ar structions to sing a song of safety ery kid in Oklahoma City. The kids it, learned the safety songs—and ticed safety. The schools, parent-te associations, civic clubs, radio and picked it up and joined the effort t the lives of two children a year.

The program has never let up Oklahoma City hasn't had a child in a bicycle accident since it began year Oklahoma City was judged a ing the best traffic safety program class, was co-winner of the grand in the National Traffic Safety Cont

"The biggest thing we had to l says Dan Hollingsworth, manager city's Safety Council, "was that it done. Some 12 to 15 of our boy girls are alive today who might no lived without this work. That, of c pays the bill."

(The second article in this series will deal with home accidents. children are killed in homes than other place.)

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KANSAS STAGGERS TO THE POLLS

Continued from page 13

have their law and the Wets have their highballs. Kansas is surrounded by wet territory, although Oklahoma makes a stab at being dry. So far as the liquor traffic into Kansas is concerned, it's downhill all the way.

Most of the liquor flowing into Kansas comes from Missouri, but Nebraska, Louisiana, Colorado and Illinois, in that order, also contribute to what has been estimated as an annual $50,000,000 business. This estimate may be high, but there has been enough illegal liquor consumed in Kansas in recent years to produce at least 275 alcoholics, according to Alcoholics Anonymous. In Wichita alone, since 1934, more than 2,000 persons have been arrested for driving under the influence of exploding strawberry sodas.

Public Indignation Is Generous

Occasionally the police get fussy and arrest someone on his way home from Kansas City, Mo., with a "strip" for private consumption. (A "strip" is the technical designation for six pints or four "fifths.") This does not happen often, of course, but when it does, anguish spreads all over Kansas. Several months ago, an ex-G.I. had the bad luck to have his car confiscated, after a skirmish with police over four or five bottles of Christmas cheer he was hurrying home. His shocked fellow citizens promptly raised $1,500 by public subscription to help him buy a new car.

Although Mississippi and Oklahoma are dry, Kansas is the only one of the three states that has enlisted the aid of the Alcohol Tax Unit of the Bureau of Internal Revenue in its drive against professional whisky runners.

The longest tailing job performed by federal agents in recent memory involved several truckloads of Kansas-bound liquor that originated in Peoria, Illinois, not long ago. A.T.U. agents, tipped off by the bootlegger's Number One enemy (a rival bootlegger), patiently followed the liquor caravan through Wisconsin and Minnesota, into South Dakota, thence across Nebraska, and finally into Kansas. And there the startled drivers were arrested as they crossed the state line.

Although it has had other and even greater moments of success in intercepting illegal liquor shipments, the A.T.U. works under some formidable handicaps, among them the fact that it has no appropriation for automobiles even though its job is chasing bootleggers. To keep mobile, it must use confiscated automobiles. Kansas is obviously good hunting for the car-hungry A.T.U., and at the last count it had confiscated 545 cars in the state from persons guilty of transporting liquor illegally.

In Kansas, as elsewhere, an important prerequisite to comfortable drinking is peace of mind. Until recently, the A.T.U. notwithstanding, Kansans found no very great distractions in their quest for the fermented grape. Gaudy night clubs sold liquor openly. The bootlegging racket flourished. In general it was no harder to find a drink in Kansas than to get a sunburn in a summer wheatfield.

However, about two years ago, thirsty Kansans suffered a painful self-inflicted wound. They elected Mr. Edward F. Arn attorney general.

On the face of it, this was not a particularly reckless thing to do. Arn, a husky, affable young man just past forty, was a Navy veteran of the famous Task Force 58. While a moderate, he confessed that he enjoyed an occasional nip from the old goatskin himself.

When the votes were counted, however, Kansans were treated to an astonishing spectacle. There was the De leveled off in full flight, with the r attorney general in grim pursuit. W was worse, the attorney general seen to be gaining. He resigned from the peka Country Club because liquor wa evidence there, and even asked his frie not to serve liquor in his presence cause it compromised his principles.

He held innumerable conferences w law enforcement officials. A less de mined man would have let it go at t but Arn then did an unheard-of th He asked the state legislature for m investigators, inasmuch as his office side-wheeling along with only one lonely gentleman who was expected glehandedly to ferret out the bootleg in 105 Kansas counties.

"Ed," asked one of the members the Senate committee hearing Arn, " gonna use these men as liquor invest tors?"

"You're darn' right I am," snapped.

The senators fidgeted uncomforta Finally, in a burst of legislative whim they proposed that the investiga sought by Arn should be qualified yers willing to live on a salary of $2 a year. Arn roared like a bull at the gestion, and the senators subsided deep thought again. Eventually, by of compromise, they awarded Arn additional investigators at something proaching a living wage, thereby rai his field command to a magnificent t of three. This lonesome trio is now trolling the 80,000 square miles that c prise Kansas, trying vainly to enf the prohibition law.

Nevertheless, Arn's sudden onsla has thrown Kansas into consider confusion. While liquor is still eas get, the night clubs have curbed flagrant selling and one or two boo gers are even in jail.

Two prominent churchmen, or Catholic and the other a Protestant, advocated that Kansas would do to go wet and get it over with. A nur of prominent businessmen, who he fore have demonstrated an almost pa logical reluctance to stand up an counted when the liquor question w issue, have formed the Kansas L Control Council to fight for repeal.

Bootleggers Like the Dry Law

On the other hand, dry leaders complained that Arn's crusade is in ger of enforcing the dry laws righ of the books, and if this should ha it would be a pretty kettle of fish in —from the standpoint of Kansas l The bootleggers are also on the si the Drys. Not long ago a purvey spirits across the line in Colorado reported to have become down panic-stricken at the thought of K going legally wet. The result was he donated $25.000 to help keep it d

Arn, of course, is not so witless assume that he and his fiddlers thre a match for Kansas bootleggers. B is pretty sure he can make Kansan cide whether they want to abide b law and endure an occasional dry or change the law and live happily after. Arn is appealing to their p as well as their reason, and it is o question of time before they reac way or another. Posterity will the results of this sly campaign in vember.

Meanwhile, the bootleggers are ing on in the best traditions of the se

One lady bootlegger reportedly caravan of six fast cars from Col to Kansas on such punctual sch that housewives set their clocks One day several weeks ago a farme

opeka was burning some grass in fie near his house when the whole rn seemed to go up in a series of pop- ng noises. It later developed that the e d exploded nearly 300 pints of some trusting bootlegger had hid- his farm—to be called for later, ably on a moonless night.

re are several bootlegging rings ing in Kansas according to strict rial grants, and there is plenty of ss for everyone. Lately, however, a ate from Omaha announced via apevine that it intended to move e Salina district to take over the ng of Army troops at the air base . This information immediately ed up the prospect of a nostalgic to the good old days when hijack- s in vogue.

re have already been some in- s of hijacking on lonely back roads. three years ago a gentleman was in several parts of his double- ed suit and pushed off a bridge he Arkansas River, as the result at was described as a jurisdic- dispute. Slugs and all, he climbed out of the river and proceeded to ll, much to the disgust of the par-

TAN-TALIZING

uld you smear my shoulders, lease?
d now the backs of both my nees—
carf for my head, so my hair won't bleach
d any old blanket for the each.
agazine, cigarettes, aqua- lane—
ver mind. Here comes the ain!

—Dorothy B. Griswold

ho had been delegated to take care n.

e devices to which Kansas bootleg- esort distress the police. Many of ootleggers carry their merchandise ed to their waists and operate from corners. Others set up shop in au- iles parked outside night clubs. thers deliver by motorcycle. At the nt, most bootleggers do not con- it prudent to set up too permanent dquarters, what with the attorney l running wild. The favored ar- ment is to post a man at a telephone where to act as clearing agent. He all orders and passes them on to the t men when they call in. Thus, is no liquor to be found at the nerve of the operation.

ch of the "professional" liquor g into Kansas comes in on trucks ng false manifests, although fast s with oversize springs and a turtle- capacity of several dozen cases are occasionally. Bootleggers have l, however, that a coupé with that of a load in the back sags like a duck and is approximately as easy tch, so the trend is away from this f transport.

ually, the hot cargoes are parceled the local bootleggers at a rendez- somewhere in the quiet country- Haulers never let local distributors when or where they are coming, ar the latter will suffer last-minute of remorse and tip off the police. rtheless, police get most of their mation from disgruntled bootleg- who have been victimized in price or have suffered other indignities at ands of unprincipled competitors. e information police have on boot- g activities would fill a law-school ry. And yet there are compara- few arrests and even fewer ctions.

This naturally poses the ever-defiant question: Why?

Many Kansans, of course, are positive that the cops are in the pay of the racketeers, and there is no doubt that some racket money finds its way into strange bank accounts. The main reason, however, is even simpler: It is impossible to enforce a law if the people don't want it enforced, and at the last reading no vigilante committees had been formed by outraged citizens to run the bootleggers out of Kansas.

Court docket entries occasionally refer to a case made against an automobile or a truck when the vehicle has been abandoned with a load of liquor. The last case of this kind was brought in February when a small truck and 332 pints of whisky were named as respondents.

Generally, however, the victim—if there is a victim—is a human being, and the penalty for a first offense usually is $100 and thirty days in jail. Once in a great while, if the bootlegger has been particularly offensive, he will get the book. Not long ago, in Topeka, one gentleman was put away for thirty years as a persistent violator. This sort of thing, however, is extremely rare.

For convictions on liquor violations, county attorneys are rewarded with a fee of $25. It follows that an eager county attorney can compile a sizable bank account in the two years he is in office if he wants to put the pressure on.

A Dilemma for Prosecutors

Mere possession of liquor is against the law in Kansas and a great many adult Kansans are guilty. But there are complications working against the county attorney. The chief one is that he is inviting trouble if he goes around raiding private homes. If he wants to be re-elected to political office—and presumably he does—he will be smart and go with the political winds.

In dealing with bootleggers proof of possession of intoxicating beverages is difficult to establish. Bootleggers go to great pains to disassociate themselves from the actual whisky. Many of them subsidize otherwise innocent families and leave their whisky with them, in return for which they pay the family's rent. One Topeka bootlegger lowered his contraband down stovepipes sunk into a plot of ground next door. He sat on his back steps and laughed until his sides hurt when the police tried to prove that the liquor belonged to him.

Some time ago, also in Topeka, a photographer embarrassed city officials by snapping a picture from the mayor's window. It showed a prominent bootlegging establishment across the way from the city hall. Topeka police felt that this was not sporting since enforcement of the prohibition law is virtually impossible anywhere in Kansas. But since the mayor's dignity had been considerably impaired they set out to get their man.

It was quite a task. The bootlegger, demonstrating commendable foresight, had set up operations in a room at the top of a narrow stairway, buttressed with an iron door. The police couldn't get leverage enough to batter the door down, and every time the man opened it after repeated pounding by the police, there was the smell of disinfectant, a pile of broken bottles, and no whisky.

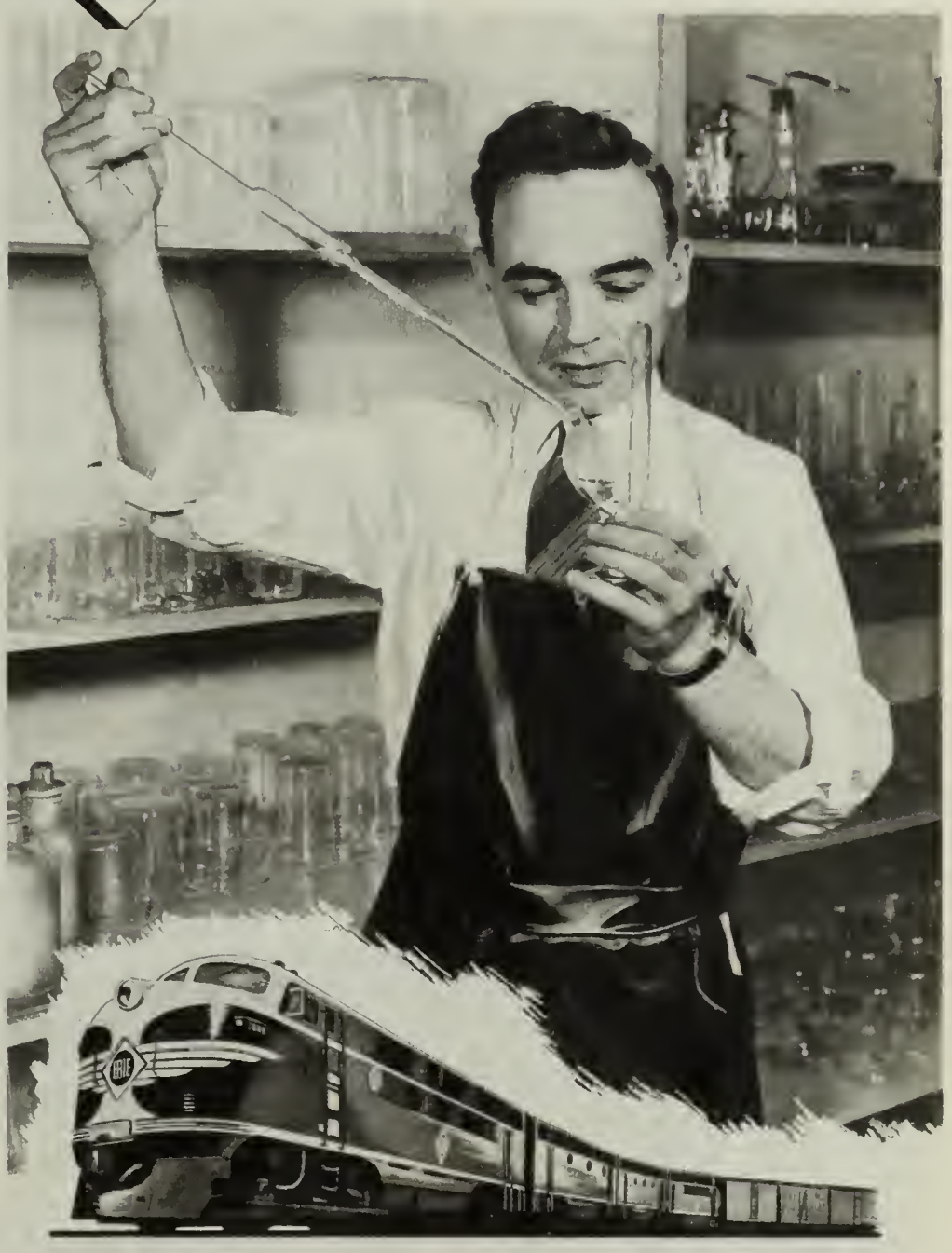
The battle went on for weeks with the same monotonous results. Finally, a short time ago, the bootlegger packed up and left, taking his iron door with him.

"I guess," the sheriff said later, "we just pestered him out of there. I remember another case where a bootlegger went bankrupt replacing doors I knocked in."

In any case, the view from the mayor's office in Topeka is now purged of this discommodity. It is a small step but a firm one.

THE END

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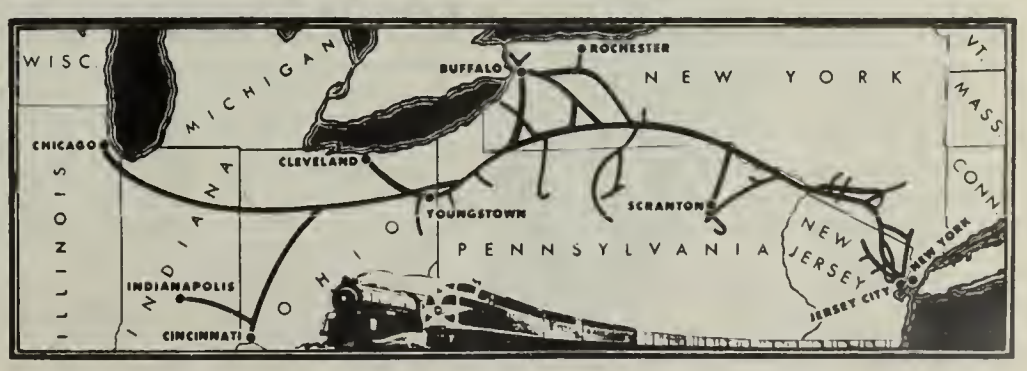
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THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

Continued from page 18

planning be started at once with a view to establishing bases for upward of 1,000 U.S. heavy bombers in the Siberian Maritime Provinces for an air offensive against Japan.

3) Requests for the exchange of information and for further preliminary planning for eventual operations against Japan. In this memorandum Roosevelt said:

Specifically, I have in mind the following items:

a. We would be glad to receive combat intelligence information concerning Japan.

b. Considering that the ports for your Far Eastern submarine and destroyer force might be threatened seriously by land or air attack, do you feel it desirable that the United States should expand base facilities sufficiently to provide for these forces in U.S. bases?

c. What direct or indirect assistance would you be able to give in the event of a U.S. attack against the northern Kuriles?

d. Could you indicate what ports, if any, our forces could use, and could you furnish data on these ports in regard to their naval use as well as port capacities for dispatch of cargo?

Stalin promised to study these documents. (He later agreed to the shuttle bombing not only from bases in the United Kingdom but from Italy as well; he explained that he must defer consideration of the requests relative to the Far East until after his return to Moscow.)

Plans for Future World Peace

Roosevelt asked Stalin if he cared to discuss the future peace of the world and Stalin said there was nothing to prevent them from discussing anything they pleased.

Roosevelt then gave Stalin an outline of his concept of an organization, based on the United Nations for the preservation of world peace. It was to consist of three main bodies:

First—an Assembly composed of all members of the United Nations which would meet in various places at stated times for the discussion of world problems and the making of recommendations for their solution. Stalin asked if this Assembly was to be world-wide in scope, or merely European, and Roosevelt said it should be world-wide.

Second—an Executive Committee which would consist of Russia, Britain, the United States and China, together with representatives of two European nations, one South American, one Middle Eastern, one Far Eastern and one British Dominion. This Executive Committee would deal with all nonmilitary questions—such as economy, food, health, etc.

Stalin asked whether this committee would have the right to make decisions which would be binding on all the nations.

Roosevelt was indecisive in his answer to that one. He did not believe that the Congress would permit the United States to be bound by the decision of such a body. He said that the committee could make recommendations for settling disputes with the hope that the nations concerned would be guided thereby.

The third body, as set forth by Roosevelt, was what he termed "The Four Policemen"—the U.S.S.R., the U.S., the United Kingdom and China. This, as its name implied, would be the enforcing agency—with power to deal immediately with any threat to the peace or any sudden emergency. He cited the Italian attack on Ethiopia in 1935 as an example of the failure of the League of Nations to deal promptly and forcibly with an act of aggression. He said that had The Four Policemen existed at that time it would have been possible to close the Suez Canal and thereby prevent Mussolini from attacking Ethiopia.

Stalin expressed the opinion that this proposal for The Four Policemen would not be favorably received by the small nations of Europe. For one thing, he did not believe that China would be very powerful when the war ended—and, even if it were, European states would resent having China as an enforcement authority for themselves. He therefore suggested, as an alternative, that there be one committee for Europe and one for the Far East—the European committee to consist of Britain, Russia, the United States and possibly one other European nation.

Roosevelt said that this suggestion was somewhat similar to one made by Mr. Churchill for regional committees, one for Europe, one for the Far East, and one for the Americas. Again the President doubted that the Congress would agree to American participation in a purely European committee which might be able to compel the involvement of American troops in a European conflict. He said that only a crisis such as the present one could make the Congress agree to such a step—that it would not have been possible to send American troops to Europe in this war had it not been for the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

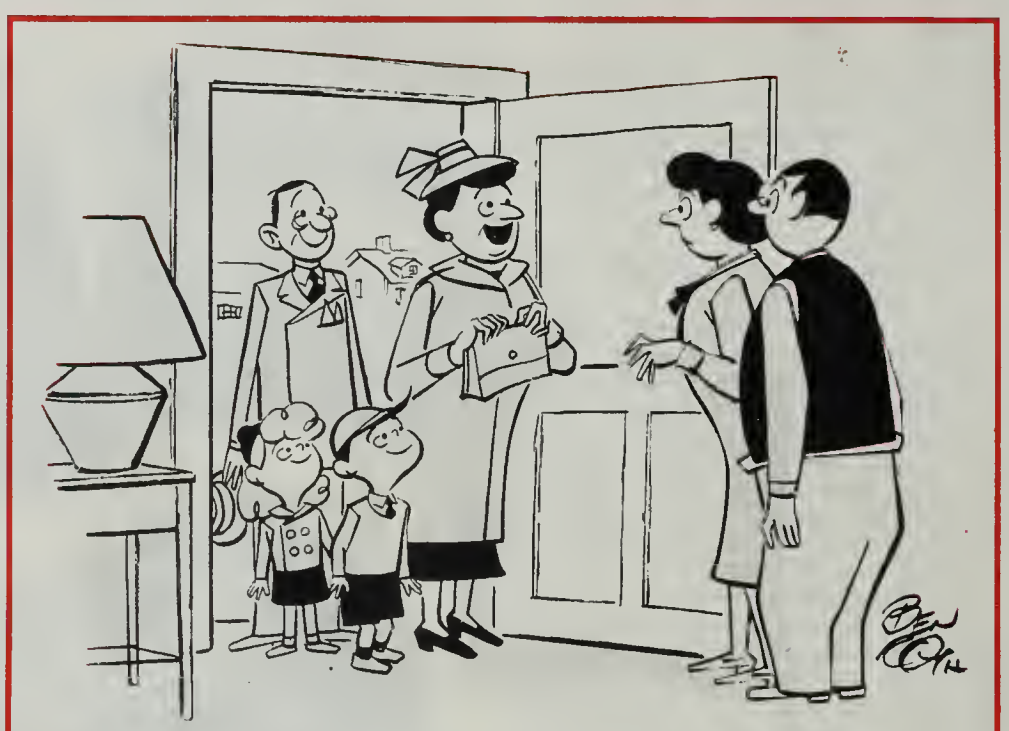
Stalin said that if the President's suggestion for a world organization were carried out—particularly The Four Policemen part of it—this might require sending American troops overseas.

Roosevelt explained that he had only foreseen the sending of American naval and air forces to Europe and that any land armies needed in the event of a future threat would have to be provided by Britain and the Soviet Union.

He saw two possible kinds of threat—one minor, and one major—to world peace. The minor threat might arise from a revolution or civil war in a small country, or the kind of border disputes that sometimes arise between small neighboring states. This could be met by application of the quarantine method, the closing of limited frontiers and the imposition of embargoes.

The major threat would be provided by a gesture of aggression on the part of a large power; in this case The Four Policemen would send an ultimatum to the threatening nation and, if the demands were not immediately met, they would subject that nation to bombardment, and if necessary, invasion. (There is no indication that Roosevelt suggested what the procedure would be in case the aggressive nation happened to be one of The Four Policemen.)

Stalin then talked of the immediate problem of the future treatment of Germany. He said that he had discussed the question on the previous day with Mr. Churchill and considered that the Prime Minister was too hopeful in assuming that Germany could not rise again. It was Stalin's belief that Germany would be able to recover its power completely within fifteen or twenty years unless forcibly prevented from doing so, and therefore there must be more certain safeguards than those provided by the type of organization which the President had proposed.



COLLIER'S

"The children wanted to go to the zoo, but we told them they'd have just as much fun over here!"

BEN ROTH

Stalin said that the only way to provide insurance against another career of aggression by Germany was to gain and maintain United Nations control of physical strong points within Germany and along the borders of Germany and at strategic bases outside Germany. He mentioned Dakar specifically as one of such bases. He applied the same rules to the future containment of Japan, naming the islands in the vicinity of Japan as essential bases for the prevention of further aggression.

Peace Authority Must Be Strong

Stalin said that any organization or committee that might be set up for the preservation of peace must have the power not only to make decisions in times of emergency but to have continued occupation of the necessary bases against Germany and Japan.

Roosevelt observed that his agreement with Marshal Stalin on this was one hundred per cent. He said that although he was fully cognizant of the present weakness of China, he had insisted that the Chinese must participate in the four-power declaration at Moscow because he was thinking far into the future and believed that it was better to have the 400 million people of China as friends rather than as possible enemies.

There was then some discussion of the ability of the Germans to convert apparently peaceable industries secretly to wartime purposes. Stalin said that

Germans had shown great skill in s
deception, but Roosevelt believed tha
the world organization were sufficie
strong and effective it could detect s
tendencies and nip them in the bud.

It was now three thirty, and Stalin
Roosevelt moved over to the large c
ference room of the Russian emb
where Churchill, acting on behalf
King George VI, presented to the r
shal the "Sword of Stalingrad."

Stalin Asks the Vital Question

Following this impressive cerem
the 28 participants in the conference
down at the large round table and
to work on the Second Plenary Sess
It started with a review of the mor
staff session by Brooke, Marshall
Voroshilov, and then Stalin fired the
question:

"Who will command OVERLOR

Roosevelt replied that this had no
been decided. Stalin thereupon ma
clear that until a supreme comma
were named he could not believe in
reality of the operation. Roosevelt
have been sorely tempted at that mor
to name General Marshall as supr
commander and have done with it,
he did not do so, for reasons known
to himself. He said that the deci
taken at this conference would affec
choice of the particular officer, and
probably meant that he would ap
Marshall only if the command inv
all of western and southern Europ
stead of OVERLORD alone.

Churchill then launched forth
lengthy statement along familiar
He ranged from the Channel to sou
France to Italy to Yugoslavia to Rh
and so to Turkey, dwelling for some
on that favorite subject. He summe
the tasks before the conference as
survey the whole field of the Me
ranean, and (2) how to relieve R
and (3) how to help OVERLORD.

Stalin said, "If we are here in ord
discuss military matters, among al
military questions for discussion,
the U.S.S.R., consider OVERLOR
most important and decisive." He
that from the Russian point of view,
key, Rhodes, Yugoslavia and ever
capture of Rome were not importan

Churchill made a final and, one
say, gallant attempt in behalf of Rh
and Turkey as strategic points,
Roosevelt said that it seemed that h
the Prime Minister and the marshal
agreed on the main directive to the C
of Staff which was to go ahead on th
sumption that OVERLORD was
dominating operation and, while
staffs might make recommendation
subsidiary operations in the Medi
nean area, they must be careful to
sider nothing that could possibly ca
delay in OVERLORD.

Stalin thereupon said to Churchil
he would like to ask him a rather
creet question: Did the British
believe in OVERLORD or were the
pressing their approval of it merely
means of reassuring the Russian
would seem that Churchill now acc
the inevitable and said that Britain
hurl every ounce of her strength a
the Channel at the Germans. Th
mosphere was evidently somewhat
at this point, so Roosevelt observe
within an hour a very good dinner
be awaiting all of them, with Ma
Stalin as their host, and that he fo
would have a large appetite for i
suggested that the Combined Chi
Staff meet again in the morning and
the matter of OVERLORD once a
all. The meeting then ended.

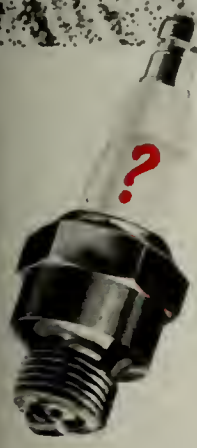
The official records of these me

Which is really Loretta Young?

Starring in RKO RADIO'S *"Rachel and the Stranger"*
(See answer below)







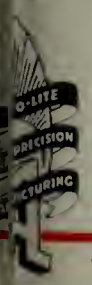
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written with so much circumspec-
hat the inherent drama was largely
red; but it was far too big to be to-
disguised. One cannot read these
rately dry and guarded accounts
ut the feeling that here were titans
nining the future course of an en-
anet.

s was indeed the Big Three.
hill employed all the debater's arts,
rilliant locutions and circumlocu-
of which he was a master, and
wielded his bludgeon with relent-
difference to all the dodges and
of his practiced adversary; while
velt sat in the middle, by common
nt the moderator, arbitrator and
uthority. His contributions to the
rsations were infrequent and some-
annoyingly irrelevant, but it ap-
time and again—at Teheran and at
—that it was he who spoke the last

dinner on Tuesday evening was
d by a great deal of "teasing" of
hill by Stalin; I am not qualified to
hether it was intended or accepted
pirit of good-humored raillery, but
evidently unremitting throughout
vening. At one point, when the
on of postwar control of strategic
was being discussed, Churchill
that Britain did not desire to ac-
any new territory but intended to
on to what she had and to reclaim
had been taken from her—specifi-
Singapore and Hong Kong—and
while she might eventually release
ns of the Empire of her own free
he could not be compelled to give
ything without a war.

lin commented on this that Britain
ought well in the war and that he
nally favored increases in the Brit-
Empire, particularly in the area
d Gibraltar which was presently
roperty of Franco's Spain. When
hill asked what territorial interests
a might have in the future, Stalin
quoted as having replied, "There is
ed to speak at the present time
any Soviet desires—but when the
comes, we will speak."

Where Soviet Authority Lay

lin had evidently been annoyed that
ternoon conference had ended with
nce of the OVERLORD problem
Combined Chiefs of Staff, for he
not understand why the decision
d not be made there and then by
velt, Churchill and himself without
erence by a mere "military commit-
This was another evidence of the
noted by Hopkins on his first trip
oscow, that there was no real au-
y in the Soviet Union below the top.
wever, when the Big Three met
before lunch the next day, Wednes-
Roosevelt asked Churchill to read
the results of the staff meeting and
this had been done, Stalin ex-
ed great satisfaction with the deci-
and promised that the Red Army
d undertake offensive operations
rrently with OVERLORD which
d demonstrate the importance that
ussians attached to the opening, at
of the second front.

t—Stalin again asked—"When will
commander in chief be named?"
velt said that he would need three
r days to consider the matter and to
ss it with his staff. He said that it
been decided that morning to ap-
one commander for OVERLORD,
ier for the Mediterranean, and prob-
a third to command the southern
ce operation temporarily during
anding phase and the advance up
hone Valley to the junction with the
forces in northern France. Stalin
oved this as sound military doctrine
d the military discussions at Teheran
thereby ended; but Churchill had
uit yet.

treme amiability prevailed through-



"Well, remember, he'll be your dog and you'll have to take care of him"

out lunch and a short plenary session in the afternoon and at dinner that evening (this was Churchill's sixty-ninth birthday party; Roosevelt's gift to him was a Kashan bowl which he had purchased that day at the local American Army PX).

During lunch the extremely important question of Russia's need for warm-water ports was brought up by Churchill, who said that his government not only recognized the legitimacy of this requirement but also hoped to see Russian fleets, both naval and merchant, on all the seas.

It was Roosevelt who mentioned the possibility that Russia might have access to the port of Dairen in Manchuria—and he did so for the first time here, at Teheran, and not at Yalta (when, according to legend, he was so enfeebled as to be *non compos mentis*). Stalin immediately expressed the opinion that the Chinese would object to this proposal, but Roosevelt said he thought they would agree to having Dairen made a free port under international guarantee.

It is my understanding that Roosevelt was not merely guessing about this—that he had, in fact, discussed this very point with Chiang Kai-shek in Cairo a few days previously.

While Stalin, Churchill and Roosevelt were having lunch that day, Eden, Molotov and Hopkins were meeting for lunch at the British legation. The main topics of conversation were the future United Nations strategic strong points about the world.

On the subject of strategic bases, Hopkins said:

"The location of these future strong points and what they will require in the way of land, sea and air forces will have to be worked out with a view as to who would be a potential future enemy. The President feels it essential to world peace that Russia, Great Britain and the United States work out this control question in a manner that will not start each of the three powers arming against the others.

"The question of building up bases in the Pacific should not be a difficult one. We Americans do not want sovereignty over any of the islands that are freed from the Japanese. The United Nations may exercise some sort of protective influence over them. As regards the Philippines, when they gain their independence we would still consider it advisable to have naval and air bases there under United States rather than United Nations control."

At the dinner that Tuesday evening, Churchill, proposing a toast to Stalin, said that the marshal was worthy to stand with the mightiest figures of Russian history and merited the title of "Stalin the Great."

In reply Marshal Stalin said that the honors which had been paid to him really belonged to the Russian people; that it was easy to be a hero or a great leader, if one had to do with people such as the Russians . . . He said that even persons of medium courage and even cowards became heroes in Russia. Those who do not, he said, are killed.

It was at this dinner that Stalin made his frequently quoted statement that without American production, the war would have been lost.

The Prime Minister Laughed, Too

Hopkins also made an after-dinner speech at Teheran, telling the Russians that he had made a long and thorough study of the British constitution, which is unwritten, and of the War Cabinet, whose authority and composition are not specifically defined. He said that as a result of this study he had learned that "the provisions of the British constitution and the powers of the War Cabinet are just whatever Winston Churchill wants them to be at any given moment." This observation was greeted with loud laughter, particularly from the Prime Minister himself.

At lunch on Wednesday, the final day, there was long discussion of the proposed meeting with the Turkish officials. Hopkins was firm in asserting that before any such meeting there must be detailed agreement as to exactly what form of military assistance should be promised the Turks if they were to enter the war. When Churchill mentioned the requirements for landing craft for an assault on the island of Rhodes in the month of March, Hopkins was so anxious to have the record straight that he wrote out his own version of his comments for inclusion in the minutes, as follows:

"Mr. Hopkins again pointed out that the United States Chief of Staff had not given consideration to the detailed requirements of the Turkish operation . . . It should be clearly understood that the American side believes that there are no landing craft available for an attack on Rhodes—and more important still that even if the landing craft were available, no decision has been reached as to whether or not the landing craft could not be used to better advantage in some other operation. Under any circumstances it should be clearly understood that no mention can be made to President Inonu, implied or otherwise, that an amphibious landing can be made on Rhodes."

During the afternoon, Roosevelt had a private talk with Stalin and Molotov for the purposes of putting them in possession of certain essential facts concerning American politics. It was a cause of wonderment to the President that the Russian leaders appeared to be so inadequately informed as to conditions in the United States or the character of public opinion. They had their full quota of diplomatic representatives and the members of numerous wartime missions to furnish intelligence.

It could only be assumed that, as was so often the case with the most extensive intelligence systems, Moscow believed and trusted those agents who reported what Moscow most wanted to hear—whereas those who sent in objective and sometimes discouraging reports which

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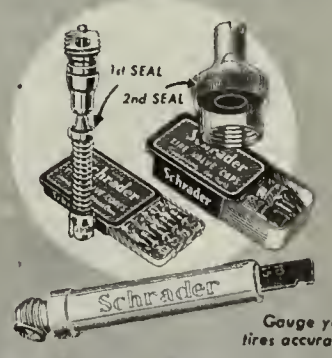
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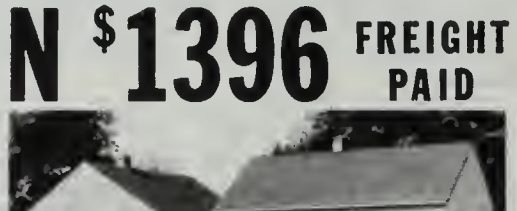
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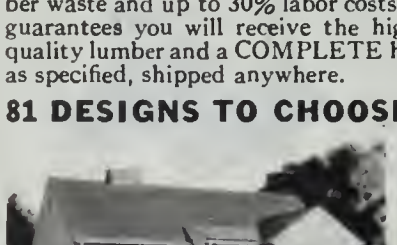
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approximated the truth were suspected of having been contaminated by their capitalistic environment and were transferred to less attractive posts. The Russians were not the only ones who erred in this respect: American representatives in Moscow whose reports were too favorable were suspected of having gone Communist, and the State Department was traditionally on the alert against any of its Foreign Service officers who displayed the slightest tendency to become pro-British.

Roosevelt felt it necessary to explain to Stalin that there were six or seven million Americans of Polish extraction, and others of Lithuanian, Latvian and Estonian origin, who had the same rights as anyone else and whose opinions must be respected. Stalin said that he understood this, but he subsequently suggested that some "propaganda work" should be done among these people.

Mapping a Dismembered Germany

Later, Churchill and Eden arrived for the final meeting. There was discussion of the division of the Italian fleet, on which agreement was immediate, and then one on the frontiers of Poland, in which Roosevelt did not take part; it ended with evolvement of a formula much like that which was eventually adopted. There was extensive discussion of the dismemberment of Germany. Roosevelt submitted a plan for five autonomous states: (1) Prussia (reduced), (2) Hannover and Northwest, (3) Saxony and Leipzig area, (4) Hesse-Darmstadt, Hesse-Cassel and the area south of the Rhine, (5) Bavaria, Baden and Württemberg—the Kiel Canal and Hamburg, and the Ruhr and the Saar, to be under United Nations control.

When Roosevelt offered this suggestion, Churchill exclaimed, "To use an American expression, the President has said a mouthful!" Churchill agreed that Prussia should be separated from the rest; he believed that the southern states should be detached to become part of a Danubian Confederation.

Stalin was not enthusiastic about either proposal, but said that of the t preferred Roosevelt's. He felt tha memberment meant dismembern that the Prussian officers and staffs s be eliminated but that otherwise h little difference between the peo one part of Germany and another. putting any parts of Germany i confederation, he said that, wh form it might take, if there were mans in it they would soon domi and the threat of a greater Ge would be revived.

He said that there would alway strong urge on the part of the Ge to unite and that the whole purp any international organization m to neutralize this tendency by ap economic and other measures incl if necessary, force. This discussion up nowhere; it was decided that th ject should be considered further European Advisory Commission i don.

After dinner Thursday evening l velt said goodby to Stalin. He b in his heart that the final words Teheran Declaration—"We cam with hope and determination. W here friends in fact, in spirit, and i pose"—were more than mere wor

He had disagreed with the tw with whom he had been dealing o ous important points—he had Stalin much tougher than he h pected and at times deliberately d teous, and Churchill's tireless ad of his own favorite strategic div while by now familiar, had beer than ever taxing to patience; bu was one fault in these two men whi gloriously conspicuous by its al and that fault was hypocrisy, for was great and all that was regrett both of them stood out in such takably bold relief that no mask be thick enough or pliable eno cover it.

Roosevelt now felt sure that, to own term, Stalin was "get-atabl spite his bludgeoning tactics and l tude of cynicism toward such ma the rights of small nations, and tha Russia could be convinced that



"The phone book is open . . . I drew a circle around the plumber's number . . . and wash your hands before you dial it"

COLLIER'S

OLDER THAN YOU THINK

BASEBALL—Credit for originating baseball is generally given to Abner Doubleday, who organized the first ball team more than a century ago. However, according to records in the New York Public Library, baseball was a popular game with children in England at least as far back as 1744. And it wasn't rounders or one old cat, either. A batter struck a ball and ran around the bases until he reached home, and the game was actually called baseball.

FOOTBALL—A London bibliophile owns a book printed in Florence, Italy, in 1580, which describes a ball-kicking game then popular. The rules given in the book closely resemble those of modern Rugby football.

BOXING—Archaeologists of the University of Pennsylvania Museum uncovered a Mesopotamian temple built 5,000 years ago and discovered a stone relief of two boxers. The athletes are shown standing on their toes, slugging it out, and their hands are covered with boxing gloves.

DICE—The Chicago Natural History Museum has on exhibit several pairs of dice which their scientists took from tombs of ancient Egyptians. Made of bone or soapstone, the antique dice are almost identical with modern ones in size, form and general appearance. But the honest archaeologists were horrified to discover that they were loaded to throw twos and fives most readily!

—W. E. Farbstein

te claims and requirements—such right of access to warm-water ports to be given full recognition, she prove tractable and co-operative ntaining the peace of the postwar

Friday, Roosevelt flew from Tehe- Cairo, and on Saturday morning ent Inonu and the Turkish delega- rrived, and some mad wag circu- the report that all the Turks wore g devices so perfectly attuned to nother that they all went out of at the same instant whenever men- as made of the possibility of Tur- ntering the war.

sevelt participated with Churchill of the meetings with the Turkish ent and Foreign Minister. I see no o attempt to give a detailed account ese lengthy conversations which just about where they began. Suf- to say that during the talks Roose- requently betrayed a considerable nt of sympathy for the Turkish of view and even stated, on one on—and this is set forth in the sol- record—that it was quite under- able that these distinguished and le gentlemen should "not want to ght with their pants down."

he Strategic Picture Changes

ring the three days—Saturday, Sun- Monday, December 4–6—that the were in Cairo, conferences of tre- ous importance, immediate and nent, were being held by the Presi- Prime Minister and the Combined s of Staff. Roosevelt felt impelled ege on his own promise to Chiang ek, made ten days previously, that o powerful operations in southeast would go forward: Stalin's sudden oluntary statement at Teheran of a's intention to join in the war st Japan changed the whole stra- picture.

the same Sunday that Roosevelt this decision which exerted so con- able an effect on relations with —and perhaps on the whole course war not only in the Far East but in pe as well—he made the momentous on concerning the supreme com- for OVERLORD. He made it st the almost impassioned advice opkins and Stimson, against the known preference of both Stalin and Churchill, against his own proclaimed inclination to give to George Marshall the historic opportunity which he so greatly desired and so amply deserved.

Marshall has written me of this occasion:

"Harry Hopkins came to see me Saturday night (at Cairo) before dinner and told me the President was in some concern of mind over my appointment as supreme commander. I could not tell from the Hopkins' statement just what the President's point of view was and in my reply I merely endeavored to make it clear that I would go along wholeheartedly with whatever decision the President made. He need have no fears regarding my personal reaction . . .

"The next day the President had me call at his villa . . . I recalled saying that . . . the issue was too great for any personal feeling to be considered. I did not discuss the pros and cons of the matter. If I recall, the President stated in completing our conversation, 'I feel I could not sleep at night with you out of the country.'"

Roosevelt thereupon announced his selection of Eisenhower. It was one of the most difficult and one of the loneliest decisions he ever had to make. As events proved, not only in western Europe but in the whole superb direction of the war, it was surely one of the wisest.

From Cairo, Roosevelt flew back to Tunis, and, when he was met there by Eisenhower, said, "Well, Ike—you'd better start packing." Eisenhower at first thought that this meant confirmation of his assignment to Washington as Acting Chief of Staff.

On the subsequent flight to Malta and then to Sicily, Roosevelt talked at great length to Eisenhower about the prodigious difficulties that he would confront during the next few months at his new headquarters in London, where he would be surrounded by the majesty of the British government and the powerful personality of Winston Churchill, who still believed, in Roosevelt's opinion, that only through failure of a frontal attack across the Channel into France could the United Nations lose the war.

(Next week: The campaign known as Dewey vs. Fala. British-American Crisis over Greece.)

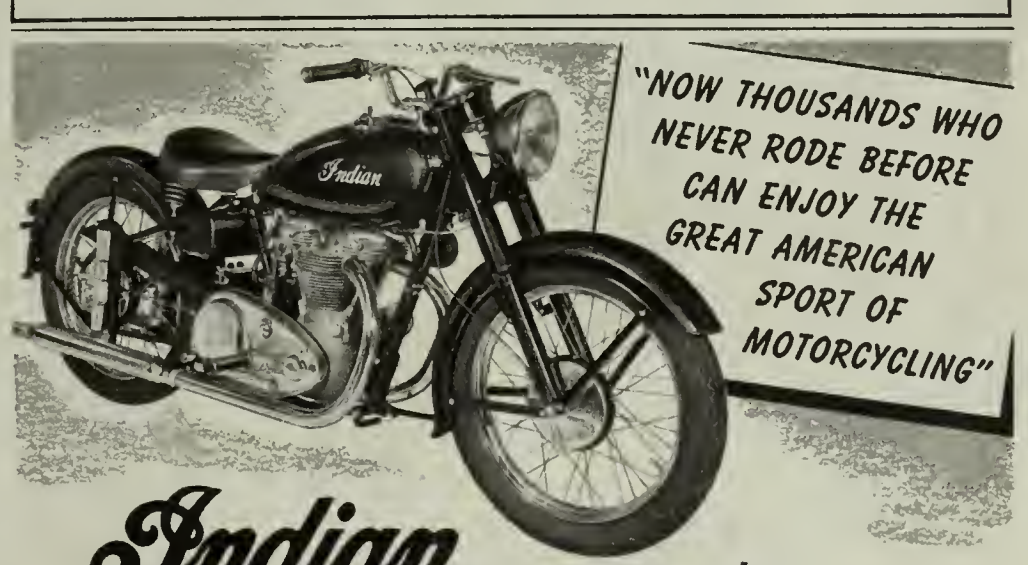
LITTLE LULU



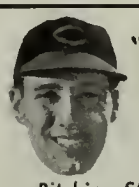
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WHY IKE SAID NO

Continued from page 15

governors made the pilgrimage. They all said more or less the same thing: The times demanded a man of Eisenhower's great stature and popularity and he would therefore have to put aside his personal wishes and accept a draft. Eisenhower gave these callers no encouragement, pointing to what he had said in his letter.

One visitor was franker than the others. He came right out and said that he wanted the general at the head of the Democratic ticket because he knew that otherwise he would lose his own race. There was no kidding around about public duty and the call of honor.

"Thank God for one honest man," was Eisenhower's comment.

Opportunists and Idolaters

The entreaties and the pleas in behalf of duty and honor did not deceive him at all. The politicians wanted someone to come to their rescue. There were, of course, idolaters such as former Congressman Joseph E. Casey of Massachusetts who argued with the general out of deep and sincere conviction.

The earnest petitions from another source were considerably harder to answer. As Eisenhower's name crept into the political news again, thousands of veterans began to write to him. He has always believed in answering all his mail, but the volume became such that he could not cope with it. Partly, these were inspired letters from the left wing of the Democratic party which sought to use Eisenhower's name to remove Mr. Truman from consideration.

Aspects of the new Eisenhower boom were downright funny. Strong support for it came from Americans for Democratic Action, the liberal-labor group containing many of the surviving New Dealers. Labor leaders, including Philip Murray of the C.I.O., gave it their tacit support. Beside them were Southern diehards opposed to Mr. Truman because of his civil-rights program. It was surely the oddest combination that ever tried to get a band wagon in motion.

The liberal-labor crowd seemed to assume that Eisenhower's views on most subjects would coincide with their own. But when he talked about the highly controversial civil-rights program, the general made no effort to conceal his convictions. He held rather strongly to the State rights points of view. In his opinion any attempt to use the police power of the federal government to enforce an antilynch law would produce disastrous consequences. It would be an invasion of the right of the states.

There was no doubt about how Eisenhower stood on foreign policy. He believed in a responsible role in world affairs for the United States. This meant American aid for Europe. It meant an adequate military establishment with a temporary draft and universal military training. American strength, he said on several occasions, was essential to a stable and peaceful world.

As the Republican convention drew near, the consideration uppermost in the general's mind was that the convention might become deadlocked. And out of the deadlock might come victory for the nationalists and the isolationists in the party. Then he would not be able to take a detached and impartial view of the political scene. The future not merely of his own country but of western Europe and the whole concept of a free society would be threatened.

One morning he dropped in at the American Press Institute conducted by Columbia's School of Journalism. He sat silent while that veteran of so many political wars, James A. Farley, gave visiting editors his predictions of tics to come. In answer to a que from one of the editors, Farley said in his opinion Eisenhower could n drafted by the Democratic conve unless President Truman removed self from consideration. That, sai general afterward, was what he beli too.

Shortly after they moved int Morningside Drive, the large and r formidable official residence of Co bia's presidents, the Eisenhowers a television set installed. That set prolonged workout during the Rep can convention. All through the nig the nominating speeches the gener in front of the flickering screen. H until the very end when, before a most empty hall, a pitifully cont "demonstration" was put on for eral MacArthur.

The next day saw acceleration c Stop Dewey drive. The faster the D machine rolled, the more desperate the efforts of those who wanted to it to a standstill. The trouble was the candidates could not agree on ar to whom their combined strength be thrown. While it was never kno the crowds milling in the hotel lo nor to the thousands in the steamy vention hall, Eisenhower's name tossed into a really smoke-filled ro which the Stop Dewey forces sough a way out of their dilemma.

But the man in slacks and a sport seated before his television set about it. He knew it because the begun to make frantic efforts to touch with him, first by telephon then by emissary from Philade But Eisenhower resolutely refus talk with any Republican faction.

When Dewey had been nomi Eisenhower waited to see whom th vention would choose for Vice- dent. After Governor Warren's sele he felt that he could go out and golf, and he did just that. His pe choice was a Vandenberg-Stassen partly, of course, because of his ad tion for and close friendship wit senator. But the Dewey-Warren seemed to him to be adequate.

The Message That Wasn't Wri

What he would have done in the of victory by the nationalist-isola wing the general had not clearly mined. But he knew that such a tri would have made it impossible fo to stand aside from the political He had contemplated a statement might have been phrased like th will join with anyone who stands f principles of international co-opera believe in and who will oppose who seem determined to take our try back to isolation and unpre ness." Such a statement issued crucial period between the two co tions probably would have mea nomination of Eisenhower by the D crats.

What almost everyone refused lieve was that he really did not wa Presidential nomination of either Hardly was the Republican show boards before a Democratic boo going. There was nothing in the mysterious behind the clarion ca such oddly assorted figures as Go William Tuck of Virginia, former Frank Hague of New Jersey and Roosevelt of California.

On June 6th the Roper poll s that Eisenhower was the top cho voters in both parties over all othe didates. The general was pe aware of that and he laughed cynically about it when eager emi

t: Stop Dewey movement were try-
g get at him.
"ney're interested in me because they
ue I can win for them," he said, "and
m ot going to lend myself to anything
hat."
e same motivation was all too pain-
apparent as unhappy Democratic
cos scurried about for some way to
d President Truman and substitute
ner. The only possible winner to be
ituted at the eleventh hour was ob-
ly Eisenhower. So the procession
to form once again. And stories
d to pour out of the Washington
r factory.
mor to the contrary, President Tru-
up to this point had done nothing
iscourage any political ambitions
Eisenhower might have been har-
g. Relations between the two had
cordial with considerable hero
hip on Truman's part. Nor had
tary of State George C. Marshall
mentioned the Presidency to his
gé, Eisenhower, except in the most
l way. On one occasion Marshall
"I shall have no difficulty with any
cal demands. But you, Eisenhower,
ite their close relationship he has
used any other form of address),
n for trouble."
ickly it became apparent that the
t Eisenhower drive might sweep the
ention. On June 30th a meeting of
President's closest political advisers
held in the White House. They dis-
d the danger of an Eisenhower
pede, recognizing that even if the
ral removed himself at the eleventh
the net result might be to repudiate
nan. With the sanction of the Presi-
it was agreed to try to get Eisen-
er to declare his intentions in
nce of the convention.
is mission was entrusted to George
n, who was to be one of the old
ds present at the Eisenhowers'
y-second wedding anniversary party.
as a delicate undertaking for Allen if
because of his close relationship
both the principals.
he pulling and hauling began once
n. At least once Allen telephoned
hington from New York to say that
aw no sign of any declaration from
general. But over the July 4th week
the nation-wide clamor swelled to
proportions. By maintaining si-
e Ike would seem to give consent to
Stop Truman move.
eluctantly, through Columbia's pub-
relations office, Eisenhower again
ared that he "could not accept nomi-
on for any public office or participate in any partisan political contest." In writing his letter in January, he had debated long over whether "could not" or "would not" would be the stronger expression and he had decided finally in favor of "could not." This time, too, he sought to make his declaration as strong as possible and so he used "could not," meaning that it was impossible for him to accept.

Handicaps of a Military President

There had been no essential change in his thinking. On the positive side he hoped to use his influence entirely outside the sphere of politics. On the negative side he saw real handicaps for a military man in the White House in coming years. Tension with Russia is not likely to diminish. A military President might be inclined to lean over backward to avoid the appearance of imposing militarization. He would be under the suspicion of furthering the interests of the military. And thus he might fail to do all that was possible to keep the country in a state of preparedness.

For 36 hours after the statement was issued by Columbia University's public relations office, the general was happy in the belief that, as he put it, he was completely out of the woods on the most serious personal problem he had ever been called on to face. But then from several points in the country came friendly warnings that the boom had actually not been suppressed. Eisenhower was still vulnerable; and so he sent his letter to Senator Claude Pepper, saying that this time he "would not" accept nomination to any political office.

That was final. Yet there was a last gasp and a loud one. It was the continuous bellow of "We want Eisenhower" sent up by Marty Snyder, the general's former mess sergeant, outside the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel in Philadelphia. But inside the convention hall the chastened politicians had finally stopped pursuing their phantom candidate. The name of Eisenhower was not spoken during the proceedings.

As a political manifestation, the Eisenhower boom—or series of booms—made the general definitely unhappy. It seemed to him a sign of political weakness and atrophy. The attempt to draft a military hero was a confession that civilian leadership was lacking.

"There is no magic in any man or in any name," he said. "They are looking for some way out of problems that cannot be solved by magic."

THE END



"—And now we switch you to the Republican dinner at the Jefferson Hotel for an address by the Honorable—"

"President Truman will be introduced by the Honorable—"

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Collier's believes...



...IN THE NEW ERA

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT was never so dead as when the Democratic party deliberated, if that is the right word, at the Philadelphia Convention. The Democrats seemed to make a left turn because doubtless there was nowhere else for them to go. The cycle was completed. A new order impends.

Twenty years ago when Herbert C. Hoover routed the late Alfred E. Smith, many Democrats mourned that the Democratic party was extinct and that it could never be revived. Four years later, thanks to a dreadful depression and his own quick wits, Franklin Delano Roosevelt overwhelmed the recently triumphant Republicans. When the election returns were counted in November, 1932, longheaded observers with no stomach for any Roosevelt and few Democrats surmised that the Democrats were in to stay, for 16 to 20 years. They were prophets.

We are not now forecasting Harry S. Truman's defeat and Thomas E. Dewey's election. To publish such a judgment would be considered a partisan act. Collier's takes pride in avoiding partisanship. It is not partisanship, however, to point out that nothing that happened in either political convention at Philadelphia had much to do with anything closely associated with Franklin D. Roosevelt.

It is fair to say that despite frantic words and foolish boasts both parties outlined essentially conservative programs. The Democrats' great rift was over the civil-rights plank. The Republicans were out ahead with principles equally radical and at least as sincerely held. At Philadelphia, Southern opposition to President Truman's civil-rights proposals polled 263 votes. On that one principle, politically important especially in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Illinois with votes adding up to 268, although of course not unimportant elsewhere, the Democratic majority alienated the South.

We shall not hear the last of the civil-rights issue this year. Some Southerners will vote for Governor Dewey this year because they loathe President Truman's civil-rights program. That is one of the ironies of history.

Harry S. Truman is closer to the Southern tradition than is Thomas E. Dewey but that reality has not moderated Southern hostility to his position.

Rapid progress toward political and economic equality is now being made in the South and in the North, too, for that matter. The civil-rights amendments to the Constitution were adopted 80-odd years ago in the wake of the Civil War. Not even constitutions change men's customs, habits and ways of thought instantly, as we had the chance to learn when the Eighteenth Amendment made a rather ignoble experiment of prohibition. So equality in the political field and in the economic is not wholly accomplished. But we are moving and the very Southern states most hostile to President Truman's proposals have been conspicuous in the advance.

There are no essential differences between Republicans and Democrats on foreign policies. John Foster Dulles, Governor Dewey's adviser on foreign affairs, has been a collaborator with Secretary Marshall as he was with Secretary Byrnes, Secretary Stettinius and Secretary Hull. It is a happy circumstance that there are no divisions between the two parties. We have trouble enough trying to keep the peace with Russia without the confusion of differences of opinion among ourselves.

The sharp difference between Republicans and Democrats centers in their promises to labor. The Republicans stand by the Taft-Hartley law. The Democrats promise to repeal it. Actually it is unlikely that the Democrats will repeal it if they can and it is certain that the Republicans will modify it if amendments are clearly indicated by experience. Organized labor politically is opposed to the Taft-Hartley Act but members of labor unions favor most, if not all of the provisions of the law. So when any party comes to consider revision or repeal, very strong support for the essential provisions of the law will be provided both by labor and Democrats.

The great truth is that no political party is able to foresee in just what form the problems of the next four years will appear. So we shall have to do this year what we have generally done in the past. We shall decide between men rather than between widely opposed principles. Both Democrats and Republicans are Americans first and political partisans afterward. We can be very sure, howe that the issues of 1949 and thenceforth will no those which divided us in the 1930s or the 19 One era is dead and another era is beginning. won't find our new directions by looking b ward. . . .

W. L

●

..."SAVING" OFTEN MAKES WASTE: Exce from a wise speech delivered in Boston:

The employees should strive to make the earn of any business as large as possible. There can b greater mistake for the workingman than to restrict output of the individual. You must make the t earnings of the business . . . the largest possible . mean the aggregate fund available for paying w ingmen, capitalists and managers. Make this ag gate large and there will be plenty for all among wh it is to be divided. . . .

Any restriction upon the output of the individual duces the fund of profits available for distribution, sides demoralizing the man who is so restricted.

It follows also that differences in efficiency betw different individuals must be recognized and reward and that those who can work faster and better than others must not be retarded by the less efficient.

A limitation of the production of the individua pure waste. The business is merely rendered less pr able . . . Nor does the restriction of the output m more work for others. . . .

If you waste human effort you make the product more. If you raise prices without increasing inco you have simply limited the amount that will be bou You have not made more work for more people. have merely given people less for their money.

It's all true, all hard-boiled economic fact— all ignored or sought to be by-passed in many a bor organization today. And it was all said years ago—in February, 1905—by the late Louis Brandeis, great thinker, great jurist, and one of idols of many labor leaders and "liberals" n Wonder how these folks ever lost sight of that ticular Brandeis Boston speech.

Collier's

SEPTEMBER 4, 1948 TEN CENTS

F.D.R.'s PRIVATE OPINION OF DEWEY'S CAMPAIGN

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

MIRACLES MADE TO ORDER

By Lester Velie



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greatest asset is her ability to pose natu- he never "freezes" in front of a camera. ke all topflight models, she knows how er career depends on a sparkling smile.

ddition to being a "model" Mother, Pat are of a seven-room house, is an active League Member as well! And always on ily program is her prized Ipana dental : *Regular brushing with Ipana, then gentle ssage.*

is the care so *many* models give their Get started toward a "model" smile your- et a tube of Ipana today.



Even the Mickey Mouse balloon has a great big grin . . . when Pat and young Brucie spend an afternoon in the park. They're having a *wonderful* time . . . judging from their sparkling smiles! Smiles that Pat entrusts only to Ipana . . . because she knows that more dentists recommend and use Ipana than any other tooth paste (according to a recent nationwide survey). What's more, Ipana's exclusive formula actually stimulates gum circulation—and with gentle massage promotes the health of your gums!



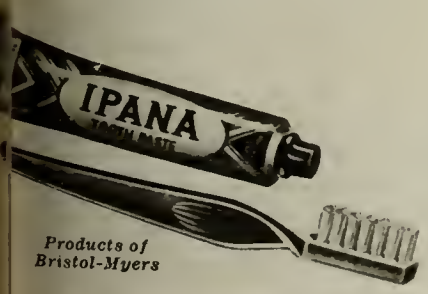
g the pigeons ou Saturday morning hing Bruce really goes for. Every (evening, too!) the whole family Ipana's lively, refreshing flavor. na yourself . . . *you'll* love the way it our mouth fresher, your breath every time you use it!



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"Get set!" warns Bruce as the race starts. And the Buckalew family *is* all set, especially when it comes to sound dental care. For Pat knows that firm, healthy gums are important to sparkling teeth. If *your* gums flash a warning tinge of "pink," *see your dentist.* For home care, he may simply recommend "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and gentle massage."





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September 4, 1948

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•

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COVER By *TONI FRISSELL*

THE WEEK'S MAIL

THE NUT THAT HOLDS THE STEERING WHEEL

THE EDITORS OF COLLIER'S: Re your editorial These Are the Worst Drivers (July 17th) I would like also to nominate for your "Hall of Infame" the truck driver who crawls up a hill at five miles an hour and then cuts loose down the other side; the goof who stops his car in the middle of a busy street while his wife "just pops in the store"; the jackass who tries to pass a string of cars ahead of him and, finding he can't, tries to get back into line; the guy who thinks the white line is put there so he can center his car on it; the other guy who follows you a foot or two behind your rear bumper; and the geni-ass who beats the stop light. I heartily endorse the old taxi driver's advice, "Drive as if everybody else was a damfool."

AUSTEN BOLAN, D. SC., Howells, N.

. . . The person who pulls to the middle of the road to turn right; the other car who pulls to the right-hand curb to turn left. M. R. FRANK, Akron, O.

. . . My candidates for bad drivers are not the slowpokes. How about the one who races you to a corner to make a right turn ahead of you?

R. C. WURTSMITH, Hermiston, O.

. . . I nominate (a) the yokel who zooms off a secondary road onto a first-class highway of heavy traffic, (b) the "Barney Oldfield" who doubles a hill on the same highway. PAUL H. FUQUA, Dallas, Tex.

. . . I'll nominate him who steps on the gas to keep us in our place when we wish to run around his snail-paced jalopy.

WALTER H. KELLEY, Altoona,

. . . I have witnessed several hundred accidents, either at the time, or within a few minutes. Not over a dozen could be blamed on the "snail drivers." Some were caused by blowouts, defective tie rods, spindle bolts, broken axles, etc. Blinding lights were the reason given for some. Defective brakes was another.

FRANK M. BOWERS, Kansas City,

. . . "Discourtesy" just about sums up the whole case against all reckless drivers.

E. G. LOUGHNER, Wilkinsburg,

. . . The male animal between the ages of 17 and 25 home from college on

(Continued on page 39)

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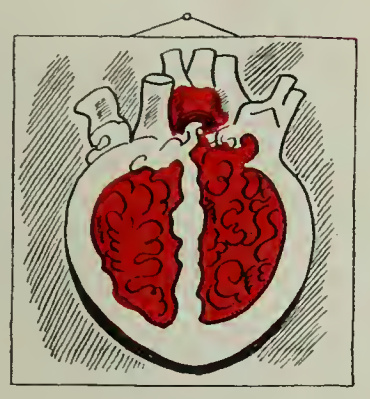
MEET A MAN WITH HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE



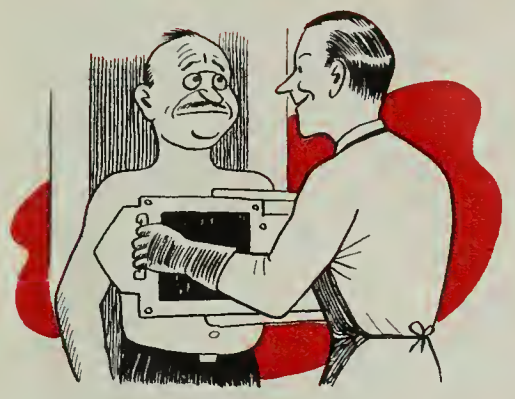
1. Everybody has blood pressure. It goes up every time your heart beats, down when your heart rests. The average *level* of your blood pressure goes up and down, too, depending on whether you are active or quiet, excited or calm.



e doctor discovered that the level s man's blood pressure stayed high of the time. He had high blood ure (hypertension).



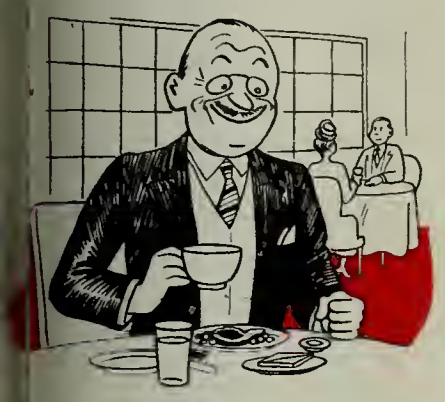
3. His heart had to work harder to circulate his blood. This extra strain often enlarges the heart muscle. Arteries, brain and kidneys may also be affected.



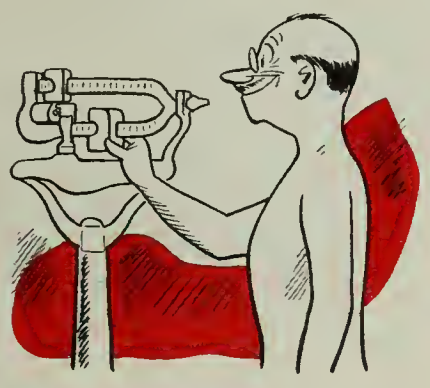
4. However, after a complete medical examination, this man learned that, like most high blood pressure patients today, he could do a lot to help himself.



5. By taking his doctor's advice, he learned how to live with his ailment, to slow down at work and play, to get plenty of sleep and rest.



followed his doctor's instructions t diet, so that the food he ate t help his condition, and avoid ng an extra burden on his heart.



7. He brought his weight down to normal and kept it there. For blood pressure often rises and falls as weight goes up and down.



8. He learned to keep calm, to avoid worry and emotional strain, because nervous tension and hypertension often go hand in hand.



9. He sees his doctor for frequent check-ups. Under good medical care and with sensible living habits, he can look forward to many happy, useful years.

HOW MEDICAL SCIENCE COMBATS HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

High blood pressure may clear up quickly ler a doctor's care. Sometimes, a period of e elapses before progress is made. There y be infections to eliminate, or the doctor y conclude that special diets, drugs or sur- y are needed.

Control of hypertension is easiest when it is covered early—and the surest way to do s is through periodic medical examinations. is is particularly important if you are middle- d or older, are overweight, or if there has r been high blood pressure in your family.

There is real hope that future advances of medical science will provide still more effective means of combating high blood pressure. Many continuing studies are being aided by the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund, supported by 148 Life Insurance Companies, which makes grants for special research in diseases of the heart and arteries, including high blood pressure.

For further helpful information about high blood pressure, send for your copy of Metropolitan's free booklet 108-C, "Your Heart."

TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 108-C, "Your Heart."

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He's the Winner ...he's got P.A.*



● We don't say that with P.A. you'll win a charming miss like this. But we do say that there's something about a pipe that adds a lot to a man's attractiveness. And when that pipe is filled with rich-tasting P.A.—you've got real smoking joy and comfort.

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P.A.* means Pipe Appeal
P.A.* means Prince Albert

● The familiar red pocket tin of P.A. now has the Humidor Top—which seals *in* the freshness and flavor *every time you snap it shut*. Prince Albert's choice crimp cut tobacco is mild—specially treated to insure against tongue bite. Try P.A.—and see why it's America's largest-selling smoking tobacco!

NEW HUMIDOR TOP!



THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

KEEP UP WITH THE WORL

BY FRELING FOSTER



Until a few years ago in the world's primitive-settlements, most of the motion pictures exhibited were not only very old but were also run at half speed to consume more time. Therefore, their numerous scratches and slow-moving figures created the impression among the natives that, in the land of the white man, it rained constantly and everyone was sick.

Perhaps the most spectacular drama presented on the American stage was The Miracle which played the Century Theatre in New York in 1924-1925 and then toured the country for four years. As the action took place in a cathedral with the audience as the congregation, the Century had to be changed into a Gothic edifice with pews, a great altar and stained-glass windows. This work took 11 months and cost, with the costumes for the 700 actors, over $500,000. So extensive was the show's equipment that, on the road, it required three weeks for installation and 204 freight cars for transportation.

Of the some 20 persons who attempted a death-defying stunt at Niagara Falls between 1859 and 1928, ten succeeded and lived. Two men passed through the rapids, one in a barrel and the other by swimming with a life preserver. Two men and one woman, Annie E. Taylor, went over the falls, one in a rubber ball and two in barrels. And four men and one woman, Maria Spelterini, walked and performed tricks on a 1,100-foot tightrope stretched from the American to the Canadian side 185 feet above the waters of the gorge.

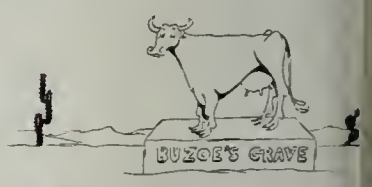


Without knowing the origin or purpose of the custom, the inhabitants of a community on the Danish island of Jutland always bowed, until 15 years ago, to a white wall outside the door of their church when passing in and out. The mystery was solved by a Copenhagen historian who found, under the wall's coat of paint, a picture of the Madonna that had been obliterated soon after the Reformation. Thus, from habit alone, the people had continued to pay homage to the blank space for 12 generations.—*By Howard Lindsey, Ontario, Canada.*

One way a man's name may t tingly become a household wor lustrated by the case of Joe M Jestbook. Although this seriou lish actor was never known to w jest, his name was facetiously u the author of a collection of chea coarse witticisms, published a after his death in 1738. As a every corny joke has been refer as "a Joe Miller" for nearly tw turies.



As late as 1888, it was belie some persons in this country th could read and were amenable t gestions. In that year a man in wishing to get rid of the rodents basement, wrote them a lett placed it in one of their holes note not only asked them to but also thoughtfully recomme new home for them, at a certa dress down the street whe assured them they would find quarters and more food. And following day, according to his they actually did depart.



While accompanying a party veyors mapping the Gibson D Australia in 1876, Buzoe, the of the outfit, died and was where she fell. Feeling she was of the honor, her grieving marked the spot "Buzoe's Gra the chart they were making ar mained on maps of Australi lished as late as 1935.

Of the world's 163 rec breeds of purebred dogs, originated in the United Stat American foxhound, America spaniel, Amertoy, Boston Chesapeake Bay retriever, hound, spitz and Staffordshire Among the other breeds, 47 or in the British Isles, 23 in Fran Germany, eight in Italy, six ir and the remaining 54 in 25 oth tries.



DRAWINGS BY GEORGE

Ten dollars will be paid for each cepted for this column. Contribut be accompanied by their source of tion. Address Keep Up With th Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New Y N. Y. This column is copyrighte Items may be reproduced without



PACK IT—washable, quick-drying nylon man's robe! So light it takes up little room—so long-wearing you'll be packing it for many trips to come! Because nylon can be "heat set," wrinkles and creases are no worry.



WORK WITH IT! In the water—out again—commercial laundry bags must be strong, light, extra long-wearing. And they are—made with nylon! Tough, elastic nylon fibers have a high tensile strength when wet, are unaffected by detergents.



WASH IT! Hang it up! Your nylon blouse is almost ready to wear again. For nylon is that fast-drying fiber! Needs oh so little ironing; can be set to hold its shape. Your blouse will keep its fresh, crisp and feminine look—wear and WEAR!

news about NYLON

it all started with a stocking

. . . a sheerer, lovelier, longer-wearing stocking than women had ever dreamed of!

Today you're choosing filmy nylon hose in fashion-right, costume-bright colors—sheer, resilient, surprisingly strong for their weight.

You're finding nylon nicer in sweaters, panties, slips, lace, gloves—you're benefiting from nylon's toughness and elasticity in countless industrial uses.

Du Pont makes the nylon fibers used in the products shown. The manufacturers of these products use nylon because nylon products can have these outstanding properties:

- √ STRENGTH
- √ LIGHTNESS
- √ ELASTICITY
- √ TOUGHNESS
- √ LONG WEAR
- √ EASY WASHING
- √ FAST DRYING
- √ FLAME RESISTANCE
- √ RESISTANCE TO MOTHS AND PERSPIRATION
- √ CAN BE "SET" TO HOLD SHAPE

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

TO MANUFACTURERS: Are there textile fibers in your product? Then you'll wont to reod "Nylon Textile Fibers in Industry." Write for this important book now!

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YOU SHOULD SIMONIZ YOUR CAR!



THE SOONER YOU SIMONIZ YOUR CAR THE BETTER!



KEEPS COLORS FROM FADING!

. . . for longer lasting beauty and protection

"Nothing even begins to compare with wonderful Simoniz" soy millions of motorists everywhere. "It outshines ond outlosts them all!" Yes, Simoniz builds up o sporkling brillionce . . . keeps colors from foding . . . protects the glomorous finish month ofter month! And now onyone con do o reolly professionol job of Simonizing—in holf the time. You don't need a buffer or other equipment—just the inexpensive Simoniz ond Simoniz Kleener. After thot it's eosy to keep your cor clean and bright with just a dry or domp clothl

Simoniz Kleener is morvelous for sofely cleoning the finish and making cors look reolly new ogoin. Use the Liquid Kleener os o one-operation "quickie slick-up" and before opplying Simoniz. For extremely dull cars only Poste Simoniz Kleener will cleon the finish ond fully restore the luster. To keep your cor dozzling with breoth-toking glomour . . . follow up with fomous Simoniz! Remember—alwoys insist on amazing Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener . . . best by for for your cor!

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GIVES TWICE THE SHINE IN ½ THE TIME!



MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

MAKES THE FINISH LAST LONGER



THE Week's Work

Gordon Hillman want the theater, got then wanted to wr

AT SEVENTEEN, Gordon Malherbe Hillman was stage and movie struck. He didn't want to act—just sit rapturously in B-2 on the aisle forever. By some remarkable dispensation, at nineteen he found himself movie critic under the legendary H. T. (Hell-to-Pay) Parker on the Boston Transcript. "Then, for some reason not clear to me," says Mr. Hillman, "a couple of movie directors conceived the erroneous idea I'd be of assistance to them."

So Mr. Hillman did a turn in Hollywood—and disillusionment began to set in.

Returning to criticism (and sanity) again, Mr. Hillman got to know a lot of actors: another dream of seventeen come true. "But everyone knows what happens to people whose wishes come true," he says sadly. "I had wished to go to the theater constantly—and I did. Also to concert halls and the opera. I began to hate seats B-2 and B-4 on the aisle. I began to think Dorothy Parker had summed up the drama critic's life when she pithily wrote her whole life in one sentence: 'Baby Taking a Terrible Beating!' "

There was a gimmick, however. Fortunately Mr. Hillman had started writing stories between dream glances at Jeanne Eagels, and listening to Mr. Koussevitzky, Stravinsky *et al.* "Short stories got me out of B-2 and B-4," he says. "But there are shadows of actors I used to know in my story Broadway Doll (p. 18)."



Roald Dahl

ROALD DAHL, winner of this week's Star Story award (Collector's Item, p. 14), is a thirty-one-year-old English bachelor who lives on a farm between Oxford and London. Old MacDonald style, the farm contains one Jersey cow, 12 ducks, 16 greyhounds, two cairns, one long-haired dachsie, two canaries, one tame magpie and a ferret. The cow gives milk, the ducks lay eggs, the dogs catch rabbits, the canaries sing, the magpie steals and the ferret stinks.

Dahl is a one-man fiction factory, writes from 10 A.M. to 1 P.M. (blinds drawn and electric lights blazing), then from 8 P.M. to midnight. Afternoons he fusses with the greyhounds he has bred for rejection-slip days.

Dahl's ma and pa were Norwegian (he speaks the language fluently), and he was educated in England.

On leaving school at seventeen, Dahl went to Newfoundland, and walked, to his intense discomfort, the entire island from north to south with 110 pounds on his back. He was working in east Africa in '39 when the war came. Joining the R.A.F. fighter pilot, he fought in I Greece and Syria. Finally shot d he received a fractured ski smashed nose and spinal in These have necessitated two spinal operations—the last in '4

When he isn't working, he oc himself with books, model p gambling, fine music, fine pa and seems to get along fine.

RICHARD HARMEL'S Good News for Little W (p. 66) strikes right home. He h is married to a s shapely Little Woma should speak with a ity on fashions for things of five feet fiv under.

Mr. Harmel is a lander transplanted t York. The youngest yeoman before the w served five years i Navy, then willy found himself a fashi porter for both sexes the war. In time h came executive edit the stylish Glamour.

It was his investig as a style snoop that set Mr. H thinking of the problems of c for the pint-sized lovely. "Ther widespread ignorance among women when it came to kn about clothes especially design them," he reveals. "So I deci become a Moses in the wilderne lead the little ladies into the la glamour at no excessive cost."

WE ASKED Robert Zacks debuted in Collier's 18 n ago with a short short and now h fifth short short, The Unchain p. 62, how he did it. He repl and his charming wife Henna cooped up in thei New York apartmer rainy day, drearily ing of how nice vac were. Mr. Zacks her profile as she l through the window was immediately with the patience in i how little in a materi he'd given her in the years of marriage cad!).



Mr. and Mrs. Zacks

Whereupon Mr. says he searched his and Zang! the wri him screamed that a hung right before his nose. The Unchai the result, also a vacation wi proceeds, he reveals.

This week's cover: Cone of Co ment. The young man is G Stewart (Don) Brown, twelve, o Washington, D.C., and now Franciscan. Toni Frissell, a of the Browns, was in Wash making color shots of children. she got the picture. . . . TED SH

KO's PIC-TOUR OF THE MONTH



APPY HUDDLE. CARY GRANT, newcomer BETSY DRAKE and Director Don Hartman hold conference over script of RKO romantic omedy, based on Ladies' Home Journal serial, "Every Girl Should Be Married." FRANCHOT TONE and DIANA LYNN are also starred.



CAUTIOUS CARESS. Tough-guy DICK POWELL has his tender moments but JANE GREER isn't sure this is one of them. Scene from RKO's thundering *Station West* in which Dick plays a man with a mission, Jane a dance hall Queen who'd like to make him forget that mission.



OTHERN ACCENT. When "Judge" ALEXANDER KNOX wanders way from home in RKO's *The Judge Steps Out* everybody in town wonders why. ANN SOTHERN is the lovely lady involved in this very aucy tale of a man who dares do what most men only dream of doing.



NO MATCH for a savage with a knife is a guy with a gun pointed the wrong way. But ROBERT MITCHUM, here stalking hired killers in RKO's *Blood on The Moon*, has a sixth sense and uses it. Also starred in this lusty saga are BARBARA BEL GEDDES, ROBERT PRESTON.

THESE BIG RKO PICTURES WILL SOON BE SHOWN AT YOUR THEATRE

RKO RADIO PICTURES

200,000 'JEEPS' NOW AT WORK!

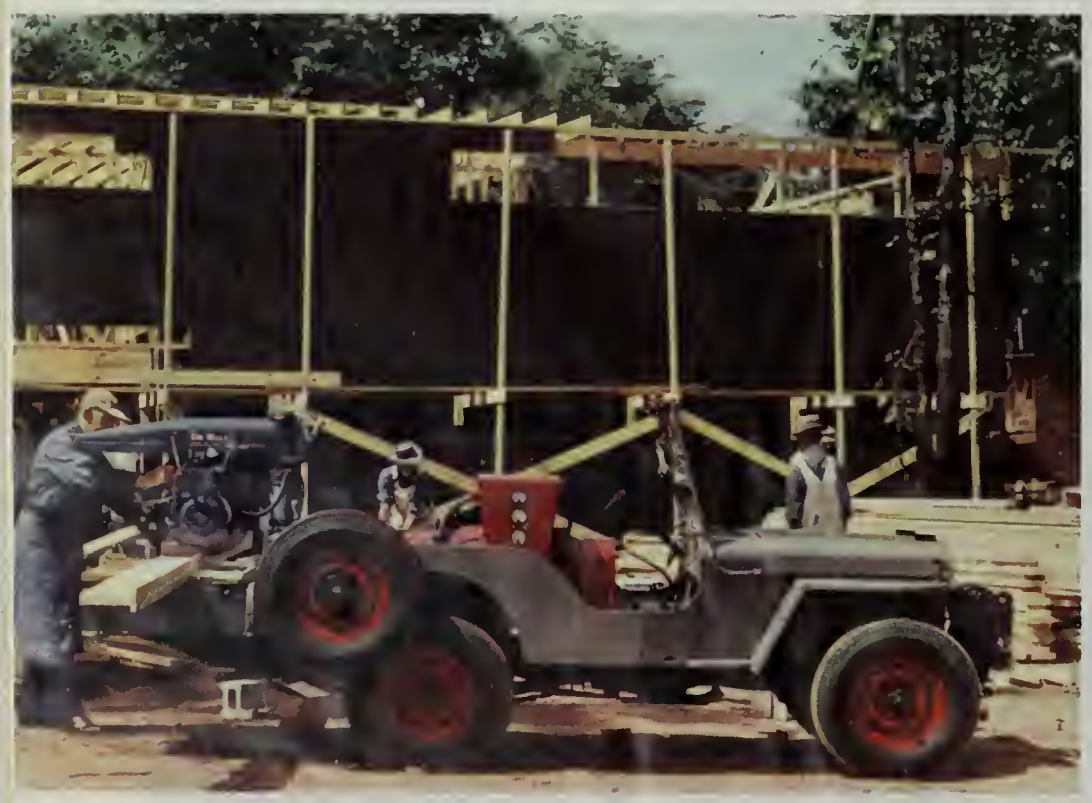
In three years, the Universal 'Jeep' has won a place in industry and agriculture, at home and abroad, as the most widely useful motor vehicle ever built. Now, 200,000 tough, rugged 'Jeeps' are at work on jobs that need 4-wheel-drive traction, maneuverability an auxiliary power. Let your Willys-Overlan dealer demonstrate this versatile and highly economical workhorse made by the world' largest maker of 4-wheel-drive vehicles



THE STOP-AT-NOTHING 'JEEP' travels right down highline and pipeline rights-of-way to get men and tools to the job in any weather. Four-wheel-drive and high maneuverability make it perfect for off-road work.



THIS 'JEEP'-PROPELLED TRENCHER digs trenches up to 5 feet deep rate of 300 feet an hour. Mounted on the 'Jeep' and powered 'Jeep' Engine, it gets to jobs in a hurry, speeds up pipe and cable



YOU GET POWER ON THE JOB, *anywhere,* with a 'Jeep' to generate electricity for tools and lights. Generators from 3.75 KVA to 12.5 KVA can be operated by the 'Jeep' Engine through center power take-off.



WITH AN ELECTRIC ARC WELDER mounted in the steel bed, the U 'Jeep' becomes a mobile welding unit that reaches the job V-belt connection to 'Jeep' drive shaft powers 200-300 amp

4-WHEEL-DRIVE UNIVERSAL 'Jeep'

WILLYS-OVERLAND MOTORS • TOLEDO • MAKERS OF AMERICA'S MOST USEFUL VEHI



PASSPORT TO *Missouri*

Ann had given her solemn word that she would accompany Mrs. Ammerman to Europe. That was before she fell in love with a stubborn young man who was going the other way

BY LAURENCE CRITCHELL

I WAS painting in the park that day, she said, and you know how people always bother you when you paint in the park. Well, David came along and stood and watched me, only he didn't bother me, so after a while I looked up to see why.

He was a nice, clean-cut young man who wore a white shirt and a tie and a tweed coat, even though it was a warm day. He smiled at me, and he had just the right touch of shyness, as though afraid he might have embarrassed me. I liked the way he smiled, and I liked the even temper of his expression and the honesty of his eyes, but I was a little old-fashioned, having been brought up in a small town in Dutch Pennsylvania, so I said nothing. Besides, I was leaving the city at the end of the week and I didn't want any complications. I was going to Europe.

"That's good," he approved when I stepped back to look at what I had done.

"Thank you," I said, which was a difficult thing for me to say, because I wasn't at all sure that it was good.

I didn't know whether to fold up my easel and go away, so he'd understand that I wasn't painting just to make the acquaintance of strangers, or to finish what I had begun so that he'd go on talking to me. He had a very nice voice, quite low and humorous and sincere.

"I've always thought I'd like to be an artist," he said, sitting down on the grass. "Do you do it for a living?"

I pretended a vital concern with a very small part of the foreground of my painting, because inside of me there was a warning sensation of panic. "I used to work over there," I told him, waving a brush at the Corcoran Gallery on the other side of the mall. "But Friday was my last day. I'm going to Europe."

All he said was: "That's too bad." After a minute he got to his feet, and then I knew that I didn't want him to leave. "What do *you* do?" I asked.

"I'm a draftsman."

"But that's being an artist!" I objected, still paying very strict attention to the foreground of my canvas.

"Mechanical draftsmanship," he amended humorously. "The first requirement is a mathematical mind. The second requirement is *(Continued on page 68)*

"I'm stubborn," David said. "Sometimes I can't be reasoned with at all. I also enjoy an extra cup of coffee after supper. So you might just as well start the percolator now"

ILLUSTRATED BY BEN HUR BAZ



A Du Pont research team looks on as a test specimen is removed from a press which has transformed a white powder into a rigid solid. The next ep is to analyze its properties. Left to right are C. P. Anderson, Dr. William S. Calcott, Dr. Carl Irwin, Dr. Howard Parmelee and Dr. J. M. Hami

MIRACLES MADE TO ORDER

BY LESTER VELIE

Today's Thomas Edisons and George Westinghouses are teams of scientists and technicians. Through production-line methods they conjure brand-new materials out of the elements. Du Pont has more than 2,000 laboratory miracle makers

THE research boss whisked off his coat, yanked out and brandished his shirttail. It was a steaming summer day, and the shirt was clammy with perspiration.

"Look," he said, "no ugly creases." For all the heat, the cloth had resisted wrinkling, and the collar about the research man's wet neck was almost as smooth and fresh as if it had just come from the laundry.

"Last night," the research man said, "I rinsed this shirt in my bathroom sink. Been doing it for a year. This morning I put it on." He patted the silklike surface. "Needed only half the usual laundering. It's a traveling salesman's dream."

He itemized the fabric's other virtues: It won't weaken or become brittle in sunlight and it is so strong you can make awnings of it. Mold abhors it.

Still unnamed and in the testing stage, it is the latest miracle to issue from the laboratories of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, Inc., which has a system for creating miracles

There is nothing secret about the system; it is simply research through teams who replace the lone Thomas Edisons and George Westingho es just as production-line workers ve replaced the lone worker. As Ai ri can as mass production, teamwor re search pays off with bull's-eyes— e products custom-built to suit sp ifi needs.

Du Pont's lab teams are mad u of 1,800 scientists plus a larger m ber of technicians. These range om test-tube watchers to men of g n who make the inspired guesses ha lead to a nylon or a neoprene. Sc eg ularly do these teams produce i u trial miracles that one third o D Pont sales today consist of pro ic that didn't exist or weren't made n commercial scale ten years ago.

Du Pont's teams chalked up th ir general purpose man-made ru be They found a way to mass-pr uce tetraethyl lead, thus making po b the high-octane gasolines that h pe London turn back the *Luft* ft They concocted a rat poison so p that one pound could kill 200,0 the pests. They discovered plan ic mones that glue fruits to trees nt they are ripe for plucking; also a ap less soap, weed killers, a well-ni in destructible plastic, a rayon ya fo

cord of greater tensile strength
steel, and, of course, stockings
e of coal, air and water.
long the way, between the two
d wars, Du Pont's teams helped
rica create a vast synthetic chem-
industry. Starting with dyes to
ce those made in Germany,
rica's chemists went on to open
new world of man-made materi-
replace, and in some cases excel,
of nature: nylon and rayon for
silk in parachutes; neoprene and
r synthetics for natural rubber;
ics for metals and woods.
to the hands of team members
make the future, Du Pont has put
y million dollars' worth of tools
has 36 research laboratories scat-
l over nine states—and is adding
000,000 more to make its Wil-
gton, Delaware, experimental sta-
one of the world's biggest
rch centers.
e care and feeding of genius is a
us matter at Du Pont.
enius in turn operates with the
and style of men giving their all
home and country. Faced with
ask of mass-producing tetraethyl
the antiknock ingredient that
ches our gasoline 100,000,000
yearly, 25 Du Pont researchers
ted known and unknown dangers
it. Their leader, Dr. William Cal-
still carries in his bones the lead
sited in that do-or-die struggle.
lack of safety knowledge which
ered the early researchers has
since been corrected.
hen Charles F. Kettering of Gen-
Motors discovered the value of
ethyl, it cost about $40 a pound
ke in the laboratory. Today, fac-
produced, it sells for about as
cents a pound. Transferring it
laboratory to factory is rated as
of the toughest assignments this
ry's researchers have had. Lead
is a poison—and as insidious as
led cobra.

Progress to a Slow Death

harmless-looking fluid with a
odor, its vapors are so potent
a few good whiffs will give you
bled dreams. Inhaled over a long
d, it replaces the calcium phos-
e in the bones with lead phos-
e. Continued whiffing or skin
act will lead progressively to loss
petite, chronic nausea, hallucina-
, delirium and finally to death.
make lead ethyl, chemists must
cantankerous chemicals that burn
ontact with the air or explode in
bination with one another. So-
-lead alloys, needed for making
ethyl, may burn when exposed to
nd ethyl chloride, that must be
ed with the sodium-lead alloy, is
so volatile that it boils at low
temperature.
r. Calcott's troubles began with
irst good whiff of lead ethyl. A
d sleeper without a dream in his
, he took to dreaming violently.
n a robust 150 pounds, he dwin-
to 100. Then, after working
t a month, he began to have
ble with cats.
eighbors' cats took to crawling
his home, and the scientist, no
over, would collar them and evict
gently from a first-story window.
one night when he gave chase, he
ht no cats. But he did succeed in
euvering several into a bedroom,
e he locked them in.
ext morning when he looked for
ats they were gone. They had es-
d from a room in which the win-
s and doors were locked! Calcott
realized he had reached the next to the last step in his progress toward death by lead poisoning—hallucinations

He knew then that his biggest problem was how to keep himself and his team alive. Twenty-five researchers came down with lead poisoning and were taken off the job. Each morning the men were asked: "How did you sleep last night?" Tossers and dreamers were summarily benched.

Calcott, nauseated and staggering, hung on. If the leader quit, everybody would quit. A hood was developed to shield the men from the lead ethyl vapors, with powerful fans to draw the vapors off. When the lead ethyl seeped through rubber gloves, a special research team tackled that problem and, after a month, came up with a lead ethyl-resistant glove. Other new safety measures were adopted.

Averting Danger of Explosion

To make a sodium-lead alloy without starting a fire, researchers introduced the sodium to the lead in a nitrogen-filled container. Then, through weeks of mathematical figuring and experiment, the team found the precise slow-motion timing for introducing ethyl chloride to sodium-lead alloy without causing an explosion. This was done in a unique autoclave (a container for reacting chemicals) equipped with a rotating shaft studded with blades like quills on a porcupine. This autoclave put on a continuous pyrotechnic display. Accumulating gases built up pressure against a safety vent and escaped through the plant chimney with a glorious burst of blue flame. All hands in the big Jackson Laboratory would rush outdoors, when the flames started, to watch the fireworks.

It took nine months of round-the-clock laboratory and pilot-plant research to tame lead ethyl. Even so, six men died of lead poisoning when mass production started in 1923. There have been no deaths or serious poisoning cases since. Frequent medical check-ups and almost complete automatic operation have taken care of that. Incidentally, there's less than a teaspoonful of lead ethyl per gallon of ethyl gasoline, and the public never comes in contact with lead ethyl.

Mass production of lead ethyl was a made-to-order miracle. But sometimes miracles pop by accident.

In 1925, Du Pont researchers hunting new dye chemicals concocted a compound known as alpha-naphthylthiourea. A flop in dyemaking, the compound was shelved. Twenty-one years later it was taken down from the shelf to become a rat killer, dubbed Antu, so deadly that eight ten-thousandths (.0008) of an ounce kills a brown rat. It happened this way:

A Du Pont chemist, working with a chemical known as phenylthiocarbamide, tasted a bit. "Whew, this is bitter!" he said. "Here, taste this," he said to a co-worker.

"I don't taste a thing," the man replied.

Puzzled, the chemist asked a half-dozen colleagues in the laboratory to taste the stuff. To his amazement, about half the researchers tasted the bitter phenylthiocarbamide (let's call it P.T.C.) and the others tasted nothing. Here was a biologic puzzler. Did human beings inhabit taste worlds of their own?

The chemist, Dr. A. L. Fox, loaded his pockets with crystals of P.T.C. and started testing all comers. At cocktail parties, conventions and schools

(Continued on page 64)



Lunch is not a time for relaxation at Du Pont. Between bites, Dr. Charles C. Harris, chemist, diagrams a problem for Dr. Clario N. Jimison, chemical engineer



Chemist L. G. Anderson leads a discussion on synthetic fibers. Seated at the table is Dr. Vernal L. Hardy. Dr. William Hale Charch (in coat) is in the group



In research work much of the glassware must be made specially for the job by Du Pont's own glassblowers. Here Randolph Searle adds parts to a still pot

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK MANNING

Collector's Item

The bet itself was simple enough, but the stakes were insane

BY ROALD DAHL

IT WAS getting on toward six o'clock so I thought I'd buy myself a beer and go out and sit in a deck chair by the swimming pool and have a little evening sun.

I went to the bar and got the beer and carried it outside and wandered down the garden toward the pool.

It was a fine garden with lawns and beds of azaleas and tall coconut palms, and the wind was blowing strongly through the tops of the palm trees making the leaves hiss and crackle as though they were on fire. I could see the clusters of big brown nuts hanging down underneath the leaves.

There were plenty of deck chairs around the swimming pool and there were white tables and huge brightly colored umbrellas and sunburned men and women sitting around in bathing suits. In the pool itself there were three or four girls and about a dozen boys, all splashing about and making a lot of noise and throwing a large rubber ball at one another.

I stood watching them. The girls were English girls from the hotel. The boys I didn't know about, but they sounded American and I thought that they were probably naval cadets who'd come ashore from the U.S. naval training vessel which had arrived in harbor that morning.

I went over and sat down under a yellow umbrella where there were four empty seats. I poured my beer carefully, wiped the froth off my upper lip, settled back comfortably and lighted a cigarette.

It was very pleasant sitting there in the sunshine with my beer and my cigarette. It was pleasant to sit and watch the bathers splashing about in the water.

The American sailors were getting on nicely with the English girls. They'd reached the stage where they were diving under the water and tipping them up by their legs.

Just then I noticed a small, oldish man walking briskly around the edge of the pool. He was immaculately dressed in a white suit and he walked very quickly with little bouncing strides, pushing himself high up onto his toes with each step. He was one of those people who have springs in their legs. He had on a cream-colored Panama hat and he came bouncing along the side of the pool toward where I was sitting, looking at the chairs as he went.

He stopped beside me and he smiled and his teeth were white and slightly uneven and obviously expensive. His skin was rather dark and I figured that he was some sort of a South American.

"Excuse, pleess, but may I sit here?"

"Certainly," I said. "Go ahead."

He bobbed around to the back of the chair and inspected it to see that it was safe, then he sat down and crossed his legs. His white buckskin shoes had little holes punched all over them for ventilation.

"A fine evening," he said. "They are all evenings fine here in Jamaica."

"Yes," I answered. I didn't want to talk with him.

"Ha!" he said. "Who are all dese?" He pointed at the bathers. "Dese is no hotel people." He was a talker all right.

"I think they're American sailors," I told him. "They're Americans who are learning to be sailors."

"Americans? So dat's it. Well, I hate Americans. Dey make too much noise. You are not American, no?"

"No," I said. "I am not."

Suddenly one of the American cadets was standing in front of us. He was dripping wet from the pool and one of the English girls was standing there with him.

"Are these chairs taken?" he said.

"No," I answered.

"Mind if we sit down?"

"Go ahead."

"Thanks," he said. He had a towel in his hand and when he sat down he unrolled it and produced a pack of cigarettes and a lighter. He offered the cigarettes to the girl and she refused; then he offered them to me and I took one. The little man said, "Tank you, no, but I tink I have a cigar." He pulled out a crocodile case and got himself a cigar, then he produced a knife which had a small scissors in it and he snipped the end off the cigar.

"Here, let me give you a light." The American boy held up his lighter.

"Dat will not work in dis wind."

"Sure, it'll work. It always works."

THE little man removed his unlighted cigar from his mouth, cocked his head on one side and looked at the boy.

"All-ways?" he said slowly.

"Sure, it never fails. Not with me anyway."

"No?" The little man's head was still cocked over on one side and he was still watching the boy. "Well, well, so you say dis famous lighter it never fails. Iss dat you say?"

"Sure," said the boy. "That's right." He was about nineteen or twenty with a long freckled face and a rather sharp birdlike nose. His chest was not very sunburned and there were freckles on that, too, but he was nicely built and he looked well enough in his bathing shorts. He was holding the lighter in his right hand, ready to flip the wheel. "It never fails," he said. "Come on."

"One momint, pleess." The little man raised the hand which held the cigar. "Now juss one momint." He had a curiously soft, toneless voice and he kept looking at the boy all the time.

"Shall not perhaps make a little bet on dat?" He smiled at the boy. "Shall we not make a little bet on whether your lighter lights?"

"Sure, I'll bet," the boy said. "Why not?"

"You like to bet?"

"Sure, I'll always bet."

The little man paused and examined his cigar. He raised his eyebrows and he frowned and he kept on smiling. I suddenly found that I was leaning forward in my chair, listening rather tensely *(Continued on page 59)*

WINNER OF THIS WEEK'S
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☆ STAR STORY

The editors of COLLIER'S have awarded Star Rating to this story because in their opinion it is the best piece of fiction in this issue. A Star Story selection is made each week, with a special bonus of $1,000 going to the author.

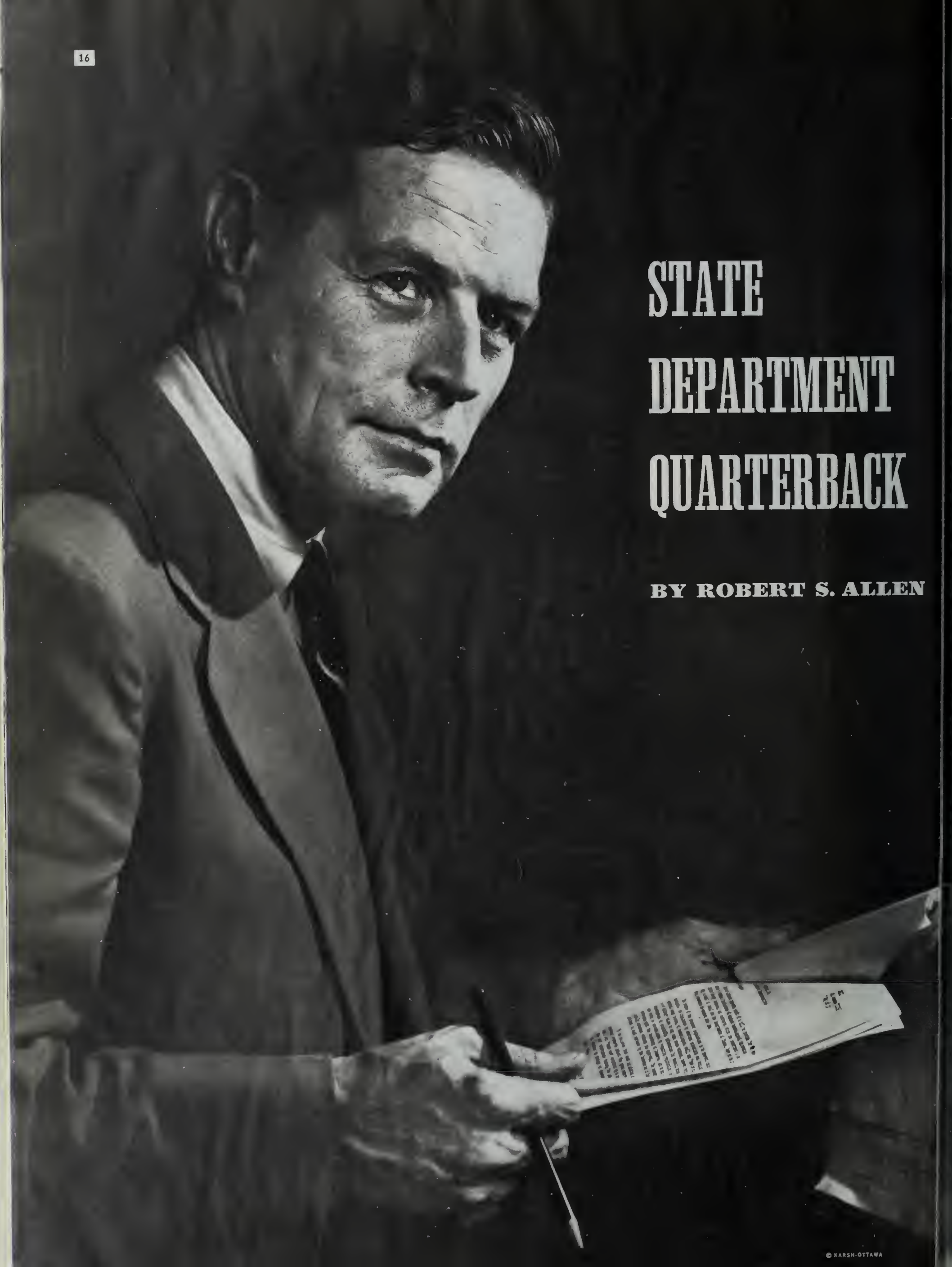
For the best in fiction read COLLIER'S



No one said anything. The boy kept his eyes on the lighter. The little man held the chopper up in the air and he too was watching the lighter. "Three!"

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID BERGER





STATE DEPARTMENT QUARTERBACK

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

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The late Russian Ambassador Oumansky said the last word on the hero of this article: "Bohlen is a faithful servant of the United States Department of State. That is very, very unfortunate"

YACHESLAV MOLOTOV, the Russian Foreign Minister, has always been a tough nut for diplomats of other countries to k, particularly for Americans who don't under- d his double-talk and are nonplused by the hness with which he delivers it.

ut there is one American diplomat who takes sharp-tongued Russian in stride. He is Charles tis Bohlen, better known as "Chip," counselor he State Department, chief department liaison er with Congress, and the President's personal rpreter and adviser on Russian affairs. On at t one occasion, although he didn't exactly make lotov like it, Bohlen set the Russian minister k on his diplomatic heels.

t a conference of Foreign Ministers in London, lotov outdid himself fighting against a proposal e by the United States. Despite his tough talk, lost the argument, principally because Chip len, as chief American adviser, provided infor- ion which effectively countered the Russian's rtions. As the ministers left the conference n Molotov snapped at Bohlen:

I had always heard that you Americans were d horse traders. Now I find you will not trade."

Your Excellency," said Bohlen, "we Americans traders. We will trade you goods. We will trade dollars. But we will *not* trade you principles."

Molotov glared for a moment, then turned and ed away. He said nothing, but it is conceivable he endorsed the classic remark of the late Rus- Ambassador Oumansky:

Bohlen is a faithful servant of the United States partment of State. That is very, very unfortu- ."

all our dealings with the Soviet Union, Bohlen America's ace in the hole; two Presidents and Secretaries of State have leaned heavily upon since 1942, when he was appointed personal rpreter to President Roosevelt. Although he's American as baseball, Bohlen is a recognized ld authority on Russia and the Russians. He ks and writes Russian about as well as he does lish. He is thoroughly conversant with Russian ory and customs. The details of Russian gov- ment are at his finger tips.

A Tense Situation at Lake Success

est of all, he has a thorough understanding of sian psychology. He can frequently tell what Soviet officials are going to do before they do He brilliantly displayed this faculty in March, 6, at a meeting of the United Nations Security ncil at Lake Success. The council was at log- eads over the dynamite-laden issue of Russian ps in Iran. The council chamber was jammed the atmosphere tense. Secretary of State es F. Byrnes was present, with Bohlen at his , as usual.

the middle of the session Andrei A. Gromyko, sullen-tempered Soviet delegate, rose and began peak. He delivered a long, involved and circui- harangue, typically Russian. Bohlen kept up unning translation into Byrnes' ear. Suddenly len whispered, "He's getting ready to take a k. . . . He's going to pull a walkout."

ohlen was correct. Soon thereafter Gromyko cluded, ". . . nor am I able to be present and I efore leave."

Whereupon the Russian picked up his papers and ked out.

t the age of forty-four Bohlen is one of the key er men of the State Department, and an in- singly important figure in American foreign re- ns. The three jobs he holds in the department are all major posts, and for an ordinary diplomat each would be a full-time and delicate position. But Bohlen absorbs work and responsibility with the same ease and nonchalant effectiveness that he does the bewildering mysteries and inconsistencies of the Russian mind and language. He possesses none of the popular attributes of the diplomat; cloak-and-dagger stuff would be as alien to him as to the man in the moon.

He doesn't even dress as a diplomat is supposed to dress. Nobody has ever seen him parading Washington streets in the traditional striped trousers, spats and black Homburg, and he doesn't carry a cane. He'd look good in these trappings; he's six feet tall and still slender. But he's more apt to lounge around in a brown suit, black shoes, striped socks and a blue tie; obviously color schemes have nothing to do with his choice of clothing. Moreover, his pants are apt to be a bit baggy at times. As one of his colleagues put it:

"Chip is unquestionably the most unpressed man in the Foreign Service."

Nothing ever ruffles Bohlen. He takes the most maddening irritations with an extraordinary calm and an amiable, "Oh, well, it's all in a day's work." After the most hectic session he will plop into an easy chair, stretch his long legs comfortably, light a cigarette and crack jokes. He habitually works with his feet on his desk, a position in which the average diplomat wouldn't be found dead.

Despite Bohlen's importance in the American government, very few of his countrymen would recognize his name. Even in gossip-ridden Washington where taxi drivers deliberate upon the weightiest affairs of state, the significance of his work is known only in the most recondite circles. But in the important chancelleries of the world he has a reputation that is little short of fabulous. Ernest Bevin, Foreign Minister of Great Britain, eloquently testified to this during a conference in Paris. At one point, proceedings became so inflamed that everything came to a dead stop, while the frayed and weary statesmen sat silent and glaring. Finally Secretary Byrnes had an idea.

"Perhaps there are too many people in this room," he said. "If there were just a few of us around the table, maybe we could get somewhere."

The thought struck a responsive chord. All the other Foreign Ministers voiced approval, including for a change, Molotov.

"That's fine," beamed Secretary Byrnes. "We'll hold a meeting limited to the Foreign Ministers and one interpreter each. There will be no advisers present."

But Bevin balked at this.

"No," he said stubbornly. "I've got to have an adviser. It's all right for you to say you don't need one. If I had a Chip Bohlen as my interpreter I wouldn't need one either."

Bohlen's career as a key figure in big-time diplomacy got off to a spectacular start in 1942, when Molotov came to Washington. President Roosevelt asked the State Department to provide him with a Russian interpreter.

At this fortuitous moment, Bohlen arrived in the U.S. on the S.S. Gripsholm, in an exchange of diplomatic personnel with Japan. He had been in Tokyo as the right-hand assistant to Ambassador Joseph C. Grew when war broke out. The day after Bohlen returned home he was ordered to report to Roosevelt.

Roosevelt and Secretary of State Cordell Hull were greatly pleased with Chip's work. He was rewarded by being selected as Hull's interpreter and adviser when the Secretary flew to Moscow some months later. Upon Bohlen's return from that historic conference, he was officially commended for his outstanding service. From that time on, he has played a leading behind-the-scenes role in every U.S. parley with the Russians.

Bohlen has been an active participant in some of the most momentous deliberations in contemporary history. He sat at Roosevelt's elbow throughout the fateful Teheran and Yalta talks, was at Truman's side at Potsdam, and labored and suffered with former Secretary James Byrnes and Secretary Marshall at the futile and agonizing Foreign Ministers conferences in London, Paris and Moscow.

Bohlen made his own decision, at the age of fourteen, to take up diplomacy as a career. On his mother's side there was a slight diplomatic tradition. Her father, James Eustis, had served several years as ambassador to France under President Grover Cleveland. But except for this purely political appointment, there was no diplomatic background in Bohlen's antecedents. Making statecraft a lifework was wholly his own idea.

Filling in the Family Background

Born in August, 1904, at Clayton, New York, a tiny resort on the shores of the St. Lawrence where his parents were vacationing, Bohlen was one of three children. A brother, Henry, died some years ago. A sister, Ellen, is a New Orleans antique dealer. The home residence of the family then was Aiken, South Carolina, where the father, Charles, Sr., was a well-known sportsman.

When Chip was twelve his family moved to Ipswich, Massachusetts, and he was sent to St. Paul's School for Boys at Concord, Massachusetts. At school, while not exactly a grind, young Bohlen evinced a greater interest in books, particularly biography and history, than in athletics. He was at St. Paul's when he decided to become a career diplomat.

Entering Harvard, he graduated in 1927, and then made a trip around the world, chiefly via tramp steamers. Early in 1929, he passed his State Department exams and became a fledgling diplomat. After a few months' indoctrination at a Foreign Service school, he was sent abroad on his first assignment, as a vice-consul in Prague. Czechoslovakia was then a free and thriving republic, but already the tragic shadows were beginning to form over Europe. Slow but persistent tensions were mounting ominously in the west and in the east. Conscious of these faint tremors, Bohlen decided to learn Russian and to become an expert on Soviet affairs.

He did very well as a young career man, and in 1931, he was moved up a notch. He became vice-consul in Paris, and was offered the opportunity to study a foreign language. He lost no time in making the most of it. He enrolled in the Institute of Oriental Languages and began his long grind to make himself a master of Russian.

And it was just that, a grind. Young Bohlen trudged daily to school and not to play. He seized every opportunity to hear, to speak and to write Russian. For this purpose, he became a regular attendant at a Russian church.

By the time be was graduated from the institute, two years later, he was thoroughly at home in his new language. Bohlen was now ready for a firsthand test of his skill. And again fate smiled on him.

The U.S. and the U.S.S.R. had recently established official relations. William C. Bullitt, then a warm Soviet admirer, had been named U.S. Ambassador to Moscow. When he asked the State Department for an assistant conversant with Russian, Bohlen was the immediate *(Continued on page 61)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY KARSH—©

Broadway DOLL

In this story, the father was the older, but the daughter grew up first

SHE was glad Oliver Dale had come to the station with them because it was going to make things easier. For when you are leaving your father for the first time in your life, the last moments are apt to be pretty messy, particularly when you are only thirteen and your father is in the profession.

But here was Oliver, calm, plump, pink-cheeked, all of fourteen and with the infinitely knowing look of the theatrical child. Oliver was also in the money, which the Martins certainly weren't, for he was understudy for another juvenile who was playing a leprechaun in a long-run musical. So it was Oliver who guided Herbie and her through the echoing vastness of Grand Central.

"Track twenty-two," he said with immense wisdom. "Cleveland, Indianapolis, St. Louis."

"And not a good show town in the lot," Herbie put in gloomily.

Doll took a long look at Herbie because she wouldn't be seeing him again in a hurry. A tall man, her father, and eternally young with his bright gold hair with the thin streaks of dark in it, curling a trifle, and the chin that wasn't so firm as it might be. Herbie had on the glen plaid suit, which was not remarkable since it was the only suit he had; he was wearing one of his six surviving shirts and he was carrying his Malacca stick.

Oliver put his hands in his jacket pockets. "You got your money safe, Doll?"

"I've got it pinned to my pants."

"You got your ticket?" asked Herbie and you could tell he was an actor twenty yards away. If you were in the profession, you could also tell he was temporarily out of work.

Doll had her ticket in her hand. She also had a copy of Variety and a box of chocolates Oliver had bought her. She had on her plaid shirt that had been purchased at a bargain on Fourteenth Street, she had on a blue hat, and her tan coat, that had been only slightly secondhand, was over her arm.

She had braided her soft dark hair about her head instead of leaving it in pigtails and she hoped she didn't look as if she were on her way to Sing Sing but that was certainly how she felt. She was a thin, sober-looking child, too tall for her age, much too old for her age, and her dark, slightly slanted eyes, her small, eager face, her serious mouth, made her oddly appealing.

"Your left sock's coming down," Oliver said critically.

Herbie's voice was shaky. "It won't be long, Doll. Honest it won't. Maybe a month."

Herbie actually believed that. Herbie believed that in thirty days he'd be working and have enough money saved to bring her back from Uncle Kimball's and Aunt Mae's out in Illinois. Herbie was kidding himself and he always would.

He now achieved a slight swagger. "I'll bet it won't be bad out there, either. You know, I wouldn't be a bit surprised if you had a simply swell time."

Oliver arose. "Listen, darling, you'd better be getting on that train."

She'd be having the shakes now if she weren't careful, for her father was stooping down to kiss her. "Goodby, Dolly!"

Oliver simply shook hands. "Keep your tail up, kid!"

Herbie carelessly took a dollar from his pocket. "Here, porter, see my little girl safely aboard!"

He shouldn't have wasted all that money, Doll thought as she went doggedly through the gate. But then, as Oliver often said, Herbie *did* have a lot of ham in him. She sank down in her seat; somebody shouted, "Bo-oard!"; the station platform began sliding by. *And this was it.* This was the end of everything.

Doll was surely going to cry and Oliver always said that when you felt like that, you'd better start thinking like mad about something. Uncle Kimball and Aunt Mae. Aunt Mae was Doll's mother's sister and Mother had died five years ago. Mother had been an actress and she must have been pretty good because she was always working. They'd lived in the apartment up on Morningside and that had been quite nice.

Since then, things had been different. Herbie had a habit of getting into shows that looked wonderful in New Haven or Stamford and then took a terrible beating when they came to town. And then there'd be long, dry spells when he'd be doing nothing at all.

When they were in the money, they'd be living in those third-class hotels in the Forties that all look alike, inside and out. The next step was a tiny furnished apartment west of Broadway where at least there was a kitchenette to cook in. And finally, there was the furnished room where you really could get quite a good meal on an electric hot plate if you only knew how.

A life all ups and downs and a fine, free and easy life, too. Finest of all, right now in June with golden summertime glinting down the avenues. Hot, drowsy summer days when foolish people go out of town and the wise guys stay right where they are.

Plenty of splendid things to do, particularly if you have someone as sharp as Oliver to do them with, for the Staten Island ferry gave the best five-cent ocean voyage in the world. Or you can go swimming off the Palisades absolutely free.

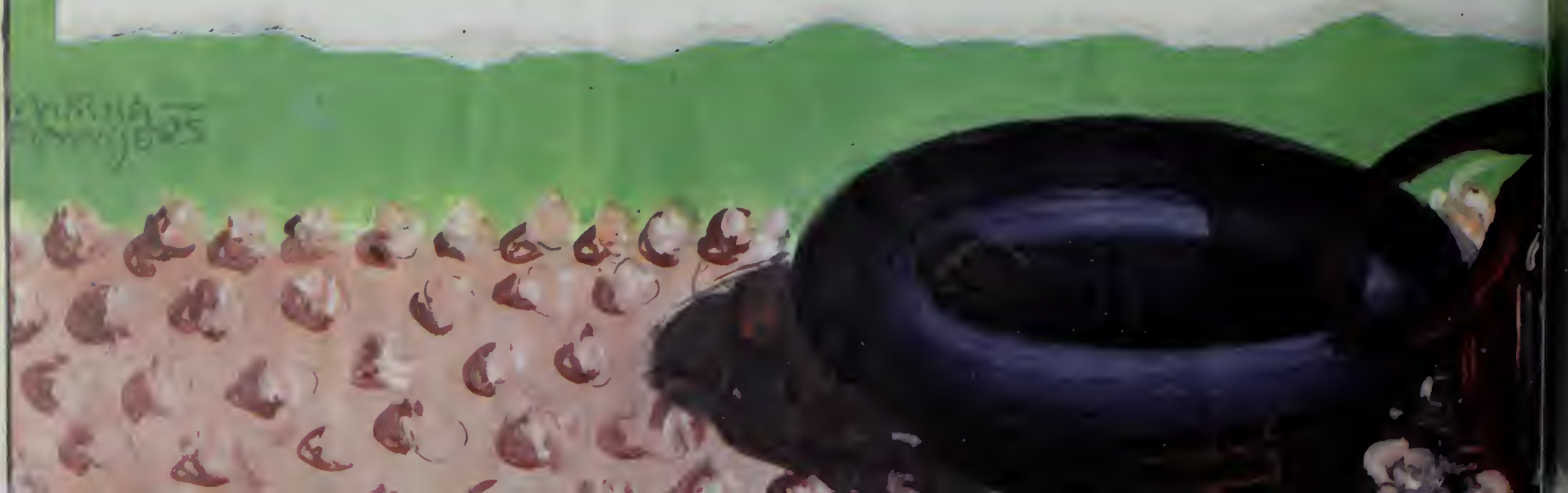
But summer nights are better still—good and late when the shows are out—and you go sauntering up Broadway with Herbie and talking to whomever you meet. You stand on a street corner in your blue slacks with your shirttail out and everybody in the world comes along and stops to dish the dirt. Actors in jobs, actors out of jobs, the big blonde who had grown old in the chorus of Oklahoma!, agents, stage managers, theater treasurers, band boys, publicity men.

On such soft summer nights on Broadway, you always had a tense heady feeling that something wonderful was going to happen the next minute, the next day. Only it never did.

It certainly hadn't happened now, for the Martins were so down to rock bottom that though Doll wasn't very expensive to maintain she was still too much for Herbie to carry. So she was off to Illinois and Herbie was going to hole up for a while with Joe *(Continued on page 56)*

BY GORDON MALHERBE HILLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS




Aunt Mae didn't know how small rooms can be; and she couldn't know how it felt to have a room all your own
VAR
BROADWAY

THE WIN TO GO HOME

BY W. C. HEINZ

It seemed Johnny couldn't fight his way out of a wet paper bag—and Red Malone wasn't made of wet paper

ILLUSTRATED BY H. E. BISCHOFF

EDDIE stood on the ring apron, his ar resting on the upper rope, his hands fold in front of him. He watched the two fig ers, the colored boy and the white boy.

Eddie could remember Kid Bart all right. could remember him in maybe a half-dozen fig and the rest he had forgotten. He could rememt that, in his day, Kid Bart had been what they c a pretty good fighter. By that they always me that a guy fought most of the good fighters of time, and that most of them beat him after tou fights.

Remembering that, Eddie knew it is always d ferent in a fighter's home town. Especially if it i little town. After a while in a little town a guy known only by the guys he fought and not by wl he did with them. He has become a part of th records and so he has become a part of them, a that always makes a pretty good fighter a go fighter in his own town.

When the bell ended the round and the wh boy came back to him Eddie took out the wh boy's mouthpiece.

"Johnny," he said to the white boy. "You w only one more.

"Whatever you say, Eddie," Johnny answer breathing. He was a short stocky kid with li brown hair and a fresh complexion, but his musc were too bunchy and he could not be a good figh

"About like the last round," Eddie said. "J take it easy and I'll see you in back."

Then he turned and went down the steps a back through the crowd.



He went to one of the phone booths marked "Incoming Calls Only." He put a nickel in the phone and dialed.

Frank?" he said. "This is Eddie. You be in, Frank? In about a half hour?"

He heard Frank say yes.

I'll be over," he said.

He stepped out of the booth as the round was ending. He waited for Johnny to come through crowd, and he walked back with him through door and down the back hall and into the dressing room. He moved some stuff off the stool and Johnny sat down.

HE TOOK the gloves off and he cut the tape off Johnny's hands. "In about fifteen minutes, Johnny," he said, "you can go take your shower."

Eddie," Johnny asked, "what do you think?"

You did all right," Eddie said. "You didn't do bad."

The guy is tricky," Johnny said. "Don't you think?"

Yes," Eddie answered. "I guess so."

Eddie," Johnny asked, "am I looking any better? Do you think?"

Well," Eddie answered, working around, "you don't tell much. You know there's a lot to learn, and you know how it is."

I know," Johnny agreed.

You told me you're how old?"

Me?" Johnny said. "I'm twenty-three."

How long you been fighting?"



"Well, a year before the war. Then I was in the war, and after that you know."

"I'll tell you what," Eddie said. "I got some things to do. You take your shower now. Dry yourself good. I'll see you tomorrow."

"All right," Johnny said. "Thanks, Eddie."

When Eddie got to Frank's office Frank was alone. He took off his coat and hat and tossed them on a chair and he sat down, watching Frank at the desk.

"Eddie," Frank said, looking up. "How are you?"

"All right," Eddie answered. "I come from the gym."

"Oh?" Frank said.

"You want to know?"

"That bad?" Frank asked, looking at him.

"Worse," Eddie said. "A stiff, Frank. Let's face it."

"Well, that's why I asked you," Frank said. "That's why I asked you to take a look. You ought to know."

"It's up to you," Eddie told him, "but you ask me and I say you should send him home."

"Or turn him loose," Frank said.

"No," Eddie said. "You'll send him home."

"Oh, yes?"

"Yes," Eddie said, "because if you don't you know Lou John or somebody else will pick him up. You know this is a kid can't fight and will end up hurt."

"Well," Frank said, "he won't go home. I already talked with him."

"Why won't he?"

"Because of his old man."

"His old man's dead," Eddie objected.

"Which I know," Frank said, "but it makes no difference. His old man was a good fighter. He fought three world champions."

"Two of them carried him," Eddie said. "That much I know."

"There's no difference," Frank said. "In this kid's town Kid Bart was a good fighter. What difference does it make? What do they know? All they know is he fought three champions and this kid is supposed to be a good fighter, too. What difference does it make how good he really was?"

Eddie could see how Frank was disgusted. "Anyway, this kid will go home. I talked with this kid. Maybe I know him pretty good. Maybe he'll go home if we give him something to go home with."

"Something to go home with?" Frank asked. "What does he want, a mink coat?"

Eddie had to laugh. He had to laugh at Frank and at the picture in his mind of the kid in a mink coat.

"Eddie," Frank said, easing off. "I'm sorry. You gotta believe this. I lie awake nights over this thing. Here I am loused up with a lousy fighter who can't fight, and I spend more time worrying about him than I do worrying about the guys I've got who can fight maybe at least a little."

"Why?" Eddie asked.

"Why?" Frank said. "Why are *you* so concerned?"

"The same reason."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Sure you do," Eddie told him. "You know this is a nice clean kid who does everything you tell him and never gives you any mouth. You know this is a kid like you'd like your own kid to be, but you know he's no good for our business because he can't fight."

"How do you know that?"

"I know it because this is a homesick kid, if you want to know."

He watched Frank light a cigarette. He could see Frank was not any happier.

"It's so easy," Frank said. "All we have to do is get him a good win to go home. All I have to do is get a heavy who can box and hit. Can't you see I'm all set?"

Let him stew a little, Eddie thought. Sometimes it does a little good. "I can tell you something," Eddie said. "Yesterday I run into Pinky Joe. Pinky is looking for something easy. Pinky wants to throw his guy something soft before he turns him loose for the summer. You know, a little vacation money. He wants your kid in the semifinal at the Garden on the 19th when he's got his other guy on top."

"Red Malone's a good fighter."

"Red Malone's a real good fighter," Eddie told him. "In a couple of years, living right, he'll be the middleweight champion of the world. Only right now he's a manufactured fighter."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning that I see things," Eddie said. "I see that all he knows is what Pinky taught him."

"Isn't that plenty?"

"This is a manufactured fighter," Eddie said. "This is a fighter moves this way and that way and when you do this he does that because Pinky has him doing it over and over."

"Is that bad?"

"It's not bad," Eddie said, "but do you know that your kid, who doesn't do anything the way he's supposed to, who can't do anything the way he's supposed to, maybe is just the kid to lick this guy, not next year but on the 19th?"

"Look," Frank said. "I pay you to tell me what you think, but, Eddie, I can't go for this. This one is crazy. This kid has no business in with Malone."

"Maybe."

"When this match gets out I'll look like an idiot."

"We'll look like twin idiots."

"Why, it would be 10 to 1," Frank said.

"It would be 20 to 1."

"Then I don't see it."

"Oh, you see it all right," Eddie said. "You know that you have to take it, too, because if this kid doesn't get this win now, he probably never gets it and he's a bum getting banged around, and then the chances are he never goes home."

"This whole thing makes me sick," Frank said.

When Eddie went out he knew he had Frank in his pocket. When he got home his wife told him that Frank had called to tell him he had talked with Pinky Joe and that he was taking the fight with Malone.

IF EDDIE stayed awake that night it wasn't for long. There was nothing to stay awake over. Malone was a tough kid out of Troy and Pinky was bringing him along slowly because he knew he was going the whole way and there was no hurry. He would make it, too, because he had the build and he could hit with both hands and Pinky had him boxing out in front of himself real nice. Combinations, under and over, almost anything you want, including that name and the red hair and a bright green robe.

Had Eddie had a good kid going against Malone, though, he would have played it over and over for most of the night. In his mind he would have seen Malone moving and he would have seen his own kid moving and he would have played it like a chess game. Eventually he would have moved his own kid inside Malone's move, and he would have knocked out Malone.

That is what he would have done if he had had a good kid going. With a kid like this there was nothing, though, and all you had on your side was maybe condition. This was a strong kid and that was all you had, that and the chance that Pinky might like this so much that maybe he would bring his guy in cold. . . .

When Eddie got to the gym the fighter was waiting. He was in his ring things, sitting on the table, and he had started to wrap his own hands.

"Wait a minute," Eddie said. "I get paid for that."

"I'm fighting Red Malone," Johnny told him.

"I know," Eddie said.

"It's a break," Johnny said. "Don't you think?"

"Yes," Eddie agreed. "I think."

"I've never seen him," Johnny said, "but I know he's a good fighter."

"He can fight," Eddie agreed.

Johnny did not say anything. He was watching Eddie as Eddie finished with the tape and started on the other hand, double over the knuckles and then around the hand and down.

"This is the fight you wanted," Eddie told him, "if you know what I mean."

"If I know what you mean?" Johnny asked.

"If you know what we were talking about the other day."

"Oh," Johnny said. "I know. You don't have to worry, Eddie. I'll go with what I said."

"I'm not worrying," Eddie said, "but if you win, what will you do when you go back home?"

"What will I do?" Johnny *(Continued on page 72)*

A right, overhand, hit Malone, and it looked as if he might go. The crowd was hollering. The kid was excited—too excited—tearing in, overanxious



Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands

VERY TIRED LADY

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

MYNHEER FRANS VAN HEUVEN owns a pleasant tavern just outside of Haarlem. The tavern has been in his family now for three generations and Mynheer van Heuven said, a little sadly, that he himself was going to retire in September and turn the tavern over to his son, Johannes. He lowered his huge body into a large chair, put his big right hand around the tall, white-collared glass of beer that stood on the table, and sighed ponderously.

"We will retire together, the queen and I," he said, nodding his enormous white-thatched head slowly. "I will tell you a little story about her. Her mother, Queen Emma, was making a public appearance on a holiday and the streets of Amsterdam were packed with people. Wilhelmina was with her mother. Oh, she was about fourte this, you know, was in the last century. She at the great crowds of cheering people a peered up at her mother and asked, 'Do people belong to me?' and the queen mothe her gravely, 'No, my child. You belong to

Mynheer van Heuven took a deep dra beer, wiped the foam from his heavy wh

PORTRAIT BY BORIS CHALIAPIN

:he with the back of his sleeve, and chuckled. hat was more than fifty years ago and I am sure : still remembers it. She never forgot for a mo- nt that she belonged to us."

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, who has reigned 50 years, will relinquish the royal crown to her ughter Juliana this month, and those like Myn- r Frans van Heuven, who have grown old with , are saddened by the thought. Virtually every- e in Holland feels a close kinship to the sixty- ht-year-old monarch, and when her abdication omes final they feel that it will mark the end of era during which Holland proved her greatness. The future is uncertain and dark, for today Hol- d is almost bankrupt economically. But the past y years have been, for the most part, glorious. lland emerged from the war badly hurt and ed with weariness, but she took a deep breath d set about the difficult task of rehabilitation. e abdication of Queen Wilhelmina will make this more difficult, for she was the one person in lland in whom all political parties had th. At the moment, Wilhelmina occu- s the same place in the affections of the ople as did Queen Victoria during the sing years of her reign.

But Wilhelmina is tired, not only physi- ly tired, but tired in spirit. The long rs of responsibility, culminating in the adful burden of having to lead her peo- from her London headquarters during war, have taken their toll. Ministers ming from her palace at The Hague ke their heads sorrowfully.

"The queen is weary," they say. "After minutes she begins to nod. Her great ality has left her. She is wise to turn r affairs of state to Juliana, for she has ined Juliana, and the princess is young d full of energy. But we will miss her dom."

The people of Holland always had great pect for their queen, but it was not until war years that this respect matured into venera- n. She always worked hard at the business of ng a royal sovereign; but until the war she was er actually close to the people. Significant is fact that she never was given a nickname the people of the country. She has been merely e queen" ever since that September day in 8, when she rode from the Paleis op de Dam in sterdam to the near-by Nieuwe Kerk to be wned. She was eighteen then. She gave her ndship to few.

Her daughter Juliana was never allowed to for- that she would be queen herself one day, and queen was meticulous in seeing that her edu- ion and even her relaxations were all designed qualify her for the royal position she will soon upy.

When the Germans entered Holland she hurried London to set up her government-in-exile. She ered her ministers to accompany her and from ndon she ruled with the same vigor and intelli- ce she had shown in her palace office at The gue. It was not easy, for the constitution of Hol- d clearly defines the duties of the sovereign and as clearly defines the prerogatives of the parlia- nt. Wilhelmina found herself in London with- a parliament. All her life she has had an almost stic reverence for the constitution, but circum- nces had virtually made her a sovereign with tatorial powers.

She soon fired her prime minister, Jonkheer de er. De Geer had been an advocate of appease- nt, and now that Holland was occupied he was a n believer in the Pétain policy of collaboration. lhelmina dismissed him and went to the radio tell her people at home the reason why.

By now the Germans in Holland had begun a tematic campaign of propaganda against the en. She and her ministers had shown them- es to be cowards, they declared, by running to ndon. The bewildered people, miserable under ill-fitting Nazi yoke, didn't know what to be- e, but when the queen, in her strong vibrant ce, told them that she had dismissed De Geer ause he was unworthy to represent them, they k heart. Her judgment on De Geer was correct. made his way back to Holland and became one he Nazi puppets.

Henceforth Wilhelmina made periodic broadcasts to her people and they listened, eagerly drawing strength to survive and even to resist, from the calm voice. When the Germans began to bomb London her ministers tried to persuade her to move to the country, but the doughty sovereign refused to do it. One night a bomb fell in front of the modest house she occupied near Victoria Station. It killed two guards and damaged the house badly. She still refused to move, and the story traveled quickly to Holland, giving new heart to the people. This was the queen who the Germans said was a coward. The stolid Hollanders chuckled proudly and looked upon their conquerors with contempt. The resistance movement in Holland grew.

In London, Wilhelmina had picked for her prime minister the law professor and Minister of Justice Pieter S. Gerbrandy. Today Gerbrandy is leader of the opposition in parliament, a Dutch equivalent of Winston Churchill. Stocky, paunchy Gerbrandy has the incredibly light blue eyes you see so often in Holland and he has a drooping walrus mustache, white, except where it is stained yellow by nicotine, for Professor Gerbrandy is a confirmed cigar smoker. Today he lives comfortably in a charming house at 113 Kanaalweg in The Hague, and he often talks of the tortuous but, in a way, glorious days in London.

This month Holland's beloved Queen Wilhelmina will turn over the reign of her country to Princess Juliana. Wilhelmina has reigned well for 50 years. Now the burden of rehabilitation in the war-torn Netherlands is too great for her waning strength

"We discovered a new Wilhelmina," he told me as we sat in his spacious living room. "She had always worked hard, but in London she drove herself furiously. Often I would meet her at eight in the morning to find that she had already been at her desk for two hours. When we would decide on a policy her first question always was, 'Is it constitutional?' To her the constitution represents the people and never once would she sign a decree unless she was sure that it was the will of the people.

"Some people found the queen difficult." Gerbrandy's blue eyes twinkled. "Conferences with her were never routine affairs during which she automatically approved the suggestions of her ministers. She would listen and then ask questions. If you didn't know your subject thoroughly—yes—the queen could be difficult. She was intolerant of stupidity and of carelessness.

"Things were bad then, very bad, but she never lost faith in the final outcome even when the rest of us could not see the way to victory. I will tell you something about the queen. She had one great love —her country—and never in her fifty years of rule did she ever do anything that she did not firmly believe to be best for Holland and the people of Holland. She was the greatest patriot of her age, and no one ever served her country with a greater integrity and honesty of purpose than she showed."

Gerbrandy suddenly stopped and bent over to pat his black sheep dog. He was silent for a moment. When he raised his head his eyes had lost their twinkle.

"Those terrible years took their toll," he said sadly. "I saw her yesterday and—but never mind. She is tired, so tired. Well, she has earned a rest."

Once the resistance movement was well organized in Holland, lines of communication were established between the underground fighters and Wilhelmina's London headquarters. The underground established a newspaper that was distributed clandestinely, and the queen wrote many articles imploring her people to have faith in the eventual outcome of the war and to have the courage to resist and die if need be. These messages were not idle rhetoric; the people knew that she, too, was ready and willing to die if need be. After the bombing of her home the queen sent Juliana and her children to Canada to live.

Juliana objected, but no one in 50 years was ever able to stand up against the will of the queen if she thought her decision to be one which would further the interests of the people. Were she killed it wouldn't matter, she confided to her ministers, but Juliana must be saved at all costs to carry on the royal tradition. Without the monarchy Holland would not be Holland, she told them, and she was right.

Had the queen and Princess Juliana both been killed, a not unlikely contingency in the days of nightly bombing, it would have stunned the people of Holland into a numbed atrophy. Resistance would have ceased because the will to fight would have died. And so Juliana and her children were hustled off to Canada, and with that worry off her mind Wilhelmina intensified her activities, keeping to a schedule that often made hollow-eyed wrecks of her younger but less durable ministers. She, for instance, read and often criticized every issue of the underground paper which arrived every day in microscopic film.

And she insisted upon receiving every underground member who had found it necessary to flee from Holland. As the Germans redoubled their efforts to break the spirit of these stubborn, unyielding Hollanders by executing hundreds of resistance fighters for acts of sabotage, the exodus to England increased.

Wilhelmina saw every one of them. She founded a club for them in London called "Het Engelandvaarders" (The men who have come to England) and she supported this not out of state funds but out of her personal exchequer. Here they could relax and drink their beloved Holland gin (which is of course not gin at all) that somehow or other she managed to get from Holland.

More than once I visited this club during the war years. It was always filled with lean, hard-sinewed young men whose eyes still mirrored the horror they had seen. A great many of them were incorporated in the Dutch navy and in the Dutch air force still fighting on from Britain. When they raised their glasses, as often as not they would murmur, "To the queen," and some of the dark shadows would leave their eyes.

Once in London I called to see one of her ministers. I saw him at the queen's house. She was away inspecting air force units in the north of England. When our talk was over he showed me the queen's office. It was the office of a busy executive, but on the desk were two autographed pictures—only two. One was of King Leopold of Belgium and the other was of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Wilhelmina had just returned from her first trip to the United States. She had addressed a joint session of Congress, the first reigning queen to have that distinction, and while in Washington she had been a guest of the White House. She had always liked and admired Leopold; now she had come under the spell of the President's charm and personality.

"She talks about Roosevelt incessantly," the minister told me, smiling. "Oh, she admired him greatly, but there is one thing that puzzled her. She said they would talk seriously about the problems confronting the Allies in general and the Dutch in particular, and then he would suddenly stop and ask for his grandchild. The little boy would come in and climb all over the President and he would laugh and enjoy himself. The queen could not understand how a man who in effect was leading the whole war effort against Germany could suddenly break off and play with a five-year-old youngster."

Occasionally the queen, impressed by one of the resistance men who had escaped, would make him a member of her household. One of these she picked was Gerard Rutten, who in civilian life had been a writer and a photographer. I found Rutten living in the Het Gooi district, in quiet, charming Bussum, which is between *(Continued on page 54)*

Continuing a story of love
and political intrigue

SECOND MAN ON THE TICKET

EDWIN LANH

She remained quite st
eyes closed and her lip
against mine. Then he
held my arms; she turne

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO

e Story: Candidate for Vice-President GOVERNOR WILLIS G. ARBURTON and his campaign biographer ROY MASON are in- lved in a game of penny ante aboard the Warburton campaign in when bad news comes. BILL EVERS, Warburton's press le, announces that CLYDE MCDONALD, a Washington news- per columnist with a reputation for stirring up trouble, will ard their train at the next stop. Evers thinks that McDonald after something. The next morning Roy Mason has breakfast th Clyde McDonald and LUCY STRAWN, the governor's secre- y. McDonald turns out to be personally unpleasant and kes a date with Lucy for lunch, much to Roy's anger and gust. Lucy finds out, however, that McDonald has received elegram from an old enemy of Warburton's, MELVIN FISHER Hydetown (the governor's boyhood home) that says: If you me to Hydetown I will give you a juicy item for your column. y Mason flies ahead of the campaign train to Hydetown. There contacts JOHN MILLS, an old friend of the governor's, who ls him that the "dirt" might have something to do with War- rton's old schoolteacher, HATTIE PERKINS, who is the only per- n in Hydetown who has announced that she will not attend giant Win With Warburton celebration in honor of the gov- or. When Mills takes Roy Mason to see Hattie Perkins, they et a beautiful young girl, Hattie's grandniece GINNY. Mills roduces Roy to Ginny, and Ginny asks if he is the one who ote the Warburton campaign biography. Roy tells her yes, d Ginny says, "Oh, then, I'm afraid Aunt Hattie won't see you."

II

GINNY, that's just why we're here," John Mills said quickly. "Because of that button and the man whose picture you see on it. Mr. Mason wants to plain to Miss Hattie just how he came to write that book d why he wrote what he wrote in it."

"Does he?" said Ginny, giving me a steady look.

"I wish you'd ask Miss Perkins if she'll see me," I said. 'm very sorry there's been a misunderstanding, and I'd e to apologize, and clear it up, if I can."

She looked at me doubtfully. "I'll see," she said. "You it here with Mr. Mills and I'll talk to Aunt Hattie."

I watched her walk around the side of the house, gave y head a shake and said, "It's a surprise, turning up a auty like her in a little town like this."

"Ginny?" John Mills said, with an air of surprise. "Yes, guess she's pretty good-looking at that."

"I suppose you never noticed it before."

"Oh, yes," he said. "Everybody notices Ginny. But it ems just last week that she was rolling a hoop."

Ginny returned within a minute, spreading her hands cefully and smiling at me. "I'm so sorry," she said. "Aunt ttie says no, very emphatically no."

I frowned. "If I could only explain to her."

The girl shook her head, and her blond hair moved along r shoulders. "Aunt Hattie said, Mr. Mason, that she did t wish to see you, or any other emissary from Willis G. arburton, now or at any time."

"If she said that, Mr. Mason, Miss Hattie means it," hn Mills said, and shrugged. "All right if I walk around d say hello to her, Ginny?"

Ginny smiled. "I'm sure she'd never close the door to you, John. But I wouldn't mention Mr. Warburton, if I were you."

I dropped onto a bench under the trellis of roses and gazed unhappily at my feet. I heard John's step on the gravel as he went away, and then Virginia Perkins said softly, "It's too bad, Mr. Mason, but Aunt Hattie has a real mad on Willis G. Warburton. I don't think there's anything you can do."

"I'd like to find out why," I said.

"I'm afraid it's the book you wrote."

"Did you read it? I never wrote a more harmless little paragraph."

"I'll tell you what she said," said Ginny. " 'So he thinks Miss Hattie is dead, does he? So he thinks he can say what he pleases, does he? Well, he'll find out.' "

"But it's not the Governor's fault," I protested. "I wrote the book. He didn't write the book. He didn't even okay it. He's never even read it himself."

She said softly, "You've written a lot of books, haven't you?"

I LOOKED up into her blue eyes, became aware that I was sitting and she was not, and quickly stood up. "Yes," I said. "A couple."

"I haven't read the others," she said. "I just read this one. I can see you're awfully devoted to Mr. Warburton."

"I am," I said.

"I suppose you've been with him a long, long time."

"Just this campaign. But I've known him a good many years."

Her smile returned, provocative and lingering. "I imagine you'll be going to Washington, too, with him. I suppose you'll be in his Cabinet, or something."

"The Vice-President doesn't have a cabinet, Miss Perkins," I said. "My one hope is that he *will* go to Washington."

"I'm anxious to meet him," she said. "Aunt Hattie isn't going to the reception, but I certainly am. I wouldn't miss it for anything. He's very handsome in his pictures, and even on that button. Is he coming to the dance, too?"

"I guess so," I said. "Is there a dance?"

"At the high-school gymnasium. I guess the whole county will be there. They're running special busses and it's a school holiday and all that. I hope he does come to the dance."

"If I should ask you for a dance, Miss Perkins," I said, "I hope you won't turn me down."

"Why, Mr. Mason, I'll save one for you," she said. "I surely will. I just hope you can find me in all that crowd."

"I'll find you," I said. "Depend on that."

It occurred to me that my tone had been somewhat fervent, and I was embarrassed. I suppose being brought up in New York City had something to do with it. When I was a kid I lacked that casual, graceful life of a small town. At least I had always supposed it was casual and graceful, and moving to a small Middle Western city had not cured me o the notion.

When I was a boy I used to dream of sleigh rides and hay rides and coon hunts and the sort of thing writers put in books when they're short on plot. *(Continued on page 40)*

IS YOUR CHILD IN A CLASSROOM CRISIS?



PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

BY HOYT AND

ALICE BARNETT

IF YOU are the parents of a youngster sc uled to enter first grade this fall, there serious question you should ask yours right now:

Is my child ready for school?

Not: Is he old enough, in chronological ye But: Has he developed the mental age, the phy co-ordination, and the social maturity to en him to keep up with the work of his class?

This year that class will be larger, more c crowded, than it has ever been before in the tory of our school system. The children who be in it were born during the war. Their e years were, in many cases, spent in child-care ters while their mothers worked and their fat fought. After the shooting stopped, the turmo unadjusted homes, the shifting from place to p lack of adequate living space, and the task of le ing to share a mother with a long-absent father produced children who need the very best of demic care. They have special need to feel se to feel accepted by and the equal of their grou they are not to become delinquency problems.

The first-grade teacher, from Maine to Cal nia, will be faced this year with a class swolle twice its normal size. She probably isn't g to have time to give extra help to those young who are not ready to do first-grade work—w is, primarily, learning to read. Tests have pr that if the average age of that class is six and a approximately 50 per cent of the children will mally still lack the eye co-ordination necessar reading. If your child is one of these, he will n able to keep up with the class; he will feel more more inadequate as the year goes on, and he become a problem like Carl.

Carl entered first grade at the chronological of six years six months. But—and this is no for many young children—his muscular co- nation and his mental and social maturity were equally developed. Tests established the fact his mental and social age was only a little over

Carl's parents were told that he should not school for at least another year, and possibly since he could not yet focus his eyes on nea objects and therefore could not learn to read. the parents insisted that the school system a their son.

Forced to study despite the inability of an in ture child to focus his eyes on a book, Carl paired his vision and had to start wearing gla Of course he failed to pass at the end of the

When he repeated the grade, he began dev ing many bad habits, including a sarcastic ma (which marks all insecure boys). He was small, physically, to gain recognition by fightin he began to steal small articles from stores give them to his classmates to gain their appr

By the time Carl was ten, his eyes had ma and he did better work in school. But he was h capped by the many bad habits and attitudes h

Before being assigned to a classroom, this is having his physical and mental capabi graded to assure him of a successful start in s

Will your child be forced to meet unfair competition? That is what starts a child on the road to delinquency. And it's not the school which is to blame: It's the parents

quired, primarily because he entered first grade ore he had achieved "reading readiness."

Few parents have ever heard of "reading readi-ss," and it does have a rather academic sound. ere's nothing "academic" about its meaning, wever. It means the difference between a well-usted, successful child and a heartbreaking mis-

California schools have gone into the matter austively. School authorities there say flatly t the entrance of children who have not matured this point before starting first grade is one of the jor causes for serious academic and social mal-justment.

Reading readiness can be determined scientifi-ly. As youngsters approach the six- to eight-year iod, changes take place in their bodies and rvous systems—affecting particularly ir ability to focus eyes on near-by ob-ts—that ready them for the task of rning to read. Some children reach s maturity at the age of five, others at en or eight; but it is not directly meas-able by chronological age.

Remember, all young children are owing in three ways—physically, men-ly and socially, and at three differing es of speed. By tests, 41 per cent of ldren between the *mental* age of six rs and six years five months make sat-actory reading progress, while 87 per nt of those between seven years six nths and seven years eleven months ogress satisfactorily.

A child who has not yet reached read-; readiness may be sent to kindergarten thout danger, as he is not exposed there competition he cannot meet. But often hild who enters kindergarten at the age four years six months (minimum age quirement in many states) will not be dy for first-grade work a year later.

Many school systems now test all children about enter first grade for reading readiness. But many re schools do not have the personnel necessary giving an elaborate series of scientific tests such the Stanford-Binet, the Kohs Block Design, the troit Word Recognition and the Vineland Social turity tests. To give these requires training ich the average parent would not have, cer-nly. So the California Principals' Association, y Section, has designed a reading readiness test ich any mother can give her child.

Designed especially to determine physical, men-, emotional and social maturity, it is authorita-e when honestly given. And they warn that of : four, physical development *as it pertains to the es* is vital. No child should be asked to study un-he is able to focus on near-by objects, such as jects pictured in a book held in the hand.

PHYSICAL MATURITY

1. Can he control his eye movements?
2. Can he see likenesses and differences, in simple diagram form?
3. Can he listen?
4. Can he distinguish similar sounds and classify them?
5. Can he sit still for short periods?
6. Can he speak plainly, or does he use many "baby talk" words?
7. Does he have sufficient control of his large muscles to use color crayons and keep reasonably close to the outlines of large figures?

MENTAL MATURITY

1. Can he relate events in sequence?
2. Can he stay on the subject, or does he wander to another in a very short time?
3. Can he memorize simple rhymes?
4. Can he remember directions?
5. Can he answer questions intelligently?
6. Can he anticipate events in stories?
7. Can he express his thoughts?
8. Can he give thoughtful attention?
9. Does he want to know the meaning of words?
10. Does he like to hear and tell stories?
11. Does he know about a good many common things?
12. Is he curious about new things?

EMOTIONAL MATURITY

1. Is he happy in a school environment?
2. Is he self-confident?
3. Does he talk freely?
4. Is he willing to take turns with others in the use of toys and playground equipment?
5. Is he courteous and thoughtful?

SOCIAL MATURITY

1. Does he assume his share of responsibility when he gets into trouble?
2. Is he friendly?
3. Is he co-operative?
4. Does he respect the rights of others?
5. Does he protect his rights by an appeal to fair play, by relying upon constituted authority for justice, or does he rely immediately upon his own force?

When your child can pass these tests he is ready to enter first grade—*and not before.*

In California, where intensive work has been done to establish the reading readiness of all first-graders, educators have found that their most difficult task is to educate the parents. Mothers who declare vehemently that they know their child much better than any teacher or psychologist possibly could, and that he is *much* brighter than the children he plays with, can make real trouble for a teacher.

If little Jane is two inches shorter than a girl of the same age down the street, parents think nothing of it. But let the teacher try to tell them that Jane isn't ready for first grade when her playmate is, and the teacher is called unfair and prejudiced. And as the teacher has a living to earn, she is often forced to accept a child against her trained judgment.

Too many parents are like Henry's mother. Henry's intelligence quotient of 103 was normal, his physical development was normal—except for his eye co-ordination. But to Henry's mother, Henry was not merely normal, he was a genius and must enter first grade rather than waste a year in kindergarten. The teacher did her best—but Henry entered first grade.

When the child found he could not meet the competition of his classmates, he became inattentive, critical and sarcastic. He couldn't achieve recognition for his work, so he picked fights on the playground to get the notice he craved.

Now, at the age of nine years six months—when he would ordinarily be in the third grade—Henry is one of the problem children in a "special" second grade. Especially trained teachers work with him, trying to break down the bad habits he developed while he was beyond his physical and mental depth in first grade. They may succeed, and they may not. It is very difficult to correct mental blocks and rejection of learning habits.

Dolly was another child whose mother insisted that she enter first grade, when tests showed her mental age was only five years six months. Faced with work beyond her physical, mental, emotional and social level, Dolly developed a mental block and for the next year and a half she did not speak one word in class. Her progress was seriously retarded by the severe strain placed on her nervous system by competitive conditions beyond her capacity.

Some mothers undoubtedly insist that their child enter the school system at the earliest legal age, no matter how immature he may be, because they are eager to gain a few free hours each day by shifting their responsibility to an overworked teacher. But many others, convinced their children are unusually bright, are sincere in rejecting school advice to keep an immature child in the safe atmosphere of home until he is ready to meet competition. These are the mothers who, when told their child has not passed first-grade work and should repeat the year, protest so vehemently that the teacher is forced to promote him. Whereupon the patterns of being inadequate, feeling stupid and outside the group become intensified as he vainly attempts second-grade work.

One solution of this problem would be, of course, to establish at least three first grades and the same number of second grades, so that children at the same stage of development could be grouped together. This experiment has been tried successfully in some California schools, but it met with tremendous opposition from parents who would not have their child placed with a "slow" group.

Where this system has been instituted and accepted by parents educated to realize that it is normal for reading readiness to vary, the dividends have been large. Children are kept in equivalent mental-age groups, and the teacher is able to make each child feel that he is part of the group.

You, as a parent, cannot do anything immediate about the overcrowding that will handicap your child during his first school years. But you can save him the strain of competition for which he is not ready. You can realize that a young child may have an intelligence quotient well above 100, and yet have a mental and social age less than his chronological number of years. If the only solution is to have a child already started in the school system repeat kindergarten or first grade, accept it. His failure to keep pace is less important than the damage that can result if your injured pride causes you to nag or otherwise punish him, for you may destroy his vital sense of security.

Should this occur, you have added to his defeat, since the broad-scale purpose of the first grade is to give a child a feeling of security in a scholastic environment. You can do much to save him from his classroom crisis by giving him a feeling of security and a sense of achievement. Otherwise, he is likely to become a problem in maladjustment. ★★★

Mrs. Alice Spurgin Barnett, coauthor of this article, has devoted most of the past two decades to education and research in social problems.

The most insidious difficulty the authors encountered in gathering material was fear—fear in the teachers that they would be penalized if they criticized the system.

"They felt, as I did too often in the ten years I taught, that silence was golden—especially at contract time," Mrs. Barnett said. "For this reason we have not quoted the many teachers, principals and superintendents we interviewed."

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

PART XV—RISING TIDE OF DISSENSION

At home, Roosevelt fights Dewey in the bitter fourth term "whispering campaign." Abroad, the Allies jockey desperately for the rail as the war sweeps into the homestretch

The 1944 Presidential campaign was bitter. F.D.R. was politically never wilier. A reference to his Scotty—Fala—gave him the opportunity to divert the popular attention. His supporters began calling it a contest between Dewey and Fala. Collier's presents the high lights of that campaign as they are recorded. And this, dear readers, is an entirely different campaign

ON JULY 4, 1944, Hopkins left the hospital in White Sulphur Springs and flew back to Washington to continue his convalescence in his new Georgetown home. During the next three weeks he went to the White House very occasionally to see the President, but he was incapable of doing much work.

On June 28th, the Republicans had nominated Thomas E. Dewey as their candidate for President. On July 11th, Roosevelt announced that he would run for a fourth term if nominated by the Democratic National Convention, which was to be held in Chicago during the week of July 19th. While the convention was in progress, Roosevelt traveled to San Diego and there embarked for Pearl Harbor to meet with Admiral Nimitz and General MacArthur for the determining of future strategy in the war in the Pacific.

On July 19th, Churchill cabled Hopkins explaining his concern about the forthcoming southern France operation (ANVIL). Churchill was still arguing doggedly for the application of Anglo-American forces to the Balkans. At this late stage, the Prime Minister may have been concerned by the smashing Russian advances. The Russians had already entered Rumania and reached the eastern tip of Czechoslovakia and there appeared to be nothing that could stop them from pushing on to the borders of Greece and Turkey.

Churchill emphasized the need for another major conference.

Hopkins wrote to the President saying that his talks with Beaverbrook had "indicated to me how difficult it is to hold a formal economic conference with Great Britain on any single subject at this particular time. Max . . . claims he senses a good deal of hostility . . . One of our present difficulties is that everybody thinks the war is over. I hope if you decide to speak on the radio from Seattle, that you will scotch this . . ."

The "hostility" sensed by Beaverbrook was attributable to the sentiment, widely expressed in Washington at that time, that while the American forces in France were dashing ahead at devil-may-care speed and with thrilling success, the British under Field Marshal Montgomery on the Allied left flank seemed to be "dragging their feet." It was reported that Eisenhower was so annoyed and w ried about this that he had even pealed to the Prime Minister to the 21st Army Group Headquar near Caen in Normandy to try persuade Monty to get on his bic and start moving."

The Hopkins papers are very complete at this point for, altho he was given access to all the ca that passed through the White Ho to and from the President on the cific trip, he no longer had any responsibility for them.

Warns of Diplomatic Pitfalls

On June 26th, he cabled Roose "Having given considerable thou to the forthcoming conference, I that while it would have been adv tageous for you to have gone aln anywhere for a meeting with Chu ill and Uncle Joe together, it seem me that . . . the world would cons a conference between you Churchill somewhere in Europe o England as a political meeting wh had left Russia out in the cold. may well want to take up various portant matters with Churchill s in which case it would be much be to have him come to you instead you going to him, and the sooner better. As to Uncle Joe, he obvio wants to postpone his next mee with you until after Germ collapses."

On August 6th, Churchill sent H kins a long cable in which he plained his grief, in the midst victory, that there still should be ferences of opinion between the A on strategy. This was barely a w before the embarkation of the tro for the landing in southern Fra



Roosevelt, MacArthur and Nimitz meet at Pearl Harbor (July, 1944) to plan the next Pacific move. The Navy wanted ground forces landed on Formosa. M Arthur urged liberation of the Philippines. Roosevelt's ultimate decision in favor of the Philippines was criticized by enemies as being pre-election strat



Above: the S.S. Harvester at docks of International Harvester's Chicago Steel Mill.

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but Churchill was still attempting to prevent this operation from taking place. This time, however, he did not urge that the ten divisions for ANVIL should be sent into the Balkans; he recommended strongly that they join with the OVERLORD forces in the region of Saint-Nazaire.

Hopkins replied to Churchill that while he had not heard from the President concerning the proposed change in ANVIL plans, he felt sure that the answer would be in the negative. He expressed his own view that "it would be a great mistake to change the strategy now; it would delay the sure liberation of France rather than aid it . . ."

Various communications passed between Hopkins and Churchill preparatory to the conference, to be held in Quebec in September. Through all these communications Hopkins spoke as one who would of course be present at the conference—as he had been present at every major conference thus far in the war—but on August 28th he sent the following cable:

"Dear Winston: Although I am now feeling much better I still must take things easy and I therefore feel that I should not run the risk of a setback in health by attempting to fight the battle of Quebec on the Plains of Abraham where better men than I have been killed."

Hopkins' excuse was hardly convincing, for if he had ever given any thought to his own survival, he would probably have spent the entire war in bed, subsisting on liver extract and amino-acid powder. The fact of the matter was—and this was later confirmed by Hopkins to Churchill directly—that a distinct change had come about in the character of his relationship with the President. Roosevelt's need for Hopkins' counsel and even more for his companionship was no longer so great that the President was willing to defy the criticism which invariably arose in the hostile press whenever Hopkins took Hull's place at an important conference.

Poor Health Too Great a Handicap

There was no open breach between them. There was simply an admission that while the friendship continued and Hopkins would still be useful in various ways, he was no longer physically fit to share the burden of responsibility for the big decisions of the war. The trouble was that he had been out of commission too long, and Roosevelt had of necessity lost confidence in his ability to stand up under the strain.

The physical setting of the second Quebec Conference was familiar, but the atmosphere was utterly new. There was, in short, a general belief among the higher authorities assembled there that German surrender could come within a matter of weeks or even days. The Allies were well prepared for war to the death in Europe, but they were very ill prepared for the cataclysm of sudden total victory.

It will be remembered that when the question of the future treatment of Germany had come up for discussion among the Big Three at Teheran, it had been decided to refer this explosive subject to the Russian-British-American Advisory Committee in London. There it had remained through many long months of inconclusive "exchanges of views" on all manner of subjects, beginning with the primary one as to which nation would occupy which zone.

It was felt that some specific directive must be issued to General Eisenhower and various proposals were made—the most famous or most notorious of them being "the Morgenthau Plan." There is no doubt that Hopkins, as a member of the President's Special Cabinet Committee, joined with Hull and Stimson in opposition to the plan, and I can confirm from my personal knowledge Stimson's statement that Roosevelt subsequently made no secret of his regret that he had ever agreed to initial the proposal.

Indeed, on October 20th, six weeks after the Quebec Conference, Roosevelt gave demonstration of his reaction to the episode by dismissing *all* specific planning for the treatment of Germany; he said, in a memorandum to Hull, "I dislike making detailed plans for a country which we do not yet occupy," adding that the details were "dependent on what we and the Allies find when we get into Germany—and we are not there yet."

Roosevelt gave evidence of the extent to which Hopkins' position had changed at that time. In a memorandum, also addressed to Hull, on the progress of the Quebec Conference, he wrote: "We have discussed the question of the scope and scale of mutual Lend-Lease aid between the United States and the British Empire after the defeat of Germany and during the war with Japan. We have agreed that a temporary joint committee shall be set up to consider this question. Among American membership would be Stettinius, Morgenthau and Crowley."

In neglecting to appoint Hopkins even to membership in a committee for consideration of the subject which, for more than three and a half years, had been Hopkins' particular province, Roosevelt was undoubtedly influenced by political considerations. Unpleasant suggestions had reached the President's ears that Hopkins was too thoroughly under the domination of the British, or of the Russians or the Chinese, to be a reliable representative of American interests in these important negotiations relative to postwar material and economic aid. Of course, similarly dark intimations about Hopkins had been reaching Roosevelt ever since the earliest days of the feud with Harold Ickes in 1933, and Roosevelt had paid no heed to them; but he paid heed to them now.

I had been overseas in the European and Mediterranean Theaters since early in February, 1944, so I knew very little directly of what was going on in the White House. On September 12th, Hopkins sent me a message saying that the President wanted me to come back. On arrival, I learned from Hopkins, Rosenman, Pa Watson and Steve Early that there was some cause for alarm about the forthcoming political campaign. There appeared to be a considerable amount of lethargy among the voters which could result in a small registration and an even smaller turnout on Election Day.

It was obvious that if large masses of people were so sure the President could not lose they would feel no need to register and vote, the President could be defeated. Dewey was traveling up and down the country making carefully planned speeches which were well calculated to mobilize the maximum Republican vote but at the same time to create no particular excitement. He did not attack the conduct of the war. He did not attack Roosevelt's social objectives. He repeatedly described the present Administration as a group of "tired old men," and this was not easily refuted, for those in highest authority were unquestionably tired and were getting no younger day by day.

Dewey also referred repeatedly to the recurrent and unseemly cat-and-dog fights that broke into the public prints with disagreeable frequency. Here again he was on sure ground: There had been another final bust-up in the War Production Board which resulted in the resignation of Charles E. Wilson due to a series of press attacks which, he said, had been instigated by Donald Nelson (Roosevelt sent Nelson to China on an apparently meaningless mission and appointed Julius Krug as Acting Chairman of WPB).

Later, during October, the long-suppressed enmities between Stilwell and Chiang Kai-shek and Chennault burst out in violent explosion and Roosevelt was compelled to issue orders for the recall of Stilwell who had become, and deservedly, a popular hero to the American people.

There was a great deal of extremely ugly whispering about the state of Roosevelt's health. When he had made his acceptance speech from a cabin on a cruiser just before his departure for the Pacific tour in July, a photograph had been taken in which he appeared haggard, glassy-eyed and querulous—and this photograph had been given very wide advertisement in the pamphlets with which the Republicans were flooding the country.

On his return from the Pacific trip, Roosevelt had made a nation-wide broadcast from the Bremerton Navy Yard at Seattle; when he delivered this speech he wore his leg braces for, I believe, the first time since he had returned from Cairo and Teheran and he was in such pain that he had to support himself by holding on to the lectern with t tremendous strength of his arm hands, which made it extremely di for him to turn the pages of his re copy and made the speech sound ing and uncertain to listeners accus to the calm, confident and cheerf surance that he always conveyed.

It was a significant fact that, aft speech, the public opinion polls ind a sudden and ominous slump for R velt and a consequent rise in D stock.

When I first went in to see the dent after my return from Europe, shocked by his appearance. I had that he had lost a lot of weight, bu unprepared for the almost ravag pearance of his face. He had his c and his shirt collar seemed severa too large for his emaciated neck. seemed to be more full of good l and of fight than ever. He asked had listened to any of Dewey's sp and when I said I had not yet h pleasure, he said, "You ought t him. He plays the part of the racket-buster in one of those ga movies. He talks to the people as were the jury and I were the vill trial for his life."

Fala Figures in Campaign Spe

Then Roosevelt said, "I'm go give a speech to Dan Tobin's boy Saturday night and I expect to hav of fun with that one." He handed sheet of paper, saying it was a par he had dictated for use in this s

It read as follows: "The Repu leaders have not been content to personal attacks upon me—or m —or my sons—they now include m dog, Fala. Unlike the members family, Fala resents this. Wh learned that the Republican writers had concocted a story tha left him behind on an Aleutian and had sent a destroyer back to fi —at a cost to the taxpayer of t three or twenty million dolla Scotch soul was furious. He has n the same dog since. I am accusto hearing malicious falsehoods abo self but I think I have a right to ob libelous statements about my dog.

This paragraph may be said t set the very keynote for the 194 paign; as someone observed at th "From now on the American peo consider this as a contest of Dewey Fala."

The Teamsters speech—or speech about Fala," as it was son known—accomplished its object. put the needed excitement into th paign, it stimulated the overco Democrats with a will to rush fo register and vote, and above all rupted Dewey's carefully cul self-assurance and caused him t swinging wildly against the mos dodger of them all.

More and more Dewey felt imp appeal to the prejudices of his im audiences in order to get applau seemed to forget that these au were recruited by the local Rep machine and were composed lar people who would still have been determined to vote against R even if the Republican candida been named Tommy Manville ins Tom Dewey.

In bidding for their cheers, a their hoots and catcalls whenev kins or Ickes or Frances Perki mentioned, Dewey ignored th mass of undecided voters who w tening over the radio and wh they might be tired of the Roose ministration and ready to conce it was "time for a change," did n that change to involve a recessio kind of "normalcy" which follo first World War.

During the latter part of Octob

ALFRED by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



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—Simmer Swift's Premium Franks in water for about 7 minutes; drain, serve with potato salad made like this: to 5 cups cubed, cooked potatoes (8 or 9 med. size) add 1 tsp. salt, ½ cup chopped celery, ¼ cup chopped green pepper, 2 tbsp. minced onion, ½ cup chopped cucumber, ¼ cup sliced pimiento olives, 2 chopped hard cooked eggs, 1 tbsp. minced parsley and 1 cup salad dressing. Toss together with a fork and serve in a bed of crisp salad greens.

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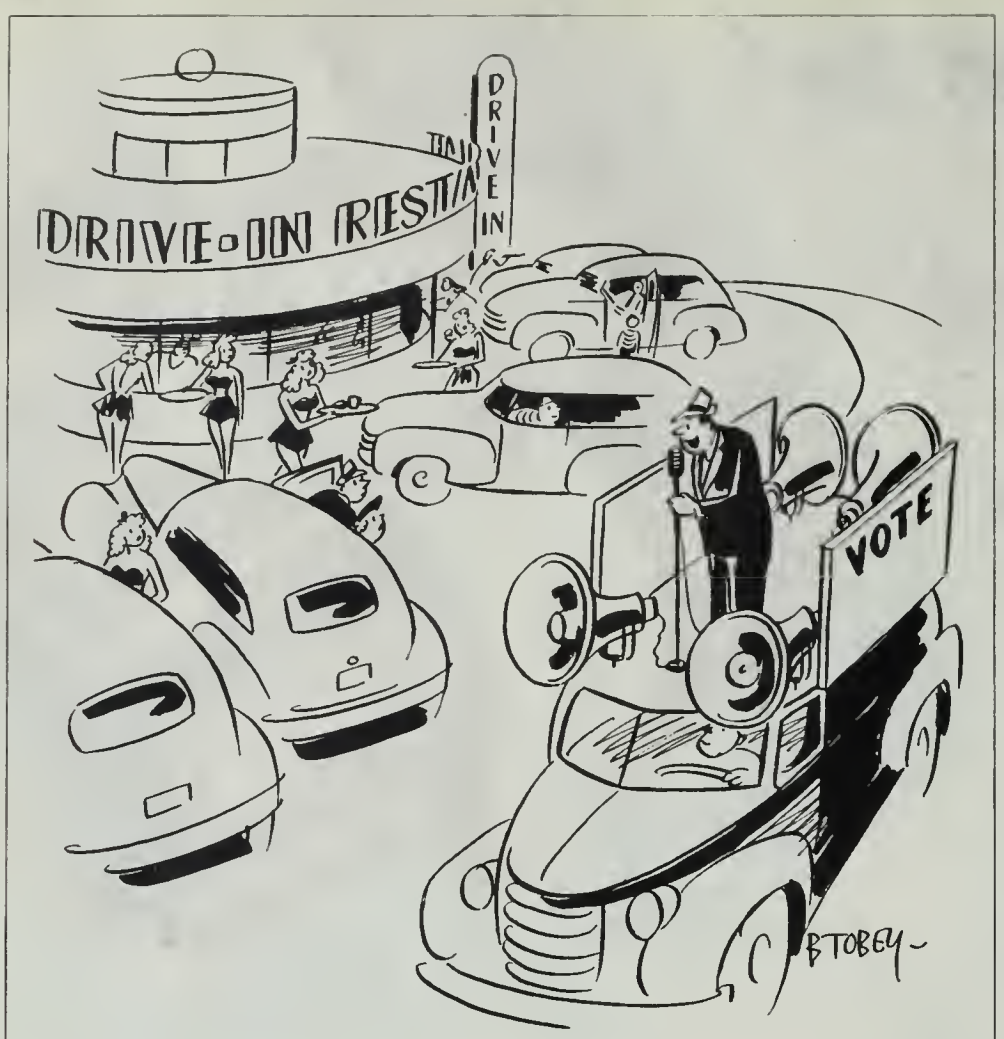
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COLLIER'S "Couple of hamburgers and coffee!" BARNEY TOBEY

kins heard from General Marshall the amazing story of how someone, apparently in the armed services, had imparted to Dewey the fact that the United States had broken the Japanese codes before Pearl Harbor, and of Marshall's urgent message to Dewey that the revelation of this fact would be calamitous. Hopkins later wrote of this:

Later that day I repeated this conversation to the President. The President was surprised at the action Marshall had taken but expressed no criticism of that action. He merely stated that he felt confident that Governor Dewey would not, for political purposes, give secret and vital information to the enemy. His only further comments were: "My opponent must be pretty desperate if he is even thinking of using material like this which would be bound to react against him." The President wondered what officer or government official had been so faithless to his country as to give Governor Dewey the information. To the best of my knowledge the government never discovered who gave Governor Dewey this military information.

Rosenman and I had some talks with various Democratic political leaders, who seemed to be greatly alarmed that Dewey was making dangerous progress in his campaign to hang the Communist label on the Roosevelt Administration. There were charges that Roosevelt had secretly begun to sell out to Uncle Joe Stalin at Teheran and that after the war he would complete the process of delivering the American free enterprise system over to Communist control. When we reported these conversations to the President he did not seem greatly disturbed.

He said in his Boston speech: "When any political candidate stands up and says, solemnly, that there is danger that the government of the United States—your government—could be sold out to the Communists—then I say that candidate reveals a shocking lack of trust in America. He reveals a shocking lack of faith in Democracy—in the spiritual strength of our people."

Roosevelt himself was at his most unsolemn in this speech. He poured his own brand of ridicule on his opponent. He said, "Everybody knows that I was reluctant to run for the Presidency again this year. But since the campaign has developed I tell you frankly that I have become most anxious to win." Merriman Smith, the United Press White House correspondent, has written that Roosevelt's attitude toward Dewey was one of "unvarnished contempt"—and I can only add that Smith is a notoriously accurate reporter.

Hopkins later wrote: "The President told me he meant it when he said that this was the meanest campaign of his life. He said he thought they hit him below the belt several times and that it was done quite deliberately and very viciously. He was particularly resentful about the whispering campaign which he believes was a highly organized affair."

Beginnings of Dissension

It is not improbable that one of the factors in restoring Hopkins to his former position with Roosevelt was the Morgenthau Plan episode. Hopkins would have been quick to detect the dangerous implications in the Morgenthau Plan, and Roosevelt realized this and was sorry that he had not taken Hopkins with him to Quebec.

Of far greater importance, however, was an incident early in October in connection with a cable to Churchill which had consequences of very considerable importance. The background of this was as follows:

By October 1st, the Russians had reached the frontiers of Greece and Turkey. British forces had landed in Greece. The question of control over southeastern Europe now presented a problem of pressing urgency and Churchill was naturally so concerned about it that he felt that another Big Three conference must be held without a moment's delay.

Obviously, it was difficult for Roosevelt to embark on a long journey in the midst of a political campaign, but Churchill took the unassailable position that the advancing Russians were not going to wait until the returns were in from South Dakota and Oregon, and he suggested that he and Eden should proceed to Moscow immediately and try to arrive at an understanding in respect to "spheres of influence" in the Balkan area. Hopkins believed that if such a conference were to be held with no American representative present, it would be generally assumed that Churchill had been authorized to speak for Roosevelt.

While Hopkins well knew that there was nothing Roosevelt could do to prevent Churchill and Stalin from discussing any subjects that they pleased, he believed it to be of utmost importance that Roosevelt should make it entirely clear that no decision they might reach would be considered as valid by the United States until these matters could be discussed and settled by the three nations in conference together.

On October 3d Hopkins learned that Roosevelt was dispatching a cable to Churchill with the implication that he was content to let the Prime Minister speak for the United States. The cable was already going out over the wires of the Map Room. Hopkins thereupon took one of the quick and arbitrary actions, far beyond the scope of his own authority, which had gained for him the admiration and affection of Roosevelt ever since the beginnings of the New Deal: He gave orders to the officers on duty in the Map Room that transmission of the President's message to Churchill was to be stopped.

He then went straight to Roosevelt's bedroom—the President was shaving at the time—and told what he had done and the reasons why he had done it. Roosevelt had been thinking about other matters when that cable was drafted, and had been persuaded that the safest course for him to take was to avoid all semblance of American participation or even interest in the Moscow meetings by sending vague messages to Churchill and to Stalin as well. He now listened very attentively to Hopkins and came to the conclusion that a serious mistake had almost been made. He and Hopkins drafted a cable to Harriman instructing him to deliver the following message to Marshal Stalin immediately:

"It had been my hope that no important meeting would be held until you and Mr. Churchill and I could get together but I understand the Prime Minister's wish to confer with you now. There is in this global war literally no question, either military or political, in which the United States is not interested. It is my firm conviction that the solution to still unsolved questions can be found only by the three of us together. Therefore, while I appreciate the necessity for the present meeting, I choose to consider your forthcoming talks with Mr. Churchill merely as preliminary to a conference of the three of us which can take place, so far as I am concerned, any time after our national election.

"Therefore, I am suggesting that Mr. Harriman be present at your forthcoming meetings with Mr. Churchill as an observer for me, if you and Mr. Churchill approve. Of course Mr. Harriman c not commit this government relati any important matters which, very rally, may be discussed by you an Prime Minister . . ."

Roosevelt then instructed Harrim bear in mind the important fact that could be *"no subjects that I can antic that might be discussed between S and the Prime Minister in which I wi be greatly concerned. It is importan I retain complete freedom of action this conference is over."* (The italic mine.) Roosevelt further instructed riman to keep Hull and himself info throughout the conversations an come home immediately after to make a full report.

From Installment XVI of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: At the formal dinner after the opening of the Yalta Conference, when the subject of American public opinion came up, Vishinsky remarked to Bohlen (U.S. State Dept.) that "the American people should learn to obey their leaders." Bohlen suggested that Vishinsky visit the U.S. and try to tell that to the people. Vishinsky remarked that "he would be glad to do so."

A False Impression Is Correcte

Stalin expressed his appreciation President's message, saying that he previously been under the impre that Churchill would be authoriz speak for Roosevelt as well as for self.

Two days before this cable was Cordell Hull left his office in the Department for the last time. Hull very sick man and his life depend the relinquishing of all the respon ties of his office. Roosevelt had pers him to postpone announcement resignation until after Election Da obvious reasons, and Hull did so. question as to who should succee was a matter for long and prayerfu sideration in the White House.

When it was finally decided that tinius should be promoted from U secretary to the senior Cabinet post was no doubt in anyone's mind that kins was largely responsible. As the informed Marquis Childs wrote, " of his enemies who took satisfacti counting Hopkins out at the time illness after the Teheran Conferenc have to guess again. His influence Administration is perhaps greater t ever was."

One of the first public actions tak Stettinius incurred the furious ar hemently expressed wrath of W Churchill. During November ther political crises in three countries gium, Italy and Greece, in all of the Allied military forces were pre nantly British. It seemed that I was backing the more conservati ments in these countries as oppo the liberals or leftists who had be most aggressive in resistance to the and Fascists. It appeared that C ill's well-known predilection for tutional monarchy was dictating p which were against the people's w

In Greece, from which the Ge had been ejected only within the pa weeks, it was the belief of Am observers that there was little p enthusiasm for the return of George. The situation in all three tries was immeasurably complica the fact that battle fronts existed i (in the case of Belgium, they we beyond her frontiers) so that all we itary zones of communication whe and order must be enforced by wh instruments were at hand for th pose; but American liberal opinic already heard too much of this ex tion in connection with the various porary expediency" arrangement

When Stettinius announced hi appointments on the Assistant Se level, anguished cries were raised t State Department had been shak only to emerge more reactionar ever. Hopkins was given a large of responsibility for the new a ments and suddenly found himself unaccustomed position of being cized as a convert to Toryism.

At this same time, in late Nov the crisis became acute in Italy. attempt to form a new Cabinet, Carlo Sforza was a leading spok



"Hm-m-m... so

Mrs. Blandings Builds a Dream Kitchen...eh?"

Hm-m-m. After learning the hard way how to build a house, I'm glad Mrs. Blandings took over the job of planning the kitchen. Let's see how she made out ...

Cary Grant and Myrna Loy as Mr. and Mrs. Blandings in R.K.O.'s Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House—*a Selznick release*



1. **Mr. Blandings**: Hello, Dear, what are you dreaming up for dinner in this bright little workshop?

Mrs. Blandings: See for yourself, Nosey. But the best part of the dream is the way my *"Unseen Friend"* lends a hand.

Mr. B: Your *"Unseen Friend?"* Who do you mean ... anybody *I* know?

Mrs. B: Of course it is. Our *"Unseen Friend"* is *Nickel*—the wonderful metal that's in these shining Stainless Steel pots and pans... and in the Inconel cooking surfaces of the electric range.

Mr. B: Well, "live and learn," I always say... Will wonders never cease?

Mrs. B: Not with our *"Unseen Friend"* around.



r. Blandings: Well, tell me where your metallic *Friend* is contraption?

ndings: That's not a contraption, Stupid ... that's a clothes r. It will keep your precious shirts so white they'll make ok like you've been under a sun lamp! And no rust stains.

But *where* does our *"Friend"* come in?

The Nickel is in the basement... in the Monel water tank. Monel is rust-proof, you know... keeps the water n and free of rust you can drink it.

By all means let's drink a glass to your invisible crony!



3. **Mr. Blandings**: Now don't tell me... I suppose your little pal is lurking in this gadget too? By the way, Dear, what is it... a spare bathtub?

Mrs. Blandings: Don't be silly... that's the electric dishwasher ... and will *you* be glad next time I want you to dry the dishes! Because, after they're washed clean with really hot water, they *dry themselves* ... while *you* read your paper.

Mr. B: And I suppose our *"Unseen Friend"* Nickel is ready to leap into action at the drop of a plate. But, say, tell me one thing. Why do they call it *"Your Unseen Friend"?*

Mrs. B: Because it lends a friendly hand in so many things we use every day.

INCO: *Thats' right, Mr. Blandings, over a hundred things right here in your own kitchen! But the Nickel is usually combined with other metals, so you very seldom really see it...*

Mr. and Mrs. B. together: And *that's* why Nickel is called *"Your Unseen Friend"!*

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Nickel
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of the parties to the left. Sforza was well known and greatly respected in the United States, where he had spent many years of exile, as an unflagging enemy of Fascism. He had strongly opposed the retention of the House of Savoy in the new Italy and had criticized State Department policy on numerous occasions.

(The State Department's memorandum on the proposed plan for Allied military government in Italy had provided that "Italian political leaders in exile should have no part in the operations or administration." This dictum, which would seem to have applied primarily to Sforza, was amended by Roosevelt and Hopkins to provide that such exiled leaders should have no part in the operation "in its initial stages," with the rest of the remarks struck out.)

The British embassy in Rome intervened in the Cabinet crisis to the extent of letting it be known that His Majesty's government would not give its approval to any Italian Cabinet in which Sforza held a prominent post. With this, the American liberal hue and cry became really intense and it was assumed that the British government was making these antidemocratic moves with the blessings of the United States government. Stettinius was now beginning to realize how Hull had felt under comparable fire. Roosevelt was away in Warm Springs for a rest and was not, I believe, paying a great deal of attention to the situation.

Outlining U.S. Policy for Italy

On December 5th, Stettinius issued a public statement saying:

The position of this government has consistently been that the composition of the Italian government is purely an Italian affair except in the case of appointments where important military factors are concerned. This government has not in any way intimated to the Italian government that there would be any opposition on its part to Count Sforza. Since Italy is an area of combined responsibility, we have reaffirmed to both the British and Italian governments that we expected the Italians to work out their problems of government along democratic lines without influence from outside.

He added, "This policy would apply in an even more pronounced degree with regard to governments of the United Nations in their liberated territories." This last was sharply aggravating to Churchill, for it applied obviously to Belgium and even more so to Greece, which was by now becoming the hottest spot of all. The embattled Prime Minister thereupon dispatched a cable to Roosevelt which may well have been the most violent outburst of rage in all of their historic correspondence. Churchill said he would undoubtedly have to make a statement to the House of Commons in view of the Stettinius statement and he would try to keep his remarks free from the "acerbity" that the new Secretary of State had displayed in his public language.

It is quite possible that Churchill would have been compelled to discuss these subjects before the House even if Stettinius had said nothing, for a debate was precipitated by an amendment regretting British intervention in Greece and in other parts of liberated Europe. During this debate, Churchill made several references directly and indirectly to American opinion. He said:

"Poor old England! We have to assume the burden of the most thankless tasks, and in undertaking them to be scoffed at, criticized and opposed from every quarter; but at least we know where we are making for, know the end of the road, know what is our objective . . .

"We have not attempted to put our veto on the appointment of Count Sforza. If tomorrow the Italians were to make him Prime Minister or Foreign Secretary, we have no power to stop it, except with the agreement of the Allies. All that we should have to say about it is that we do not trust the man, we do not think he is a true and trustworthy man, nor do we put the slightest confidence in any government of which he is a dominating member. I think we should have to put a great deal of responsibility for what might happen on those who called him to power."

The situation in Greece was indeed ugly. American public opinion was not too well informed as to the merits of this complicated situation; all that was apparent on the surface was that British troops, engaged in the task of "liberation," were killing Greek patriots who had fought the Nazis, and it was even possible that the British were using American Lend-Lease weapons for this purpose.

Although there were no American troops involved, units of the Mediterranean Fleet of the U.S. Navy had been operating under British command, aiding in the transport service to Greece. This led to an incident which Hopkins described as follows:



COLLIER'S "George, you've hardly touched your food" VIRGIL PARTCH

On Saturday night, December 9, 1944, at about 7 P.M. the White House operator told me that "John Martin" was calling me on the overseas phone. This is the name the Prime Minister uses in his telephone calls.

The connection was very bad and I could not, therefore, know what the Prime Minister was talking about. He sounded as though he were very angry and stirred up about something and wanted me to do something about it. I got the words "Greece" and "Halifax" . . .

I then tried to get Halifax on the phone but could not reach him.

On Sunday morning I went to the Map Room and saw in the morning news summary a sentence that Admiral King had ordered Admiral Hewitt, our American commander of the Mediterranean Fleet, not to permit any American LSTs to be used to transfer supplies to Greece. King's actual cable was not available.

I went to see Admiral Leahy about this and told him that I thought . . . King was getting into the political arena and that we would undoubtedly hear from the British about it. I told him, furthermore, that I felt that, while we should keep our troops out of Greece and let the British do the policing, withdrawing the LSTs was like walking out on a member of your family who is in trouble . . . I told him I thought Admiral King should withdraw his order and, if Admiral King or the Joint Chiefs of Staff thought that such an order should be issued, the recommendation should be made to the President and that he should make the decision because it was in the political sphere . . .

While I was with Leahy he telephoned Admiral King and . . . suggested . . . that he withdraw the order. King readily agreed and did so.

Churchill expressed his warm appreciation of Hopkins' timely and effective action and said that he had canceled the message that he had prepared for dispatch to the President.

A Typical Churchill Gesture

It remained for Churchill to take the one dramatic and thoroughly characteristic action which could convert criticism into applause. With fine contempt for his advanced age (he had now passed his seventieth birthday) and for the risks both political and physical that were involved, he suddenly boarded an airplane and flew to Athens on Christmas Day, taking Eden with him. He thereby brought an end to hostilities and established a temporary regency under Archbishop Damaskinos, obtaining from King George the assurance that he would not attempt to return to the country "unless summoned by a free and fair expression of the national will." That ended the Greek crisis for the time being.

Hopkins wrote the following on the genesis of the Yalta Conference:

As early as the middle of September, 1944, the President was contemplating a second conference with Stalin and Churchill . . .

By this time we had agreed upon our full-out and final assault on the German citadel and yet there were no firm agreements as to what was to be done with Germany once she was defeated . . .

On the political side there was no agreement as to reparations against Germany . . . there was no agreement as to zones; nothing as to whether or not we were going to encourage or discourage a central German government or, indeed in what way the Allies were going to utilize German machinery . . . The earmarks of trouble in Poland were already obvious . . . Our whole policy toward the Far East needed a thoroughgoing understanding, particularly so far as the Soviet Union was concerned . . . France wanted to have a full part in world affairs and the decision on this point, if not made at an early date, wo cause endless troubles.

Furthermore, there was the ha over of the Dumbarton Oaks Un Nations Conference. The voting cedure had not been settled . . . I the President . . . that there was n chance of getting Stalin out of Ru . . . in the light of the military situa on Germany's eastern front and th he did not look out we would wind with a lot of . . . irritating cables l and forth getting exactly nowhere that we might as well make up our m first as last to go to some conve point in Russia—preferably in Crimea . . .

As soon as the election had t place I saw Gromyko, the Russian bassador, and told him that we wa to arrange the conference. Gron said that he knew Stalin was prep for the conference but that he dou that he could leave Russia . . . I a Gromyko whether there was any p in the Crimea at which it was fit to a conference and he said he was there was. A couple of weeks late President got a message from S saying he understood the President willing to go to the Crimea and sug ing Yalta as a desirable place.

All of the President's close adv were opposed to his going to Ru most did not like or trust the Rus anyway and could not understand the President of the United States sh cart himself all over the world to Stalin. This argument carried no w with me. The all-important thing to get the meeting . . .

On Sunday, January 21st, Ho took off for London in The Sacred It had been decided that he should two or three days with Churchill attempt to promote a more am mood prior to the gathering at Yal

Hopkins wrote no notes durin short stay in London, but he rep later that his host was no less "volc than he had expected.

Hopkins was joined in Naples by tinius and they flew together to Ma await the President's arrival. Hopk now was quite ill.

Chiefs of Staff in Hot Disput

The Combined Chiefs of Staf been meeting at Malta—and had engaged in the most violent dispu the entire war. The point at issue w selection of a strategic plan for th knockout blow against Germany. plan was advanced by the British C another by Eisenhower; the latter w present, but he was vehemently sented by Walter Bedell Smith.

The arguments reached such a that Marshall, ordinarily one of th restrained and soft-spoken of me nounced that if the British plan approved by the Prime Ministe President, he would recommend to hower that he had no choice but to be relieved of his command. The was settled by the Combined Ch Eisenhower's favor without need f erence to higher authority, and th was followed which ended three m later in junction with the Russia Germany's surrender.

On February 2d, Roosevelt arri the Grand Harbor of Valletta Quincy.

The night of February 2d–3d busy one at the Luqa airfield at which had been for so many y prime target for German and bombs. Transport planes were off at ten-minute intervals from P.M. to dawn to carry some 700 including the President and the Minister, 1400 miles across the and Anatolia and the Black Sea airfield in the Crimea.

(Next week: The "secret agree made at Yalta.)

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EUROPEAN

The friendship of Louise Brough and Margaret Osborne DuPont is almost unprecedented for women tennis rivals. They are companions off the court and h dominated the women's doubles since 1942. These pictures show Louise, left, and Margaret, right, at Wimbledon, where Louise won the women's sin

THE RACKET SISTERS

BY BILL FAY

DARKNESS halted the semi-final match between Louise Brough and Nancye Bolton of Australia at Forest Hills last September. The replay of the incomplete third set was scheduled for the following morning—with the winner to meet Margaret Osborne DuPont for the national championship in the afternoon.

The decision produced a laundry crisis. When Louise awoke next morning, she discovered her tennis wardrobe had dwindled to two dresses—both of them wrinkled and unpressed. "I'll be darned if I feel like starting the day over a hot ironing board," Louise complained.

"Take a shower," roommate Margaret Osborne DuPont ordered. "I'll run an iron over them. It'll even things up for this afternoon."

So Margaret pressed Louise's dresses, and Louise beat Nancye Bolton, and then Louise beat Margaret for the title. Louise also ate most of Margaret's raisins (tucked away in a small bag beneath the umpire's chair), but Louise didn't say a word to Margaret all afternoon—not even thanks for the raisins.

"We never speak on court," Louise explains, "and we were so tired after the last point we just shook hands—didn't have a chance to talk things over until we went back to the room for a shower before dinner."

Louise and Margaret started taking in each other's washing and ironing, and winning tennis titles, in 1942 when Sarah Cooke (Margaret's partner) retired temporarily. They've dominated women's doubles ever since while battling for the big prize—the world's No. 1 singles ranking. This year, Louise came through, winning the women's singles at Wimbledon. Then she and Margaret took the women's doubles. Oddly enough, despite their competition in the singles, they've remained friends—an almost unprecedented accomplishment for feminine tennis rivals. In a similar situation, Helen Wills and Helen Jacobs got along like Westbrook Pegler and Henry Wallace.

"For one thing," Margaret says, "we never practice together. That restricts our competition to tournaments and we've just about broken even in 30 matches over six years. If we played two or three times a week, we might get on each other's nerves. Another thing, we both concentrate well, which means, in a sense, that we play the ball rather than each other."

"That's right," Louise agrees. "When I'm hitting well, I'm concentrating on the ball—how it's spinning and what angle it's coming from—not on who's hitting it. Our singles matches are almost impersonal. The doubles are something else. We often talk things over and give ourselves pep talks on big points."

The friendship carries over to their families. Margaret lived in San Francisco and spent many winter week ends with the Brough family in Beverly Hills. When Louise and Margaret battled last September, Louise's mother and grandmother followe match on the radio.

During the decisive third se neighbor who stopped by sugge

"Maybe we ought to say a prayer for Louise."

"We will not," Grandm Brough declared. "When Mar plays Louise, we're neutral."

BASEBALL'S PREP SCHOOL

The first American Legion bas tournament—held during the convention at Philadelphia—wa most the last. The final-round ponents, from Springfield, Ohi Dorado, Kansas; Pocatello, Id and Yonkers, New York, could find hotel space. Finally, tourna chairman Dan Sowers lodged youngsters in Marine barracks.

Yonkers won the title before 9 empty seats in Municipal Stadiun we ever hold another tournam Sowers declared, "the finals wor a part of the convention. The

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gates don't seem to be baseball-minded."

Tom Shibe, then president of the Athletics, gave a dinner for the winning team. Commissioner Landis attended. So did John Heydler, president of the National League. Sowers cornered them and said, "This could be a great tournament for the kids and for baseball, but we need help. How about it?"

Nothing happened. There was no tournament in 1927. Finally, late in December, Sowers received a telegram from Landis: PLEASE ATTEND MAJOR LEAGUE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL MEETING FEB. 14TH.

At the meeting, Sowers outlined the Legion program in a five-minute chat with Landis, Heydler, Ernest Barnard and Leslie O'Connor. When Dan finished, Barnard said, "Mr. Commissioner, I move we underwrite this program for this year to the extent of $50,000."

Heydler said, "Mr. Commissioner, I second the motion."

Landis said, "In all of which the commissioner concurs."

That's all there was to it. That $50,000 was the best investment major-league baseball ever made. Sowers estimates more than 1,000,000 youngsters tried out for the 13,000 teams which competed in the 1948 tournament. "That means," Dan says, "that more youngsters in the 12- to 17-year age bracket are playing ball every year. It's reflected in major-league box scores. We had 113 Legion graduates in the American League last year and 91 in the National. Pretty soon, 90 per cent of your big leaguers will be Legion graduates."

The list of major-league legionnaires reads like Baseball's Who's Who: Ted Williams, Hal Newhouser, Bob Feller, Pee Wee Reese, Dom DiMaggio, Lou Boudreau, Joe Gordon, Ferris Fain, Buddy Rosar, Bob Dillinger, George Kell, Harry Brecheen, Warren Spahn, Johnny VanderMeer, Phil Cavarretta, Bobby Doerr, Wally Westlake, Harry Walker, Ralph Kiner.

Judge Landis really started something with seven words: "In all of which the commissioner concurs."

CHESTY PEPPER

Pepper Martin, the old St. Louis Cardinal who played third base with his chest, joined the faculty of Branch Rickey's Brooklyn baseball college at Vero Beach, Florida, last spring. Pepper's roommate was Carl Voyles, coach of Rickey's pro football team in the All America Conference.

"We've got a couple hundred kids down here," Voyles told Pepper. "Some of them will never make the grade in baseball, but they've played college football. I'm going to look them over—might be able to use them in the fall."

"Count me in," Pepper declared used to play some football."

Carl thought the 44-year-old M was joking, but Pepper was serious. ing the touch scrimmage after ba practice, Pepper grabbed a pass an away from the 20-year-old safety

"Where did you play football?" V asked.

"Carver Chiropractic College," per replied. "It was in Oklahoma You didn't have to go there to pla the team. I didn't go there."

"Any other experience?"

"A season at halfback for Ho Oklahoma, an all-Indian team. Cou wasn't no Indian."

Next morning, Voyles tested Pep place-kicking on the local high-s field. Pepper booted 14 straight— ing back gradually from the 10-yar and didn't miss until he was on th

Impressed, Voyles went to Ricke said, "I'd like to put Pepper on the ball team—just to kick extra point

"You can have him," Rickey said keep him out of the scrimmages. S body might run into his chest an hurt."

Rickey was thinking back to the when Pepper was the roughest and t est of the Cardinals' Gashouse Gang body ever broke up more double with less finesse than Pepper. H knocked down the shortstop or th ond baseman—whichever was un enough to be making the pivot throw

"So that was it," Rickey mused. the years I was general manager Louis I wondered where Pepper le that battering-ram base-running nique. I checked his record all th back to Greenville in the East League and never found out. A the time Pepper was practicing the field blocking he learned at dea Carver Chiropractic."

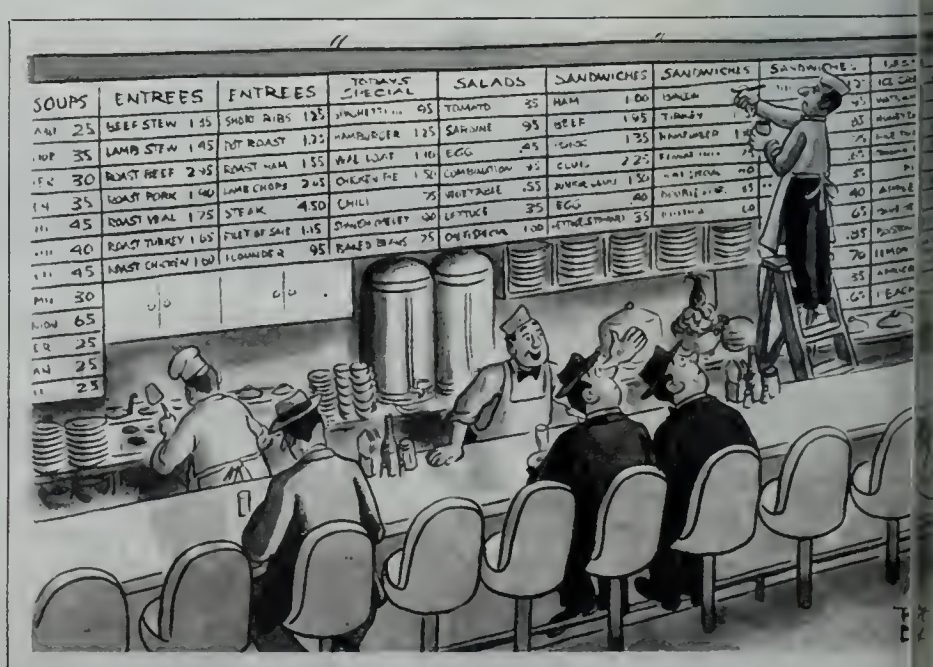
THIRD-HOLE ASSIST

Fred Daly of Council Bluffs got a spectacular start in the recent amateur golf tournament. Fred's te on the 188-yard third hole at O stopped 18 inches from the pin. A walked toward the green, a wil from the fifth fairway landed on h —and sent it rolling into the cup hole in one!

THERE'S GOLD IN THAT LEAD

The 2,000 trapshooters who co in the Grand American at Vanda approximately 1,500,000 shells. T ounces of lead in each shot scatte 100 to 300 yards in front of the tra is mined and sold for 20 cents a —approximately $15,000 annually

THE END



"It's become a full-time job. Connors does nothing but jack various items up a nickel"

COLLIER'S

ROBER

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

cation and out doing the hot spots in admiring father's high-powered car, th his pal and a couple of girls and ree beers each under the belts.
R. H. Powel, Vancouver, B. C.

. I nominate elderly drivers. To narrow down to The Most Dangerous I nomite any elderly woman driver.
C. R. Evans, Hollywood, Cal.

. I would like to nominate the person o goes to sleep while driving a car.
Mrs. W. H. Poyser, Kansas City, Mo.

. So long as any dummy can get a ver's license, all of the undertakers will ntinue to get rich. Gasoline simply does t come with intelligence and character tilled into it.
len Starr Ross, Pres. Capitol College, Columbus, Ohio

KINGS—OR BETTER

ntlemen: It was with pain and shock t I read Igor Cassini's Royalty under raps (July 24th).
Mr. Cassini obviously suffers from an dequate comprehension of the figures, ts and fancies which have so gloriously petuated the institution of monarchy roughout the world, through centuries storm and strife.
A loyal subject to the crown,
James von Reinhold Jamesson, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

. Glad to see the system of royalty de-. I'm all for removing the kings and eens from playing-card decks and subtuting Mr. & Mrs. Commoner. . . .
Fred Brady, Utica, N. Y.

. I wish the out-of-work kings and eens would come to this country and en schools to train servants and teach anners to boorish Americans. . . .
Jack van Nurk, Boston, Mass.

. Kings out of work? When did they er? George Rade, Stamford, Conn.

THE SIN IN SYNTAX

ear Sir: Mr. James C. Prindiville, Sah, Oregon, is irked because, he says, of grammatical error." (The Week's Mail, ly 24th.) May I inquire since when has error in grammar become grammatical?
Donald Davis, Washington, D. C.

d Reader Prindiville mean an ungramatical accuracy?

CLAMOCRACY

itor Collier's: The editorial We Need bor Statesmen (July 17th) offers an active idea but it is much like wishing dry water or cool heat.
The labor leader, like Ol' Man River, nts no taters; he has only discontent to l, can follow but one course. Ultitely, the labor leader will find his ignoend in the wreckage of the American tem.
There is no longer anyone in our govnment with the guts to say no to a powful labor leader.
If we ever were a democracy that day is st. Clamocracy is a better word; the der and more obnoxious the clamor set by a self-serving group the greater is certainty it will be given what it deands. This extends beyond the labor oup to include farmers, veterans and hers.
G. E. Johnson, Greensboro, N. C.

COMES THE REVOLUTION

ntlemen: We are in grave danger of outright dictatorship under a Lewis, a bin, a Murray, a Green, or whoever. bor has the strength. Pogroms of the d world were child's play compared to what we are in for, once the pent-up hatreds are unleashed, in this land "where it couldn't happen."
G. P. Stokes, Corona, Cal.

HOPKINS

Dear Editor: We happen to read so many accusations, unfounded ones, against that dead man in Hyde Park that we sometimes wonder the sunspots are not called his fault. When reading The Secret Papers of Harry L. Hopkins in Collier's I have a feeling that they are a good antidote for those accusations.
Dr. Julius Heine, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE MAN'S BUGS!

Dear Sirs: I pasted a copy of Ted Shane's advice on summer pests, etc. (Inhuman Nature, July 10th) in my valise before going on vacation and submit my report. On arrival at Lake Wogapotapeechie I sprayed DDT on the window screens as directed. The mosquitoes were so big they swarmed in and ate out the screens, drank up all the DDT and read the article to see what to look out for. The DDT began to take effect, and the next thing I knew they had found my stock of fly swatters and chased me out of the place with them. . . .

Shane's poison-ivy remedies sounded like so much hogwash (which I have also tried for ivy without result) so I took my hikes on stilts for the entire two weeks. Luckily the vacation ended just in time. Ivy was climbing up the stilts, on which termites were working too. They'd have gotten me in a day or two.

One day a flock of chiggers drove me back to my room to read the article's advice about them. The mosquitoes had finished the article. I draw no conclusions but the next day there were a lot of dead mosquitoes around the room.
Robert Q. Lewis, New York, N. Y.

MALE FANCY

Dear Editor: My husband thinks people who write letters to the editor are "crackpots."
Rosemary Davis, San Bruno, Cal.

Ah! A weak male, eh?

BOYS AND GIRLS TOGETHER

Dear Sir: I wish to corroborate what Ashton Reid (Hero on Horseback, July 24th) has to say about children using Roy Rogers as an example.

Last week, our neighborhood children, 12 in all, age range from 3 to 12, put on their annual back-yard show. Their stellar attraction—Roy Rogers and Trigger. The show was a big success. The children raised $4.00, which they donated to the Crusade for Children.

I'm enclosing a snapshot of their star. What a contrast to your picture illustrating the article in your magazine!
Mrs. Esther G. Sanders, Fresno, Cal.



Cast: Ty Jacobson, 10, as Roy; Susan and Robert Hurley, Jr, 8 and 9, as Trigger.

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SECOND MAN ON THE TICKET

Continued from page 25

I had always felt that I was missing something you couldn't find on the IRT or the el or at the local Loew's. I had always thought that there was something rather special about small-town life and small-town girls.

"I'm sorry you're unwelcome to Aunt Hattie," the girl said. "I just don't dare ask you to lunch. But, anyhow, I'll be seeing you at the dance."

John Mills returned then. He met my eyes, shrugged. "No use, Mr. Mason. She just won't talk to you."

"There are ways to get around Aunt Hattie," Ginny Perkins said. "You can't just meet her head on. The thing to do is to meet her casually, when she doesn't know who you are, and then work into it."

"Sure," said John Mills. "But where is he going to meet her casually?"

"Oh, anyplace," said Ginny. "In church, or at the drugstore, or maybe at the bingo game at the firehouse tonight. Aunt Hattie and I are going."

I looked into her blue eyes. "Bingo?" I said. "That's for me. I'll be there."

"But remember," she said, "if you do come, don't wear that button."

I walked to the car with John Mills, and as we drove away Ginny Perkins was standing by the garden gate.

"Well," said John Mills. "I couldn't get anywhere with Miss Hattie myself."

"That's too bad," I said. "But there's no juicy item in Miss Hattie."

"I'm not so sure," he said.

"What do you mean by that?" I asked.

"I couldn't get anything out of her," he said. "But I did make mention of the big blowout Wednesday. You know, this town is going to be crowded, Mr. Mason. The chamber of commerce has asked the homeowners to let out their spare rooms, and most of 'em are doing it, even Miss Hattie. You know who came around to see her about taking somebody in?"

"Who?"

"Melvin Fisher," John Mills said, and pressed his lips together. "And you know who that somebody is?"

I groaned. "You don't mean Clyde McDonald?"

"That's right," he said. "Clyde McDonald."

AS I set off to the bingo game at the firehouse that night to worm myself into Miss Harriet Perkins' good graces, there was a telegram in my pocket from Bill Evers that said: Awaiting word. I had not answered it, for how could I?

There was no mistaking the firehouse. It was on a side street, opening off the highway, and floodlights shone on the red apparatus drawn up outside the door, polished bright for the occasion. A big sign said: Bingo Tonight. Benefit Hydetown Vol. F.D.

Ginny had left her handbag on the wooden bench beside her to hold a seat. I approached and said, "Excuse me, miss. Is this seat taken?"

"Yes," a voice said quickly. "You can see it's taken."

It was my first sight of Harriet Perkins, and I was surprised by what I saw. I had expected a tiny, brittle woman, but Miss Hattie was quite fat, with that shapeless, voluminous obesity which disguises almost all trace of the human figure. Her face was thinner than would be expected, and her nose sharp.

"Aunt Hattie, I doubt if Mr. Mills is coming," Ginny Perkins said, and picked up her handbag. She said to me, "We were saving this seat for a friend, but you may as well sit here until he comes."

I said, "Thank you, miss," and stepped over the bench to sit beside her. A fireman appeared at my elbow and said, "How many? Dime apiece. Three for a quarter."

"I'll take three," I said. I pulled out a handful of change, paid him a quarter, and dropped the change in a pile on the table.

"I hope I have some luck tonight," Miss Hattie's thin voice said, in a whispering tone that excluded me. "Every time they have something I want I don't have any luck."

"You'll have luck, Aunt Hattie," the girl said. "I just know you'll win that reading lamp."

On a table against the wall the prizes were arrayed, in different categories. If you won a game of bingo you received a ticket. Some prizes were awarded for one ticket, but others required two, and even three. I spotted the reading lamp in the three-ticket category.

The wheel was spinning, and I dropped a kidney bean on two of my cards on the first number called. Miss Hattie's fingers



kept rolling a bean over and over and she stared fixedly at her card. I said conversationally, "Pretty good crowd tonight."

"Sh," said Miss Hattie, and Ginny's elbow nudged my ribs.

I sat silent, trying to think of a conversational gambit and keep track of my three cards at the same time, and suddenly Ginny called out, "Bingo!"

Miss Hattie turned her head quickly and said, "Oh, fine."

"Not me," said Ginny. "Him."

I looked at my card and saw I had bingo. A fireman attendant took the card, called the numbers aloud for checking, and gave me a winner's ticket.

"I only had two numbers covered," Miss Hattie said. "That's lucky, winning the first time."

"I guess this is my lucky night," I said. "I was taking a walk and saw the firehouse all lighted up, so I stopped in. Glad I did."

"Visiting our town?" Miss Hattie asked.

"Just passing through," I said. "It's a nice town."

"Selling?"

"Yes," I said. "Yes, indeed."

Miss Hattie nodded, as if she had me pigeonholed in a commonplace corner, then she said quickly, "Sh. Here we go again."

We all bent to our cards as a fireman spun the wheel and called the numbers. This time I kept careful track and the same card won a second time. I shouted, "Bingo!"

Miss Hattie turned her head, and the lines around her eyes had tightened up. She shifted her bulk on the hard bench and said, "My goodness."

The fireman checked the card, gave me another ticket.

"I never saw such luck," said Miss Hattie, wooden-faced. "I was about to go bingo myself."

"You were awfully close," Ginny said.

"I must have the lucky card," I said. "I won each time with the same card." I dropped it in front of Miss Hattie. "Want to trade?"

"Oh, no, I couldn't do that."

"Go ahead," I said. "I've won twice already. That's enough for me."

Miss Hattie passed her card over and took mine, saying, "Well, that's mighty nice of you. It is, indeed. You know what I'm going to do, Ginny? I'm going to make a little mark on the back of this one, so we can find it next time."

She marked an X on the back of the card and reversed it hastily when the man began calling numbers again. She immediately snatched a bean and whispered excitedly, "I've got that number!"

"That *is* the lucky card, Aunt Hattie," Ginny said.

"In the N," the fireman called. "N-ber 37."

Miss Hattie squealed. "N-37. I that, too."

I also had the number, and put d bean.

"In the N," the fireman called. "N-ber 96."

"N-96," Miss Hattie cried. "I'v N-96!" She gave me a quick smile.

The next number was G-24, wh had, then I-9, and I also had that Two more numbers were called b Miss Hattie put another bean o card. She was exultant; she needed one number to win.

The next number was B-8. I put a on the number and saw I had a li beans across the top of the card. bingo. I sat looking at the row of as the next number was called, t friendly voice said over my sho "Say, you've got bingo. Speak up.

I looked up into the eyes of th man, sighed, and called out, "Bing

Miss Hattie let a bean fall fro hand, and I actually heard the when it struck the tabletop. It w card I had won with, the card traded her. I was unable to meet he

"Well," Miss Hattie said in a st tone. "That's remarkable. I never of anybody winning three times."

"It was your card," I said. "Yo it, really. Won't you take the ticke

"Certainly not," she said firmly.

"I feel awful about this," I said. already won twice. Please take it."

"No, I couldn't," Miss Hattie

THERE was a dead silence, which the attendant collected f next game. Miss Hattie sat stiffly, ing at her card, and I knew how s like a man at the track who had touted off the favorite and watch first choice win going away.

The first number called appear two of my cards, but I did not co spaces with beans; I was afraid I win again. When someone on t side of the firehouse had bingo, I up my three tickets, went to the table, and claimed the reading la

Miss Hattie was watching me. V turned, with the lamp in my hands her drop her eyes swiftly to her card. I went back to my seat and until the end of the game, then I c my throat and said, "There's not over there I can put in my suitcas I'm leaving town in the morni would be a great favor to me, ma you would allow me to make you ent of this lamp."

Miss Hattie gave me a pale, rel smile. "That's very kind of you, couldn't take it. I really couldn't."

"I won't be able to get a good sleep if you don't," I said.

"No, really," Miss Hattie said diminished emphasis.

"Why don't you take it, A Ginny said.

I set the lamp on the table in f Miss Hattie. "I'm just going t away and leave it there if you d said.

She still hesitated, but she was ing. "All right, but I'm going to p for it. You played three times, you, and three cards each time. seventy-five cents."

"Now, please," I said. "I had s five cents' worth of fun out of it."

But she fished in her handb brought out a half dollar and a She held the coins out to me, but my head.

"But I insist this time," Miss said. Her smile was warm. "I ab insist." She reached over and d the coins on the table with my

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"I was curious...



I tasted it...



Now I know why Schlitz is...

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ge, then she suddenly picked them gain and put them in her handbag. napped the bag shut and it closed no r than her lips.

see," she said. "You're that Mr. n, aren't you? Come on, Ginny, going home."

ow wait a minute, Miss Perkins," I

ou *are* Mr. Mason, aren't you?"

es," I said. "But—"

inny," said Miss Hattie, "I'm ned of you. Come on."

ow please, Miss Perkins," I said. me explain."

have nothing against you," Miss said stiffly. "You're paid to do you do, I suppose. But I have noth- say to any representative of Willie urton."

NNY PERKINS looked at me, moved her shoulders in a shrug, and her great-aunt's arm. A fireman "Good night, Miss Hattie," and a reaction of "good nights" followed Hattie and Ginny to the door.

watched them walk out of the fire-, and it was not until I turned to ve the lamp and my change that I hy it was. There among the nick- d dimes was the Win With Warbur- mpaign button.

arried the lamp out to the street, the floodlights. Ginny and Miss were getting in a car, and as I watching, Ginny glanced over her der and made a slight beckoning e with one hand.

et off after the car, carrying the By the time I reached the corner street they lived on, the lights had on in the white cottage. I walked by the picket fence to the gate, d through into the garden and sat on the bench under the trellis. about five minutes a light went on upstairs bedroom, and a moment the front door was opened cau- y and Ginny appeared. I went to her and she whispered, shaking her "I warned you about that button." now," I said. "Look, will you take mp, anyhow, and put it on a table where. I'll leave a note with it."

l right. But it won't do any good." sat together on the bench under llis, and by the faint light from the irs window I scribbled on the back envelope: *A peace offering from an able bungler. Please accept my gies on all counts, but fix the blame it belongs, on me, and not on rnor Warburton.*

ve it to Ginny and she said, "All I'll put it with the lamp. But I'm it won't do any good, Mr. Mason. she's made up her mind to tell."

Heaven's name!" I said. "*What* he know?"

she won't talk to you about it, cer- I can't," Ginny said.

u know what it is, then?"

her grandniece," Ginny said. e pretty close, Mr. Mason."

last, I thought, we had got to the of it. Hattie Perkins was the cus- of the Governor's skeleton, and as planning to rattle its bones on urton Day. I said quietly, "Ginny, r great-aunt plans to tell it even-, whatever it is, why can't you tell w? Can't you give me a break?"

fingers lightly touched my hand. you know I'd love to give you a , Mr. Mason, but you know I

he starlight I could see the oval of ace, and there was a glint of light r blond hair from the window over- She removed her hand quickly, as t realizing it was resting on mine, heard her vibrant laugh. "Good- she said. "I think I'd better go in."

ot yet," I said, and took her hand, e was about to rise. She sat down and whispered, "Aunt Hattie might out and see us."

"It's dark out here," I said. "She couldn't see."

She raised her face and light from the window illuminated it. Her lips were parted slightly as she gazed up at the stars, and they were parted in a little gasp when I kissed her. But she remained quite still, her eyes closed and her lips warm against mine. Then her hands came up from her lap and held my arms, and she turned her head away.

"Ginny," I whispered, "you're beautiful."

"My goodness," Ginny said. "Mr. Mason, I only met you this afternoon."

"You were beautiful this afternoon, too," I said.

"Now, Mr. Mason," her soft voice said. "Just because I'm a girl from a quiet little town, and you've been around everywhere and all that, don't think I haven't been to the movies, at least. I know all about city slickers."



SPORTING ODDS

Shortly before the end of the 1919 season in a game between the Washington Senators and the Chicago White Sox, the Senators' catcher, Gharrity, came to bat with two out and a fast runner, Ellerbe, on second. Gharrity smacked a clean home run well into the left-field stands. At the crack of the bat Ellerbe streaked for third and rounded it for home. Seeing Ellerbe's needless haste, the Senator third-base coach held out a pair of restraining arms for Ellerbe to slow up and go in easy. Misunderstanding the signal Ellerbe wheeled and raced back to second base, at which point the astonished Gharrity loped past him on his way home. Gharrity was out for passing a runner, the side was retired and Gharrity's otherwise legitimate home run was voided.

—A. A. Giegerich, Dubuque, Iowa

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"I've always had a yen for small-town girls," I said. "I've always had a yen to live in a small town myself."

"You'd find it pretty dull," she said. "There's nothing to do. Take tonight. Bingo! My gosh, what an exciting evening."

"I thought it was fun," I said.

She shrugged. "And the biggest thing since I can remember will be Warburton Day."

My worries returned. "Ginny, if we only knew what to expect, so that we could be prepared. Can't you give me a hint what your aunt has on her mind."

"So that's it," Ginny said.

"That's what?"

"A kiss in the starlight, under the rose trellis," Ginny said. "Small-town girl melts and tells all. Was that it, Mr. Mason?"

"Definitely not," I said, and tried to kiss her.

But she drew away, saying, "But I'm not telling all. I'm not telling anything."

"Ginny," I said, "that wasn't why I kissed you. It never entered my head. Believe me." I took one of her hands. "The starlight and the roses are pretty powerful, but I'm the one who melted." I got my arm around her and this time she did not resist. What I had said was not far from the truth; I was pretty well melted. It was a long, exciting moment under the rose trellis, and was interrupted when the light in the upstairs bedroom went off and Ginny jumped to her feet and moved quickly away, toward the door. I followed.

Under the overhang of the eaves she turned and whispered, "If she looked out the window she could see us there."

"But she can't see us here."

"Now that's enough," Ginny whispered. "There are lots of stars and lots of roses and I might melt after all. Good night, Mr. Mason."

"Wait," I said.

But she had opened the door and light came brightly through. "Are you really leaving in the morning?" she asked.

"Yes."

"But you're coming back Wednesday, aren't you?"

"I'll see you at the dance."

I saw a faint smile on her lips. "Do you know Clyde McDonald?"

"Yes."

"He's going to stay with us Wednesday night," she said.

"Ginny," I said, "what are you getting at?"

"Getting at?" Her blue eyes opened wide. "What do you mean?"

"Clyde McDonald as a topic of conversation simply isn't on the agenda for tonight," I said.

"I was only curious," she said. "After all, he's staying here Wednesday night. Is he good-looking?"

I shrugged. "They say he goes for blondes."

Ginny laughed, said, "Good night, Mr. Mason," and closed the door.

I stood a moment in the darkness, looking at the closed door, then I walked slowly back to the hotel. I thought that Ginny Perkins was a little arch, and that possibly she worked overtime at being girlish, but these were the sort of critical reservations a man makes when he is interested in a girl; they were faults that would change with time. . . .

The plane came in low, cleared a roof just west of the administration building of the Municipal Airport, and braked on the runway in late morning sunlight. It had been another night with practically no sleep, another night of taxi rides and waits and plane changes that had brought me to Jackson, Mississippi, where Governor Warburton's campaign train was due at half past ten.

I had checked the Governor's schedule the night before in Hydetown and decided to meet the train in Jackson and give a full report, and I was weary and depressed as I took a taxi from the airport to the Union Station. The clock hands in the station stood at well past eleven o'clock when I arrived, and the lack of crowd showed that Governor Warburton must already have come through, but I went into the station to investigate.

The special train had not yet been shunted to a siding. I walked back to the Governor's private car and swung aboard. I found no one there, and went on to the work car ahead, where I heard the clatter of typewriters and the thumping noise of the mimeographing machine. As I entered the car a sprightly voice said, "Well, Kit Carson, what's doing up ahead? Any Indian signs?" Lucy Strawn sat at her desk by the window, with sunlight on her warm brown hair.

"There haven't been any Indian signs since the invention of indoor plumbing," I said. "Where's everybody?"

"Everybody's at the hotel," Lucy said. "But here's anybody. What did you find out?"

I leaned against her desk. "Nothing."

"Nothing at all?" Lucy frowned. "Look, Roy, this is serious."

"I took it seriously," I said. "What I mean is I didn't find anything that made any sense, only that the Governor's old schoolteacher has graded him pretty low. She's not coming to the reception."

"Why not?"

"I don't know why not. Bill over at the hotel, too?"

"Yes."

"I think I'd better go over," I said. "Where's the hotel?"

"I'll show you," Lucy said. "I want to be in on this."

THE hotel was on Capitol Street, only a short distance away. As we walked there Lucy said, "Mr. McDonald has been very much with us. It's been gay. Oh, so gay. Lunch, dinner, breakfast. I've been getting quite a rush from the fat boy."

"He's a lonely man," I said. "It must be pretty lonely to be a man nobody trusts."

She gave me a quick look. "Roy—" she began.

"Yes?"

"Never mind."

"Never mind what?"

"Nothing," Lucy said. "Except I'm kind of cute. Do you think I appeal only to lonely men?"

"I didn't mean anything like that," I said. "Don't go feminine on me, please. Did you get anything out of McDonald?"

"Yes," said Lucy. "Lunch, dinner, Manhattans, Daiquiris, sidecars, pousse-cafés, an earful of petty bias and a tummyful of Clyde McDonald."

We had reached the hotel, and Lucy led the way to the elevators. The Governor's suite was high up in the hotel, and the windows overlooked the town and the Capitol. It was a clean, tidy town, as shiny as a Sunday morning.

Governor Warburton was relaxed in an easy chair, reading a newspaper, and Bill Evers was on the telephone. When I entered with Lucy, the Governor put down his newspaper and Bill dropped the telephone on its cradle in the middle of a sentence and shouted, "Damn it, where

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have you been? Why didn't you answer my wire?"

"I'm answering it in person," I said.

"Roy, have you seen the papers?" the Governor said. "That New Orleans speech last night went over big."

I pulled up a chair. "Governor, what do you remember about an old lady named Harriet Perkins?"

"Miss Hattie?" the Governor said. "Why, she taught school. Why?"

"It's all over town that she's not coming to your reception," I said, and hesitated an instant. "I'm afraid it's my fault."

BILL EVERS jerked his head nervously, and excitement made him stutter. "Wh-what in hell have you done now, Roy?"

"It's your fault, too," I said.

"M-my fault? I don't know the lady. What are you talking about?"

"You helped me with that part of the book," I said.

"The book?" Bill Evers groaned. "That damned book again."

"There's something in it that offended her, Governor," I said.

"Where is it," the Governor broke in. "Bill, let me see one of those books."

"Page 76," I said dismally.

"Let me see it," Governor Warburton said, and took the book from Bill's hands. Bill had opened it to page 76, and read the paragraph over the Governor's shoulder. Bill finished first, and gave me a blank look. "I don't see anything wrong with that."

"Neither do I," I said.

But Governor Warburton's eyes had widened. "Dammit, I never got the highest marks in my class. I never walked two miles to school and back every day. And when she kept me after school—Oh, my God!"

We all stared at the Governor. He dropped the book to his lap and said, "That sheepskin coat!"

"Governor," Bill said, "what's a sheepskin coat got to do with it?"

"That must be it," the Governor said, and picked up the book from his lap.

"Let's have it, Governor," Bill said.

The Governor looked at him and understood, as I did, that Bill's worry and his affection for the Governor had brought the harsh tone into his voice. The Governor smiled and said, "It's nothing very damning, Bill, but I imagine it could be made to look so by a man like Clyde McDonald. You see, when I was a boy I wanted a sheepskin coat and I saved up the money to buy it from the mail-order house. It cost fifteen dollars and ninety-five cents, postpaid, and it was a beauty. I couldn't wait to go coon hunting in that sheepskin coat, and I was down at the post office every day, asking if it had come yet. I carried the money around in my pocket, tied up with cotton string and weighted to my jackknife."

Governor Warburton leaned back in his chair. "I was going to school with Miss Hattie in those days, and we had a little fund, our school did. It was Miss Hattie's idea that the best way to keep us out of trouble on Halloween was to have a party at the school, and she got the parents and the kids to kick in a fund for the expenses. She made me treasurer, and I had charge of the money—"

"Governor," Bill broke in.

"Just be patient," the Governor said. "I'll give you the whole story, as it happened, and let me say I was acutely aware of my responsibility for that school fund. I kept it in a cigar box, and I kept the box under my mattress, and not a day went by that I didn't look in it to see if the money was safe. But, you see, they had a county fair about that time and—did I ever tell you this, Bill? I used to ride a little when I was a kid. Racing quarter horses was the sport back in Hyde County."

"You mean you rode in *races*, Governor?" Bill said hollowly.



"Well—uh—can you fold a letter, put it in an envelope, seal the envelope, stamp it—that sort of thing . . . ?"

COLLIER'S

JEFFERSON MACHAMER

"All us kids rode in those days, Bill," the Governor went on. "At the Hyde County Fair, I was up on a paint horse named Spot, and he was fast. He was very fast. I had ridden Spot before, and I didn't think there was a horse in the county that could beat him at a quarter of a mile. Of course a difference of opinion makes a horse race, and you know how it is at a county fair. It's a pretty exciting thing, and when a kid is mingling with adults, and talking horses with them on equal terms, it goes to his head. Well, I imagine you've guessed what happened. I bet fifteen dollars on Spot to win the race. Fifteen against ten."

"The school money, Governor?" Bill asked weakly.

"Not the school money," the Governor said. "The sheepskin coat money, Bill."

Lucy Strawn sighed and murmured. "Poor old Spot, he didn't come through."

"He cast a shoe," the Governor said. "He would have won, but he cast a shoe and Johnny Mills beat me out. So I went home with ninety-five cents in my pocket and my father was waiting for me with a big grin on his face and he said, 'Willie, I've got a surprise for you. Here's your sheepskin coat.' It was a surprise, all right. He had been down to the post office and the package was there, C.O.D., and he had paid the money and brought the coat home. He gave it to me and he said, "You owe me fifteen dollars and ninety-five cents, Willie."

"Lucy," Bill Evers said. "Pour me a drink. There's a bottle in the bathroom."

"Since you and Roy worked up that book, you know something about my father," the Governor said. "He was a very strict man, and I didn't have the courage to tell him what had happened. I went up to my room and got out the cigar box. I took out fifteen dollars and added it to the ninety-five cents I had left and gave it to my father, and I thought I could work like the devil and fill that box up again before Halloween. I had ten days to do it. I sawed wood and I did every kind of job a boy is capable of, but I couldn't get enough work. I sold the coat to Meathead Fisher, and he beat me down to six dollars for it, but Halloween got closer and closer and I was still short, so I went to Miss Hattie and told her the story."

Lucy Strawn brought Bill Evers his drink, and he took two prodigious gulps. Lucy said softly, "Gee, Governor, you were only a kid. You got caught in the middle. What's wrong with that? You paid the money back, didn't you?"

"Yes," the Governor said. "I brought the box to Miss Hattie, and she ma[de] the difference, and for a couple of m[onths] I stayed after school every day an[d] ried wood and ashes and washed [the] boards and cleaned erasers and did [any] other job Miss Hattie could think o[f] she had imagination. I worked the n[ine] out, and she never said anything ab[out] to anybody. It was just between [me] Hattie and myself."

"But now," I said miserably. "[Now] she's threatening to tell."

"Roy," the Governor said, "it [was] your fault, but you couldn't have c[hosen] worse words to put in that book if [you'd] been Clyde McDonald himself. I[n the] first place, my marks were poor. [In] second place, what she kept me [after] school for was not, in her view, a 'j[ust a] juvenile misdemeanor,' as you cal[l it]. In the third place, she never pre[dicted] great things for me. She predicte[d] I'd end up in reform school."

"So she's planning to tell the [town] when it will hurt the most," Bil[l] "How the candidate for Vice-Pre[sident] of the United States, the sound bu[siness] man, the sober budget balancer, th[e] est administrator, dipped into [the] entrusted to his care and bet it on a [sure] race.

"Now, Bill," the Governor bro[ke in]. "It wasn't that way. It—"

"It will be that way to Clyde M[c]ald," Bill Evers said. "That's wh[at I'm] thinking of. It will be a field d[ay] him. Governor Willis G. (The Gre[at H]pologist) Warburton's boyhood [is] teacher refuses to come to the re[ception] for the Governor because she thin[ks he's] crooked and a liar to boot."

THE Governor winced, but d[id not] protest, and an uneasy silen[ce] scended on the room. Bill finish[ed his] drink and said, "The worst thin[g that] ever happened to us was whe[n Roy] Mason learned to read and write."

"Now that's enough," Governo[r War]burton said sharply. "It's not Roy [Mason's] The fault is all mine. I should ha[ve read] the book."

"Okay," Bill Evers said. "Sorry."

"What's done is done," the G[overnor] said. "Between us, Roy and I ha[ve] ated a nasty little situation. Th[e ques]tion is, what can be done about i[t]."

Bill looked up. "You got a [thing] on *her*, Governor?"

"On Miss Hattie?" The G[overnor] smiled. "Of course not."

"We've got to dig something u[p]," Bill said. "There must be some dir[t] where."

e Governor shook his head. "You're
o ousting a newspaper libel suit now,
il We're dealing with a fine old lady."
ll right," Bill said. "But we've got
t to her somehow. We've *got* to,
ernor."
ne thing I recall about Miss Hattie,"
Governor said. "She's a very deter-
d woman. If she makes up her mind,
's nothing much we can do."
here must be some way to get to
Bill said, and looked at me. "How
t it, Roy?"
Vell," I said. "She's got a grand-
, she's pretty fond of. That's the
avenue I see."
eah?" Bill was interested. "What
oung," I said. "And pretty."
ook at him," said Lucy Strawn.
blushing."

WHETHER I had blushed before, I was not sure, but certainly her reddened my ears. I felt self-conscious and Bill Evers did not help. He ed his fingers and said, "If it's that let's put Roy to work on the grand-." He looked hard at me. "Don't ver shave?"

hen I get a chance. I've been up two s running."

ell, get shaved and get a clean shirt get back to Hydetown," Bill said. that grandniece."

hat's no use, either," I said. "I tried I'm afraid she won't co-operate."

you tried that," Lucy said.

ooked at her, and said, "I had a job ."

ell," said Lucy, "any time I can help n your work, please let me know."

our own job keeps you pretty busy, 't it?" I said. "And by the way, e is Clyde today?"

n seeing him at lunch," she said ly.

vernor Warburton asked quietly, what's on the schedule today?"

n easy day, Governor. Lunch with overnor of Mississippi, over at the rnor's mansion. Nonpolitical. Cou- f conferences in the afternoon. No hes."

nd tomorrow?" the Governor .

ostly a train ride, then the Birming- speech tomorrow night. Next stop, town."

hat's what I'm thinking," said the rnor. "Next stop, Hydetown." He glanced at me. "Roy, how was the plane service to Hydetown?"

"Not good, Governor."

"Plane crowded?"

"Not very."

"Then I suppose we could get accommodations without too much trouble?"

"We?" said Bill.

"I was thinking I might make a quick trip to Hydetown and talk to Miss Hattie," the Governor said.

"You mean leave the *train?*" Bill demanded.

"Why not?" the Governor said mildly. "There's nothing on the schedule tomorrow but a train ride. I'll be in Birmingham for my speech tomorrow night, Bill."

"And how do you think you're going to get to Birmingham, Governor?"

"Fly."

"No," Bill said. "Positively no. You'd be recognized on the plane. It would start a raft of rumors."

"I'll take that chance," the Governor said. "I have to." He looked at his watch. "It's about time to call on the Governor of Mississippi. Bill, you work out the details. Get the plane tickets. Roy, you'll come with me."

"If anybody goes, I'm going," Bill said.

"You'll be needed on the train."

"But, Governor, how about your Birmingham speech? You haven't prepared your Birmingham speech."

The Governor hesitated a moment. "I'll take Lucy along," he said. "I'll dictate it to her on the plane."

"Not Lucy," Bill said. "McDonald will wonder what happened to her. She can't go."

"Then I'll speak off the cuff in Birmingham," the Governor said. "I've done it before. Now look, here, Bill, get John Mills on the telephone and ask him to meet us at the airport and drive us to Miss Hattie's house."

"Governor," Bill began. "You can't—"

"Those are orders, Bill," the Governor broke in. "Get busy on it."

Bill scowled, and pressed his lips together, and blew out a hissing breath of protest, but he was on the telephone calling the airport when I left the Governor's suite. I had a good lunch at a café on Capitol Street and walked to the train. I was tired, and was on my way to my drawing room when I met Clyde McDonald in the aisle. His eyes opened wide.

"Say," he said, "I thought you were in Hydetown."



"Now right in here . . . Are you familiar with those air jets in the fun houses of amusement parks?" HANK KETCHAM

"I just got back," I said wearily, and it was an instant before I realized what his words meant. I looked at him sharply and said, "What gave you the idea I was in Hydetown?"

A grin spread on Clyde McDonald's fat, malicious face. "Grapevine," he said.

I frowned. It was not like Lucy Strawn to be indiscreet, and I was choosing the words I would say to her as McDonald pushed on past me. I hesitated a moment, then followed and saw him getting his suitcase out of his drawing room.

"Going somewhere?" I asked.

"I'm dropping off here in Jackson," he said.

"Back to Washington?" I asked.

"Maybe."

"We thought you'd be staying with us until we got to Hydetown," I said.

"Nope."

"I'm sorry if we've bored you," I said. "I'm afraid there's not much news in this campaign. Your kind of news I mean."

"I don't wait for news to come to me," Clyde said, and gave me a one-sided grin. "I go after my news."

"Have a good trip," I said, and turned into my own drawing room. I waited there, watching out the window, until I saw him get off the train, suitcase in hand, then I went down to the platform and followed him. He went into the station, bought a ticket, and moved toward a gate. A chalked notice stated the train would leave at two eighteen. I looked up the two eighteen in the timetable. It was not a Washington train. I was sure then where Clyde McDonald was bound. He was going to Hydetown, and he had undoubtedly received a telegram from Melvin Fisher. That was how he knew I had been to Hydetown.

I telephoned the Governor's suite at the hotel, and Lucy Strawn answered. She told me that Bill and the Governor had gone on to the Governor's mansion for lunch, and I said, "How about your luncheon date?"

"I'm waiting," she said. "Why?"

"It will be a long wait," I said. "Clyde just got on a train for Hydetown."

"He did?" Lucy cried. "That's swell. Then I can go with you and the Governor, after all."

"No. Bill told you—"

"Bill told me to keep an eye on Clyde McDonald, didn't he?" She laughed.

"It's up to the Governor," I said. "If he wants you, okay. But listen, Clyde is on his way, and we'd better get there first."

"Roy," Lucy said, "the plane leaves at seven o'clock, and I'm planning to get three tickets."

"All right," I said. "Wake me in time, if you can."

LUCY STRAWN awakened me. She pushed the door of my drawing room open an inch or so and I heard her urgent whisper, "Snap out of it, Roy. It's late."

My window curtain was nearly closed, but through the gap at the bottom I could see that it was dusk outside.

"Plane leaves in half an hour," Lucy whispered.

I dressed and packed my suitcase, but did not take time to shave. I lugged the suitcase to the Governor's car, and found Lucy waiting with a portable typewriter, a small overnight case and a Gladstone bag belonging to the Governor.

"Where's the Governor?" I asked.

"Come on," said Lucy, and picked up her overnight case. I grunted and reached for the portable and the Governor's bag. She led the way to the station platform and I followed her in silence through the waiting room to a cab. Once inside it I said, "Don't be so damned conspiratorial. Where's the Governor?"

"We're picking him up," Lucy said. "Just relax, Roy."

The cab moved along Capitol Street and I heard sirens, saw a car go by under





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e escort. I said, "That must be the
ernor now."
hat's his car," Lucy said. "He's not
Around back, driver."
iere was a parking lot at the rear of
iotel, and a car entrance from the
that led to it. The cab pulled up to
ear door and instantly a big man,
lled in a topcoat, hurried out and
n the cab with us. I said, "You'll
to give the password."
overnor Warburton chuckled and
"Meathead."
he airport, driver," Lucy said.
ie Governor turned down the collar
s topcoat and breathed a deep, re-
l sigh. "I feel like a free man, not a
ician," he said. "Ah, breathe that
Look at those stars! Roy, it's a long
since I played hooky."
oy, this is the pitch," Lucy told me.
re traveling separately. That is, you
I are together and the Governor is
No one would expect Willis G.
urton to be flying around the coun-
lone, you see."
nce you get out of Jackson, I think
be all right," the Governor said.
uble is, people know I'm here in
. What I'm afraid of is someone
t recognize me at the airport."
ecalled the layout of the airport and
"I think we can work that. It's dark
They have an observation nook at
end of the administration building.
can get in one of those, in the dark,
ou won't be seen."

E taxi turned onto a bare stretch of
oad leading to the airport. I told the
r to stop in the parking area, away
the lighted entrance. The Governor
ed out and walked along a path be-
he building to the observation area.
atched his solid figure move off into
arkness, then I took Lucy's arm and
ent into the building and through
aiting room to a lunchroom at the
nd. I ordered a sandwich and coffee.
cy got up and put a nickel in the
box, then returned to sit by me.
feel mysterious," said Lucy. "And
You look like a guy on the lam.
didn't you shave?"
hy didn't you call me in time to
?" I swallowed the last of my sand-
. "And eat, too."
loud-speaker was announcing our
. Lucy said, "Come on."
ulped my coffee, paid, and followed
ut. Under the floodlights on the
I glanced around, but saw no sign
overnor Warburton; it was quite
in the observation area. I went on
e steps with Lucy and we found
together.
aw the Governor's bulky form mov-
apidly across the concrete toward
lane. His collar was up and his hat-
was down and I might not have
nized him myself had I not known
was coming aboard. He hurried up
teps and moved up front, and a
ent later the door was shut and the
taxied to the runway.
iere were only a half-dozen passen-
aboard. Lucy looked at me, smiled,
settled back. "That's over," she said.
t's just begun, Lucy," I told her.
d we've got a heavy responsibility."
know," she said. "But at least I'm
esponsible for as much as you are,
." She smiled teasingly.
'll never write another book," I said.
e put her hand on mine. "I'm sorry
d that, Roy. I was just kidding. Of
e you're going to write another
. You're going to write lots and lots
ooks, just as good as the others."
How do you know? You never read
of them."
On the contrary," she said quietly. "I
them all."
was pleased and surprised, but said,
dn't think they were your type."
ust what do you think *is* my type?"
grinned and said, "Havelock Ellis,
be, but not biographies."



GEORGE PRICE

Five firemen dressed in tuxedos, patent-leather pumps, boiled shirts and black ties responded to an alarm.—News Item

TAKE A LETTER

Mrs. Osgood N. Fletch,
17 Russell Street,
Ardmore, Okla.

My dear Mrs. Fletch:

I want to offer my sincerest apologies for the way we fellows busted in on your formal dinner party last Tuesday evening. As I said to Ralph if you never ask us out to your place again it's our own fault.

Fred is ashamed of himself for breaking down the front door with an ax instead of ringing the bell and waiting for the butler, but Fred gets excited and impatient whenever he smells smoke. He didn't even wait to scrape the mud off his boots, and, to make matters worse, he rushed into the dining room without even saying good evening and started playing that soda-acid extinguisher all around as if he owned the place.

I really laced into Carl—he's the one with the dirty fingernails—for the way he slung that lovely girl in the low-cut evening dress over his shoulder as if she had been a bag of cement. I made it clear to him that a gentleman always offers a lady his arm. Not when her dress is on fire, he said. That was bad enough, but when he got her outside he didn't even offer her a chair or a cigarette. He just dumped her plop on the lawn and turned the hose on her. I'm afraid Carl just has no manners.

Jim Osborn says if he embarrassed you by calling your attention to the hot sparks in your bureau drawer he's terribly sorry. Also, he's no end upset because he entered your bedroom window without knocking. He says he would have removed his helmet but some pretty heavy pieces of plaster were falling from the ceiling. However, I did take him to task for flicking cigarette ashes on your living-room carpet.

I hope you will excuse me for the rude manner in which I ducked out early through a side window. I screamed good night to you but I doubt if you were able to hear me over the shouts of the men, the breaking of glass and the splash of the hose. I looked so darn' shabby alongside of the other guests in my red shirt, old sweater, rubber boots and raincoat that I decided to go home, shave, wash up and get into my tux. When I returned I found that the party had broken up, so I just left my card and some flowers on that charred mahogany table in the front yard, nibbled on some hot hors d'oeuvres I found in the flower bed next to the front porch and departed.

Yours truly,
Jack Cluett, Engine Co. 385

"Havelock Ellis?" said Lucy. "That has-been!"

I gave her a look, and she grinned and turned to the window. The plane was taking off. It cleared a blinking light and began a slow, banking turn. The lights of Jackson appeared to our left.

The plane droned on northeastward. I dozed a while, and did not come awake until the lights of Atlanta showed below. The plane landed at the airport and we waited in our seats. Two passengers left the plane, and several more came aboard.

In the air again, I promptly fell asleep, and when I awakened, my head was on Lucy's shoulder. I sat up and she gave me the wise smile a sleeper on a public conveyance usually receives from his companion on awakening, the sort of smile that makes him wonder what he has said in his sleep.

Lucy asked, "What color is her hair?"

"Whose hair?"

"Don't blush again."

"I never blushed in my life," I said.

"Or shaved, either," said Lucy. "And incidentally, you snore. I suppose she's a blonde."

"As a matter of fact, she is," I said. "Her name is Ginny Perkins and she's a pretty sweet, natural kid. So don't make any cracks to her."

Lucy quite needlessly smoothed a seam in her gray tailored skirt; her fingers plucked at a thread I could not see. "You know, Roy," she said, "we kid around a lot, and all that, but sometimes you disturb me. You say things that make me wonder."

"Wonder what?"

"What you really think of me."

I was surprised and said, "I didn't think my opinion would carry any weight with you, one way or the other. But, as a matter of fact, I think you're pretty fine."

"Well, thanks," said Lucy.

"You know your job, and you can do it without asking a lot of questions," I said. "That's a pretty rare quality."

"At least I got my bait back," Lucy said wryly. "But I think I'd prefer my qualities well-done, not rare. How about my legs? They're done to a turn, aren't they?"

"They are," I said.

"And my hair is nice," she said.

"It's plenty nice," I said.

"Well?" said Lucy.

"Well what?"

"Well and good," she said. "Well and good. And the hell with you, anyhow."

THE plane was banking, and I saw the lights of an airport down below. The hostess passed smiling along the aisle, reminding us to buckle our safety belts.

"Lucy," I said, "you're a very handsome girl, but I didn't think it was necessary for me to tell you that. You're pretty well aware of it already. It shows in everything you do."

"It does?" she said tightly. "How?"

"Well, in the way you walk," I said. "That little wiggle."

"I don't wiggle!"

"Yes," I said. "You wiggle. And it shows in that smile of yours. It's sort of contented. When you smile at a guy you make him think he's just a mirror reflecting it back at you."

"You heel," said Lucy.

"And it shows in the way you pat your hair and look at your nails and lift your right shoulder," I went on. "It shows all over you."

"Mr. Mason," she said. "You say the nicest things."

"You asked me," I said. "I wasn't criticizing. It's usually that way with your type. Girls who have been around are always pretty sure of themselves."

"Been—around?" Lucy said.

"You know what I mean," I said. "Sophisticated. You're not denying you're sophisticated, are you?"

"I have an overlay of sophistication," Lucy said. "But it's wearing pretty thin right now. In just about a minute it will

crack and the primitive woman will break through and gouge out your eyes."

She was actually, and quite inexplicably, angry. I suppose few people are interested in a frank appraisal of their personalities, but there had been plenty of give-and-take between Lucy and myself. Her reaction puzzled me.

The plane bumped on the runway, and Lucy, somewhat flushed, unbuckled her belt in silence. The plane taxied up to the apron, and as soon as the door was opened Lucy went ahead of me down the steps. I followed her into the administration building, without a backward glance for Governor Warburton.

In the waiting room, smoking a cigar, was John Mills. He moved his head slightly, a nod toward the door, and Lucy and I went on out and waited to claim the luggage. A moment later Governor Warburton came through the door and moved on past us into the darkness.

By the time we had retrieved our luggage, John Mills had come out and we saw his solid figure at the edge of the circle of light. We took our bags and Lucy's portable and followed him into the parking area.

WE WERE on a three-lane highway, driving very fast through the night. John Mills said, "It was a surprise when I got that phone call to meet you here, Willie. At first I thought it was a gag. What's the trouble, anyhow?"

"I guess you're the cause of all the trouble, John."

"Me?"

"When you beat me in a horse race," the Governor said. "That time Spot cast a shoe. Remember?"

"Do I remember!" cried John Mills. "It was the only time I ever did take a race off you."

Governor Warburton began explaining to his friend just what the situation was, and I leaned back on the seat beside Lucy and lighted cigarettes for each of us. She took hers without a word.

"We'll be about an hour on the road," I said. "Lucy, you and I always ride each other. I never guessed you were sensitive."

"I'm not sensitive," she said. "No more than anybody." She took a deep drag of the cigarette. "But, Roy, enough is enough. You'd praise a cook for dishing a good dinner. You'd compliment a bootblack for a high shine. Sometimes you ought to praise a girl for—for—"

"For what?"

"For being a girl," said Lucy. "Isn't that enough?"

"It is," I said. "You bet it is." I squeezed her hand. "And you're plenty of girl, Lucy."

The Governor turned his head. "Roy, John and I have been talking it over. Now, it's pretty late. It will be touching midnight when we get to Hydetown."

"Ginny Perkins," John Mills said. "She's our problem."

"We don't want the word to get out that I paid a midnight call on Miss Hattie," the Governor said. He grinned at me. "You and the girl got along pretty well, didn't you, Roy?"

"Passably," I said.

"Roy," the Governor said. "What do you think? Think you can get her out of the house?"

"You can use this car," John Mills said. "There's a roadhouse out on the highway, the Route One Casino."

"I'll try, Governor," I said.

The headlights picked up a sign that said: HYDETOWN: *Rotary Meets Wednesday*. John Mills said, "I'll stop a way down the street, and we'll get out there. Then you drive on up to the house, Mr. Mason."

He turned the car to the curb and stopped by a sycamore tree. "We'll wait here," he said. "You take the car, Mr. Mason, and as soon as we see you drive away with Ginny, we'll hustle up there."

"One more thing, Roy," the Governor said. "Bill Evers and I mapped this thing out. If we *are* seen here, we call up the hotel. There's a photographer there from Ego Magazine, to make a big layout on Warburton Day. If we're seen we call him and pretend it was a prearranged stunt, a sentimental call on my old schoolma'am."

"Okay," I said, and got in behind the wheel. I drove away, leaving them grouped under the sycamore tree, and stopped in front of Miss Hattie's white cottage a hundred yards farther on. A porch light was burning, and most of the downstairs lights were on. I went through the gate in the picket fence and up to the door.

I knocked, and heard slow steps approaching. The door came open a few inches and I stood facing Miss Harriet Perkins. The lines around her eyes tightened and she said stiffly, "So it's you. I suppose you've come for your reading lamp?"

"The lamp was a present for you."

"I don't accept bribes, young man," Miss Hattie said crisply. "Come in and get it."

The lamp was on a hall table, the cord wrapped around its stem. Miss Hattie picked it up and held it out to me.

"Just take it along, young man," she said, in a tone of dismissal.

"Of course," I said. "But now that I'm here, may I speak to Ginny a moment?"

"Virginia's not here," Miss Hattie said.

"Do you know where I can find her?"

"At the depot," Miss Hattie said, with a shrug of her vast shoulders. "She went down to the depot. Good night, Mr. Mason."

I BACKED away from her and she closed the door firmly in my face. I ran quickly down to the sidewalk, and in the light of a corner street lamp, made a beckoning gesture. I saw the three of them hurrying toward me.

"Ginny's not here," I said. "She's down at the depot."

"That's bad," said Governor Warburton. "We'll have to work fast. John, what time does that train get in?"

"What train?"

"I don't know what train, except Clyde McDonald will be on it, coming here from Mississippi."

"I see," John Mills said. "I guess that would be the 12:02." He looked at his watch. "It's one minute to midnight now."

"Then let's go," the Governor said, and moved along the walk to the cottage. He knocked hard at the door.

A voice inside said, "I said *good night*, Mr. Mason."

"Miss Hattie, this isn't Mr. Mason," the Governor said. "Get out your peachtree switch. This is Willie Warburton."

There was silence, then the Governor went on, "You always used to listen to my side of the story, Miss Hattie. I hope you'll listen now."

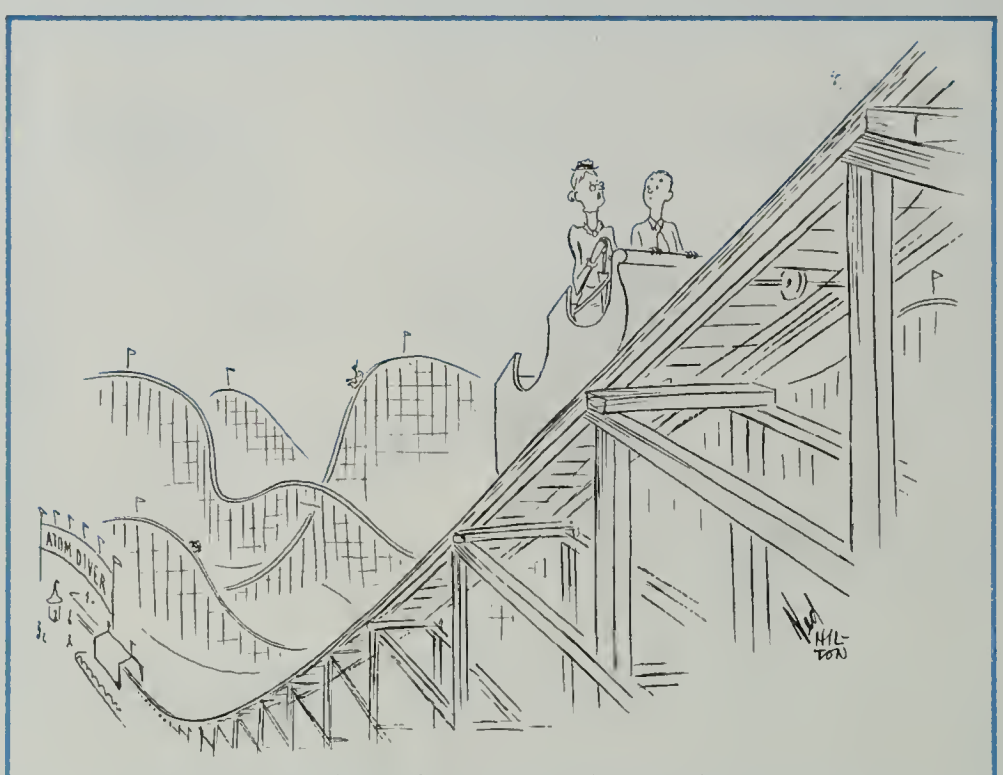
Slowly the door was opened and we saw Miss Hattie's pale eyes, opened very wide. "So it's you, Willie," she said.

"I made a long trip here to talk to you," the Governor said. "Miss Hattie, it's like the old days. Here I am in trouble again, and nobody's fault but my own." His smile was rueful, and all the frank Warburton charm was in it. "May I come in?"

"I'm surprised at myself," Miss Hattie said. "But, yes, I'll let you come in. Come in, Willie."

"This is my secretary, Miss Strawn," the Governor said. "And my assistant, Mr. Mason."

"I know Mr. Mason," Miss Hattie said. She moved ahead of us into the living room and lowered her shapeless bulk into a chair. I noticed a footstool and moved it toward her.



COLLIER'S "Well, what's so exciting about this?" NED HILTON

"Miss Hattie," the Governor's gentle voice said, "I came to ask you to listen to my speech in Hydetown Wednesday." He held up his hand. "Now wait a minute. First, I want you to know what I'm going to say in that speech. I want you up on that platform with me when I say, 'Ladies and gentlemen, this is my old schoolteacher, Miss Hattie Perkins. I guess I was the worst boy in her class. My marks were as bad as anybody's and I was a lazy, shiftless kid before Miss Hattie got hold of me."

"Willie, you weren't as bad as that," Miss Hattie said. "I've had worse boys than you."

"I was bad enough," the Governor said. "And let me tell you this, old dear. Mr. Mason put that paragraph in his book without consulting me. I never read the book. I never knew what he said. Bad as I was as a boy, Miss Hattie, I think you'll believe me when I say I wouldn't have made any false claims for myself."

"That's true," Miss Hattie conceded.

"I hope I never will," the Governor went on. "Miss Hattie, it hurt me deep when I heard you weren't turning out on Wednesday. I couldn't understand it then, because I hadn't read that book. But when I get up on that platform I'll tell the facts, and if you say so, I'll tell the story of that sheepskin coat."

"What sheepskin coat?" Miss Hattie asked. Then she nodded. "Oh, you mean—"

"Yes," the Governor said. "I mean the horse race at the Hyde County F
The time I was short in the school fun
"No, Willie," said Miss Hattie
wouldn't want you to do anything
foolish as that."
"Is it foolish?" The Governor
his head a thoughtful shake. "I won
Because if I tell that story I can tell
much you did for me, Miss Hattie. I
tell how much your kindness and
treatment meant to me."
"Thank you, Willie," Miss Hattie
and I saw moisture in her eyes. "To
you the truth, I was real hurt when I
that book of Mr. Mason's."
"I don't blame you," the Gove
said. "You had a right to be." He m
nearer to her, put his hand on the bac
her chair. "Miss Hattie, I hope yo
going to change your mind. I hope yo
coming to the big meeting Wedne
and sit there on my right hand, the
Johnny Mills and I had planned it."
Miss Hattie sighed. "All right, Wil
she said. "I'll be there."
"You'll hear me make a little co
tion for the record," the Governor
and grinned back at her. "You k
I'd hate to be the kind of boy who
the highest marks in his class, anyh

JOHN MILLS spoke for the first t
"It was Melvin Fisher had the hig
marks," he said.
"That's right," the Governor said.
was Meathead."
Miss Hattie chuckled. "I never
great store by high marks myself,"
said.
"Miss Hattie, there's one thing m
Governor Warburton reached down
took her plump hand, "I wouldn't
it known that I dropped in on you
in the middle of the night. I wou
want Mr. McDonald to know that.
"Yes," Miss Hattie said. "I un
stand, Willie."
"And of course you know why
here," the Governor said.
Miss Hattie looked up at him. "
Mel Fisher asked me to put him up.
"So he could get the story from y
the Governor said. "The story of
horse race and the Halloween f
You're not going to tell him that s
are you, Miss Hattie?"
Her eyes opened wide. "My good
no," she said. "I wouldn't mention
to anyone, Willie."
The Governor looked at me. I lo
at John Mills. The Governor cleare
throat and said, "Miss Hattie, we
given to understand that you were s
gry at me you were going to tel
story."
Miss Hattie smiled. "I was angr
right, Willie, and I believe I did say
half a mind to tell something on yo
said something like that, but of cou
was just a pet. I never would have t
"Of course not," the Governor
and his face twisted wryly.
I could not help grinning. The
ernor had taken a big chance, drop
off his campaign train and flying
cretly to plead with Miss Hattie, an
the time there had been no real da
But suddenly I knew there *was* a da
I had noticed a beam of light outsid
the street, and had paid no atten
but all at once I realized a car
stopped at the curb. I looked thr
the pane and saw three figures on
walk, almost at the door.
"Outside, Governor!" I cried.
the back way!"
I whirled and ran to the front do
threw my shoulder against it just
was being pushed open. It slammed
and a startled voice said, "Hey!"
"Excuse me," I said, and glanced
my shoulder. I saw a door at the
swinging to. Lucy and the Gov
were gone.
There was pressure again on the
and I stepped back. It flew open a
looked into Melvin Fisher's sour, s
cious eyes. A step behind him was

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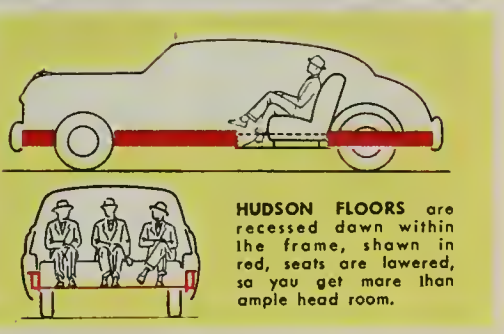
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McDonald, carrying a suitcase. He saw me and put it down with a thump.

"Where in hell did *you* come from?" he said, his surprise so real that he forgot to slide the words out of the corner of his mouth in his customary tough-guy enunciation.

A soft voice said, "Why, Mr. Mason!" and I met Ginny's bright blue eyes.

"Hello," I said, and added unconvincingly. "I came to get this." I held up my hands. All the time I had been clutching the reading lamp I had won at the bingo game in the firehouse.

"At midnight?" Ginny said.

"Ginny, I came to see you," I said. "I was in town unexpectedly, and Mr. Mills drove me over."

"Unexpectedly is right," Clyde said.

"I'd ask you to come in, Mr. Mason," said Ginny. "But you're already in, aren't you? Does Aunt Hattie know that?"

"Of course I know it," Miss Hattie said sharply, and rose from her chair. "Mr. Mason, if your offer still holds good, I'd love to keep that lamp."

"I'd love for you to keep it," I said.

MELVIN FISHER stepped forward. "Miss Hattie, I want to introduce your house guest, Mr. Clyde McDonald, of Washington, D.C."

Clyde produced a big grin and approached her, holding out his hand. Miss Hattie took it, murmuring, "I'll show you to your room. Please come upstairs with me."

She went on to the staircase and Clyde McDonald said to me, over his shoulder, "You get around, Roy."

"And you're a long way from Washingt[illegible]," I said.

"I guess for the same reason," said Clyde. "From all I hear."

I could not help grinning. "My reason was this reading lamp," I said.

"You'll find your room at the head of the stairs, Mr. McDonald," Miss Hattie said. "First door on your left."

"Yes," he said, and picked up his suitcase. "I'm coming."

Melvin Fisher had stood by with a puzzled air, and John Mills had said nothing. The two men eyed each other, and Fisher commented, "Up late, ain't you, John?"

"That I am," John said. "I wouldn't want to close my eyes, a night like this."

Melvin Fisher grunted, and gave Ginny Perkins a meaning look. "I'll be going now," he said. "See you in the morning."

"Yes," she said, "in the morning."

"I'll give you a lift, Roy," John Mills said. "If you're ready to go."

"Coming," I said.

"Aunt Hattie's getting your money, Mr. Mason," Ginny said. "You really must take it."

"I'll be waiting in the car," John Mills said, and went quickly out. I saw that he wanted to keep an eye on Melvin Fisher, and he was curious, as I was, about the Governor and Lucy Strawn.

Miss Hattie called from upstairs, "Ginny, will you take this, please."

Ginny went up to meet her great-aunt, and returned with the seventy-five cents. She said as she gave it to me, "What strange alchemy did you use to win Miss Hattie over?"

"Someday I'll tell you the whole story." I said. "I can't now." I edged toward the door, and she followed me.

"Yes," she said, "you're unpredictable. Barging in at midnight to claim your reading lamp."

"Ginny, you know the lamp was an excuse," I said. "I barged in to see *you*."

"I wonder," she said.

I looked into her bright, observant eyes. We were standing close together and I smelled her perfume. Her blond hair brushed against my cheek. I caught her suddenly and kissed her hard.

She moved back, whispered, "Good night."

"Good night, honey." I said. I h[illegible] a great sigh, and went down to the [illegible]

"Now what?" said John Mills.

"Drive around the block," I sugg[illegible] "Stop under that same sycamore tre[illegible]

We went around the block a[illegible] stopped the car under the sycamo[illegible] turned off the lights. An instant[illegible] two dark figures emerged fro[illegible] bushes. I had the door open, and [illegible] and the Governor jumped in. The G[illegible] nor said tensely, "Get going, Joh[illegible]

No one spoke again until we we[illegible] blocks away, then the Governor [illegible] mightily and said, "Well, we're [illegible] that. Let's head for the airport."

John Mills turned onto the hi[illegible] and the car moved swiftly westwa[illegible] low cloudbank hid the stars, and [illegible] ning flashed up ahead. John Mil[illegible] casually, "Looks like we might [illegible] rain. We need rain around here."

"I don't recall a year when this c[illegible] didn't need rain," the Governor [illegible] "It's as dry as my throat."

John grinned. "Got a little som[illegible] there in the glove compartment. [illegible] to get it out, Roy?"

It was a pint of excellent rye. I [illegible] it back to the Governor and he [illegible] sighed, and returned the bottle t[illegible] "Roy, pass the bottle to poor old [illegible]

"Not now," John said. Lig[illegible] lighted his face as he spoke, and [illegible] was a tremendous clap of thunder

"It will be a storm, all right," [illegible] said. "Hope it's all clear on Wedn[illegible] Willie."

"If I bring a little rain to [illegible] County," the Governor said, "that[illegible] ter than a speech, isn't it?"

A few miles later the storm [illegible] and we were startled by the viole[illegible] it. Rain splattered on the highv[illegible] driving salvos, and John Mills slow[illegible] car and bent his head nearer the [illegible] shield. The rain drummed on the [illegible] the car. John drove still more slo[illegible] looked worried.

We approached the lights of th[illegible] filmed by rain, and John turned o[illegible] a black-top road to the airport [illegible] storm was at its height when he dr[illegible] to the administration buildin[illegible] stopped.

"You people wait here," he sai[illegible] go in and take a look."

WE SAT silent in the rain. [illegible] been thinking, and I said o[illegible] shoulder, "I guess we can depe[illegible] Ginny to keep her mouth shut. W[illegible] have to worry about her."

"What's that again?" the Gov[illegible] sharp voice cried.

Lucy Strawn drew in a deep [illegible] "Oh, Lord," she said. "Roy, c[illegible] mean to say that blond you-all k[illegible]

"Yes, I guess she knows," I saic[illegible] she wouldn't tell, Lucy."

"Oh, wouldn't she!" Lucy cri[illegible]

"No," I said lamely. "She told [illegible] wouldn't tell if Miss Hattie didn[illegible] we know Miss Hattie won't."

John Mills threw the car doo[illegible] and leaned in. Rain dripped fr[illegible] brim of his hat and his wear[illegible] looked like hollows in his head.

"No flights tonight, Willie," h[illegible]

Lucy Strawn said, "Oh, Goverr[illegible] a helpless, sympathetic tone, and [illegible] nor Warburton hunched his big [illegible] ders and stared glumly at the [illegible] rain.

"So here we are, Willie," Joh[illegible] said. "Looks like the best way to [illegible] there is under sail."

I said to John Mills, "How l[illegible] you suppose it will last?"

John moved his solid should[illegible] pressively. "You've got to wait [illegible] kind of thing to blow itself out o[illegible] Roy. You're looking at a gale, I[illegible]

"Then how about trains?"

"I don't like to take a train," G[illegible] Warburton said. "Somebody mig[illegible] me on a long train trip."

John Mills shrugged again. "I'n[illegible]

have to take Mr. Hobson's horse, nor, the one nearest the door. the only choice you've got. Just obson's choice."

started the car and drove away the airport, steering cautiously gh the gale. We could see only a et ahead in the stormy night, and plashed mightily against the wind-

overnor," I said, "you'll get there ht. Don't worry about it."

re," John Mills said. "We'll get iere, Willie."

parked the car at the station and I with him to inquire about trains. ulletin board showed that nearly train was marked late.

n Mills returned with a timetable. there's a train at eight in the morn- Atlanta, and he can change there irmingham train. Let's see, gets to a at 4:00 P.M., if it's on time." He l his finger back along the column e. "Yep, that's the best he can do. ne can get a train out of there and, ce—he can make Birmingham at Roy, what time is the speech?"

ght o'clock," I said dismally.

n Mills stuffed the timetable in his t and walked in silence across the g room. Back in the car he said , "Willie, it's Mr. Hobson's slow- rse, I'm afraid. You can get to ngham about half past eight to- if the trains run on time, that is."

Governor put his nose close to the looking at the storm. I switched on dio and tuned in a news program. ard a voice saying: "The Weather u sees no immediate letup in the which is lashing the East Coast ull gale force from Hatteras south ksonville. At Charleston the wind ty was clocked at 73 miles per hour, ort of hurricane force . . ."

llie," John Mills said, "I think what need is a little sleep. Maybe I'd run you all back to my house and vait out the storm."

Governor shook his head. "I think t to stick close to the airport, John, ait for a break."

aybe so," John said. "Well, sup- ve see if we can stay at the hotel."

hotel," the Governor said. "Night have sharp eyes."

n shrugged and rested his elbows steering wheel. "Then I reckon e sit."

a time we sat, and no one spoke. stened to the whistle of the wind ne driving splatter of the rain. At ucy said softly, "On the way in, I d an auto court."

The Governor swung around. "Why, yes. John, don't you think we could make it in one of those places without being recognized?"

"In this storm, I believe we could," John said. "Not much to offer here in the way of tourist camps, though. We're off the main highway south, Willie."

"Let's see what we can do, anyhow."

"Okay." John started the car again, and back to the street. He knew where to go. On the highway just outside town, in a grove of trees, was a cluster of green and white cabins, linked by a circular dirt road. The office was part of a small general store facing on the highway, and there were no lights. I got out in the rain and knocked, while John sounded the horn.

AT LAST a light went on upstairs. An old man came to view, wearing a tattered bathrobe. He peered at me through the glass, then opened the door a little.

"Got any cabins?" I asked.

"How many?"

"Three men and a young lady. We'll need two cabins."

"Okay. I got two. That will come to three dollars apiece."

I opened my wallet and brought out a ten-dollar bill and a five. He took the bills and said, "Three bucks more."

"You said three dollars apiece. That makes twelve dollars."

"Six beds," he said. "I charge by the beds. If you don't want the cabins, say so."

I paid him three dollars more. He gave me two keys and said, "Nine and ten. Drive on back."

I hurried back to the car and told John the numbers of the cabins. The headlights picked up number nine first, and I got out and opened the door of a garage shed adjoining the cabin. John drove in, and we entered the cabin through a door opening from the garage.

Governor Warburton produced a big grin, like a man without a care. "Fit for a Cabinet meeting," he said, and looked at the three iron beds, the washbasin with its rivulets of rust.

"At least," said John Mills, "nobody would look for you in a joint like this, Willie."

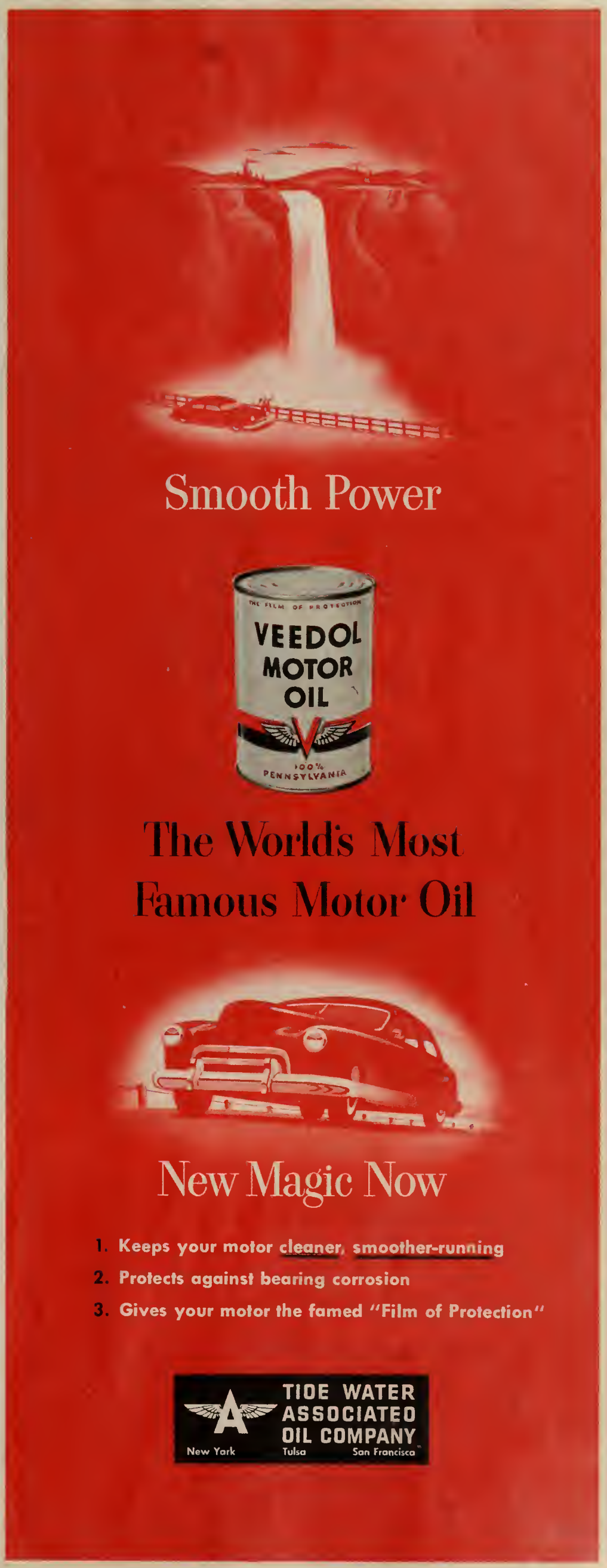
Lucy said, "Got a match, Roy?"

I found a match and offered her a cigarette, but she shook her head and knelt by the gas stove. She struck the match and turned on the gas, and we watched the match burn slowly out. Lucy looked up unhappily at me and said, "No gas!"

I brought out the bottle and there was a stiff drink apiece. I found two smoky-



"Just a little snack for me, please—I had an unusually big lunch in town today" CHARLES STRAUSS



looking tumblers above the washbasin and poured the first two drinks for Lucy and the Governor.

"This will warm you up, Lucy," he said. "Drink it down."

I pulled on my coat and hat. The Governor asked, "What's on your mind, Roy?"

"He stuck us eighteen dollars for these two cabins," I said. "I'm going to see to it we get some heat."

I went out by the garage and splashed through the puddles to the office. I knocked hard, and at last the old man came groping down the stairs.

"You again?" he said.

"We need heat," I said. "The gas doesn't turn on."

He rubbed his chin and said, "Sorry, we're out of gas. Feller was going to come out and fill my tank today, but he didn't show up."

I looked into his pale, crafty eyes, and shrugged. We could not go to a hotel, but not for the reason he thought. As I started out again, I noticed a wall telephone, and made a mental note of the number.

I WENT to the garage and tried the radio again. The report was the same: no indication of diminution of the gale. A freighter was in trouble off Charleston and tides were doing damage along the coast.

Back in the cabin, I gave the news with a shake of my head and said, "Governor, I think we'd better send Bill Evers a telegram."

"Saying what, Roy?"

"Telling him to telephone us here," I said. "There's a telephone out front and I took the number. I'll wire him to call that number and ask for the man in cabin nine."

"That's cryptic enough to give poor Bill the blind staggers," the Governor said, and gave me a keen glance. "You don't think we're going to make the grade, do you, Roy?"

"I was just out in that storm, Governor," I said. "No, I don't."

"Western Union is at the station," John said. "Take the car, Roy."

"All right."

Lucy looked up. "I'm going, too," she said. "There's a heater in that car."

She snuggled up beside me on the front seat, and wrapped the blanket she had brought with her around her legs. The storm had not abated in the least and I drove cautiously to the station and sent the telegram to Bill Evers. On the way back to the tourist court Lucy said, "Roy, there's a dog wagon. How about some coffee?"

I stopped the car and we dashed through the rain. It was steamy and warm in the diner. Lucy slid onto a stool, rubbed her hands briskly and said, "Ask the man if the coffee's hot."

"Hot coffee," the counterman said. "Yes, ma'am."

When the counterman had moved away Lucy said, "We're finished, Roy. The Governor is cooked. How can we explain a thing like this?"

"We can pull that one about a sentimental visit to his old schoolteacher," I said.

"Oh, no we can't," said Lucy. "Not with Clyde McDonald on the job, we can't."

"The storm will break," I said.

"You know damned well it won't," Lucy said. The warmth in the diner, and the hot coffee had done her good. Her eyes had brightened and the familiar starchiness had returned to her manner. "Come on, let's take the Governor some coffee."

Carrying the sandwiches and two quart containers of coffee, I led her in a race to the car. We drove back through the storm and I berthed the car in the garage. As we entered the cabin John Mills asked, "Get it off, all right?"

"Yes," I said. "I sent it to Meridian. The train isn't due there until nine in the morning, so we won't hear from Bill until after nine."

Governor Warburton said without much conviction, "By nine we'll be out of here. We'll be on the way. How does the storm look?"

"How does it sound, Governor?" I said.

He listened to the roar of the wind, shook his head. He ate his sandwich in silence, and for the first time the strain began to show on his face.

Dawn unveiled herself like a reluctant woman in a frigid bathroom, and was showered by the tempest. We saw the branches of trees lashed about and the great sheets of gale-blown rain. The Governor went to a window and stood looking for a long time at the storm.



"Do you think it's fair to ask me to wait, Emily? . . . That means four years of medical school, one year as an intern, two years' postgraduate work in surgery . . . and maybe another year before you get your license to practice"

COLLIER'S — MARTHA BLANCHARD

"I don't know what to do," the Governor said. "I don't see how I'm going to explain my presence here in a third-class tourist court when I ought to be in Birmingham." He shrugged. "Roy, when Bill calls I guess we'd better have him issue a story that I'm deathly ill, or something like that. That I'm aboard the train, too ill to see anyone."

"That means no speech," I said. "That means no Hydetown reception. But I guess it's the only way out, Governor."

"Willie, why don't you come back with me to Hydetown?" John Mills suggested. "Put out a story that you dropped into the old home town as a surprise, a day ahead of schedule."

"And passed up my Birmingham speech for that?" the Governor said, and shook his head. "That won't hold water, John."

"Can't the local radio station pipe your speech to Birmingham, Willie? You got radio time anyhow, haven't you?"

The Governor groaned. "National radio time! Eight to eight thirty."

"Then you can make your speech from Hydetown, Willie."

"Yes," the Governor said. "But what's the explanation?"

"The hell with an explanation," said John Mills.

"There has to be an explanation that will satisfy Clyde McDonald," the Governor said. "That's as tough as explaining a night out to your wife."

I sat up straight. "Governor, where *is* your wife?"

He looked surprised. "Why, Roy, she stopped off for a rest. You know that."

"Yes, but where is she?"

"She's due in Hydetown a day ahead of Warburton Day."

I jumped to my feet. "I've got it, Governor, I've got it!"

They both looked at me, without much hope. I said, "John, you know a doctor you can trust?"

"Sure," John said. "Doc Arnold."

"Then he's our man," I said.

"Our man for what, Roy?" the Governor asked.

Our voices had risen, and Lucy Strawn was awake. She sat up and pushed the blanket back.

"John and I will meet Ruth when she gets off that train," I said. "She was exposed in the gale. She's got double pneumonia. We rush her to John's house and call Dr. Arnold in. We stick her in an oxygen tent. We tip off the reporters that you're rushing across country to her bedside, then John drives over here and picks you up and you dash to the hushed house, give the boys a pale, tired smile, and hurry in to stand by your stricken spouse."

Governor Warburton inhaled audibly, looked at John Mills, and said softly, "That might do."

"It's a wonderful idea," Lucy said. "Then we can arrange for you to make that Birmingham speech by radio f John's house," I said. "It will be h interest stuff, too. The Governor le his wife's bedside to meet his camp obligations."

"Set the microphones up right in house!" Lucy cried.

"It might do," the Governor "Roy, I think it will have to do. I say I like it. I'll feel like a charlatan, I don't see any other avenue. Yes, t our program. We'll do it."

I looked at my watch; it was past s o'clock. "Take us a long time to get t in this storm," I said. "John, we'd b start."

"Okay, Roy," John said. "Willie, stick tight here. Don't even put nose out."

"How about that telephone call f Bill?" the Governor asked. "Som will have to take that call, and I'll b only man in cabin nine."

"I'll send Bill another telegram," I "I'll have him call John's house in H town."

"Yes, good," the Governor said.

"So we're set," I said. "Except for thing. Except Ruth had better be on train!"

"She'll be on it," said John M "There's a women's committee to her at the depot. My wife is chairma it."

I groaned. "She'll probably ge looking healthy as a horse."

John frowned. "That's a fact. See Roy, I could put you aboard that next stop up the line. If we hurry can make it. But we've sure got to h It's thirty miles beyond Hydetown."

We started for the door, but Strawn cried, "Hey, you can't leav here. You can't leave the Gove checked in at an auto court with a even if she is his secretary." She gri at Governor Warburton. "Particu if she's his secretary, I guess."

The Governor nodded. "That's Lucy, you'd better go along. I'll out here." He put out his hand. " that was quick thinking. Good work good luck."

WE GOT in the car and backed of the garage, leaving Gove Willis G. Warburton, candidate for President of the United States, wra up in a blanket on a sagging iron b a battered cabin of a godforsaken to camp on the outskirts of nowhere. all said a silent prayer.

In that gale John Mills could not faster than thirty miles an hour. I puted the distance. Forty miles to H town, another thirty miles to the where I was to board the train. Se miles at thirty miles an hour was over two hours, and it was already n eight o'clock. The train was due at town at 9:25. according to John's r lection. That left us considerably than two hours for the trip.

"John, we'll never make it at this r I said.

"Can't go any faster, Roy. Can't

"Maybe Roy had better drive," suggested.

John pulled to the side of the roa I took the wheel. I was as cautious a as he, but I was younger and my ref were more elastic, so that I pushe car up to forty-five and was prob averaging forty. It was a strain, t to see the road through the rain, a hold the car on it against the m wind.

As we entered Hydetown, John p out his watch and said, "Five to Roy."

"That leaves us thirty minutes," I "And thirty miles to go."

"We won't make it," John said gl

I put on the brakes and mad abrupt, skidding turn. "I'll drop yo here at the station, John, and you wait. Lucy and I will go on."

(To be continued next week)



A scene from the Monogram picture, "16 Fathoms Deep," starring Arthur Lake, Tanis Chandler, Eric Feldary, and Lon Chaney, Jr., and directed by Irving Allen . . . filmed in Ansco Color.



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VERY TIRED LADY

Continued from page 23

Amsterdam and Utrecht. Bright rambler roses climbed up the brown brick house, meeting the red tiles of the roof. It was a peaceful setting in which to find one of Holland's renowned resistance fighters. We drank tea (tea, more than gin or beer, seems to be the national drink in Holland) and Rutten stretched out his long legs and talked of his queen.

"None of us will ever forget her concern for us in London," he said thoughtfully. "You know, we had always respected the queen, but now there was a new warmth about her, and we found that usually she knew more about what was going on in Holland than we did. We found too that she was living on the same rations the Germans forced us to live on in Holland."

She made Rutten one of her aides. He accompanied her on her return to Holland in March, 1945. Three quarters of the country was still occupied by the Germans, but she insisted upon returning for a short visit. She went to the completely destroyed village of Eede-Aardenburg and immediately began to discuss the rebuilding of Holland with the small group of ministers who had come with her. She remained on Dutch soil ten days and then went back to London to complete plans for the rehabilitation of her country.

Seeking a Vote of Confidence

She returned again on May third of the same year (one day before the Germans capitulated) and she has been in active charge of rehabilitation ever since. The first thing she did was to ask parliament to consider the decrees she had issued during the war and to ratify those it approved of. In effect, she was asking the people for a vote of confidence. Had she by act or spirit violated the constitution during those years when circumstances made her rule alone, without parliament? This is what she was asking the people.

The parliament ratified every one of her decrees. Then she got down to the serious business of rebuilding stricken, ravished Holland.

"I would go on tours of inspection with her," Rutten said, smiling. "Believe me, these were not routine affairs. In one village the *Bürgermeister* showed the queen how the damaged church was being rebuilt. He was very proud of that until the queen asked him sharply what he had done about rebuilding the damaged homes. 'Nothing,' the *Bürgermeister* said in amazement. 'We thought it necessary first to rebuild the church.' The queen looked at him and said, 'Homes are more important than churches at the moment.'"

For 50 years she had spent most of her time at The Hague. The housing problem in Holland was acute; so acute that virtually every family that owned a house had to take another family in to share it. Wilhelmina owned two palaces in The Hague but she refused to live in either. She moved to an unpretentious eight-room house on the Nieuwe Parklaan (New Park Lane), half a mile from the traditional palace of the House of Orange. As always, she would share the discomforts of her people.

It took weeks for her ministers to convince her that this was an unpractical solution to the housing problem. The little red brick house bulged under the presence of ministers, visitors and secretaries (she staggered her secretaries in ten-hour shifts). Finally an ingenious minister told her that although the people could not occupy her palace they could occupy the house on Nieuwe Parklaan and that she would actually help the housing shortage if she moved back to one of the palaces. Reluctantly she did so.

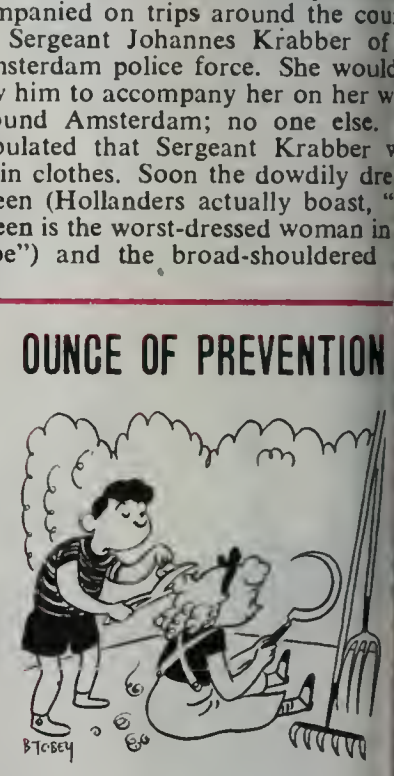
During her long reign Wilhelmina never spent more than one month a year in Amsterdam. Now she took an absorbing interest in the big city, the commercial and cultural center of Holland. She began to spend four months there each year. She developed a habit of almost daily walks, which presented a bit of a problem to Holland's police force. Amsterdam is the only city in Holland where the Communists are strong, and the police were understandably apprehensive for her safety.

For 20 years she had always been accompanied on trips around the country by Sergeant Johannes Krabber of the Amsterdam police force. She would allow him to accompany her on her walks around Amsterdam; no one else. She stipulated that Sergeant Krabber wear plain clothes. Soon the dowdily dressed queen (Hollanders actually boast, "Our queen is the worst-dressed woman in Europe") and the broad-shouldered pound, six-foot, seven-inch police became familiar figures on the streets of Amsterdam.

"Worried about her safety?" Sergeant Krabber blinked his pale eyes in astonishment when I asked him. "Of course not. No one in Holland would possibly wish harm to Her Majesty. She went everywhere and never was even the unkind look given her. She was always stopping to talk to people. She would purposely went to the poorer sections to see the people if the meat and bread rationing was sufficient for them and the children.

"Sometimes she would go to the Concertgebouw, a theater which puts on old plays the people like. She didn't watch the actors; she watched the audience. Always she was interested in her people. Only a few weeks ago we took her grandchildren to the circus. The children loved it and the queen loved the enjoyment of it. The queen never

OUNCE OF PREVENTION



GARDEN PARTY

Dear Nature Lover, when you'
through
With weeding fork and hedg
shears too,
Don't straighten out your kink
and yawn
And leave your tools upon th
lawn
Where some investigating tot
May put a crony on the spot.
Be neither casual nor fickle
In storing hoe or rake or sickl
For youngsters don't know ho
to grow
An extra finger, eye or toe.

—Margaret Fishba

ing. Never. She always knows
is going on.
ut," Sergeant Krabber said anx-
y, "I am talking too much. I am
a policeman but I have a great ad-
ion for her. I have no right," he
l miserably, "to talk so much. She
s calls me Mr. Krabber." He
d proudly and happily at that, and
ngers of his right hand reached in-
ively for the small silver ribbon
was pinned on his chest—the order
e House of Orange.
lland lost virtually all the revenue
her eastern colonies. Indonesia ac-
became a republic and the public
ied, but Wilhelmina gave no sign
this was an economic blow from
it would be difficult to recover.

When the Clergy Came to Tea

e made a habit of asking political
s, antagonistic to the conservative
stant parties she favored, to tea,
she urged them to present their

e day she exploded an ecclesiastical
ll as political bombshell by asking
y Catholic priests and twenty Cal-
ministers to have tea with her. In
nd most clergymen are unabash-
avowed politicians. The Catholic
, for instance, is the most powerful
in parliament—31 per cent of the
ment are Catholic party representa-

e priests and the ministers glared
e another—and an hour later were
to outdo one another with con-
ive suggestions designed to pull Hol-
out of the economic and political
into which the war had plunged her.

Nor was Wilhelmina afraid of the word "Communist." There was a left-wing group of artists and writers in Amsterdam and she asked them to tea one day.

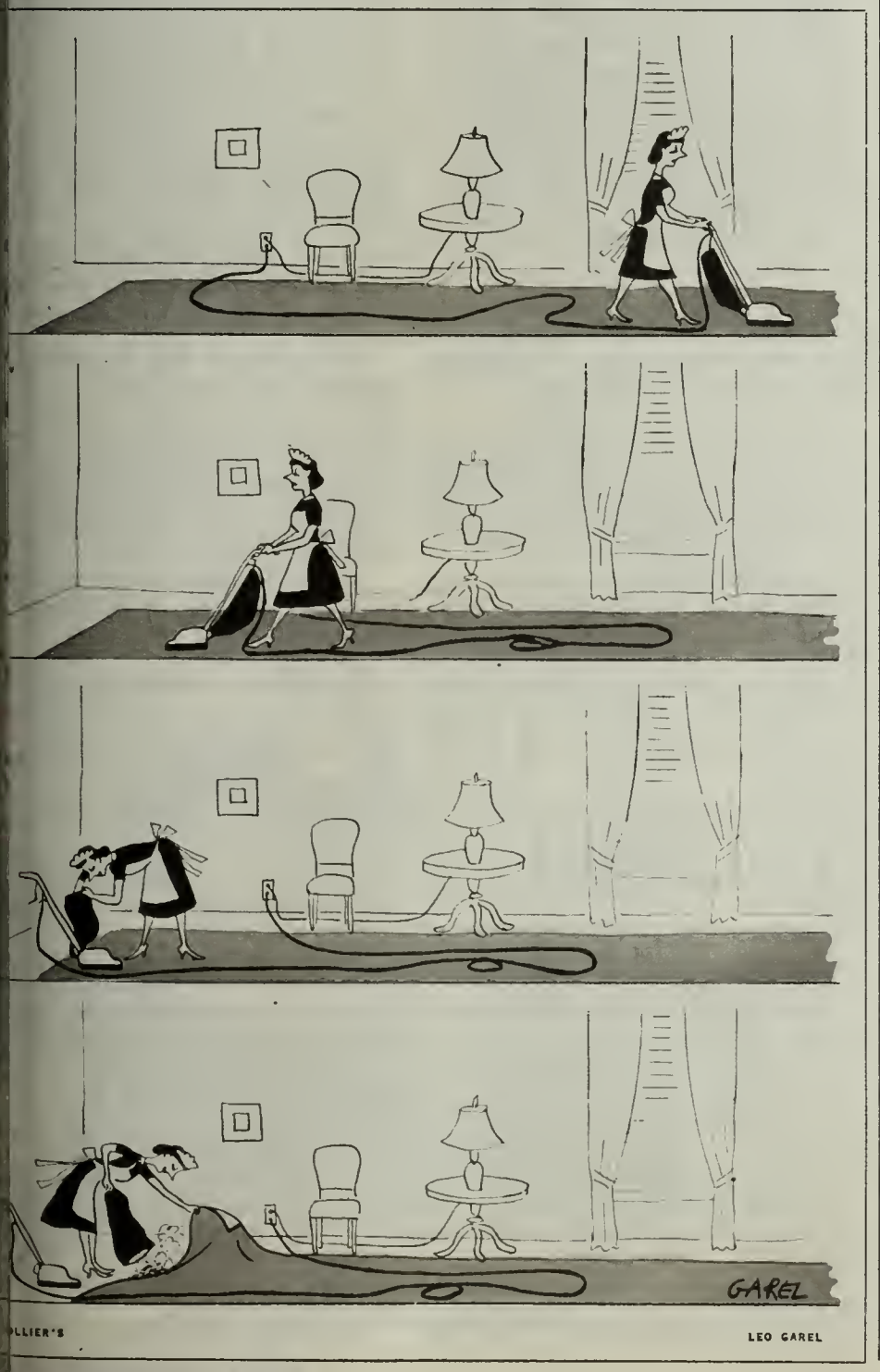
One of her ministers had the temerity to object and she said to him coldly, "Remember, these men are Dutchmen just as we are."

Jan Reyndorp, a young artist, told me of that historic tea. "She was amazing," he said with reluctant admiration.

"There we were, all avowed enemies of the monarchist system. We were Communists and proud of it. She talked to us and reminded us that we were young; we were the ones who would have to rebuild Holland. She told us that she didn't care what our political affiliations were—that was something she had never interfered with—but she did care about Holland and did want us to realize that this was the time to build and not destroy. We, the young men of Holland, had to do this. She and other leaders of her age were too old and too tired. Well, Mynheer, within half an hour she had us convinced that even though she was a product of a system we did not like she was a great patriot and a great woman."

That is Wilhelmina of Holland, the last, perhaps, of her kind. She leaves Juliana with a terrific burden but she is calmly confident that Juliana, whom she trained as Queen Emma trained *her*, will have the strength and integrity to carry it. Today Wilhelmina can look any fellow Hollander in the eye and say with clear conscience, "I have done my best for Holland." And there is not a living Hollander who could disagree with her.

THE END



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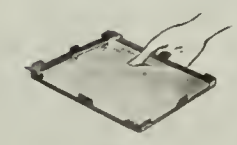
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BROADWAY DOLL

Continued from page 18

Edwards in Joe's room on 112th Street.

The train was going at quite a respectable speed now and she sat up and began to look about. A small darkish man was slumped down beside her with a fluff of hair under his lower lip. Yes, a black instrument case in the rack overhead and a lot more of odd shapes and sizes in the racks near by.

"What band are you boys with?" Doll said comfortably.

"Dave Blanchard's." He nodded at the copy of Variety in her lap. "You in the profession?"

Doll felt entirely at ease. "No, but my father is. I'm going out to visit my aunt in Illinois."

The small man said, "Those peasants'll drive you nuts." He went on to say that his name was Steve and that the band was on its way to play a lousy date in a lousy hotel in Cleveland. He suddenly straightened up. "Come on back to the diner, kid, and tie it on."

Doll hesitated, "I'm pretty short."

"So what? Come on, baby. We got paid yesterday."

She had a most enjoyable dinner with three of the band boys who told her what sort of a guy Dave Blanchard was and how he'd flown out to Cleveland while they rode the cushions in a lousy day coach. She was doing fine and she still had her five dollars.

THE brakeman snatched up her suitcase. "Come on, sis! This's Millfort." It was a squat, dingy station.

The brakeman said. "This is her, Ace," and handed her suitcase to a tall, lean old man whose hair was gray.

"Well, Dolly Martin!" said the lean old man.

"Are *you* my Uncle Kimball?"

"Nope. I'm Kim's father." He cupped his hands to shout, "Hey, Kim!"

Uncle Kimball, a round, worried-looking man with a round face and big, round, rimmed glasses. Uncle Kimball much more embarrassed than she.

"Well, well, Dolly!" He evidently couldn't make up his mind whether he should kiss her or not. "Mae meant to come meet you but she couldn't."

His father said calmly, "Did you have a good breakfast, Dolly?"

"Yes, sir. A traveling man bought it for me. He told me about his nerves. And last night the band boys gave me my dinner."

Uncle Kim looked quite shocked but his father said in a slow drawl, "Did all right for yourself, didn't you? Don't call me 'sir.' I'm not that old. I'll answer to 'Ace.' "

"All right, Ace."

The old man's eyes flickered with amusement. "Named me that when I was a river pilot."

Doll gave a little gasp. "Like Mark Twain?"

"Not much. River's not what it used to be. How do you know about Mark Twain?"

"In New York, you can get books out of the public library for free."

"That so?" The old man stood very straight and must have been six feet tall. "S'pose we mosey along uptown?"

They went down a wide, dusty street, a little like the Bronx but not much. Low brick buildings on either side and a hound dog asleep on the sidewalk. Big signs over small restaurants that said "HOT CAT."

Ace saw her alarmed look. "Fried catfish, honey."

A different air, a different feel to everything and even the wind was slow and warm and lazy. Not a bit like the Bronx now: tall old trees against bright blue sky and roses blooming.

A woman like a plump brown bird came running down a red brick walk in front of a big yellow house. "Dolly! Dolly Martin!"

Aunt Mae hugging and kissing her: Aunt Mae with her apron still on and her soft brown hair hanging down in strings. "I guess you're just about starved to death, Dolly."

Sitting in the dark dining room with more dishes set before her than you'd ever see in the Automat or Childs' or Schrafft's. Fried chicken, an orange-colored yam split in half and drenched with butter, black-eyed peas.

"Have some hot cakes, honey," said Aunt Mae.

Across from her, Uncle Kim put down his fork in awe. "Good Godfrey, Mae, the child'll stuff herself to death."

"Don't mind him, honey. You just go on and eat."

She reached for her glass of milk and it was almost cream.

Ace sat back smiling. "Whoa there, Doll. Don't have to tank up against time. There'll be more tomorrow."

Her eyes went wide. "You mean you eat like this *every* day?"

Upstairs at last and a long, bright bedroom with a cool green paper and dark green blinds. A big four-poster bed, a green and white bureau, a dressing table with an enormous mirror—

From Installment XVI of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: At Yalta, "Stalin confessed to Hopkins that he became pretty fed up with hearing about American and British public opinion. He obviously believed that Roosevelt and Churchill kept referring to it merely as a device to justify their own personal opinions and prejudices. The Russians never did succeed in understanding that public opinion could be a determining factor even with the powerful heads of state."

"It's simply swell, Aunt Mae!"

Aunt Mae's eyes were brown velvet if you looked at them closely. "Do you want me to help you unpack, Doll?"

She looked at the suitcase and was ashamed. "There—there isn't much to unpack, Aunt Mae."

All alone now and she went to look out the window. A squat brick fire station across the street and the firemen sitting out in front in their shirt sleeves.

She knew what Herbie would say if he could see that. Herbie would say, "I told you it was a hick town!" Well, maybe it was but it was still pretty nice.

NICE, too, in the evening on the front porch with all the stars shining out of the hot dark and that strong, sweet smell was something they called honeysuckle.

Aunt Mae: "Nine o'clock. Doll. Don't you think you'd better go to bed?"

"Now? My gosh, it's awfully early."

Uncle Kim: "What time do you go to bed in New York, Doll?"

"Well, in the summer, maybe midnight—or later if it's terribly hot."

Uncle Kim looked as if he were about to say something and then didn't. No one said anything at all and the whole night was so silent it made your nerves jump.

"Gosh, is it always so quiet?"

A deep bass bellow lifted every hair on her head. *"What's that?"*

Ace began to chuckle. "Steamboat on the Ohio."

She lay back, laughing, for even if Ace were old, he and she understood e other. Her head drooped forward a she couldn't help it. "I guess you're rig Aunt Mae. I guess I'd better go to be She rose, yawning. "I'm pretty v tired out." . . .

Doll had on her blue slacks with shirttail hanging out and her face sho She'd already seen the wonderful st and was now running the vacuum.

"You don't have to help me, Do Aunt Mae said.

"But I like helping you, Aunt Ma

"You certainly do know how to cle Doll. I wouldn't have thought yo done much of it in New York."

"Well, Herbie's a man and men are sort of sloppy."

"I know. You like things neat."

Yes, Doll did. She'd never seen a thing as spotless as Aunt Mae's ho

AUNT MAE said, "Sharon Fletch having a birthday party this af noon and her mother's invited you come."

She said doubtfully, "Is it just c dren?"

"Yes, dear. You'll have a lovely t and you'd better wear your best dre

"I've only three dresses and I d believe any of them is best."

Well, the party was simply terri She didn't know who anybody was she hadn't the remotest idea what t were all chattering about. The flutte little woman was Sharon's mother she was mostly in the next room wh there were going to be refreshm sometime. The tall angular woman her was Miss Jimpson who had com to help and Miss Jimpson looked like the aunt in a Tom show.

When it came to the children, I simply gave up. There were so man them and they all knew one another, although they must be her own age, were so *young*. She was an utter sider and she'd better shut her h She could feel the stiff little smile on face and they'd turned the phonog on and she danced with one boy a another.

The tallest one with the plump, satisfied, self-assured face cut in, Doll's mind said acidly, "Here's a lug!" He held her close, his chee hers and he kept crooning to the m

"You going to high school in the f he asked.

"Well, I don't know if I'll be then."

"We've got a good gang. We're p careful who we take in. You have in a town like this."

Doll wondered why.

"I'm on the football team and pretty fair if I do say so." Doll h the least idea that all the boys a party were fascinated by her and a girls were jealous.

He held her closer still. "Say, y a smooth dancer."

"I'm not very good. I was goi Ben White's dancing school but w falling of the room rent so I had to s

"You got what?"

"We ran out of money."

His face told her that had been a take. Maybe out here it was a dis not to have money. It certainly w in show business. She didn't notic large blond girl glaring at her, a she'd been told that the blond gir her present partner were going tog it wouldn't have meant anything.

He began doing tricky steps. "I to that sweet sax! That's Benny N band. Gee, what a guy! I heard hi in St. Louis and I stood there so cl the platform I could have touched Was that something?"

Doll knew what Benny Nolan

ou bobby-soxers who stood around
d ared at him. "Benny's nice, only
h.n't much sense."
Hetopped dead. "Say, do you *know*
nr Nolan?"
'Viy, sure, I do."
Howung around and said in a shout,
sh, everybody! *Dolly knows Benny*
z!"
t large blond girl came quite close,
ps twisting. "Does she? Well,
ance Curtis is playing in the movie
at the Bijou and I *suppose* she
her, too!"
Viy, yes, I know Connie," Doll said.
could see that no one in the whole
believed her.

came home at last and Ace was
ng on the veranda, smoking his
b pipe.
ve a good time, Doll?"
. Lousy. Those kids don't know
ng."
?" Ace pointed with his pipe.
ble coming up the walk."
s Jimpson, looking more like Little
aunt than ever, her cheeks fiery,
se red. Miss Jimpson pounced on
Mae in the parlor and you could
er through the open window.
ate to tell you this, Miz' Stratton,
t child's untruthful. She tells fibs.
ays she knows Miss Constance
the film star. She actually up and
."
t Mae: "Did she? Doll, come here
te, please."
the dim parlor and Aunt Mae ask-
sp and cool, "Do you know Con-
Curtis, Doll?"
e. Why not? She isn't anybody."
s Jimpson bristled. "Miss Curtis
about the biggest movie star there
she comes of a *very* refined family
Kentucky."
e fun she does. Her father runs
atessen on Second Avenue."
s Jimpson began to shake. "Con-
Curtis is a sweet, wholesome—"
opened her mouth. Then shut it
gain. Miss Jimpson was a fan and
never known one before. Fans
worse than bobby-soxers.
t Mae, so crisp she almost seemed
ckle: "If my niece says she knows
e you can be certain she does.
is a very reliable little girl. I wish
good afternoon, Miss Jimpson."
door slammed and Doll's eyes
went wide. "Gosh, you didn't have to stand up for me, Aunt Mae."

"I certainly did. Why, you're one of the family, Doll."

Ace fondled his pipe. "Been wonderin' what you were goin' to say to that hellcat, only you didn't."

"Just that Connie's a"—she sought about for a word that would be suitable for their ears—"a little tramp."

"Oh, dear," said Aunt Mae. "She shouldn't know about things like that."

"Might's well know 'em sooner as later." Ace put the pipe in his mouth.

The next afternoon everything went suddenly flat and stale. For the novelty'd worn off now and Millfort was only a stupid, dusty little place. She went walking downtown through the heat and there was no stir, no excitement; nothing to see, nothing to do.

She stopped before the Bijou Theater and it was only a little hole in the wall.

"Hello, Broadway!"

She turned and the short, pudgy, red-cheeked man was smiling at her. "Pete Thurston. I'm manager of this flea bag. Come on in. How's the Big Town, sweetheart?"

Someone different, someone straight off Forty-second Street. He led her inside and it felt like a theater, it smelled like a theater.

"Want to see the show, Broadway?"

"It's a turkey, isn't it?"

"I'll say it is. It stinks the whole theater up."

"You got a pretty good house," she said professionally. "Much paper in it?"

"Nope. Mostly kids."

"Bobby-soxers?"

Pete shuddered. "Bubble-gummers. Come on up to the office."

A nice, small, cluttered, dusty, familiar place. Old copies of Variety and Billboard, press sheets, tattered stills, a typewriter with gray lint hanging from its undercarriage. She slouched happily in one chair, her feet in another. "How come you're in this hick town, Pete?"

He spoke to her as if she were his own age and she was used to that. "Well, I'll tell you, Broadway. I was working for Loew's. Neighborhood house over on the West Side. And I had a big bust-up. Nervous breakdown. The doctor said I had to keep nice and quiet. So they shot me out here."

"That's pretty tough going, Pete."

"Oh, it's not so bad when you get used to it. They tell me your father's an actor. How's he doing?"

"He isn't doing anything right now."

Pete nodded. "How'd he like to try the clam chowder circuit? Friend of mine's got a straw hat theater down on the Cape. I might shoot him a line. Not much dough but it's better than nothing."

Well, it wouldn't do any harm to try. "If you'd put in a word for Herbie, Pete, that would be swell."

"Glad to." His eyes grew hungry. "Tell me all about the Big Town!" . . .

It was ten days later when the letter from Oliver came. "—Herbie's got a job with a straw hat down on the Cape. I hear Rose Leonard's up there, too. You remember Rose—"

Doll stood there and bit her lip. She wasn't surprised that Oliver had written before Herbie did because Herbie always had a hard time with letters. Yes, she remembered Rose Leonard; a tall, rangy girl who thought she looked like Katharine Hepburn.

She had some luck in getting small parts and she was dead sure she was going to see her name up in lights. Rose was dead sure about everything. Rose was always right and people who didn't agree with her were wrong. Rose was coldly ambitious and though she wasn't a tramp or a heel, you had the feeling she was hard as nails inside.

It was silly, of course, but as Doll stood there, she had a dim feeling of disaster. When you started having the horrors, the thing to do was to go for a good long walk.

She went down Washington Street and the great trees, dusty with summer, almost met in arches overhead. Redbirds flashed against the blue glare of sky and it was steaming, sticky hot. She stopped by the tall green hedge.

THERE was a boy sitting just inside, deep in the shade of the sycamores. He was stretched out limp in a long wicker chair with an open book on his lap and his long face was very pale with the fair hair falling over his forehead. He might have been about twelve, and some quality about his eyes, a quick, sensitive keenness, reminded her of Oliver.

She pulled a handkerchief from the pocket of her shorts. "Whew, it's hot!"

He had a soft smile like Oliver's too. "It's cooler here in the shade. Come on in."

She sat gratefully down in the grass beside him and he was too old for his age as Oliver was. "You're the girl from New York, aren't you? I'm David Graham. I've been sick."

"You don't look very rugged, David."

He took up the book. "I've been reading David Copperfield."

Doll's eyes lighted up. "Where've you got to, now?"

"David's just coming to the old boat."

"Gosh! That's the very best of all."

His hands moved wearily. "Only I get so tired I have to stop."

"I'll read to you if you want, David."

Half an hour later, she'd put the volume down and they were so intent on each other they didn't see the tall, slim woman in shirt and jodhpurs come quietly across the grass.

"And you didn't have anything to eat *at all?*" David was saying.

"Well, not till I walked all the way up to 112th Street to borrow a buck from Joe Edwards."

"Company, David?" asked the tall woman.

"Yes, Mum. This is Dolly Martin and she's been telling me the most wonderful stories about New York."

Mrs. Graham was like something you sometimes see on the stage—maybe a little like Ina Claire—cool and quiet but with a radiance you sense even before she begins to speak. She held out her hand. "I'm glad you came, Dolly. David needs some company. Tired, David?"

"No, Mum. Dolly doesn't tire any-

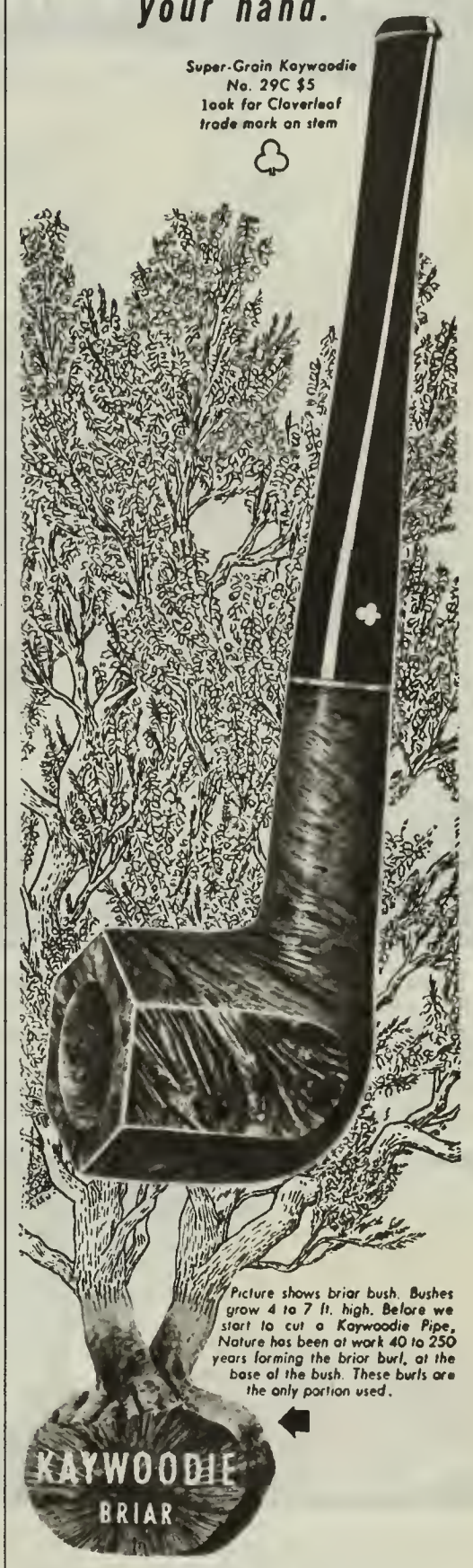


"Why is it Jinx and Tex have so much to talk about? Why is it Dorothy and Dick have so much to talk about? Why is it . . .?" SIDNEY HOFF

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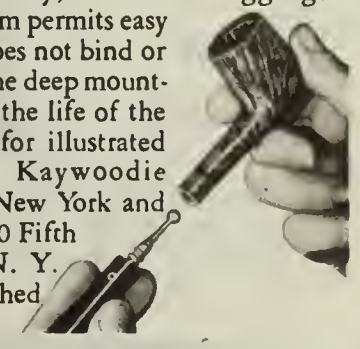
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one." He looked up like a very small boy who wants something badly. "Mum. The Bijou's showing Great Expectations next week. I don't suppose I could go, could I?"

"No, I don't suppose you could. There'll be a big crowd and you're still pretty weak. You'd better come in the house now and Dolly'll want a cool drink."

IT WAS a wonderful house inside and she was all alone with Mrs. Graham, and a Negro man in a white coat was actually bringing her a tall, frosted glass and a plate of cookies.

"I'll have a drink with you, Dolly." Even if Mrs. Graham's eyes were deep violet and her hair bright gold, she somehow made you feel right at home with her. "You see, David is a long time getting well and he frets about it. And when we have some of the other children over, they stay forever or are too noisy."

Doll nodded. "Sure, I know. When Jimmy Huston was sick, I used to stay with him when his father and mother had to go to the studio."

"Are those the Hustons we hear on the radio?"

"Yes. They had a tough time at first but they're in the money now."

Mrs. Graham smiled. "You know a lot about the world, don't you, Dolly? A lot more than I do." She held out her hand. "Come again, Dolly. Come often."

She went slowly down the walk and some odd words Ace had used came into her head. "Quality folks." Well, Mrs. Graham and David were. She'd never known any before. . . .

She came back up the walk at a hard run that next morning. She burst into the dining room and the sun was slanting there through the green blinds. Mrs. Graham was such a lady that she didn't even look surprised.

"Look, Mrs. Graham, David could come down to see Great Expectations if there wasn't any crowd, couldn't he?"

David's face lighted up and even Mrs. Graham's soft voice sounded excited. "Why, what do you mean, Dolly?"

"Pete's running it off this morning so he can time it. There won't be anybody there but him and you and David and maybe me. You can have the whole house to yourself."

"Mum!" David's voice was bright.

Mrs. Graham was very quick. "You're sure we wouldn't be a bother? And would we have to hurry?"

"Gosh, no. Pete'll hold it till you get there. Take your time."

Mrs. Graham stood up. "Dolly, you must be a magician. I never felt so much like royalty in all my life."

Pete certainly did it up in style. Pete was out on the sidewalk waiting to swing the car door open. Pete said, "Good morning, Mrs. Graham. Good morning, David. I hope you'll like our little entertainment."

Pete ushering them into the empty theater. Pete putting David on the aisle. Pete called, "House lights!" and it all went dark. He called, "All right, Chad. Let her roll."

She could sense how excited David was and it was the right sort of excitement too: the kind you feel on an opening night when a show comes in cold and suddenly turns into a blazing success. She could feel his fingers touch hers and that was nice.

Well, holding hands like a bobby-soxer! How Oliver would grin if he could see her now. . . .

June slipping into July, July into early August. David was all well and growing very brown and they went swimming in the river.

She was weeding in the garden now and Aunt Mae slammed open the screen door.

"Special-delivery letter for you, Doll!"

Herbie's writing in a big scrawl and then she suddenly had to sit down on the back steps. Herbie married. H married to Rose.

"Why, what's the matter, Doll?"

Doll felt as if she'd been beaten. bie'd been going to send for her, thing, as soon as he got into the m He hadn't. He'd married Rose inste

Aunt Mae took the letter from

Herbie had written: "It'll pro take us some time to get organized we get back to New York in the But when we do, you bet we'll sen you P.D.Q. You'll love Rose, baby. will be a second mother to you. . . ."

Aunt Mae said, "That woman d sound good to me." She said, "I want to, Doll, you just stay right her be our little girl."

She looked up. "Gee, you're Aunt Mae. You're awfully nice." Aunt Mae couldn't help her now. M nobody could. "I got to go downto got to talk to someone."

You feel lost when you've a counted on someone and now can more. When it's someone you've it's worse. It gives you a nasty, sweetish feeling.

For nothing would ever be the in the Big Town again. Nothing the same between her and her f Rose and she would never get o matter how hard they tried.

The old Herbie'd be gone, too, a had the dismal sense that maybe t never been an old Herbie, a fond siderate father. Maybe that had al in her mind.

BUT here was the pudgy little standing in front of his t "Pete, can I talk to you, please?"

He took one look at her face. " come up to the office, Broadway."

She sat down, handed him the His eyes skimmed over it in a

"I feel terrible, Pete."

"I know." He went over to th dow. "I didn't tell you but when l here, I was married. Bee was c out too when I got settled. She She divorced me and got marr someone else."

Her eyes went dark. "But, Pet ple don't do things like that!"

"You know darned well the Broadway."

Yes, they did. Herbie had.

"I nearly went nuts," Pete was "but after a while I started thinkin never would have fitted in out he we'd both been miserable. You v cry, Broadway?"

"Only kids cry, Pete."

Pete's voice, very level: "You'v lot of good friends, Broadway."

Yes, she had. Pete, himself. Aun Ace, Uncle Kim, David, Mrs. G And they all had one thing in c that Herbie hadn't: some hard c honor. They'd keep their promise

"Can you take a tough one, way? I don't think your father wa back too much. Not right now."

Yes, that was it. That was wha you bitter sick in your heart.

"Maybe you've had about eno show business, Broadway."

There were two worlds before h she'd have to choose: the shiny exciting one that was the Big Tow all its trumpets blowing: the neat quiet-to-dullness one that was Au and Ace and Uncle Kim.

There was a third world, too: David and Mrs. Graham, and t the best of all. Could she ever them? Could she ever be what Ac "quality folks"? Probably not. could try.

"You know, Broadway," Pete ing, "when things get different, can't go back and make them they were before."

"No," she said, and even if she long time, she'd never feel as ol did now. "No. You can't ever g

THE END

COLLECTOR'S ITEM

Continued from page 14

talk, and I glanced across at the
h girl and I saw that she too was
forward and listening with a
strained expression.
n't know precisely what it was,
ere was certainly something dis-
about the little man. To me it
d as though there was about him a
unpleasant smell of danger, a sug-
of tremendous evil, but I wasn't
He must have been about seventy
old.
looked up again at the boy and
owly, "I like to bet, too. Why we
have a good bet on dis ting? A
ig bet."
w wait a minute," the boy said.
't do that. But I'll bet you a
r. I'll even bet you a dollar, or
ver it is over here—some shill-
guess."
little man waved his hand again.
to me. Now we have some fun.
ake a bet. Den we go up to my
here in de hotel where iss no wind
bet you you cannot light dis fa-
lighter of yours ten times run-
vithout missing once."
bet I can," the boy said.
right. Good. We make a bet,

e. I'll bet you a buck."

HE'LL LEARN

s a golfing beginner,
A greenhorn, a dub,
he still blames himself,
Not the course, ball or club.

—Richard Armour

, no. I make you very good bet.
rich man and I am sporting man
Listen to me. Outside de hotel iss
r. Iss very fine car. American car
your country. Cadillac—"
y, now. Wait a minute." The boy
back in his deck chair and he
d. "I can't put up that sort of
ty. This is crazy."
t crazy at all. You strike lighter
sfully ten times running and Cadil-
yours. You like to have dis
ac, yes?"
re, I'd like to have a Cadillac."
oy was still grinning.
l right. Fine. We make a bet and
p my Cadillac.
d what do I put up?"

E little man carefully removed the
d band from his still unlighted
"Ah!" he said. "You will bet de
inger of your left hand."
y what!" The boy stopped grinning.
s. Why not? You win you take de
ou looss, I take de finger."
on't get it. How d'you mean, you
he finger?"
hop it off."
mping jeepers! That's a crazy bet.
I'll just make it a dollar."
little man leaned back, spread out
nds palms upward and gave a little
with his shoulders. "Well, well,
he said. "I do not understand.
ay it lights but you will not bet.
ve forget it, yes?"
boy sat quite still, staring at the
s in the pool. Then he remem-
suddenly that he hadn't lighted his
tte. He put it between his lips,
d his hands around the lighter and
d the wheel. The wick lighted and
d with a small, steady, yellow flame
he way he held his hands the wind
get to it at all.
uld I have a light, too?" I said.

"Gee, I'm sorry," he said. "I forgot you didn't have one."

He stood up, came across to my chair, bent down, cupped his hands, flipped the lighter and lighted mine too. He sat down again and now, as he sat there, I could see a small tension beginning to build up inside him. He placed his hands upon his bare knees and he started tap-tap-tapping with his fingers against his kneecaps.

Then he began tapping with one of his feet as well and he sat there, half naked in his deck chair, watching the bathers in the pool and it was obvious that the tension was building up within him.

WHEN finally he turned again to the little man, he tried to make his voice sound very casual.

"Now just let me check up on this bet of yours," he said. "You say we go up to your room and if I make this lighter light ten times running I win a Cadillac. If it misses just once then I forfeit the little finger of my left hand. Is that right?"

"Certainly. Dat is de bet. But I tink you are afraid."

"What do we do if I lose? Do I have to hold my finger out while you chop it off?"

"Oh, no! Dat would be no good. En you might be tempted to refuse to hold it out. What I should do I should tie one of your hands to de table before we started and I should stand dere with a knife ready to go chop de momint your lighter missed."

"What year is the Cadillac?" the boy asked.

"Excuse. I not understand."

"What year—how old is the Cadillac?"

"Ah! How old? Yes. It is last year. Nineteen forty-seven. Quite new car. But I see you not betting man. Americans never are."

The boy paused for just a moment and he glanced first at the English girl, then at me. "Yes," he said sharply. "I'll bet you."

"Good!" The little man clapped his hands together quietly, once. "Fine," he said. "We do it now. And you, sir," he turned to me, "you would perhaps be good enough to, what you call it, to—to referee." He had pale, almost colorless eyes with tiny bright black pupils.

"Well," I said. "I think it's a crazy bet. I don't think I like it very much."

"Nor do I," said the English girl. It was the first time she'd spoken. "I think it's a stupid, ridiculous bet."

"Are you serious about cutting off this boy's finger if he loses?" I said.

"Certainly I am. Also about giving him de Cadillac if he win. Come now. We go to my room."

He stood up. "You like to put on some clothes first?" he said.

"No," the boy answered. "I'll come like this." Then he turned to me. "I'd consider it a favor if you'd come along and referee."

"All right," I said. "I'll come along, but I don't like the bet."

"You come too," he said to the girl. "You come and watch."

The little man led the way back through the garden to the hotel. He was animated now, and excited, and that seemed to make him bounce up higher than ever on his toes as he walked along.

"I live in annex," he said as he bounced along. "You like to see car first? Iss just here."

He took us a little farther on to where we could see the front driveway of the hotel and he stopped and pointed to a sleek, pale-green Cadillac parked close by.

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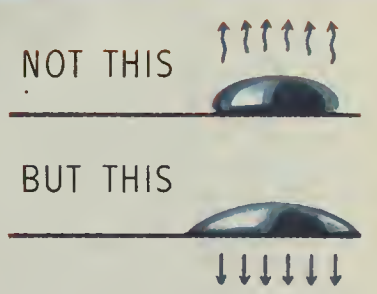
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"Say, that's a nice car," the boy said.

"All right. Now we go up and see if you can win her."

We followed him into the annex and up one flight of stairs. He unlocked his door and we all trooped into what was a large, pleasant double bedroom. There was a woman's dressing gown lying across the bottom of one of the beds.

"First," he said, "we 'ave a little Martini."

The drinks were on a small table in the far corner, all ready to be mixed, and there was a shaker and ice and plenty of glasses. He began to make the Martini, but meanwhile he'd rung the bell and now there was a knock on the door and a colored maid came in.

"Ah!" he said, putting down the bottle of gin. "Ah, yes now!" he said, taking a wallet from his pocket and pulling out a pound note. "You will do something for me now, pleess." He gave the maid the pound.

"You keep dat," he said. "And now, we are going to play a little game in here and I want you to go off and find for me two—no tree tings. I want some nails; I want a hammer, and I want a chopping knife, a butcher's chopping knife which you can borrow from de kitchen. You can get, yes?"

"A chopping knife!" The maid opened her eyes wide and clasped her hands in front of her. "You mean a real chopping knife?"

"Yes, yes, of course. Come on now, pleess. You can find dose tings surely for me."

"Yes, sir, I'll try, sir. Surely I'll try to get them." And she went.

THE little man mixed the Martinis, poured them and handed them round. We stood there and sipped them, the boy with the long freckled face and the pointed nose, bare-bodied except for a pair of faded brown bathing shorts; the English girl, a large-boned, fair-haired, attractive girl wearing a pale blue bathing suit, who watched the boy over the top of her glass all the time; the little man, the little man with the colorless eyes, rather old but very full of bounce, standing there in his immaculate white suit drinking his Martini and looking at the girl in her pale blue bathing dress. I didn't know what to make of it all. The man seemed serious about the bet and he seemed serious about the business of cutting off the finger. But hell, what if the boy lost and he really did it? Then we'd have to take the boy to the hospital in the Cadillac that he hadn't won. That would be a fine thing. Now wouldn't that be a really fine thing? It would be a damn' silly unnecessary thing; but then, who the hell was I to interfere?

"Don't you think this is rather a silly bet?" I said.

"I think it's a fine bet," the boy answered.

"I think it's a stupid, ridiculous bet," the girl said. "What'll happen if you lose?"

"It won't matter. Come to think of it, I can't remember ever in my life having had any use for the little finger on my left hand. Here he is." The boy took hold of the finger. "Here he is and he hasn't ever done a thing for me yet. So why shouldn't I bet him. I think it's a fine bet."

The little man smiled and picked up the shaker and refilled our glasses.

"Before we begin," he said, "I will present to de—to de referee de key of de car." He produced a car key from his pocket and gave it to me. "De papers," he said, "de owning papers and insurance are in de pocket of de car."

Then the colored maid came in again. In one hand she carried a small chopper, the kind used by butchers for chopping meat bones, and in the other a hammer and a bag of nails.

"Ah, fine! You get dem all. Tank you, tank you. Now you can go." The little man waited until the maid had closed the door, then he put the implements on one of the beds and said, "Now we prepare ourselves, yes?" And to the boy "Help me, pleess, with dis table. We carry it out a little."

It was the usual kind of hotel writing desk, just a plain rectangular table about four feet by three with a blotting pad, ink, pens and paper. They carried it out into the room away from the wall, and the little man removed the writing things.

"And now," he said, "a chair." He picked up a chair and placed it beside the table. He was very brisk and very animated.

He was like a person organizing games at a children's party. "And now de nails. I must put in de nails." He fetched the nails and he began to hammer them into the top of the table.

WE STOOD there, the boy, the girl and I, holding Martinis in our hands, watching the little man at work. We watched him hammer two nails into the table, about six inches apart. He didn't hammer them right home; he allowed a small part of each one to stick up. Then he tested them for firmness with his fingers.

He's done this before, I thought. It's routine. Anyone can see this is a routine and that he's done it before.

"And now," he said, "all we want is some string." He found some string. "All right, at last we are ready. Will you pleess to sit here at de table," he said to the boy.

The boy put his glass away and sat down.

"Now place de left hand between dese two nails. De nails are only so I can tie your hand in place. All right, good. Now I tie your hand secure to de table, so."

He wound the string around the boy's wrist, then several times around the wide part of the hand, then he fastened it tight to the nails. He made a good job of it and when he'd finished there wasn't any question about the boy being able to draw his hand away. But he could move his fingers.

"Now pleess, clench de fist, all except for de little finger. You must leave de little finger sticking out, lying on de table."

"Excell-ent! Excell-ent! Now we are ready. Wid your right hand you manipulate de lighter. But one momint, pleess."

He skipped over to the bed and picked up the chopper. He came back and stood beside the table with the chopper in his hand.

"We all are ready?" he said. "Mister referee, you must say to begin."

The English girl was standing there in her pale blue bathing costume right behind the boy's chair. She was just standing there, not saying anything. The boy was sitting quite still, holding the lighter in his right hand, looking at the chopper. The little man was looking at me.

"Are you ready?" I asked the boy.

"I'm ready."

"And you?" to the little man.

"Quite ready," he said and he lifted the chopper up in the air and held it there, about two feet above the boy's finger, ready to chop. The boy watched it, but he didn't flinch and his mouth didn't move at all. He merely raised his eyebrows and frowned.

"All right," I said. "Go ahead."

The boy said, "Will you please count aloud the number of times I light it."

"Yes," I said. "I'll do that."

With his thumb he raised the top of the lighter, and again with the thumb he gave the wheel a sharp flick. The flint sparked and the wick caught fire and burned with a small yellow flame.

"One!" I called.

He didn't blow the flame out; he closed the top of the lighter on it and he waited for perhaps five seconds before opening it again.

He flicked the wheel very strongly and once more there was a small flame b ing on the wick.

"Two!"

No one said anything. The boy his eyes on the lighter. The little held the chopper up in the air and he was watching the lighter.

"Three!"

"Four!"

"Five!"

"Six!"

"Seven!" Obviously it was one those lighters which worked. The gave a big spark and the wick was right length. I watched the thumb s ping the top down on to the flame. T a pause. Then the thumb raising the once more. This was an all-thumb op tion. The thumb did everything. I t a breath, ready to say eight. The th flicked the wheel. The flint sparked. little flame appeared.

"Eight!" I said and as I said it the opened. We all turned and we sa woman standing in the doorway, a sr black-haired woman, rather old, stood there for about two seconds rushed forward shouting, "Carlos! los!" She grabbed his wrist, took chopper from him, threw it on the took hold of the little man by the la of his white suit and began shaking very vigorously, talking to him fast loud and fiercely all the time in s Spanish-sounding language. She sh him so fast you couldn't see him more. He became a faint, misty, qui moving outline, like the spokes of a t ing wheel.

Hell, I thought, if he gets that for n longer something's going to come l inside him. This is a fierce woma thought, this is a very fierce woman. then she slowed down and the little came into view again and she ha him across the room and pushed backward onto one of the beds. H on the edge of it blinking his eyes testing his head to see if it would still on his neck.

"I am so sorry," the woman said am so terribly sorry that this should pen." She spoke almost perfect En

"It is too bad," she went on. "I pose it is really my fault. For ten mi I leave him alone to go and have my washed and I come back and he is again." She looked sorry and deeply cerned.

THE boy was untying his hand the table. The English girl a stood there and said nothing.

"He is a menace," the woman "Down where we live at home he taken altogether forty-seven fingers different people—he has a collecti and he has lost eleven cars. In the they threatened to have him put somewhere. That's why I brought up here."

"We were only having a little mumbled the little man from the be

"I suppose he bet you a car," woman said.

"Yes," the boy answered. "A C lac."

"He has no car. It's mine. And makes it worse," she said, "that he s bet you when he had nothing to bet I am ashamed and very sorry abo all." She seemed an awfully nice wo

"Well," I said, "then here's the k your car." I put it on the table.

"We were only having a little mumbled the little man.

"He hasn't anything left to bet v the woman said. "He hasn't a thi the world. Not a thing. I won it all him. It took a little time and it was work but I won it all in the end." looked up at the boy and she smil slow sad smile, and she came ove put out a hand to take the key fro table.

I can see it now, that hand of h had only one finger on it, and a thu

THE END

STATE DEPARTMENT QUARTERBACK

Continued from page 17

. It was a wonderful break for nd for his country.

T two years he spent in Moscow not enabled him to perfect himself in ussian language, but also to ac- an extensive firsthand understand- f the people and their Bolshevik He traveled about the vast land en and as widely as he could, and where he went he learned some- His zeal was so earnest that other ers of the embassy's staff would ly ask him how he was making out "postgrad course."

Not Too Busy to Fall in Love

zealous as Bohlen was in perfect- mself in Russian, Moscow wasn't ork and study. He met his wife Another young career man of the as Charles W. Thayer, now chief Broadcasting Division of the de- ent's Voice of America. Thayer sister, Avis, who visited in the er of 1934. Blond, and blue-eyed, d Bohlen fell in love over a bowl sht. When Bohlen was transferred ashington the following year, the ing he did was to visit Avis at her in Villanova, Pennsylvania. They narried several months later.

ing the next two years they lived rmal, happily busy life of a young Department couple in the capital. in 1937, Bohlen was sent travel- gain. Except for a few fleeting one of which was to see his new ter, he wasn't home again until n 1942. He spent the intervening working hard and brilliantly in n, Moscow, Brussels and Tokyo. sident Truman found Bohlen an able authority on Russia, as his essor had. Chip spent many hours he President, often at night, prep- him on Russia and its Bolshevik Later he sat at his side through- e Potsdam conversations. But this here was one difference from the parleys—Bohlen not only inter- , but he also counseled and guided esident.

It was at Potsdam that he encountered his first real stumper as an interpreter. At one protracted session, Truman suddenly remarked, "Seventh inning! Everybody take a stretch."

Stalin's interpreter looked blank. Bohlen knit his brows in perplexity.

"What's the matter, Chip?" Truman smiled. "Can't you boys interpret that in Russian?"

"Frankly, Mr. President, we can't. It's got me. The Russians don't know anything about baseball, and I don't know just where to begin."

"Oh, you can explain it all right," Truman laughed. "Tell them about baseball. I'm sure the premier will be interested."

Bohlen adjusted himself in his chair, devoted a few moments to deep thought, and then began to spout Russian. Stalin listened intently. When Bohlen finished, the Red ruler smiled and said, *"Khorosho."*

Bohlen smiled in return, the assembly relaxed, and everyone rose for a brief respite.

Later, the President asked Bohlen what he had said.

"I explained that you had used a popular American expression that was a part of our national sport. That it was the custom in our country during a baseball game to stand up and stretch at a certain point that we call the seventh inning. I also explained that when you suggested a seventh-inning stretch, you had felt that everyone might be a little fatigued and would like a brief intermission."

"And what did Stalin say?"

"*Khorosho.* It means okay."

Secretary Byrnes also quickly came to have a high regard for Bohlen's worth as a sound adviser and a speedy and resourceful interpreter. Bohlen and Benjamin V. Cohen, his predecessor as counselor of the State Department, constituted Byrnes' "brain trust" at the London and Moscow Foreign Ministers conferences. Besides teaching his South Carolina-tongued chief how to say *nyet* (no) and *ya soglasnan* (I agree), Bohlen also provided him with a steady flow of arguments and advice in the bitter and acrid deliberations.

Bohlen gave Secretary Marshall the same sort of service at the next Moscow conference, and the new Secretary quickly showed his appreciation of Chip's services. When Cohen followed Secretary Byrnes into retirement, Secretary Marshall immediately appointed Bohlen to the post of counselor of the State Department. He is one of the youngest men ever to hold this important job.

Recently, in recognition of his little-known but outstanding work as liaison official with Congress, Bohlen was promoted to the top Foreign Service rank of permanent minister.

The $13,500 salary which the new job carried with it was not the least of the satisfactions that went with the promotion. It is $1,500 more than Bohlen's previous salary, and the raise was a big help. Living on a government salary is no simple matter in Washington these days for a top State Department official with two growing children. The Bohlens go in for no social splurging; they can't afford it. They live modestly in a frame house in the Georgetown section of the capital. Bohlen's chief recreation is romping with his children; "Roughly, of course," says Mrs. Bohlen.

But a certain amount of entertaining is an inescapable part of Bohlen's job. There are lunches and occasional dinners to be given, and innumerable incidentals, all adding up to a formidable sum at the end of the month. And unfortunately Uncle Sam is sternly pinch-penny when it comes to providing expense money for his career employees.

His Typical Working Day

Bohlen's ability to perform fabulous quantities of work is a never-ending source of awe and amazement to his intimates. An ordinary day for him will include reading and disposing of huge masses of official correspondence and reports, conferences with Secretary Marshall and other State executives, long discussions with Senator Arthur Vandenberg, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, and other Congressional leaders on international problems and legislation, plus innumerable telephone calls to and from officials of other government agencies. It's a rare evening that he is home before seven-thirty.

In all of his extraordinary career, and despite his reputation in international governing circles, Bohlen has hit the spotlight just once. When he was in Moscow with Secretary Marshall he was given the job of handling the American press. This was a tough chore, because the Secretary had decided on an iron-clad policy of secrecy. Consequently the American correspondents got very little news. One day, when he said regretfully that he had no news, he was surprised to see that they reacted very cheerfully.

"Well," said Henry C. Cassidy, an Associated Press correspondent, "if you haven't any news for us, we have some for you. Your wife had a baby in Washington today!"

And that night one of the radio reporters broadcast to the United States:

"There is only one important item of news to report from Moscow tonight. Secretary Marshall's brilliant adviser became the father of a boy—Charles Eustis Bohlen, Jr."

The correspondent said that this was the first time anybody had ever seen Chip Bohlen lose his aplomb. He was really fussed.

THE END



"All your lights were out, so we knew you must be home looking at television"

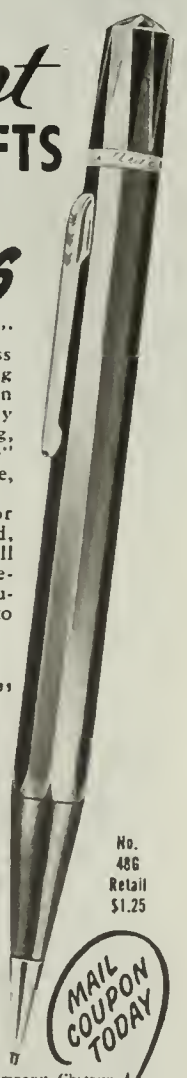
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SHORT SHORT



"Here's the one," he said. "I'll mak the sacrifice just to give you a goo time. A private cottage on Cape Co

THE UNCHAINED

BY ROBERT ZACKS

HE LAY on the couch and watched the profile of her face as she stared out of the window at the gray, rainy day.

He knew; he read all the signs with the skill of a man who knows and loves a woman: the tired lines beginning to etch her smooth brow, the unconsciously clenched fists, the vague sadness trembling at her lips.

He watched quietly and steadily, knowing that as soon as he spoke, she would turn, the sadness in her face giving way to something else. He thought a moment, then smiled at his thought. He weighed the worth of it, then slowly got up and went over to the desk near her and opened a drawer and took out a batch of thick folders and booklets. Thoughtfully, he sat down and opened one, discarded it, opened another.

"Let's go away," he said eagerly. "Here's a nice country lodge. The de luxe cottages are—"

"No," she said, a faint smile on her lips. "I don't want to."

"Handball," he said, reading, his eyes lighting up a little. "Tennis, boating. Sounds all right." He looked at her coaxingly. "You need a change, baby. I think we'd better go."

She shook her head. Her blond hair swished in front of her face, momentarily hiding her profile.

He said meditatively, "Well, I guess I'm being selfish. After all, you don't play handball. Let's see here." He dug into the pile of vacation booklets and came up with a blue one. "Here's the one for you. I'll make the sacrifice. Just to give you a good time. A private cottage on Cape Cod. Rugged stuff. Big waves lashing big black boulders. Spray. You could be lying on warm, white sand in that nonexistent, practically, bathing suit, and I'll do some surf fishing—"

She turned her head and looked at him, a flicker of interest in her eyes. Her fists, he noted, were still clenched, but not as tightly now.

"On the other hand," he said, calmly, flicking the blue folder aside, "there's this boat deal here. Very unusual. Sail on a real sailing ship—up the Maine coast. Moves by wind in the sails," he explained.

She laughed a little. "No," she said. "Really?"

"Thought you might not know," he said humbly. "Sorry."

Reluctantly she went over and sat down beside him. "Let's see it," she said. He suddenly put on a sad face.

"Well, okay," he said doubtfully. "But I just remembered: I get seasick. I get it really bad—even on ferryboats."

She looked annoyed and pressed her lips together. "What else is there?" She leaned her soft shoulder against his, looking.

"Well, here's a tramp steamer—"

"I'm no tramp."

He looked at her sternly. "Only by the grace of God, me and a marriage license. We are all God's creatures, after all."

"Look at this," she said, pulling out a giant, slick sheet folded three ways, covered with pictures. "Visit the Grand Canyon and Yellowstone Park. Scenes of wild scenic beauty, tame bears. They eat out of your hand—"

"Or your hand itself if it has the right flavor."

She ignored him. "There are auto camps along a route that is full of historic trails and places." Her brown eyes were shining now. "You know, I think we'll do that. Take the car and throw the luggage in back and just take off."

"Well, I don't know," he said cautiously. "The car needs a piston job. Don't think it could take some of those hills."

For a moment the joy in her eyes faded and he said recklessly, "Ah, what the devil! So we'll have new pistons put in. Maybe we'll even buy a new car. Maybe." He leaned over the map of the route; she leaned anxiously over his shoulder. "Let's plan this out."

THEY were moving along the Santa Fe Trail, wondering about the quality of the food in eating places along the way when he looked up at her. "I forgot about the apartment. It's a shame to leave a gorgeous place like this unused."

"We could sublet," she said thoughtfully.

He frowned. "I don't like the idea of strangers making themselves at home among all our antiques. Probably find cigarette holes in the couch. I was thinking we could give it to some nice young couple who haven't been able to get married because they can't find a place to live. They would treat the place right. And appreciate it."

"That's a very nice thought," she said softly. She looked at him with such a shimmering radiance in her face, such a glow of contentment in her eyes, that he caught his breath. With a flickering motion he tossed the pile of travel folders aside and reached out for her.

"Come here, baby."

She went into his arms. And after a while she sighed and rubbed her cheek against his. Then she looked over his shoulder at the travel folders scattered about.

They were all around the little furnished room. The blue one was under the lumpy double bed; the one with the sailing ship was on th rickety wooden chair; some of th others had landed on the frayed an sagging easy chair. And one—th one they hadn't read yet tonight- had landed on the battered dresse next to the small but lovely bouqu of roses he had brought home th night before. Somehow the stror crimson of the roses was the only in portant thing in the room.

"Let me go," she said softly.

He leaned back on the couch on again and watched her as she pick up the folders; they were very wor I'd better send for new ones, h thought.

Suddenly he said, "We've enou for a movie. Let's—"

He stopped.

She was looking at the last folde the one beside the roses; it was h favorite, the one she always saved f last, the one which showed the spa kling green swimming pool in t desert, with a background of sno covered mountains. Her eyes we shining and she was fully in the moo of their game, the game that, for little while, wiped away from co sciousness the problems of too-hi food costs and swollen rent expens that gobbled up their joint earnin with giant bites.

"I think we'll go here," she sa blithely. "I think I'll go for a plun in the pool after dinner. Then we dance under the stars. And tomorro we'll climb a mountain—maybe trout fishing up there."

For a long moment his ey searched hers soberly, and he saw the look she returned an acknowled ment of what they had in each oth Then he grinned, and as he prepar to join her for a plunge in the po he thought: *I swear to you you'll it someday, darling. I swear it.* ★★

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BEER AND ALE—AMERICA'S BEVERAGES OF MODERATION

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MIRACLES MADE TO ORDER

Continued from page 13

he tried to learn whether any rules for taste patterns existed; whether these were passed on from parents to children; whether American Indians, Negroes and Chinese were tasters and nontasters alike.

To see if rats, too, were divided into tasters and nontasters, Dr. Curt P. Richter of Johns Hopkins Hospital at Baltimore wrote for some P.T.C. crystals. He knew that rats have their own peculiar ability to select nourishing foods and reject poisons. Confronted with P.T.C., nonpoisonous to human beings in the taste tests, the rats shunned it. But Dr. Richter forced several rodents to eat a little. They died. The poison would kill the rats, but how could they be induced to eat it? Dr. Richter asked Du Pont for chemicals that were related to P.T.C. but which might not be objectionable to rats. Back came 24 compounds, brothers and cousins of P.T.C. The fifteenth tried was Antu. The rats ate it and died. Dr. Richter found that one-half part Antu per one-million parts of rat was sufficient to kill.

To a miracle-by-accident Du Pont is also indebted for a new plastic so tough it withstands great temperatures and corrosive acids that destroy all metals. In an age of superheated jet-propulsion engines and Diesels, Du Pont's new plastic toughie is being welcomed with open arms. Yet no research team set out to create this rugged industrial material.

The Mystery of a Vanished Gas

It came about when a chemist, looking for new refrigerants, found a gas he could not use. The gas was tetrafluoroethylene, a cousin of "Freon." Since chemists are reluctant to throw things away at Du Pont, the gas was sealed in a cylinder and stored in a warehouse. There it lay for a year when the chemist, Dr. Roy Plunkett, opened the cylinder valve to take some out. The gas was gone. Dr. Plunkett dug up his refrigerant research notebook and hauled the cylinder to a scale. It weighed no less than it did when it was sealed. The gaseous stuff must still be inside.

The chemist hacked the cylinder open and found his gas had turned into a solid mass (polymerized). To this stuff he gave the routine works. He boiled it in hydrofluoric and fuming nitric acid, and finally, aqua regia, which chews up even platinum and gold. The stuff remained intact. He applied heat until the material glowed red. But it didn't start deteriorating until it reached a temperature at which some metals are long molten. The new material, a plastic, was dubbed Teflon, and Du Pont is busy meeting industrial demand.

Du Pont is grateful for miracles-by-accident. But such miracles are regarded only as extra dividends on the investment of planned plodding. More often, the pay-off is on brains, stubbornness and sweat.

All through one Christmas Eve several years ago, two Du Pont research directors toiled on an urgent task posed by the company's top brass: Choose new fields for the Grasselli Chemicals Department to go into. Grasselli is one of Du Pont's ten industrial departments—each of which is the size of a substantial corporation.

"We don't expect your new program to make any money for five years," the brass had told the research directors. "But after that you'll have to stand on your own feet." As a Christmas present for their company, the men came up with a research plan that embarked Du Pont on one of the most exciting molecule hunts in its history: the search for new chemicals to solve old biological problems—chemicals to conquer plant and animal pests, weeds and rats and plant virus diseases, chemicals to fight disease in domestic animals.

The Grasselli Department equipped itself with biologists, additional chemists and engineers, and went to work.

First fruit of the heightened search for chemical pest controls was a new, super pesticide, known as Methoxy DDT which takes up where the original DDT left off. Du Pont researchers hold that the first DDT was only a curtain raiser on the pesticides yet to come. It lacks a quick paralytic effect on bugs. It can hurt human beings if mishandled and it can stunt the growth of tender plants such as melons, cucumbers, squash.

A Du Pont team of entomologists (insect experts), plant pathologists (authorities on plant diseases) and chemists plodded through 500 blood brothers of DDT to create Methoxy DDT. This is a killer that paralyzes the fly on touch. Yet it is one fiftieth as poisonous to warm-blooded animals as DDT. Sprayed on cows, or sheep, DDT could accumulate in their fat and so reach the dinner table. Methoxy DDT, according to researchers, does not accumulate in the fat of animals. Nor will it harm tender plants.

Next, Du Pont's pest stalkers went after weeds. Several years ago American and British scientists found that chemicals similar to plant hormone had the power to keep fruit glued to trees until ripe for plucking. Fruit growers threw their hats in the air. But the scientists were still unsatisfied.

A Weed Killer Is Discovered

In the hunt for more effective compounds Du Pont chemists came upon a synthetic hormone, or auxin, that wasn't much good at gluing apples to trees. But it was terrific at killing dandelions, plantain and other broad-leaved weeds. Dosed with the new synthetic hormone, the weeds burst into abnormal growth then crumpled as if from exhaustion and died. The weed killer was 2,4-D (dichlorophenoxyacetic acid).

Like its fellow pesticide DDT, 2,4-D is regarded by Du Pont researchers merely as a curtain raiser on the unfolding drama of pest killing. They are in full cry after weed killers that will do a specific job: destroy unwanted plant life but spare the wanted.

To kill a plant fungus or virus but spare the crop itself requires testing thousands of chemicals by teams of chemists and biologists. The biologists are needed to determine how the fungus killer will affect the crop's seeds and the seeds of those seeds. But after an effective chemical slayer has been found the hunt may have to start all over again. Animals and plants have a way of building resistance to poisons. Flies are already showing resistance to DDT, and even certain slime bacteria become hardened to enemy chemicals.

Yet scientists are laboriously adding to the number of specifics. One new type kills early and late blight on potatoes. Another, a relative of 2,4-D kills trees for papermaking. Girdle the tree with a bandage soaked in this chemical. The tree not only dies but does so most economically Its bark loosens and falls, saving mechanical bark removal. It dries up and is lighter and less costly to haul.

Specific pesticides that will kill only the pests they're aimed at are among the miracles now on order at Du Pont. The perfect fiber that can be woven into the perfect cloth is another.

Ever since the gloomy genius, Wallace Carothers, extracted from coal, air and water the epochal combination of chemicals that yielded nylon fiber, researchers at Du Pont and elsewhere have taken a questioning attitude toward many of the fibers that nature makes.

Cotton? Good for many uses. But nature made it primarily to carry seed, not to produce cloth, they say. Wool? Good, but it shrinks, and moths love it.

The scientists want to engineer fibers for specific purposes: to provide warmth in winter yet be cool in summer, to be light in weight, not to shrink (as wool does) when washed. They think it should be possible to engineer a fiber that can be laundered without ironing, and, for good measure, will resist moths, summer showers and fire.

How do you achieve such a miraculous fiber? At Du Pont it's being sought through a marathon elimination contest.

Nylon, a stretchable plastic, is a member of a family that embraces many thousand varieties of related giant molecules known as polyamides. When Carothers discovered the first nylon, Du Pont set aside a team of chemists, and from the first nylon's cousins and its uncles and its aunts the chemists—a two years—selected "Fiber No. 66," present nylon.

But the hunt for another No. 66, other basic synthetic fiber, has ne slackened. The most promising covery is the fiber mentioned at the ginning of this article which weaves i cloth that resists wrinkling and can ironed with half the time and half effort needed for ordinary fabrics. make the grade, the new fiber must commodate itself to high-speed a matic looms, must have the right amo of curl (or the weave will fall ap must have the right amount of slip drag to stay on the spindle, and must uniformly. It must pass all of these many other tests or be elimina Among fibers, many are culled but are woven.

Nylon has been described by scien as one of the top chemical discoverie the twentieth century; in other word big-league miracle. But Du Pont searchers, working with fibers, h sprung a host of lesser miracles too.

Error Leads to Solving a Proble

There was the problem, for insta of taking the luster out of the e shiny rayon. Researcher William Hy tried dumping kerosene into the ra viscose batch, because he misread a man scientific paper and so thought was the way to do it. It worked! See a less messy and less volatile oil, he tried Nujol, which eliminated the sl He finally solved the problem by usi combination of mineral oil and p pigments.

Men who can keep a company grea conjuring up vast new markets from contents of a test tube are assets t prized above rubies. Recruiting assets is a serious business at Du P

Yearly, five talent scouts comb universities for technologists who play a team game. First question scouts ask concerns itself with the spective rookie's class standing. Do know his stuff? Does he think indep ently and originally? The candid personality gets a good going-over. dominant, quiet, affable, colorless, n tive, strong, commonplace? Is his awkward, ordinary or confident? Ca carry the ball in a conversation?

Likely prospects are invited to laboratories where they are sh around and interviewed by the lab tory director. If the impression he m during his visit jibes with the scout port, the prospect is offered a job.

In a chemical age in which man already unlocked so many of nat secrets, what is there left for tean searchers to discover?

"Plenty," say Du Pont's veterans "Every time we go through a new there are a half dozen more in the d dor to be opened," says Dr. William Charch, the coinventor of moisture Cellophane.

Motorists are waiting for the pe lubricating oil. Already greatly impr by the chemists, oil still wears ou cause it's unstable to heat and air. perfect lubricating oil will last for won't sludge, won't freeze and have changed during cold weather. H wives are waiting for soapless soa the form of cakes that will wash ir and hard water alike. Farmers waiting for new pesticides, and f weavers for dyes that are more fas more brilliant.

That is why the midnight oil—n Pont invention—burns in the comp laboratories.

The customers are waiting.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Well, by golly, we made our 650 miles today!" DON TOBIN

This kind of magic is easy!



NOTHING in your hands! Nothing up your sleeves! But look...

...out of your *present income* grows a wonderful future. There's a home in the country, college for your children, travel and fun for the whole family, even a comfortable retirement income for yourself.

And this is no trick, no illusion. *It really can happen!* It is happening right now for millions of wise Americans who are buying U. S. Savings Bonds *automatically* on the Payroll Savings Plan.

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AUTOMATIC SAVING IS SURE SAVING—U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

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U.S. SECURITY LOAN

Good News FOR LITTLE WOMEN . . . .



Y RICHARD P. HARMEL

The woman of five feet five and under, be she slim or plump, young or middle-aged, can find ready-made dresses designed to flatter and fit her

OR the first time, the little woman—who has been there all the time—is getting a real break. With the perfect-fit clothes she can today, she can be a fashion figure on Main t just as her taller sister has been. For the on industry has finally recognized the glam- potential in a market which comprises 40,- 00 customers.

e dress industry was first stunned into action years ago when the Bureau of Home Eco- s in Washington exploded the myth that most rican women were both lissome and divinely ive feet seven and over. Their statistics proved 78 per cent of the wearers of feminine clothing five feet five and *under*. Dress manufacturers, had been living in a dream world peopled by on magazine illustrations, rushed to their de- g tables to plot a revolution.

a result, a large and flourishing business has developed to cater to this cross section of ica. Three hundred and seventy manufac- in the nation today, whose business totals ns, are producing smart dresses especially de- d for the smaller woman. She can now step into ionable frock costing $250, or an eight-dollar n dress. And either one will fit the first time. rmerly, the cost of alterations was a serious for the shorter woman who was able to find style only in the misses line. The longer di- ions of these dresses or other apparel would to be scaled down to the shorter proportions little lady. In many cases this meant rebuild- lothes so that she would have a proper fitting, ll as a stylish wardrobe. Just to give you an idea of the work required, the essential alterations include narrowing the shoulders, shortening waists and skirts and for the half-size figure, additional fullness is sometimes required in the bust and hips. But this extra expense is a vanishing problem now that misses ready-to-wear is no longer complacent in its style supremacy.

Now it doesn't make any difference whether the five-foot-five woman is slim or plump, young or middle-aged. She can choose her wardrobe from attractive styles made in correct proportions.

For many years manufacturers of half sizes have been thwarted in their efforts to produce a line of fashionable garments, by the hostile attitude of both the wearer and the retailer. A stigma of dowdiness attached itself to half sizes in the early days of ready-to-wear. The department stores would stock only the utility, house-dress type of garment in the half sizes. The specialty shops that cater to the more fashion-conscious had a few half sizes discreetly among the misses dresses. They wouldn't risk offending those small, not-thin women who insisted on identifying themselves with the tall, thin fashion model.

The vanity of the shorter woman sent her to the misses department regardless of what might have been available in the half-size dresses. Any attempt on the part of manufacturers to create a line of fashionable half-size dresses was fruitless and ruinous. The stores would not buy them. This brought the styling of half sizes to a standstill year after year, and deepened the little woman's objection to them. Whatever the price, whatever the trouble, whatever the alteration, the little woman was going to look like the ads. Of course, she never did. The mayhem she committed on the dress in trying to get it to fit distorted the original proportions and destroyed whatever charm or style it had.

The slimmer sister in the little-woman family hasn't raised quite the same problem. There was no stigma of "mama" dress styling to overcome. The development of brief sizes for the slender girl five feet five and under gained impetus when the Army, Navy and Marines, in clothing their women's corps, released statistics that showed that 85 per cent of the uniform needs were for the short, slender woman.

This was no market to ignore. By the end of the war there were several firms devoting all their production to the little, slender woman.

Ostensibly the dresses were misses sizes 10-20 but, as in the half sizes, the proportions of length and the shoulder width were scaled down. The expansion for the bust, waist and hips was of course unnecessary for the slender woman. To distinguish them from the misses sizes, these dresses were given such names as "Miss Brief," "Petites," "Pettisize" and similar variations.

The manufacturers of both the half sizes and brief sizes no longer need apologize for their products nor seek for markets. Extensive promotion campaigns have finally induced the customer to accept herself for what she is and make the best of it, literally, with clothes designed to her needs. Department stores and more and more specialty shops have established departments for half and brief sizes. The little woman has come into her own in the fashion world. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PAUL D'OME



This is a faille formal by Diminutives, carefully styled and proportioned for the slim and short misses. Since the war the fashion world has catered more and more to the little lady of five feet five and under



Some manufacturers duplicate misses designs in brief sizes. This fall Herbert Sondheim shows a navy satin cocktail dress for misses that is scaled down in his line of "Sondettes"

in the latest fashion are made for the shorter proportions of women under five feet five. The slim young lady, left, wears ef size in a gray tailored suit by Joselli. The half size in green gabardine by Murray Sices is for the fuller short figure

HATS BY LILLY DACHE

ACCESSORIES BY B. ALTMAN AND CO.

PASSPORT TO MISSOURI

Continued from page 11

that you mustn't express your personality or attempt to be original." He paused and looked at my canvas. "Like that elm tree of yours, for instance."

"You don't like my elm tree?" I asked as I added a wholly unnecessary bush.

"It's a remarkable tree," he stated. "Original."

He had such a droll turn to his voice that I had to laugh, and when I turned to look at him and we both laughed I suddenly felt that I would have to sit down. So we sat down.

"My name is David Croce," he said.

"I really—" I began.

"Oh, go on," he urged. "It's Sunday."

"No," I told him. "It's Taylor. Ann Taylor."

We laughed again, and I could feel my heart pounding a little and was sorry, because I wanted to be glad that I was going to Europe.

"You see, on Sundays I can be Original," he went on gravely. "I can Express My Personality. I can do all the things I can't do on weekdays. So I walk around and look at things and think. I don't suppose you've ever noticed, for instance, that there's a difference in the way little boys and little girls ride tricycles?"

"No," I admitted. "I haven't."

"Well," he said humorously, "little boys sometimes ride around and around in circles. But little girls never do. Never."

"How strange," I mused, because it *was* strange. "How do you account for it?"

He grinned at me and I felt my heart skip a beat. "Little girls always think they know where they're going," he said.

WE WERE both silent. After a while he asked me about Europe, and I told him how I had always wanted to go there, and how an old woman had advertised for a companion and was sailing on the Queen Mary for Southampton at the end of the week, and I was going to be paid all my expenses and a salary in the bargain, and we'd go to England and France and Belgium and Holland and Denmark and Norway and Sweden.

"I'm leaving myself," he said thoughtfully when I had finished.

"Where?" I asked, because I thought it would be wonderful to meet him again on the French Riviera.

"Sweetwater, Missouri," he said proudly. "Home."

He looked so comical as he said this that I had to laugh, although I was sorry, too. And then I was afraid I had hurt his feelings, because I was going to places that were so much more exciting, so I told him that I was from Lancaster in Dutch Pennsylvania and had come to Washington during the war and hoped to go back to Lancaster after I returned from Europe.

"How long are you going to be away?" he asked.

"About a year."

He said nothing for a moment and then he jumped to his feet. "Come on," he said. "We'll go canoeing."

"I couldn't possibly do that," I told him, just as my mother had instructed me to do. . . .

So we had the most wonderful afternoon. We rented a canoe above the Key Bridge and paddled upstream for a couple of miles and then turned around and drifted with the current, close under the trees at the shore. It was a drowsy autumn afternoon, with leaves drifting down in the green shadows of the sunlight and the city only the faintest suspicion of a murmur in the remote distance.

"Sweetwater," I mused, trailing my hand in the cool stream. "It's a beautiful name. I can picture it quite clearly. There's a village blacksmith, and a carriage store, and an old barbershop that still has mugs with the customers' names on them—and hitching posts and great elm trees around the village square. The main street isn't paved and in summer it's sort of ocher colored except when it gets wet, and then it turns burnt umber. It's very dusty sometimes, if it hasn't rained enough. And there's a big river just outside the town, and the kids go down there barefoot in the summertime to fish with bamboo poles—"

"I don't think you have quite the picture, exactly," he said, and he was so serious about it that I almost burst out laughing. "There does happen to be a blacksmith, but he works for one of the with eyes so warm that I was glad a man can't guess what a woman is thinking.

"Will they pay you more money?" I asked.

"Now you're the little girl going in a straight line on her tricycle," he grinned. "No, I'm chasing my tail. They'll pay me what I'm making here. A little less, if anything."

"But you'll have Sweetwater. Is that it?"

"I'll have Sweetwater. And the elm trees. And the village barber and the hitching posts."

We both laughed.

All that afternoon I wondered why it was that a man or woman could live for



"Take my advice, dearie. The only pictures that wolf can get you into is his home movie"

COLLIER'S — WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

garages. And in the business center we have a five-and-dime and—"

"No five-and-dime," I told him firmly. "No business center. Just a feed and grain store, and maybe a sort of general emporium where they sell coal oil and bottled pop. And lots of white wood houses set back behind gardens and picket fences. And gaslight in the street lamps at night."

"Very well," he grinned. "But the Sweetwater Chamber of Commerce isn't going to like it."

"Why are you going back?" I asked him.

"You won't believe this," he chuckled. "But they're going to build a new power plant in Sweetwater. And they wrote to offer me a job."

"Not a power plant," I corrected him. "A small new movie house. For silent films, of course."

"Of course," he nodded, looking at me years in a big city and not meet anyone they really wanted to know until the very moment they had made all their plans to leave. I was having a difficult time with my heart, which insisted upon pounding absurdly whenever he glanced at me, or laughed, or spoke. His voice—well, when he talked about the things that interested him, such as walking in the rain, and having a workshop where he could build things, and someday designing a house of his own, I felt as though I wanted to cry.

He went with me to my apartment on Wisconsin Avenue and met the two girls with whom I lived—Annie II as we called her, because I was also an Ann, and Grace Margolis, who worked for the Bureau of Engraving and Printing and strongly objected to anyone asking her, as people always did, if she could bring home samples. Annie II was a shrewd little blonde who helped the color of her hair along and knew exactly wha wanted in life, which was a millio lars. Grace was sleek and quiete very much the still-waters kind. told David about them both before so he behaved like a dream and t time he left they had served him te cookies and were wild about him— cially Grace, which surprised me a It was she and not Annie who cam the bedroom afterward and tried t sole me a little.

"You don't want to be a compan some old woman," she said gravely, ing me over. "Nature didn't intend

"I'm going to Europe," I said bornly, sitting up on the bed. "I'll have another chance. Ever."

"That's right," said Annie II fro next room. Annie was the one w ways knew the right thing to do, b she never let her heart rule her "He's nice, but he's just small After you've spent a year in Londo Paris you'll wonder why you ever him."

"That's right," I said firmly, dryi eyes. "I want to advance in life. I want to stand still." But even as I I remembered about the little girls cycles and my shoulders sagged. falling in love with him," I said abs

"You can't possibly fall in lov anyone in five hours," stated Anni pearing at the door with a dish hand. "That isn't love. That's bio

Grace got up and quietly moved from the room, closing the door b her. But I had made up my mind was going to do, and I simply put out of my thoughts—at least as we could. I was going to Europe. I w ing to drink *apéritifs* at the Café Paix, and go to services at Westm Abbey, and listen to the orators in Park, and ride a bicycle in Copen and eat *smörgåsbord* in Stockhol was my last chance—my only cha

Accordingly, I told Annie and that if David called they were to te that I was out, and not to tell *me* t had called; and though it was the h thing I had done in a long time, Grace that she could have him wanted him. It never occurred that David might not want Grac cause she is a very lovely girl.

I SPENT Monday and Tuesday l the clothes that Mrs. Ammerm suggested; and though I had or moment when the little old woma me promise that I wouldn't do young girl had done in years pa abandon her at the last minute, her my solemn and sacred promi closed the door on the last lin thoughts about Sweetwater and t trees.

That evening at about six o'clo vid came to the apartment.

I fled to the bedroom. When I his voice—"Is Ann there?"—my began to pound and my knees sh wanted to get out of the house; I to sail on the Queen Mary that ve ment—anything to escape from w did to me.

I heard Annie II say, "I'm a sorry. You have the worst luck you?" And I had to hold onto th spread to keep from jumping u shouting that it was all a mistake. held on, all right. I was going to E

After the front door closed, I the most extraordinary whispered ment going on between Annie and At last Grace opened the bedroo and said to me, "You can come o if you like."

Annie was standing at the far the living room, looking at Gr though she could kill her. I sta



"You can't hurry my whiskey any more than you can hurry this tree"

said *James Crow*

There's no substitute for time in mellowing a whiskey like Old Crow. That was true a hundred years ago, according to Colonel James Crow, who founded this great Kentucky brand, and it is true today. Now, more than ever, "those in the know" ask for Old Crow!

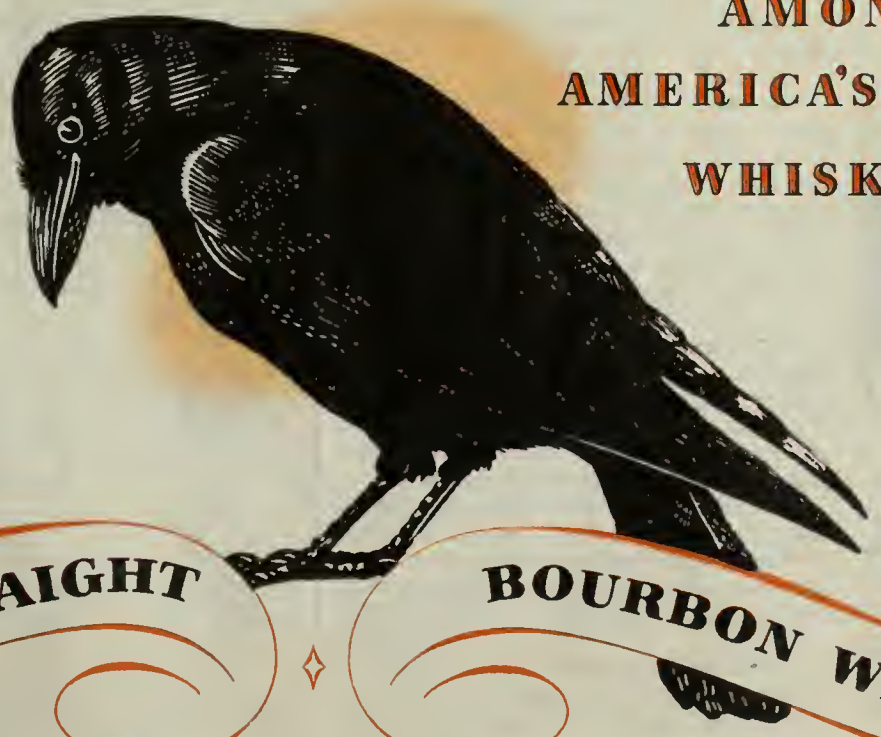
THOSE IN THE KNOW ~ ASK FOR

OLD CROW

A Truly Great Name

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
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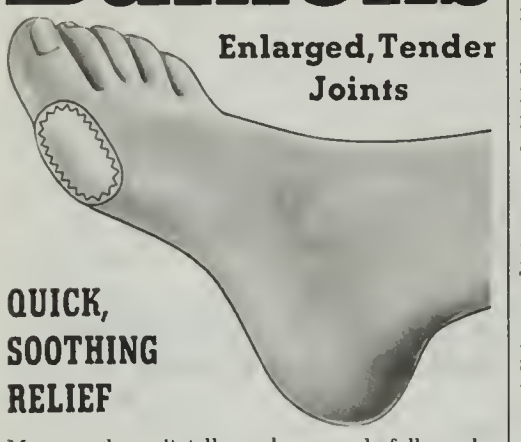


AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

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Kentucky Straight Whiskey · Bourbon or Rye · 100 Proof · National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

Bunions



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QUICK, SOOTHING RELIEF

Mere words can't tell you how wonderfully cushioning and protective flesh color *Super-Soft* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are . . . How quickly they relieve stabbing pain, soreness, burning of bunions, tender or enlarged joints. You'll have to experience it for yourself. Discover it today! Feel how instantly painful shoe friction stops and pressure on the sensitive spot is lifted. Only world-famous Dr. Scholl's with the patented creep-proof pinked edge can give you all these benefits. Get a box today! At your Drug, Shoe, Department Store or Toilet Goods Counter.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

TIGHTEN WOBBLY CHAIRS *with*

EASY! No skill required. Handles like putty . . . and hardens into wood.



MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys. The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.



Treat faulty diet—the real cause of much itching, sore skin, loss of coat. Canned, dried and heated foods often lose valuable "fresh" factors necessary to skin health. Rex Oil is 60% linoleic fat—the essential "skin vitamin." Just add a little to the daily food. See a much improved dog in three weeks or money back. At drug and pet stores or send $1.00 for two months supply to Rex Oil, Monticello 1, Illinois.



Rex Wheat Germ Oil

ask them what it was all about, and then I looked around and there was David.

Annie glared at Grace. "You're a meddler," she said out loud.

"I'm no more a meddler than you are," Grace replied coolly. "It's perfectly obvious to me that we're both meddling." And she steered Annie firmly out of the room.

"Hello," said David.

"Hello," I said, standing quite still.

"I wasn't able to reach you by phone. I wanted you to have dinner with me. There's a little place—"

"No," I interrupted firmly. "I am not going to have dinner with you. I need all the time I can find to get ready to go to Europe."

"Is that final?" he asked.

"That's final," I replied.

He wrote something on a slip of paper. "That's the address," he said, giving it to me. "In case you change your mind, I'll be eating there alone."

"I won't change my mind," I told him.

Twelve minutes later I found him at a corner table of a small and quite undistinguished restaurant under a private house on Massachusetts Avenue. He explained with a grin that he liked the place for the same reason I liked Sweetwater: because of the gingham tablecloths and the wicker-covered bottles of Chianti with the candles in them, and the old Italian proprietor who knew a secret recipe for chicken *cacciatore*. I looked at the bare tables and the plain lamps and the bored waitress who filled our water glasses and said nothing at all.

"Are you really going to Europe?" he asked.

"I am," I replied flatly.

He seemed not to notice my bad humor. "On Friday?" he inquired.

"On Friday," I stated. "And what's more, I've given my sacred promise to Mrs. Ammerman."

HE SAID gently, "I'll make a bargain with you, Ann," and I could have cried when I heard him use my name the way he did. "We're agreed. You're going to Europe on Friday and I'm going back to Sweetwater on Saturday. So we're just a couple of ships passing in the night—courses set and helms locked. We can relax. We can take it for what it is—a little bit of unexpected good luck in the middle of a long journey." He smiled. "Do you know that verse by Robert Frost—

" 'The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
*And miles to go before I sleep?'"**

I nodded because I couldn't say anything.

"Shake?" he suggested.

We shook hands a little longer than was necessary; and then I took a deep breath and saw, quite clearly, all the gingham tablecloths and the bottles of Chianti with the candles in them, and the artists who were talking in dark corners about Matisse and Picasso and things like that. It was a very romantic restaurant.

David was a quite serious person underneath it all, of course, just as I was; and we happened to get to talking about the great mistake that most young people made, these days, of marrying before they knew each other very well.

He pointed out that when they dated they were both on their best behavior, so it was almost inevitable that when they got married they learned nothing about each other except the bad things; and I said that some kind of arrangement ought to be worked out where, if a couple happened to be getting serious about each other they could agree to make themselves behave exactly as they would if they were out with a member of their own family; and he and I agreed that perhaps a day of doing absolutely nothing except sitting around together and reading the paper or listening to the radio would do the trick.

So you see, we were both very sensible in our attitude, and that was why I wasn't afraid. I thought it was quite sophisticated of us to sit and talk like this, objectively, as if we were just old friends. David did too, because he pointed out that now he had all this and Sweetwater too. So we just laughed and talked, and afterward went for a walk along the main street, which was called Connecticut Avenue except that it had gaslights and elm trees; and when he said good night at the door of my apartment I knew that David had been right and young people should take whatever happiness came to them.

So he went away.

And I stood there behind the door, listening to him go. And life just drained out of me. I had to lean against the wall to stand up. The room was dark, the night was full of cold winds, and I was alone. I was more alone than I had ever been before in my life.

I stumbled into the bedroom and lay down on the bed fully clothed and stared up into the darkness. The bedroom was empty, too. Annie and Grace were asleep there, but for me the room was empty. The world was empty. Paris was empty; London was empty; Amsterdam was empty; and the Café de la Paix was bare and shuttered and silent. . . .

Next morning I had dark circles under my eyes. Grace pretended not to notice, but Annie looked at me shrewdly.

"You're still going to Europe, aren't you?" she asked, with a sharp glance at Grace.

"Yes, I am!" I screamed at her. "And keep quiet! I don't want to hear another word about it! I'm going to Europe—I'm sailing Friday—and that's the end of it! I've given my promise! And if that man comes around again—" I sank down on the bed and started to cry.

"If that man comes around again?" prompted Grace.

"L-l-let him in," I sobbed.

That afternoon I saw Mrs. Ammerman again, and she looked so pitiful and small and so much like my mother that I knew I could never, never go back on my promise. So when David came that evening, I stood up quite straight and looked him in the eye and said:

"I'm not coming out with you, David. I'm not going to do it again."

"That's all right," he said comfortably. "I just came to read the newspaper." And sitting down on the couch and taking off his shoes and loosening his necktie, propping his feet on the coffee table, opened the evening paper. "Do you sew?" he asked me.

I just stood there.

"Yes," said Grace. "She does."

"You might fix this coat, then," he said, taking it off. "There's a button gone."

"David, get out," I said.

"I'm stubborn," he said. "Some people I can't be reasoned with. I also enjoy an extra cup of coffee after supper. Maybe I might start the percolator."

"I don't use a percolator," I said. "I use powdered coffee."

He took out a small pad and made a note. "My 'Necessity for Adjustment' pad," he stated. "Very well then, powdered coffee."

SO HE stayed there all evening, and I were quite alone because made Annie go into the bedroom her and play cribbage. I sewed the on David's coat and fixed a tear lining, and we shared a little of the meat from the icebox; but then I out my paint box and fixed it for ing, because I was trembling all he looked so comfortable and hor sitting there on the couch with his off, and I was afraid that I was go break down again.

David finished the paper and ask if I played chess.

"No," I said. "Checkers."

He made a note. "Let's play ch then," he said calmly.

At eleven o'clock he rose to h announced that he was going t and started pounding the pillow shape on the couch. I fled to th room.

"He's going to sleep here!" I pered, wringing my hands.

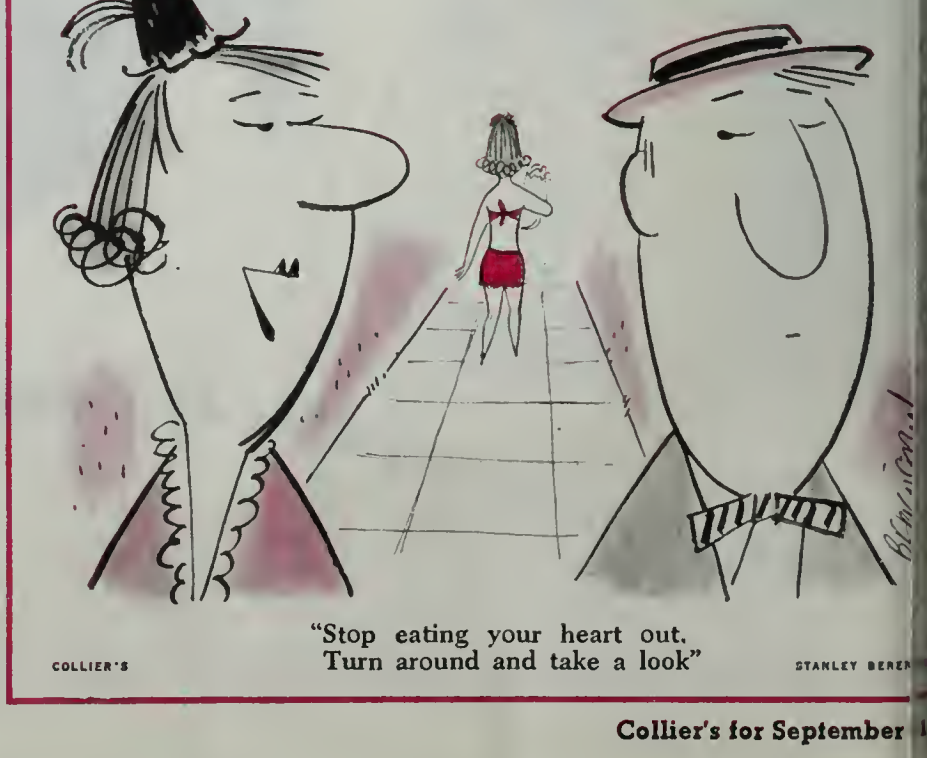
"Goody," said Grace. "I'll loa my pink nightgown."

"You'll do nothing of the sort! claimed. "He's getting out. He's out this minute! I won't have it! ply won't have it! He's doing it d ately!" I crumpled up on the bed. *him to get out!*" I yelled. *"Out! Ou*

Next morning I had to get up a breakfast for him, because Gra dently had had a little talk with and now they both refused to bu went into the living room.

David was rubbing his head. Ann," he said drowsily. He was w my red polka-dot pajamas, which ridiculous on him because they w small. "I hope you didn't put make-up. Or brush your hair."

"It should be perfectly obvious that I didn't," I said furiously. it was your little scheme to find ou I was like when I wasn't trying to b



"Stop eating your heart out.
Turn around and take a look"

COLLIER'S STANLEY BERE

*From Collected Poems of Robert Frost. Copyright, 1930, 1939, by Henry Holt and Company, Inc. Copyright, 1936, by Robert Frost.



"Sorry, dear lady, but I neither write nor paint. You apparently have me confused with everybody else" GARDNER REA

s is it. And if you think it's going matters then you're mistaken. this is Thursday and I'm leaving ope tomorrow."

I'm leaving for work in an he said cheerfully. "You might note that I'm reasonably good- d in the morning. And now if ust step into that kitchen and p some scrambled eggs and ba- fruit juice and toast and jam and I'll give you back your pajamas." can get your breakfast at the drugstore," I told him flatly.

f hour later, when he had finished mbled eggs and bacon and fruit nd toast and jam and coffee, he at the door and, as I handed him kissed me. He took me by sur- f course.

you tonight," he grinned, and ne.

apsed.

T day I finished packing as if in a am. I walked to the paint store for bes of paint, and all I could think was ocher and burnt umber. I k at heart, because now I didn't go to Europe at all; I wanted to me and buy a percolator and ure that David never again went the proper buttons. I stopped in dhand bookstore and looked at a ook, How To Play Chess—and rned it face down on the counter lked out of the store in tears. I think about London and Paris Café de la Paix and the Champs , but all I could see was the deep f the elm trees in Sweetwater.

David returned to the apartment ening, carrying groceries under s, I ran to him before I thought. stopped short, but the next thing I was in his arms, and Grace, re- him of the groceries, went hur- nto the kitchen. She returned a inutes later, took another look nt back into the kitchen again.

k around, Ann," he said at last, y. "Stick around and give me a Sweetwater isn't so bad—"

ked up at him and for some rea- was quite blurred.

." I said brokenly. "With the es on the village square and the hite houses—"

eatures clouded a little. "It really ke that, Ann. But—"

, it is," I said, sitting down and clasping my hands in my lap. "That's the way it is. That's the way it is, and that's the way it'll go on being—when I'm walking on the Strand in London and on the Champs Élysées in Paris and on all the crazy, crooked streets of Amsterdam and Brussels and Copenhagen and Stockholm. There are elm trees on the main street of Sweetwater, Missouri, in the United States of America—elm trees and hitching posts and a barbershop with the names on the mugs—and little white houses with picket fences—"

I was crying.

"You really want to go, then," he said gently.

"No!" I cried. "No! But I've promised."

Grace beckoned to him from the kitchen, at the moment, so I was left alone; and after a while I straightened myself out, because it was the only thing to do. Annie came out and patted me a few times while I was drying my eyes—and then she stiffened. I looked around, and there were Grace and David putting on their coats and going to the front door together.

"You might at least wait until the body is cool," said Annie indignantly.

"Now look here—" Grace began.

"Ann—" said David. "I—"

"Please," I said wearily. "It's all right. I understand. I haven't any right—" And I sank down and began to cry again.

Annie gave me a sedative that night and I slept so deeply that by the time I awoke, Grace had gone to work. I knew she hated goodbys, and anyway I wasn't sure I could be nice to her, so it was just as well. There was something different about the apartment—a hurricane seemed to have struck it during the night; but I was too heartsick to care. Annie had stayed home from work to help me get my things into the taxicab. She was rather matter-of-fact about the whole business, and though I desperately wanted her to tell me that I was being a fool and that a promise to anybody wasn't half so important as a marriage, she made no comment at all. She just pecked me on the cheek, as though I were going around the corner, and said, "I'll see you, dearie." So I had to tell myself that there was a bigger thing in life than Love, and that was Honor; and I waved to Annie and put my shoulders back and clenched my teeth and drove off to Europe like Marie Antoinette on her way to the guillotine. . . .

Half an hour later I was back in the apartment. "Annie! Annie!" I screamed.

"All right," she said cheerfully from the kitchen. "Tell me all about it."

"Grace took my job! She—David—last night—they told Mrs. Ammerman—"

"Fancy," said Annie calmly, wiping a dish.

"And she can shop in New York—and—" I came to a stop and stared at Annie. "You *knew?*"

"She's been packing since midnight," said Annie dryly, glancing around at the apartment. "I just hope she doesn't come back with any samples, that's all—though I expect it'll be something with a title. What's David's telephone number?"

"Don't you dare!" I shouted. "He's the most unmitigated, presumptuous—"

"It's an extraordinary coincidence," said Annie cheerfully, opening the front door. "But here he is now."

I stared. David stepped forward.

"David, you keep away!" I shouted, stepping back. "It isn't going to do you a bit of good. Not a bit! I have my pride, David. You keep away, now!" I was stumbling backward. "Don't come any closer! I mean it now—don't come any clos—"

FIVE days later we were married. Grace sent us a radiogram from mid-ocean. She had, she said, met a wonderful man from Perth Amboy who was in the wholesale olive-oil business.

Annie cried. She said it was because she had to hurry up, now, and find a man with a million dollars.

For our wedding present David gave me two tickets to Sweetwater, Missouri.

On the train he and I talked for hours and hours, with a breathless excitement of mutuality as we discovered more and more things we shared in common. I was happier than I had ever thought possible, ever—ever.

But it was odd—there was one little shadow over David all during the journey. I couldn't tell what it was—a preoccupation on his part, a doubt, as though he had one big secret he wanted to tell me and couldn't find the courage. Twice—once over coffee in the dining car and again when we were buying magazines at a little country station—he opened his mouth to say something and then closed it again, as if his resolution had failed him. It worried me a little. But I didn't press him, because I knew he would find his own good time to tell me.

Then when we changed to a local train out of Kansas City to Sweetwater, the cloud settled over him so heavily that he was glum and silent.

"What is it, David?" I asked him as gently as I could.

"You'll see soon enough," he said gloomily.

As we were driving out of the station at Sweetwater, David made the taxi stop on the main street. Very gently he put me on the curb and circled his arm around my waist and said, "Look."

The main street of Sweetwater in the midmorning was busy with traffic. There was a business center; and shops and garages and a five-and-dime and a few scraggly trees, half dead with the fumes of exhausts. The road was paved and the sidewalks were of concrete and the street lamps were steel and electric. And I knew at once what it was that had been bothering David, and I turned and looked up at him with a little song of love and happiness in my heart, and the tears must have filled my eyes, because I could hardly see him—but I smiled and smiled and put my head on his chest, right there on the main street of Sweetwater, Missouri, in the United States of America, and—

"Darling," I said with all my heart and soul. "Aren't the elm trees *beautiful*—"

THE END





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THE WIN TO GO HOME

Continued from page 21

asked. "I'll work in my dad's place."

"What kind of a place?"

"A bar and restaurant," Johnny said. "It's real nice, Eddie. It's called Kid Bart's. Everybody around there knew my dad. He opened it with the money he made fighting."

Eddie could tell that he meant it. He had finished with the left hand, the tape and all. He watched the fighter slide off the table, his robe dragging.

"Try those," he told him.

He watched the fighter flex his hands and then feel the one with the other.

"Please, Eddie," Johnny said. "Don't worry."

"I'm not worrying."

"It's like I told Mr. Burton," Johnny went on. "When he told me this morning I said: 'Mr. Burton, this is the fight I wanted. This is all I want. Believe me, Mr. Burton, I want to go home but I need this. If I win this you won't have any trouble with me and I promise I'll go home.' I have to win, Eddie."

"You got a chance. If you didn't Mr. Burton wouldn't put you in there."

"I just mean I guess this guy is a real good boxer."

"And can hit," Eddie said. "Not a bad hitter."

"I know," Johnny agreed. "I mean I don't care now. I mean if you and Mr. Burton think I've got a chance I think I've got one, too."

Eddie picked up the light bag and he gave it to the fighter. He picked up the gloves and the headgear and the pail.

"Well," he said, "do we go?"

THE night of the fight Frank brought the kid to the Garden and they were waiting there when Eddie came in. The side dressing rooms are big enough to dress a hockey squad and they were sitting side by side on one of the benches running along the long wall. There were a half-dozen other fighters in the room, this half of the preliminary card, and some sat alone and some were sitting with the guys who would work their corners.

"Eddie," Frank said, "we were waiting for you."

When Eddie walked up to the fighter he hit him, once easy, on the side of the head with the palm of his hand. He saw the fighter smile.

"How you feel?"

"Good," Johnny answered.

"He was telling me," Frank said, "how he's going to fight this guy. He told me what you showed him."

"That's right," Eddie told Frank.

He motioned with his hands. The fighter stood up and faced Eddie, his hands half up.

"Now like this," Eddie said and he moved in on the fighter. Moving in, his hands up and his head down, he put his head against the fighter's left shoulder and, spreading his legs, his hands moving lightly into and away from the fighter's body, he moved the fighter back with his head.

"You remember?" he told the fighter, straightening up. "Always inside. Give him no room. Keep hitting and keep your arms free and back him off with your head. Don't let him back you off. Back him off and, when he backs off, hit quick and move in again.

"So if you're getting tied up," he went on, "or if he hurts you, you do like I said. You don't back off. You remember that. Pull away and you're gone because this is a guy will take your head off outside. So you grab and when you grab you put your weight on. Then when you turn him—"

He reached out with his right hand and he took the fighter by his left elbow and he turned him so the fighter was turning away from Eddie and to his own right.

"—you turn him clockwise, like a clock, so he can't reach you with his right. Understand?"

The fighter nodded his head.

"And always, when you can, you keep hitting."

"I know," the fighter said, and Eddie could see that he felt better.

"So you might as well warm up a little," Eddie told him.

They watched, Frank and Eddie sitting on the bench, while the fighter moved around. They watched his awkward shuffling, moving around with two of the other fighters, wide-legged, throwing short punches, serious and moving around the room.

"All right," Eddie said, finally, raising his voice so the kid, moving around, could hear. The kid, hearing him, dropped his hands and walked toward them.

"You better go in now," Eddie told him.

"No," the kid objected, grinning. "It's all right. I'm not nervous."

"Go anyway," Eddie said.

They watched the kid go.

When the fighter came back Eddie got out a towel and wiped the fighter's face and his arms and his chest and back. Then he picked the robe up off the bench and held it up and the fighter got into it. Then he told the fighter just to walk around. While the fighter was walking Eddie could hear the crowd start hollering outside. He could see one of the commission deputies looking in the door.

"One more round," the guy said.

The fighter came over and sat down. Eddie put the gloves on, the left hand and then the right. Frank did not say anything, sitting there and watching, and Eddie's brother was standing by the door with the pail and Eddie worked easily, not making it seem that he was working fast.

"All right," the commission guy in the door said and he was looking at a piece of paper in his hand. "Semifinal. Is this Bartlett?"

"That's right," Eddie said.

The fighter stood up, looking at his gloves and banging them together. They walked out, the fighter first and Eddie behind him with Frank and then Eddie's brother. When they got to the top of the aisle Eddie held the fighter up and Frank put his hand on the fighter's shoulder and the fighter turned.

"Johnny," Frank said, taking the fighter's glove in both hands. "Good luck. Just do what Eddie tells you."

"I'll do it," Johnny said. "You have to worry, Mr. Burton."

"I don't have to worry?" Frank and he turned to Eddie. "He t I don't have to worry."

Eddie held the fighter there for ute. Then he saw the other guy into the ring. An Irishman with r a green bathrobe and a reputatio finisher. Eddie started his fighter the aisle.

"Just easy," Eddie said. "Ju now."

THE fighter was standing up, him, pulling on the ropes corner. "Just on top of him," Edd "Just in close all the time."

"I know," the fighter said, lool Eddie. "You don't have to worry."

Eddie heard the bell and saw turn and go out and, climbing do turned and looked just in time. the kid start to put out a left and Malone, straight up, throw that o No wasted time. A real good

As it was, it caught the kid high crowd sensed it now, right at th The right turned the kid halfwa where another right would hav him, the left turned him back grabbed Malone. Seeing him ta clean shots like that Eddie felt pity for the kid and he felt it now, ing the kid hang on.

Hanging on, the kid tried t Malone, but Malone pulled his le and hooked the kid short. The still in close, though, and he hit M couple of loose ones in the bo then Malone stepped back half a s the kid was on top of him and brought a left over that hit Mal the ear. Malone backed off.

Now they were in the center ring, the kid wide-footed, wide weaving, and Malone, in nice an circling, putting that left in and that one-two. This time it was lower and this time Eddie could kid's legs go. He felt very sorry kid. He could see the kid shake h grabbing for Malone and Malon to find room and then, out of a g saw the kid's left come over an Malone on the cheekbone.

He could hear the crowd roa ferent roar, with almost a laug could see Malone blink and stop, could see the red mark where th had hit the light skin. What know? he thought, but then Malone move in and bang one body. He saw him put the sam to the head. He saw the kid m



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grab and Malone pulling his head back, disgusted, trying to push the kid off. He heard the bell sound.

"All right," he told him, when he had the kid back in the corner. "You're doing all right."

"He can hit. He hits hard."

"So you don't give him room," Eddie said. "You crowd him a little more and you back him off."

"I know," the kid answered.

When the round started Eddie saw Malone was up straight, confident again. Nice footwork. In and out. Now circling. The left going out and never missing. The kid taking it. Malone waiting, holding the right this time for a better opening. The crowd beginning to get on him, waiting with a bum like this, and then he let it go.

The kid had seen it, and when it hit him he was falling in. It turned him but when he turned he grabbed Malone's left arm and when he stumbled he pulled on the arm and when he tripped, Malone tripped, too, and the two of them went down.

Now the crowd laughed. Malone and the kid got up quickly and the referee was wiping off the kid's gloves and then Malone's. Eddie could see Malone was mad, being loused up by a bum like this, but the kid was coming right to him. Swinging now. A lot of them on Malone's arms. One high on the head, but trying hard and Malone, backing off, pulling his head away. Then the kid throwing a good right to the body and then putting his weight on, putting his head in and forcing Malone back. Then taking Malone's hook and still moving. Hitting back and this time the crowd roaring again. A hook to Malone's head and Malone blinking and a right high on Malone and Malone missing.

It's a funny thing, Eddie thought, watching. If the kid could fight at all Malone would have him out of there by now. A conventional fighter Malone would murder. This kid he can't figure. They didn't tell him about this kind. A manufactured fighter, all right. Can't get rid of a guy hitting him off balance, a guy hitting him with legs crossed, but a guy hitting all the time.

"Good," he said when the kid came back. "I think you got that round."

"I think so," the kid agreed. "He's not hurting now."

"So go to work," Eddie told him. "Go a full round. The other guy can't. On top of him and punch a whole round this time. Maybe you can end it."

WHEN they came out again Malone walked out and threw the right. Stop fooling around, Pinky must have said. No lead, just the right. That should have been it, Eddie thought, but the kid was coming in too fast and fell inside of it and now he was working good—or good for him. Inside, pressing, throwing at the body, getting some through. Not even feeling the punching he's taking himself, Eddie thought. Coming over with a hook to the head, and now the crowd roaring.

The hook had caught Malone trying to get away from the kid's lead. A right, overhand, hit Malone and now it looked like he might go. Now the crowd was hollering and the kid was excited, too excited, tearing in and overanxious. Missing the right that might have done it but throwing a left to bring himself back. Malone backing up, missing a punch, unable to throw another. The kid punching, not even hearing the bell and Eddie could see, when the referee jumped in and Malone turned, that his legs were gone, stumbling, trying to straighten up as he walked, trying to breathe, to his corner.

"Eddie," the kid was saying. "Eddie."

"You got him," Eddie said. He was afraid the kid might start crying.

"The same thing," he told him. "Go right to him. Go like it's the last minute. Hit him from anywhere. On top of him. Keep your arms moving. Don't let him grab."

He was still talking, a little excited himself, when the buzzer sounded and the kid jumped up. Eddie pulled him down.

"Easy," he said. "Not too fast."

He let the kid stand up, then. He picked up the stool and turned and looked at the other corner. He won't make it, he said to himself. He could see Pinky standing there, one arm on the rope, mad and looking at Malone. He could see the other second holding Malone's trunks out and Malone trying to get his air.

He heard the bell ring and he saw Pinky wave his arm out flat. He had to grab the kid by the shoulder as the kid started across. He saw the referee walk to Malone's corner.

"Easy," he said, pulling the kid back.

"Eddie," the kid said. "I stopped him."

"Easy," Eddie told him. "There are people here."

"Oh," the kid said, and Eddie wished he hadn't said it.

EDDIE put the stool under the kid. His brother put the robe over the kid's shoulder. Easy, as if it were part of a ritual, Eddie pushed the kid down. He could hear the announcer. Malone unable to answer the bell for the fourth round. The winner by a knockout, Johnny Bartlett. He heard the crowd roaring and he saw the kid jump up and turn to the crowd. Get all of it, he said to himself, because it has to go a long way.

"Go over," he said. "Don't hurry."

He watched the kid go over and bend over and shake hands with Malone.

When they walked down the aisle the crowd shouted to the kid. They called him by his first name. The fighter was grinning and turning and waving his hand, and in the hallway Frank was standing there and he came up and shook the kid's hand. The kid never even saw one of the guys in the main event push by.

"Fine," Eddie heard Frank saying. "Johnny, you did fine."

"Thanks, Mr. Burton," Johnny said. "You had to believe in me, though. You had to give me my chance." He turned, then, and looked at Eddie. "And you, too, Eddie," he said. "I mean, thanks."

"That's all right," Eddie said. "How do you like being a bartender?"

"I like it," Johnny laughed. "I like it."

"A bartender?" Frank asked. "What about a bartender?"

"Nothing," Eddie said. "Nothing." He put his hand on the fighter's shoulder. "You go with my brother. I'll be in."

Standing there Frank and Eddie watched Eddie's brother and the fighter go down the hall. The fighter was talking to Eddie's brother as they walked, and moving his hands as he talked.

"Eddie," Frank said, "you'll never know what a load this is off me. I was walking up and down here, and I was laughing out loud. When it happened I couldn't help myself, and I guess people thought I was crazy. So what do you think now?"

"What do you mean?"

"Chick wants to put this back in again in two weeks," Frank told him. "Could he lick this guy again?"

"No," Eddie said, looking at Frank. "Not if he fights him a hundred times, and the next time out Pinky will figure him and Malone will murder him. I guess you know that."

"It's fifteen hundred."

"He's your fighter," Eddie said. "Fifteen hundred is fifteen hundred."

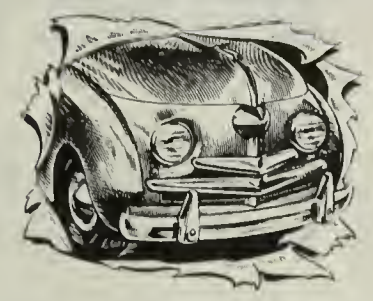
"So I can't make up my mind."

"It's your mind," Eddie said, and he started to turn.

"I can't make up my mind," Frank said. "Do I send him home tomorrow afternoon by train—or tomorrow night by plane?"

THE END

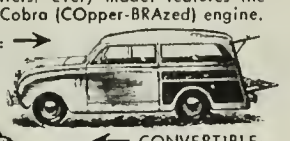
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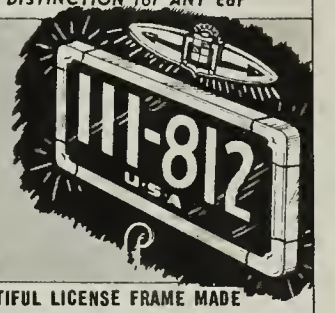
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...LABOR'S DOING BETTER THAN WELL

LABOR DAY, 1948, should be an occasion for considerable rejoicing, we'd say, by all but a handful of American workers. The handful who have less cause to rejoice are the labor leaders whose powers over their followers have been rather radically clipped by the Taft-Hartley Act.

For the rank and file of U.S. labor, it's bound to be a big day. Wages generally are high in this country, and may be going still higher. That is one reason for the current inflation, true; but it is by no means the only reason. Practically everybody who wants to work can get a job; we've passed the old 60,000,000-job goal by more than 1,000,000, and we still have a labor shortage.

Unions continue strong and influential—largely, we believe, because of the above-mentioned Taft-Hartley Act. For all the shrieks of various labor moguls about the "slave labor law," the fact is that this measure was designed chiefly to help organized labor accept the responsibilities commensurate with its present power.

Another big wave of strikes appears unlikely any time soon—for which we think labor as well as everybody else can well be thankful. We believe it is as true as ever that nobody really wins a strike, and that there are at least a half-dozen better ways to settle almost any labor dispute.

American workers can afford to give thanks, too, on this 1948 Labor Day, that Communist influence in most unions which have come under this particular blight is on the wane. Here we have special reason for rejoicing, inasmuch as the Communists' ambition, simply stated, is to acquire and maintain absolute slave-driver power over the workers of the United States.

Well, a happy Labor Day to you; and may all future Labor Days find U.S. labor, organized and unorganized, as well off as it is in 1948. Or better off.

. . . NOBODY'S PERSECUTING OUR REDS: When the Department of Justice finally procured indictments against 12 top U.S. Communists, the Reds and their stooges set up a series of frightful squawks about how they were being persecuted. Their constitutional rights, to hear them tell it, are being torn from them; Tom Clark, Attorney General, has started a "witch hunt"; Fascism will be upon us unless these persecutions are called off; and all this and that.

Of course, we feel that Clark opened up with his big guns at a bad time psychologically. Many Americans are bound to feel that the anti-Communist crusade was started partly because a Presidential campaign is on and the Administration wants to make some political hay at the expense of William Z. Foster and the other indicted Reds.

Nevertheless, we believe these prosecutions are necessary, and hope that this fight against Stalin's U.S. fifth column will be carried remorselessly through the last appellate court.

The word for the Reds' yells of persecution is "baloney." Nobody is persecuting these persons.

The federal grand jury which handed up the indictments after more than a year's investigating was convinced that there was evidence going to show these 12 men guilty of having taught the violent overthrow of the U.S. government—a violation of the Smith Act, which prohibits such teaching under maximum penalties of $10,000 and 10 years.

These defendants will suffer such penalties only if and after they are convicted in open jury trials, and have had such convictions carefully reviewed in higher courts. There is no more persecution in that than there is in the trial of some fellow accused of murder or arson or robbery.

Things wouldn't be handled in this fashion, either, if the Reds should get control of the United States. They will just kill or enslave everybody who disagrees with them out loud—without tr or after public "confessions" induced by nonpu torture. That is the way the opposition is ta care of in the Iron Curtain countries, and standard Communist procedure.

So let's pay no heed to the Reds' squawks al persecution; and let's have those trials as soo feasible.

●

. . . OUR DOCTORS CAN TAKE ANOTHER BOW: U.S. medical profession leads those of all othe tions, so far as we know; and we believe Amer doctors are entitled to take their latest bow on strength of the recent report of the Federal Sec Agency concerning life expectancies in this cou

Compiling various statistics, the FSA cam with the finding that white female babies bor the United States these days have average life pectancies of 70.3 years: the highest yet. For w males at birth, the prospects aren't quite so go 65.1.

Nonwhites are still further down on this sc 61 for females and 57.5 for males—but the fig indicate that this discrepancy is narrowing with sonable speed.

What the findings show chiefly is that in the 50 years the American medical profession has some terrific blows to the infectious diseases w used to kill a high percentage of babies and s children. Offhand, we can't think of a finer ach ment than that.

And now that we're becoming so long-live the average, and are defeating so many phy ailments, wouldn't it be swell if someone c work out a way to cut down drastically the age percentages of envy, hatred, malice and cussedness which afflict the human race?

Collier's

SEPTEMBER 11, 1948 TEN CENTS

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HOW TO GET WHISTLED AT

BY RUTH CARSON



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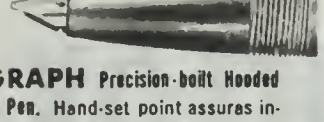
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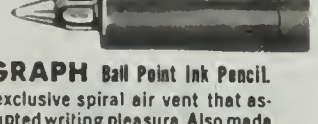
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HOW TO GET WHISTLED AT By RUTH CARSON 20
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RIFLE-ARM SAMMY By FRANK L. DENNIS 26
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XVI. TRIUMPH, DISILLUSIONMENT AND DEATH By ROBERT E. SHERWOOD 28
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THE WEEK'S MAIL

THE UN IN UNITY

DEAR SIRS: This letter is written by an average American who one day forgot to duck while taking a pillbox in Germany, who remembers his pals, many of whom will never come back, and most of all, looks upon his country torn apart by disunity, greed and selfishness. Our American system with all its faults is the greatest system in the world today. Our Bill of Rights is the answer of all mankind.

We must have unity in America. A nation's strength should not be determined by its gold or size of its army, but by the way a nation takes care of its own, the old, the sick, the poor and its children. Let's pass housing bills no matter the cost, double old-age pensions; all who have the ability should go to college. Free medical attention for the poor. Bills passed giving millions in research for the cure and causes of diseases. These things will make America stronger, and their results would pierce the iron walls of Russia. Today Americans killed in action are returning home. Their bodies should be placed in parks of the towns and cities which were their homes. We then can always pay homage to our brave. Their being close to us should remind us that only in unity can we be free.

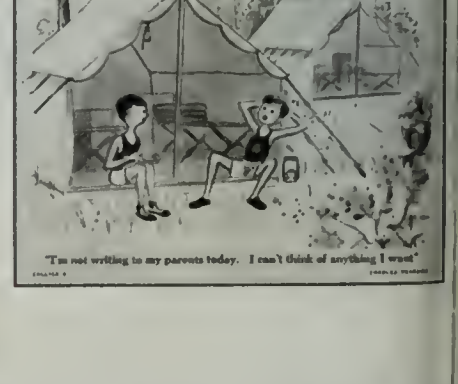
JUST AN EX-G.I. JOE
(Name withheld by request)

BOY'S LIFE

GENTLEMEN: In the July 24th issue you had a cartoon by Charles Pearson. The same day I received a letter from my son photostatic copy of which is enclosed

"Dear Mom & Pop: I'm probly being a pest to you. Because every time I write a letter I want something. But I would like a flashlight. I'm sorry I din't tell you before whan you wrote a letter & asked me. And would you PLEASE send some batteries too. You have been a great help to me Thanks Trilyons. It doesn't matter how

(Continued on page 70)



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"B-B-But they won't let my Daddy drive anymore..."

t's a long walk from home, Bobby—when you're ised to riding. Guess you'll just have to start arlier, because your Dad had to surrender his icense plates yesterday. It was either that—or ost $11,000 in cash or security for his recent utomobile accident.

Most states now have financial responsibility ws which make nearly all motorists subject to uch drastic penalties in case of accident. Under hese laws you could lose your driver's license, our automobile registration, or be required to ut up cash or security in sums as high as $11,000. urthermore, you could lose this amount—or ore—as the result of a court judgment.

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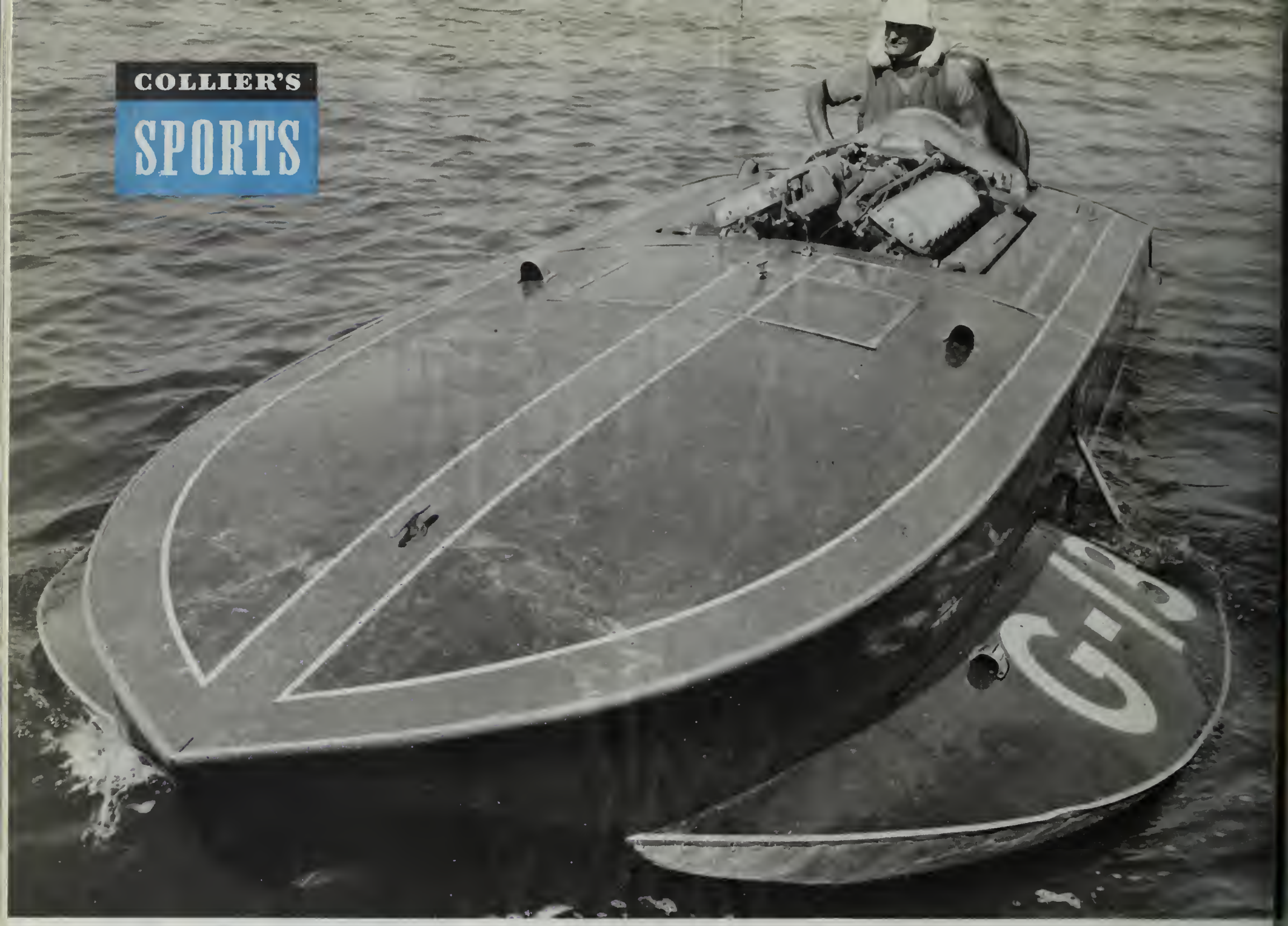
The states are cracking down!

The 40 states and the District of Columbia (shaded on map) have financial responsibility laws requiring you, under certain circumstances, to prove you can pay for injury to people or damage to property you do with your car. A similar law already has been passed by Pennsylvania but is not yet in effect.

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Band leader Guy Lombardo tunes up the big 1,350-hp engine of Tempo VI, which holds the world's single-engine speedboat mark RALPH FO

RECORD BY LOMBARDO

BY BILL FAY

IT HAS been said that Guy Lombardo, who allegedly plays the sweetest music this side of heaven, took up speedboat racing—a thunderous avocation—to escape the wail of his saccharine saxophones. Lombardo denies it.

"My dad owned an outboard in Canada," Guy insists. "That was long before we organized the band. I started racing big boats when we played the Cleveland Yacht Club 20 years ago. Got the bug then."

Lombardo holds the world record for single-engine boats—118.2 miles per hour—but something always happens when the maestro tries to exceed 124.9—the unlimited mark Gar Wood established on four motors. Guy's frustration of last June 27th is typical.

At three o'clock in the morning, Guy hopped off the bandstand at Virginia Beach. He taxied to the airport and flew to Middle River, Maryland.

At seven o'clock he warmed up Tempo VI. At eight o'clock, mist settled over the river. At nine o'clock, Guy told mechanic Tony Orth, "Better call it off. We can't play this record by ear."

At one o'clock the mist lifted. Lombardo captured the Glenn L. Martin hydroplane free-for-all. At four o'clock, Lombardo was back with the band—playing a reception for the governor of Virginia.

Guy's racing record was a model of consistency for more than a decade. From 1935 to 1946, he didn't win anything. He tinkered with all kinds of boats—even installed experimental exhaust stacks that resembled saxophones—but couldn't develop winning speed. Some people were unkind enough to compare his driving with brother Carmen's singing.

But not Joe Taggart, the Ohio ice-cream dealer, who owned the 225-class record holder, Tommyann III. Joe claimed there was nothing wrong with Lombardo's driving that a championship boat couldn't cure. At the 1946 Turkey Lake, Ohio, races, Joe suggested, "Let's switch today, Guy. You race Tommyann." Guy did—and won.

Vastly encouraged, Guy deserted the 70-mile-an-hour 225s, bought Zalmon Simmons' hydroplane, My Sin, rechristened it Tempo VI, and won the Gold Cup. Since then he's been battling Danny Foster, the reformed P-38 pilot, for the top spot in power-boat racing, and the sweetest music this side of heaven has been the roar of the 1,350 horses in the hull of Tempo VI.

COLLIER'S ALL-AMERICA

After Notre Dame overpowered Army last November, Coach Frank Leahy held a press conference, and somebody asked, "Wasn't George Connor terrific? Did you ever see anybody play a better game at tackle?"

"Well," Leahy answered, "I'm confident George played a splendid game, but I won't be able to answer that question until Monday morning when I look over the game movies."

"You mean," the reporter persisted, "you couldn't watch Connor from the bench?"

Leahy shook his head. "That's the worst seat in the stadium. On the field you get a worm's-eye view—a tangle of arms and legs. We have a spotter who phones down information from the press box, and I question the players as they come off the field, but when it comes to analyzing mistakes and commenting on individual performances—well, I can't do that until I play the films over a few times."

Leahy spends at least one hour every day at the movies. "Our players also review their work by watching themselves on the screen," Frank says. "It saves the coaches a lot of work because the players are their own severest critics. After all, you can't argue with a camera. It's the only impersonal, infallible observer in the stadium."

Now let's talk about football fans and All-America teams. Collier's originated the All-America in 1[illegible] when Caspar Whitney picked the first one for this magazine. Whitney was succeeded by Walter Camp, and Camp by Grantland Rice.

At first, the selection of the All-America was comparatively simple because football was an eastern seaboard sport. Each year the task became more difficult as good teams and good players multiplied. Now the

(Continued on page 47)



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New Zenith "Georgian," shown closed above, open at right. Console combination with Cobra Tone Arm; Silent-Speed INTERMIX Record Changer—handles 10-inch records, 12-inch, or both sizes *intermixed;* FM on *both* bands; Standard Broadcast; Radiorgan Tone Control; Wavemagnet.

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PLUS— *Radiorgan Tone Control*—makes you master of 64 different tone blendings and shadings; *Wavemagnet*—up to eleven times more effective than a 50-foot outside aerial; *DialSpeaker*—in portables and table models, combines dial and speaker into one unit, permits larger speaker than in any other sets of same size; *Consoltone*—exclusive Zenith circuit that gives table size radios the big, rich tone usually found only in large consoles.

**West Coast prices slightly higher.*
All prices subject to change without notice.

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... **WORLD EVENTS** absorb him so much, yet he overlooks important *little* things. His hair's a sight! It's dull, unkempt and he's got loose dandruff, too . . . I'd better tell him right now about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic—it'll do him a world of good!"

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp



SEE HOW MUCH better his hair looks now! 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic —just a few drops a day—does the trick. Why don't *you* try it? Keeps the hair well-groomed, *natural*-looking. Loose dandruff is checked. Remember, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients . . . is beneficial with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care . . . to both scalp and hair . . . and it's more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
TRADE MARK ®

Look for the new green and white package—out now!

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER



Probably no monarch ever lived in greater fear of assassination than Abdul Hamid II, Sultan of Turkey from 1876 to 1909, when he was deposed and exiled. His Yildiz Palace in Constantinople was heavily guarded and he held no interviews with outsiders except from behind a fine screen on a balcony so he could not be seen. His private rooms contained alarm systems, concealed revolvers, trap doors and mirrors set at angles as well as life-sized models of himself, standing at windows, sitting in chairs and reclining on lounges, which he hoped would receive any knives or bullets intended for him.



One of the cleverest spies in the first World War was a German who had a unique system of transmitting information to Berlin from his hotel room in Stockholm. Being instructed to watch the man, Allied counter-espionage agents took an adjoining room, shadowed him day and night, tapped his telephone and read his mail for weeks without finding any evidence. Finally, they discovered he was sending messages to a confederate in the other adjoining room by singing loudly in his bath every morning such seemingly innocent gibberish as "do-do day-did do-do dum-dee," which meant Ajax in the message, "Ajax sails five Monday."



A jockey has many ways of favoring his horse in a race. For example, he rides over the animal's forelegs, or just above its center of gravity, where he interferes least with its movements and equilibrium; and frequently has his right stirrup two or three inches shorter than the left so his body easily follows that of the horse on the turns. Another way is to make up additional weight assigned his mount by using a heavier saddle instead of adding dead weight (lead sheets) to a light saddle, which is pound for pound the greater handicap.

The use of the Lohengrin Wedding March, also known as Here Comes the Bride, is frowned upon in church nuptials by millions of Christians. They consider it sensuous as well as secular because it is not the music in the opera that is played as the bride walks to the altar of the church, but the song that is sung several hours later at the castle as the bride and groom enter the bridal chamber.—*By Ellen Lauck, Chevy Chase, Md.*



Holding a skunk off the ground by his tail does not, as is widely believed, render him completely incapable of ejecting his intensely offensive secretion. While the position does prevent him from firing his fluid in normal volume with his customary force and accuracy, it does not prevent him from doing plenty of damage.

Owing to a strange meteorological condition that prevailed over the Atlantic Ocean for several days in 1940, the television programs put on the air by the B.B.C. in London were picked up clearly by the NBC in New York, having traveled 3,500 miles or about 75 times their normal distance —*By Frank Walsh, Long Island City, New York.*



In 1882, the London Zoo announced that its famous elephant Jumbo, which it had owned for 15 years, had been sold to Barnum and would be taken to America. Immediately, a great storm of protest swept over England and a campaign was started to keep the animal there. Mass meetings were held, signs were erected, editorials were published, even a song was popularized in this effort which proved to be in vain. When Jumbo sailed, he received not only thousands of farewell messages but also hundreds of gifts including many dolls, games and books from friends who, in their sorrow, had forgotten that such things are useless to an elephant.

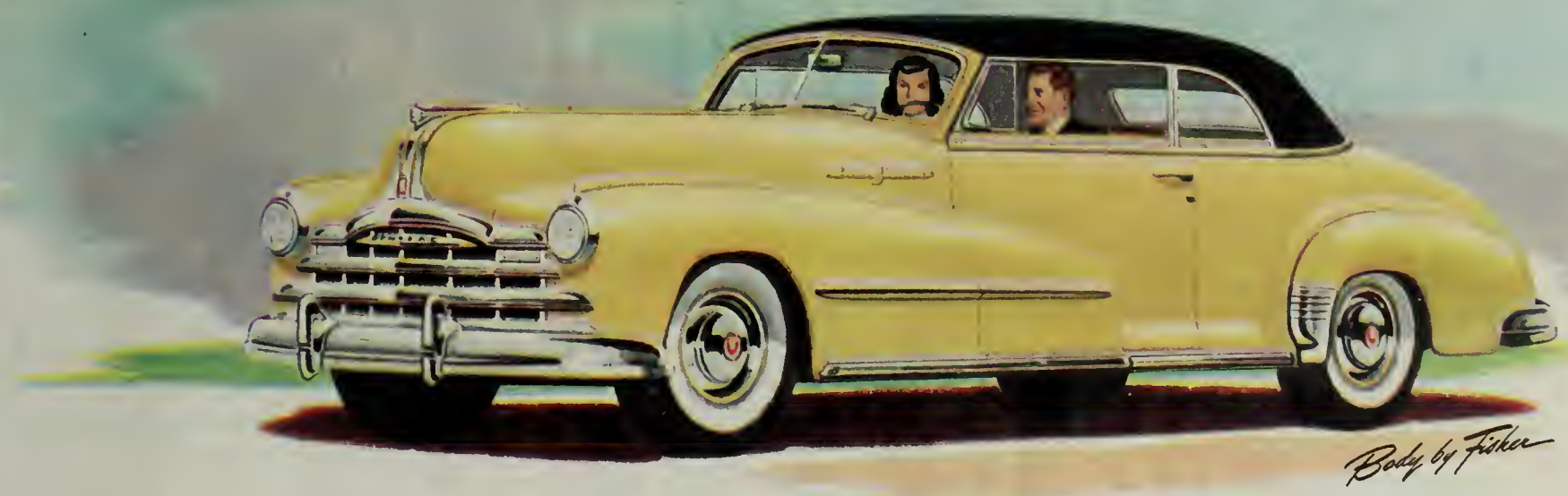
DRAWINGS BY GEORGE DAYA

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A fine car made even finer

PONTIAC





lways an exceptional car!

Year after year, Pontiac is a *fine* car made *finer*. Constant effort is applied in behalf of Pontiac beauty, Pontiac performance, Pontiac safety, Pontiac economy and Pontiac dependability—*all* the things you want most in a car.

The result—this year or any year—is an *exceptional* automobile excelling in all the things that make for basically better, more convenient, more economical motoring.

An outstanding example of Pontiac progress is the availability of GM Hydra-Matic Drive* on all 1948 Pontiac models.

Pontiac is the lowest-priced car in America offering you this proved achievement in easier, finer automobile performance.

Pontiac's *exceptional* record is your best assurance that you will be very happy if you choose a Pontiac for your next new car. Regardless of when you get it, it will be a wise choice—for Pontiac is *always* an exceptional car.

*Models Illustrated: De Luxe Streamliner 4-Door Sedan and the De Luxe Torpedo Convertible. *GM Hydra-Matic Drive and white sidewall tires optional at additional cost.*

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TIAC MOTOR DIVISION of GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Look!



A new-and-beautiful alarm clock!



Listen!



A new-and-pleasing alarm!

By General Electric, as you might expect! This latest star in the alarm clock firmament will shine in any company . . . in any room.

Its softly gleaming tapered case is of ivory plastic, contrasting handsomely with the glittering gold-colored "frame" around the face.

The dial is *unusually* distinctive. Mahogany numbers and luminous hour dots harmonize with their rich ivory background. Hands are luminous for time-telling in the dark. There's even a silvery second hand!

The bell in this General Electric Bell Alarm will wake you—*positively*—without assaulting your ear drums. It's authoritative yet melodious! General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

ALL the BIG G-E advantages!

In addition to beauty and a new alarm, this handsome clock has ALL the big General Electric advantages:

Self-starting . . . no winding.
Quiet . . . no disturbing ticktock.
Dependable . . . wakes you on time, every time.
Accurate . . . electrically checked by your electric utility to correspond with official Naval Observatory time.

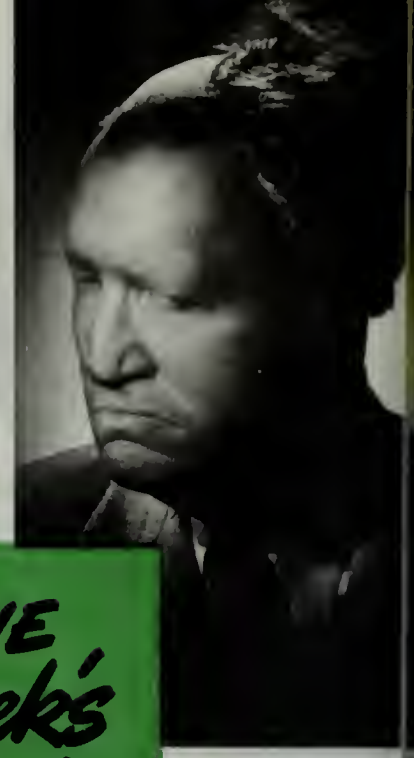
Why wind a clock today? Get a General Electric Clock and forget it!

GENERAL ELECTRIC



TONI

RUGE . . .



AND FIEND

THE Week's Work

ON July 31st we presented a dossier of Mr. Fred Balk, the cartoonist with Okay and Nokay sides. Mr. John A. Ruge, responsible for the cartoon spread: Class of '49 (p. 24) and assisted by a sheer stocking, offers his own Jekyll-Hyde character:

The Awful Truth About Ruge

Born: Faribault, Minn. (pop. 14,527) Oct. 2, '15.
Major Childhood Event: At 2, house burned down. Had nothing to do with it. Sister saved him. Art survived.
Early Movement: To New York at 10, via Philadelphia. Had rather forget latter—no Sunday baseball then.
Life in Art: Started drawing in kindergarten, so in time illogically attended the Art Students League, studying anatomy, painting. Latter messy. Sold first cartoon to Collier's—third year of Art School.
Remarks at Time: I can't believe it!
Remarks 11 Successful Years Later: I still can't believe it!
Influence of Hitler On: Greeted by F.D.R. in 1942, he was invited to Camp Upton and was given abuse, a set of form-fitting (somebody else's form) clothes, his basic training and latrines to clean. Stood guard over 3,000 pairs of woolen underwear, till transferred to *Yank*, later to Pacific as combat-artist-correspondent. Attacked Saipan, Iwo, Okinawa, Tokyo with pen and sketch pad. On carrier Ticonderoga off Tokyo in A.M. war ended.
Black Mark on War Record: Lived secretly with *Yank* staff in private house in Tokyo. Against regulations to even enter Jap homes. House only 300 yards American Embassy. MacArthur never knew.
Postwar Record: Work, work, work. Play, play, play. Likes golf, but golf doesn't like him.
Occupational Hazard: The Man with the Martini. He backs cartoonists against walls and blurts out: "Say, you oughta meet ... He's a riot . . . keep you in gag fo... next six months."
Person Cartoonist Never Hop... Meet: Joe.
Hobbies: Photography and bein... married—both of which keep ... broke.



LYNNE BAU

PAUL JONES, a pre-war Co... perennial, is back again w... short short (The Shanahan ... p. 25). He says he spent the wa... a civilian agency increasing the ... Neighbor Policy, and the p... years brooding on same.

In World War I Mr. Jones ... fighter pilot, and after teachin... lege French and journalism, h... came a free-lance writer. He... runs a comment column in the ... delphia Evening Bulletin.

Of The Shanahan Strad, Mr. ... who usually derives his short ... from news clippings, says, "I... of an East Sider who lived for ... on the alleged ... of a violin h... pected to lea... a legacy, and ... to work."

THIS week's ... 000 Star ... copper, Ma... Chase, inform... "In the libra... Northwestern ... versity is an ... work of min... titled Politica... Legal Antiqui... Lysias. I wrote ... my Master's ... in Greek—no... Right now a... home in Rye, New York, I h... large husband, a teen-age da... and two sons. The Girl Wh... Nobody's Daughter (p. 18) wa... ten in fond remembrance of o... parted maids—Svea, Adela, Vi... Elizabeth, Anna, Hannah, Lo... Geranium, Hazel, Ella and Old...

This week's cover: The W... Last summer, photographer ... Sweet, of Darien, Conn., me... pro model Lynne Bau in New ... with her mother. Months la... met Champion Côte de Neige ... cevaux (Ronnie, for short), ... Great Pyrenees breed. So... Lynne, that yellow skimmer an... nie got together in Ozzie's min... a cover was born . . . TED S...

MONARCH

World's Largest Family of Nationally Distributed Finer Foods



To keep your man, just feed him right,
Whene'er he eats, from morn till night.
In other words, to keep your man
You've got to give him food that's grand.
Just give your husband "MONARCH" food
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There are five hundred foods and more,
That you can buy in nearby store.
They proudly wear the "MONARCH" brand;
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Its daily use is your best plan
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Here Luke and Lucy help a friend
Pack "MONARCH" foods, from end to end
Of kitchen sheives, because - you see -
She knows that real economy
Lies in the use of food - by test -
Five generations have proved BEST.

She proudly serves her family
With foods of highest quality.
And at her table treats each guest,
With MONARCH FINER FOODS - the best.
If you've not tried them yet please do,
Then you are sure to like them, too.

REID MURDOCH, A DIVISION OF CONSOLIDATED GROCERS CORPORATION, CHICAGO, ILL.



Dear Smith-Corona,

Please add these keys to your typewriter...



...this because work is such smooth sailing.



...a jack-rabbit to sugges your speed, or should I say a whippet ?



...a feather for your light, soft touch that never shocks my fingers.



...you'll get the idea of the elephant since everyone knows how strong and rugged you are.



...and a trophy 'cause you help me to turn out more work with less effort.

Typewriter of the experts

THE Smith-Corona is the "Typewriter of the Experts." Professional typists, court stenographers and other people who make their living with a typewriter, select Smith-Corona . . . because its *easy action, floating shift* and *automatic margin-set* speed up output, lessen fatigue . . . because its *mechanical precision* turns out cleaner, neater work . . . because its *durability* and *dependability* mean less frequent servicing, lower upkeep cost.



Smith-Corona *Office Typewriters*

L C SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS INC SYRACUSE 1 N Y *Canadian factory and offices, Toronto, Ontario. Makers of famous Smith-Corona Portable Typewriters, Adding Machines, Vivid Duplicators, Ribbons*



These weird glass coils are an artist's conception of tomorrow's farm machinery, in which water plant life will be harnessed to produce the world's food

BREAD WITHIN THE WATERS

BY LESTER VELIE

Every five years Mother Earth has 100,000,000 more mouths to feed. Come wars, pestilence and famine, this is Nature's will. Man in his ignorance has flogged the land within an ounce of its life. But now the wonders of the fissioned atom fetch plant food from the seas. Here's your farm of tomorrow

THE time is the Year X, perhaps five years from now, perhaps 25. The place is the Texas shore line of the Gulf of Mexico. But could be the Pacific beaches of southern Cali- rnia or the shores of one of the Great Lakes. Or e sands beside the Sea of Galilee.

For miles—as far as the eye can see—twist fat ils of glass pipe, two and three feet thick. Green- -yellow fluid courses sluggishly through the nsparent mains, giving the appearance of a ali surrealist landscape. Great pumping stations t the shore. The coils lead inland and terminate a huddle of other plants from which a mile-long in of tank cars—the only sign of human life—is t gliding away.

This is the farm of the future—based on solid coveries already made at the University of Cali- rnia and by the Carnegie Institution at Palo to.

In the farm of the future of Year X, man has come a long way from the wooden stick with which he scratched the earth in the days of Moses or even from the power plows that churned up vast acres in the days of Franklin Roosevelt. Now he has learned how to grow food in water in such abundance that, for the first time in history, there is enough for everybody, and hunger is banished from the earth.

Man has learned to train a wide variety of plants to produce, to order, fats, starches, sugars, vitamins —all the vital elements he needs. He has done this by wresting from Nature her best-kept secret: how a blade of grass or stalk of wheat creates its own food and, indirectly, *(Continued on page 66)*

Pardon My Symptoms

BY NARD JONES



There wasn't much the matter with Hazel. Just the kind of heart trouble that no doctor could cure—unless his name was d

HIS Aunt Libby said it was too bad Ed Ferguson wasn't a doctor instead of assistant postmaster of Maple Corners. She also said it was a pity he couldn't get away from Umatima County.

All the doctors in the county—and we have quite a few—were right with Libby on that last.

You see, Ed is related to a tremendous lot of folks. That would be okay with the local knife-and-pill brotherhood if he weren't always telling his relatives what their symptoms meant. A thing like this can be very upsetting to a regular doctor, especially when his diagnosis does not agree with Ed's.

But Ed only means to be helpful, and his heart is as big as his interest in medicine, which is certainly considerable. Ed is tall and gangling, with very disconcerting blue eyes, unruly tow hair, and freckles, so help me. He arouses the mother instinct in a girl, and then before she knows it she is not feeling the least bit motherly. Ed is not aware of this awful talent. We have been engaged since he got out of the Navy, so I should know. Maybe the reason he never discovered his wattage is because he is so concentrated on medicine in his off hours from the post office. Aunt Libby always said his concentration would make him a great doctor, if he had the chance. I agreed, but privately sometimes I wished he could move his concentration around a little more handily.

One day old Doc Gibbons wheeled up to me on the main street and said, "Hazel, if that damned nosy boy friend of yours don't stop his medical kibitzing, I am going to have the law on him. And stuff in your shirttails. You're getting too ol to leave your shirttails hanging out."

Doc Gibbons talks that way to me becaus he has known me all my life. It always seemed t that more than doctoring people, he spent his going around badgering and scolding them.

I stuffed in my shirttails. "What's Ed done n I asked, as if I didn't know.

"Don't you gallivant around with him Sunday when he makes his visits to his co relatives? Wasn't you with him at old lady Mu son's last Sunday?" I admitted it. "I thought Doc Gibbons spluttered. "And didn't he tel she had gall-bladder trouble?"

"I wouldn't know," I said. "I just go in and my respects and then I wander outside to lo the brood sow or something."

ILLUSTRATED BY JIM DWYER



They began shaking each other silly. The barker yelled down: "Gentlemen! Come up into the arena"

"Old lady Murchison ain't got any more gall-ladder trouble than I have!" Doc Gibbons houted, right out in front of the feed store.

"Ed said you looked a little like you might have. Gall-bladder trouble, I mean." I shouldn't have aid it. He got so flushed up I thought he was go-ng to have a stroke. I know the symptoms. I have arned a good deal from Ed, naturally.

"I am going to write Washington," Doc Gibbons aid. "I'll have Ed Ferguson fired from the post ffice and maybe then he will go away from Maple orners and Umatima County."

THE threat didn't worry me. Nobody can fire Ed from the post office, as there is no assistant ostmaster officially. Ed is hired by Jake Bulfinch, e appointed postmaster, out of Jake's own pay. ake has been postmaster since before I remember, hen the Republicans were in. It doesn't seem to ake any difference to Jake who's in and who's ut. But he likes to hunt and fish, so he hired an assistant. And I knew he wouldn't fire Ed because in the first place Ed is his nephew.

In the second place, Ed saved Jake Bulfinch a trip out to Mayo's. None of the docs had been able to figure out why Jake had fainting spells and they were all set to ship him out to the clinic when Ed came along and said it was the fumes from the kerosene stove in the post office. He fixed the leaks in the stove and, sure enough, Jake didn't have any more fainting spells. I don't mind telling you he was right about Annie's gall bladder, too!

In my opinion it was the U.S. Navy that got Ed interested in medicine. Ed happened to get on one of those little ships that don't have a doctor. They are supposed to have a pharmacist's mate which, as Ed explains it to me, is not the wife of a druggist. Anyhow, here was this little ship in Seattle with orders to sail immediately for the South Pacific, and no pharmacist's mate. So the skipper gave a big thick book to Ferguson, Edwin B., seaman 2/c, and showed him the medical stores. "Ferguson," he said, "you are the ship's doctor." By the time he got back to Maple Corners he could recite whole chapters of that book practically word for word.

So I knew that Ed wasn't too happy in the post office, although he never came out and said as much. He said he was happy just to be back from the South Pacific alive. But I knew well enough that he felt responsible for Aunt Libby. She sort of depended on the money he paid for board and room. I love Libby as if she were a favorite aunt of my own, but I thought maybe Ed ought to find another boarder for her. So when he said the post office and the town looked pretty good to him, after the Navy, I said, "How about me?" and batted my eyelashes.

"You look good, too," he said. "Slight hypertension, but nothing serious."

"Do I seem healthy enough to get married, maybe?"

Ed said yes, and he *(Continued on page 53)*

CARELESSNESS...THE CHILD KILLER

So you're busy with your chores, lady. The baby will have to amuse himself around the house until you're through. Listen, thousands of kids left alone like that died horribly in American homes last year. Want to know what to do? Well, read this—The second of two articles on this subject

INTERNATIONAL



Trouble lies in wait for children in thousands of seemingly harmless things around the house. This boy managed to screw a steel nut firmly on his thumb. It took a dentist's drill to get it off

II

THE young couple drove up to their apar ment-house door with a sigh of relief. Tl long, 500-mile drive back from vacatic had been tiring, and for the last hour their tw year-old daughter had been fretting. They enter their fourth floor apartment, and quickly thre open the windows to air the stifling rooms. Tl young woman placed her baby on the living-roo floor and hurried to get the child's supper read The father went down for another load from tl car.

All the window sills were well above the chilc head, and there was no furniture near them. Y when the mother came in with her supper, the bal was on the pavement four stories below, dead. T late, the heartbroken parents realized that wh made the accident possible was the fact that t rugs were at the cleaners. Even a baby could sli a heavy chair across the slippery floor to the wi dow, climb into it, and roll out over the sill.

But what really made the accident possible w not the slippery floor. It was the parents' disrega of a primary rule of home-accident prevention.

Never leave a child alone in a room with an op window.

Of the 39 children who die every day in ac dents, more than half are killed in their own hom —the very place where they should be safest. L year 7,400 children were killed at home. And nea every one of these deaths could have been p vented.

This slaughter of the innocents will stop wh parents can be brought to realize that the killer almost always, their own negligence. To alert th to the need of protecting their children, the Ch dren's Bureau of the Federal Security Agency, t American Academy of Pediatrics, and the Natio Safety Council are this month co-operating w the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company launching one of the first big national campai to reduce children's accidents.

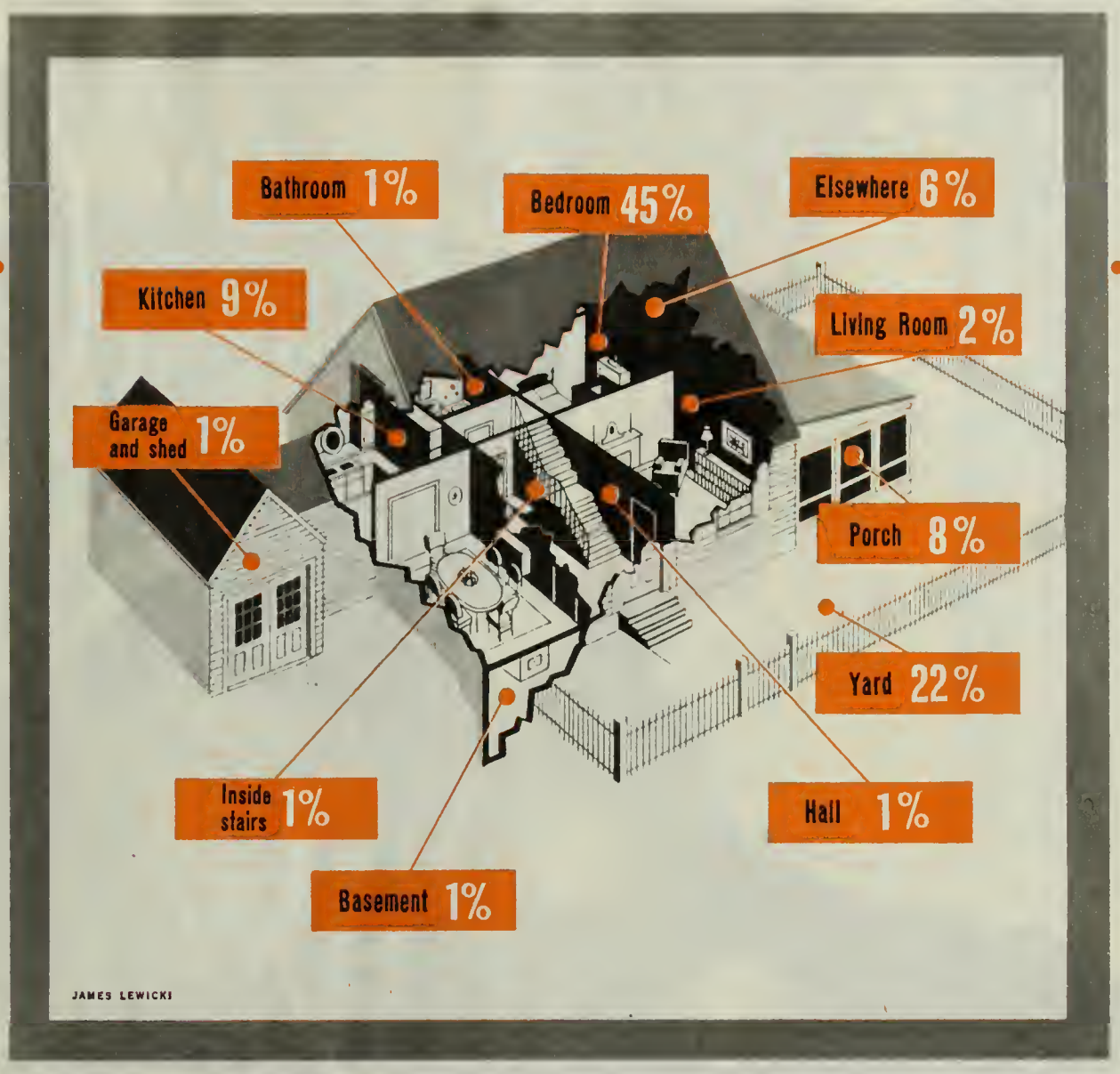
As reported in Collier's two weeks ago, ac dents are the chief killers of children today, s passing the combined death rate of pneumor diphtheria, polio, meningitis and several other d eases. Children's accidents have become a natio problem. The fact that most children are killed their own homes is a terrible reflection on the ca lessness of American parents. But it shows us where one big safety job must be done.

Some of the accidents which befall children and around the home are fantastic. In New Y an 11-year-old boy was killed in the kind of an ac dent that makes your hair stand on end. He a his friends were playing baseball in their own all way with a broken bat held together with adhes tape. One of the players swung at the ball a missed. The broken sliver was hurled from the with tremendous force. It went whirling thro the air, the sharp end catching the boy in the thr severing his jugular vein. He died before he co reach the hospital.

Yet, this shocking "freak" accident could h been prevented. Almost any broken toy is a d gerous toy. Parents should inspect their childr toys frequently and dispose of any which have come broken and dangerous.

Death lies in wait for small children in thousa of seemingly harmless objects. Take "pull to for instance. Millions of children enjoy play with these brightly colored blocks of wood wh pulled along behind them, provide healthy e cise for the child. But recently, in an upper N York State town, a mother allowed her son to t his pull toy to bed with him. In the morning found him dead. During the night he had so how wrapped the long string of his toy about neck, and then in his struggles to get free strangled himself.

BY HARRY HENDERSON AND SAM SHAW



The places in your home most dangerous for youngsters are spotlighted here. The figures are from a National Safety Council analysis of nearly 1,000 fatal accidents to children

Several hundred children die of strangulation in similar accidents each year, some before their parents' eyes. One mother wondered why her three-year-old son was mumbling his prayers instead of sing-songing them as he usually did. Tired from a long day, she did not immediately investigate. A second later he began to gasp for breath. Almost before she could understand what was happening, he was dead. He had swallowed a quarter, given to him to play with. Of course, he was told not to put it in his mouth.

As his grief-stricken parents now know, you cannot trust any child with small objects, or depend on him completely to heed your warnings.

This Boy Took His Toy Rabbit to Bed

Despite the warnings of doctors, safety experts and nurses, parents still permit children to take toys to bed with them. A West Coast mother, for instance, finally gave in to her little two-year-old son's demands that his favorite plaything, a cotton-stuffed rag rabbit, be allowed to sleep with him. She left the child happily asleep, the rabbit in his arms.

Two hours later she went into the room to get a coat hanger and turned on the light. She saw her little boy lying on his back, his eyes wide open, his body stiff, a fluff of cotton between his clenched teeth. The bed was littered with scraps of cotton . . . and his rabbit, its back ripped open, lay near by.

Quickly throwing a blanket over the unconscious child, she ran with him to a neighbor across the street. By that time he had turned blue, and his hands and feet were ice cold. The neighbor pried open the child's mouth and began pulling out cotton while his wife telephoned for the emergency squad and the distraught mother began artificial respiration. The emergency squad administered oxygen. At the hospital still more cotton was plucked from the child's throat. Continued oxygen treatment kept him alive until all the cotton was out and he had resumed normal breathing.

Both of these accidents happened because the parents did not foresee danger, and because they did not realize that a young child may not cry out even if he is able to. That is why, long ago, doctors formulated the rule: *Never allow any unnecessary object in a child's bed.* Yet three children a day die in accidents similar to these. Nearly all of them are under five years of age.

Most children who are killed at home die from burns. Altogether, more than 2,400 children die from burns each year—the majority of them, according to insurance statistics, in fires which consumed their homes. In too many cases the parents had gone out and left small children alone.

The safest safety match is dangerous in the hands of a child. Matches should be kept in a metal container out of the reach of small children. Older youngsters must be constantly educated to the danger matches represent.

Not long ago, in an eastern city, a thirteen-year-old boy, whose safety education had been neglected, found a box of matches. He immediately began striking them, throwing them away. His three-year-old sister, fascinated, followed him. He tried dropping them into milk bottles, drain pipes, tin cans. Finally, in the garage, he got one into a nearly empty gasoline can. The explosion killed both him and his baby sister. His parents found the trail of burned matchsticks afterward. Not only had they neglected their son's safety education, but they had, in leaving a nearly empty gasoline can around, literally provided him with the means of blowing himself and his sister up.

Two of the most dangerous periods for home fires are Halloween and Christmas. At these times children are apt to be dressed in inflammable costumes —and near candles, fireplaces, bonfires. *In some cases where death has resulted, Halloween victims had been given the matches by their parents.* A handful of matches given a boy dressed in an inflammable clown suit burst into flame in his pockets. Before his panic-stricken parents could get the flames out, he was so severely burned that he died a few hours later.

A New Jersey child, dressed in a grass hula skirt, caught fire and only the quick, courageous action of his mother, who beat out the flames with her hands, saved his life But a Holyoke, Massachusetts, child, also wearing a grass skirt, was not so fortunate. She caught fire and died from her burns when a wisp of her skirt poked through the grinning face of a candle-lit pumpkin.

Both Halloween and Christmas are coming up. You can help your children celebrate these holidays safely by making sure their costumes are not inflammable, by keeping matches out of their hands, by supervising them carefully around open flames, and by placing candles—if you absolutely must have them—out of their reach.

A Caution Against Scalding Accidents

Hundreds of children are scalded to death by hot liquids. One Metropolitan Life Insurance Company study of 100 fatal burns among children under five showed that 56 of them resulted from mothers having left hot soup, coffee, or boiling water where the child could tip the pot over. One simple movement would have saved many of these lives—turning the handles of all pots on the stove to the inside.

Pediatricians say that one of the main reasons for children's accidents is their love of imitation. They try to do what their parents do, and the little girl who reaches up and grasps a steaming pot by its handle is merely trying to do what she has seen her mother do hundreds of times.

More than 500 children are killed yearly in falls. A study at Chicago's big Cook County Hospital of hospitalized accident cases showed that 60 per cent of children's nonfatal accidents are caused by falls particularly on slippery floors and on stairs. Youngsters tumble frequently because their muscles lack co-ordination, sometimes because their eyesight isn't good. But nearly all their fatal falls were fatal because some parent neglected adequate safeguards. Some children plummeted from windows because their parents thought fly screens were sufficient guard, or that the child couldn't climb up onto the sill.

Most frequently, children fall at night when, half-awake, they get up and go to the bathroom in the dark. Half-opened doors or badly placed furniture can be skull-crushers then.

In one case last year a five-year-old boy woke up and called for a glass of water. His mother went to the kitchen for it. While she was there, he called out again asking, "Mommy, can I get in your bed?" She answered, "Go ahead."

A few moments later she returned with the water. The child wasn't in her bed. She went to his room, but he wasn't there, either. Alarmed, she turned on the lights and roused the family. They found him half an hour later, his head crushed. Half-asleep he had walked into a wide-open air-shaft window and had fallen three stories.

The price of a night light is ten cents. The price of a safe steel window guard is a couple of dollars. And the price of a child's life is beyond any man's purse.

Frequently fatal falls are not the children's doing. The person holding them fell and landed on top of them, fracturing their skulls, breaking their necks or their backs, crushing their ribs. Many of these accidents would have been prevented by adequate handrails and nonskid treads on the stairs, and by keeping stairways free of obstructions. Tragically often, the adult who falls with a child is a grandparent, because as we grow older our missteps become more numerous and more dangerous. They are one of the principal causes of death among people over sixty-five. Elderly persons should avoid carrying children up or down stairs or across slippery floors.

Each year we electrocute nearly as many innocent children as we do murderers. Sometimes the amount of negligence required to do the job is staggering. In many cases, children are killed by wires on which the *(Continued on page 57)*

The Gir

...who was Nobody's Daughter

BY MARGARET CHASE

The warm and exciting story of an orphan who pulled another woman's family together by main strength—of back, and of character



September 1

Dear Miss Pupke:

The place you got me is swell, and Mrs. Iredale is my ideal woman. I am not homesick for the Industrial Home for Orphan Girls. Don't forget I am now grown up, I am seventeen years old. I think I have stopped growing too. It is possible I am not quite so clumsy. Mrs. Iredale was so pleased when I lifted up her bureau and carried it across the room without marking the waxed floor. The drawers all fell out at once though.

I have a feller. He delivers the groceries from our store and has asked me to go to the movies on Thursday. He has pretty curly hair and pretty eyelashes and pretty white teeth. His name is Skibby. I do not understand the look in his eye, but this is the first time I ever got asked for a date. Frank the garbage man says Skibby is a juvenile delinquent, but Frank is just jealous. He wants me to meet his son Rocky, an unmarried cop. Juvenile delinquents do not worry me. I have seen plenty of them at the Home.

Mrs. Iredale is pretty and full of fun and a great athlete. The Mister says nothing and is very sallow but he must be a nice guy because he gives the baby her bottle every morning and plays with her although he takes no breakfast himself, just has a tablespoon of rye whisky. The baby is two. Her name is Cherry. She cannot pronounce my name right. She calls me Moosie. To show you how nice the Iredales are, they don't.

Besides the baby, the Iredales have one other child, a little boy called Stupy, but he must have another name. He stays in the basement mostly and saws or makes lead soldiers or something.

The kitchen has a beautiful big window over the sink so I can look out and see the grass and the trees, and the garbage wagon moving up the alley, and Cherry yelling in her play pen.

Over the kitchen is a storage space where they keep attic kind of things. It is reached by a trap door in the kitchen ceiling that you yank down by a chain. Yesterday Stupy says to me, "Ever play basketball?"

"Certainly. I jumped center at the Industrial Home for six years."

"See if you can reach that chain."

So I sprang up and yanked the chain good, and about a thousand tennis balls pelted me on the head. Stupy and I like to died laughing.

Our setup is like this, and Mrs. Iredale says it shows what a good executive she is because it works out so well, with only a cook—that's me—and a laundress, and a nurse girl. The laundress is very intellectual and a beautiful ironer. She is a small sad-looking colored woman named Jinkie and she knows a great deal about the Bible especially Ezekiel.

Mondays she washes and Tuesdays she irons. Wednesdays she takes care of Cherry because that is the nurse girl's day off. Thursdays she does the cooking because I am off. Fridays she scrubs the bathrooms and the windows and does the Missis' silk stuff. Saturdays she stays home for some reason, she has quite a few children of her own, and then she comes on Sundays when I get off at four o'clock and she makes the supper and goes home. So you see Mrs. Iredale is a good executive and leaves no time when she might have to do anything herself except there is the risk of Sunday evening—but the Mister can take hold then.

The nurse girl is Jinkie's daughter Joe Ella. She is very pretty and laughs and is absent-minded and reads Stupy's funny books all the time even when she is bathing the baby. So you see she is intellectual too.

The Missis is delicate. I carry a breakfast tray up to her every morning at nine o'clock and the last thing at night I turn down her bed and lay out her nightgown. She had an operation so she is not strong, and she hates whisky.

I have made lots of good things to eat. Stupy loves them. I burned my arm on an apple pie that turned over when I took it out of the oven, and I knelt on a sliver of glass that I was sweeping up because the Mister dropped a highball in the pantry, and I cut my knee. Nevertheless I still think everything out in the world is more beautiful than a dream, and more exciting.

Miss Pupke, I hung over my dresser the motto of the Industrial Home for Orphan Girls that you gave me, framed. *Every Tub Must Stand Upon Its Own Bottom* John Bunyan, but if you would not be hurt I would like to replace it with a new one I am lettering: *"Moonlight and Roses and Dreams."* I changed my name to De Lucie. That's French. So I will now sign myself, with love,

De Lucie (Lucy) Weed

September 7

Dear Miss Pupke:

I was reading in the paper I wrap the garbage in, and I saw the Missis' name. The Missis is a swell golf player and it said she was runner-up in a tournament and had eighty. It didn't say what of. What is running up? I asked Jinkie but she did not help much. She said it was eighty strokes and that golf is mentioned in Proverbs where it says, "A fool's lips enter into contention, and his mouth calleth for strokes."

Some days Mrs. Iredale plays tennis after she plays golf. I had a little run-in with Jinkie. She said the Missis isn't as delicate as she thinks she is but she has west-side malaria. I says, "What is west-side malaria?" She says, "She can eat and she can sleep but she can't work." So I says, "Shame on you, Jinkie. The Missis had an operation and she ain't strong yet," and Jinkie says, "She had her tonsils out five years ago." That's no way to criticize a beautiful mother like Mrs. Iredale and a good executive.

This morning I was fixing some waffles for Stupy when the Mister came shooting into the pantry like always for his tablespoon of rye whisky. "Try a bite of these, Pa," says Stupy. "They're swell." Stupy eats with me in the breakfast nook in the big bay window in the kitchen. It's like two pews opposite each other with a long table in between.

"Okay," says the Mister taking a bite. "Hey these are darn' good, De Lucie. Got one for me?" I quick gave him a nice hot waffle and a cup of coffee I had just made for myself and he ate right there with Stupy and forgot to drink his tablespoon.

Stupy was scrabbling *(Continued on page 62)*

The trap door flew open. Tennis balls

ILLUSTRATED BY KEN COWHEY

HOW TO GET WHISTLED AT

BY RUTH CARSON

ANN DELAFIELD is a woman with a Cause. That Cause is, we rejoice to report, to make more women beautiful—or at least easier to look at. To date she has succeeded with nearly half a million, via her famous DuBarry Success School in New York. And her Home Success Course goes by mail to women in every state of the Union and many foreign countries.

"One woman in every hundred in the United States between the ages of sixteen and sixty has taken this course," she says triumphantly. "One in every twelve has inquired about it."

Miss Delafield is a tall, slim, green-eyed brunette, given to wearing jersey dresses that mold her fine figure, and startling, feathered hats for drama. She is, according to her own analysis, just a teacher of physical education. "I want to make the world a lovelier place to live in," she says, batting her green eyes at you. "I am also a dietitian, but I am not a beautician. I don't even know what that means."

This attitude is not applauded by those competitors in the beauty business who merely sell powders and creams on the principle that beauty is only skin deep. Delafield tells you a body's insides might have something to do with handsome exteriors.

She now has 350 perspiring hopefuls crowding four floors of her salon every day. We've been looking at them each laboring through a six-week stint of exercising, dieting, and reclining every now and then with feet higher than head—a position which Delafield calls the Beauty Angle. She has an annual crop of about 45,000 women doing the same thing in their own homes. "The Beauty Angle combats the force of gravity," she points out earnestly, "sending blood in greater amounts to nourish your face and scalp. It is the only hope for men, to save their hair."

In the course of this performance her disciples, both salon and mail-order, are also slathering on their persons large quantities of Hudnut's beauty preparations.

Competitors have seen enough of Delafield's routine to install charm schools of their own, to instruct in the ways of beauty and the use of *their* cosmetics. Nor have they ignored her spectacular Before and After ads, showing on the one hand a dumpy fat woman and on the other a six-weeks-later slim beauty, complete with ecstatic testimonial.

Scoffers suggest camera angle tricks and worse. Miss Delafield answers happily that her advertising for the home course has been accepted for publication in the Journal of the American Medical Association by Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the Journal.

The converts have filled 120 active file drawers and 700 storage cartons in her offices with a remarkable correspondence. You read a batch and begin to suspect that Miss Delafield has probably repaired more broken hearts than Dorothy Dix. Thousands of records set forth personal woes, from wandering husbands to sore feet. The woes off their chest, they burst into raptures of gratitude and joy, with occasional spurts of poetry. Even the sour notes have a readable lilt. One smart girl answered Miss Delafield's come-on letter which starts: "How long is it since you have had a compliment?"

"How long, Miss Delafield, since I have had a compliment?" she hurried to reply by return mail. "One hour, Miss Delafield, one hour."

Miss Delafield herself is blessed with a natur[al] fine figure, a smooth complexion and wavy bro[wn] hair, which she wears in a glossy braid across [the] top of her head. She prefers to belittle her n[at]ural gifts.

"I am the ugliest white woman alive without [my] make-up. You know, I have no eyebrows," [she] confided to us, leaning across the small oval des[k] her small blue-green office, and lifting a brief [veil] so we could examine a remarkably natural-look[ing] pencil job. "They grow in low and scraggly, [like] John L. Lewis', so I pluck them right out. And [my] nose is too long. See what I do about that?" [She] adjusted the veil, the lower edge coming well ab[ove] the tip of the offending nose. "That shortens it. Never wear a veil over the tip if your nose is [too] long. And here's another trick—I always do [this] before I allow a photographer to take my pictu[re]." She smudged a little rouge under the tip of the [nose] in question. "See how that shortens it?"

Miss Delafield keeps her five-foot-eight figur[e at] 128 pounds, and never looks hungry, by using a [diet] that she calls Eating for Beauty. Eat *raw*, eat *a-line*, she entreats her pupils. She sets an exam[ple] by eating three different kinds of fruit for br[eak]fast, a raw fruit or vegetable salad for lunch, [more] fruits, vegetables, and broiled fish, meat or [veal] for supper. She prefers fruit juice to water. W[hen] driven to water, she'll have it only bottled or bo[iled]. She hasn't had a cold in seventeen years, [Miss] Delafield claims. A cold, to her mind, is proof [of] wrong living. "No wonder," she tells her pu[pils], "winter is the season for colds. Look how you [stuff] yourselves at Thanksgiving, Christmas and [New] Year's, just fixing a fine breeding ground for ger[ms]."

Success pupils have no long skirts with which to hide a false move from eagle-eyed dancing instructor Herbert Lee. Step-perfect graduates have poise and confidence



These girls are being taught by Mrs. Dorothy Newton the [art] using make-up to enhance their own particular type and per[son]



It's Ann Delafield's work to make women more soothing to the eye—sometimes a tough job. But she's always the optimist. Maybe she'll begin on men next

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY SHARLAND

Besides keeping herself a fine physical example, Miss Delafield works very hard at her clothes. Her formula for dramatic effect is to stick to basic black dresses, which she generally designs herself, and to change hats frequently, to suit various occasions. She keeps a wardrobe of hats in her office for this purpose. She was wearing the third shift of the day one afternoon we saw her. It was a small white creation with bristling white feathers, which she considers fine for photography *and* lectures.

She had just been wearing, for a tough business session, a concoction dripping with roses and swathed in veiling. "I don't think a woman should look hard-boiled at a hard-boiled business session, do you?" Earlier that morning she had put on a sternly tailored job for the immediate purpose of dismissing three Success School pupils. "One was a scout from a rival concern. The other two weren't working hard enough."

Such calculated personal dramatics and unrelenting self-discipline lead her enemies to declare that Delafield is cold and inhuman. But she is so accustomed by now to looking on herself as one of her own best advertisements for the Cause of Beauty, that she is never tempted to let down. Also, she thoroughly enjoys the admiration her appearance always arouses, and she especially likes the guesswork it starts about her age. She looks to be a young forty, is probably in her early fifties, and is delighted with the common rumor that she is at least sixty.

Speculation about her personal life is stimulated further by the fact that Delafield likes to mind her own affairs, and let other people mind theirs.

"I hate particularly," *(Continued on page 60)*



A few of the many glasses of fruit juices which Spartan-living Ann Delafield consumes in a day. And, in the background, a few of the hats which exotic Ann Delafield also gets through in a day

on of a stubborn ounce escapes adamant Miss , who personally charts each pupil's course



A girl's ups and downs in Delafield's "Rock-a-Bye Cradle" send the blood racing on its way to fulfill the task Delafield has set it—restoring to smooth freshness the tissues of weary necks and faces



HE HAD NO



BY MICHAEL FESSIER

That look in his eye, Janice decided, was not the calm, impersonal glance of the professional artist. She waited, without apprehension, for the worst

RESERVATIONS

Chris Crummit had a way with women but his wife wasn't worried. He couldn't get away with running away because he was the helpless type

WHEREAS most men considered Jane Crummit a model wife, most women —even some of her best friends—considered her pretty much of a female jerk and more than somewhat nonunion. Besides being a companion, helpmeet, housekeeper, cook and potential mother of Chris Crummit's children, Jane was also general manager, bookkeeper, collector of fees, and bargaining agent for his business, which consisted of painting portraits and magazine illustrations.

Women resented her all-around proficiency and indefatigable energy; they realized that, compared to Jane, they themselves were mere slugs, drones, fifth wheels on the marital gocart. Too often had Jane's friends seen their husbands look long and critically at them, then over at Jane, functioning as bartender and life of the party, and then assume the yearning, poignant expressions of hungry kids gazing into a bakeshop window.

Jane, of course, was not conscious of this. When one has a husband who cannot even be trusted to the extent of wearing matching socks, one is too busy to concern herself with the opinions of less occupied females.

Contrary to popular opinion, Jane had never been one of Chris's models. He had met her at a week-end house party, the host of which had inconsiderately fallen off a horse and broken his arm, thus presenting the problem of who was to fashion the cocktails. Jane had made her first favorable impression on Chris by taking over and maintaining a shakerful of delightful drinks for the duration of the party. This impression was enhanced by the way she relieved him of the onerous task of keeping score for a gin-rummy session. Love came to him on a blue Monday morning.

Chris had overslept and he had an important appointment in the city. The host and hostess were sleeping and there was no one of whom he could ask the time of the next train to the city. Finally Jane came down, looking much more like five o'clock of a Saturday afternoon in May than nine o'clock of a Monday morning in March.

"Why don't you look at the timetable?" she asked.

"Are you crazy?" he snorted. "As if anyone could actually read timetables! The only reason they're printed is that most railroad presidents start out as conductors, and by the time they get to the top they hate people."

Much to Chris's amazement Jane could read a timetable. What's more she drove him to the station with five minutes to spare before train time. Chris, who had never caught a train in his life, without first having approximated the record for the hundred-yard dash, was overwhelmed. Just before departure time, he kissed Jane and then got on the train, having left his overcoat in the waiting room.

Only once—and that was at the beginning of their married life—did Jane ever question Chris's way of living. "Don't you ever do anything for yourself?" she asked, more out of curiosity than resentment.

"Not if I can help it," he said languidly. "I'm the artistic type."

Jane soon came to understand what being the artistic type meant as far as Chris was concerned. It meant that he was lazy, irresponsible, untrustworthy and, by most standards, no confounded good, excepting as a painter of pictures and a potential father of her children. This, to Jane, was sufficient. . . .

For three years Jane had been happy and contented and she thought that Chris was likewise happy and contented.

She did not know about Chris's new model. Jane never went to the studio, but managed all business affairs from an office in their home, which was by now in a suburban town midway between Pasadena and Glendale, California.

Chris's new model was Janice Mason and at first she meant no more to him than an apple, three bananas and an orange reposing in a bowl might mean to a still-life painter—assuming the still-life painter had no immediate need for sustenance. Chris painted Janice for months before he began to feel a need for her.

DESIRE came to Chris one day while he was painting a version of Janice posed in a bathing suit slightly larger than a watch fob and made out of material that stopped just this side of being Cellophane. He ceased painting and stared at her, his brush falling from his hand. That look in his eye, Janice decided, was not the calm, impersonal glance of the professional artist. A tingling sensation traversed her bare spine and she waited, entirely without apprehension, for the worst.

Chris rose and walked up to Janice while she wondered if she shouldn't scream, just a little bit and not too loud. She closed her eyes and debated the question. *Maybe,* she thought, *at the first touch.* But Chris didn't touch. He was staring at a small, lazy curl of blond hair at the base of her neck. Considering the visual feast offered by the over-all Janice, Chris's localized interest might have seemed to many people abstemious. But Chris was no anatomical gourmand. He was a gourmet and it took little to please him. But that little had to be good. The curl at the base of Janice's neck was perfection.

Chris told her in glowing terms what he thought of the curl on her neck. At first Janice was miffed at having this inconsiderable bit of her bountiful charms singled out for approbation. But, she decided, everything has to start somewhere. . . .

During succeeding weeks, Janice posed in four different costumes which, if all sewed together, would not have covered her grandmother's blush at seeing one of them. During that time Chris had eyes only for the curl. Finally there came a day when he kissed it. He contented himself with a repetition of this aesthetic salute to beauty for such a long period that Janice started looking at him with slanted eyes and a dubious expression. Then Chris kissed her lips and that brought out the gourmand in him.

From then on, Chris was like the man who starts by sniffing the bouquet of rare old brandy and then decides he won't be happy until he's drained the bottle.

Finally, and with considerable trepidation, Chris made the proposition which Janice had so long awaited.

"Darling," he said, "darling Janice—I—that is—"

"Yes, Chris," said Janice, closing her eyes. "Yes, dear heart. Yes."

Chris sighed with relief. This hadn't been as difficult as he expected. Obviously he had a way with women.

They talked the thing over in a sensible, modern, enlightened manner. There would be a marriage, of course, after the divorce; and meanwhile hardly any conventions would be fractured—excepting of course the one concerning breaking up the home and heart of a trusting wife. But neither of them gave much thought to Jane at the time. When they did get around to thinking about her, Chris realized that off-the-reservation romance was not all moonlight and roses. How to break the news to Jane?

"I've got it," he told Janice happily. "Suppose you just drop around and have a little chat with her? You know, tell her that neither of us is to blame; we just lost our hearts and all that. Tell her I'm very fond of her and she'll always be a sister to me—et cetera."

"The burglar seldom brings the burglary to the attention of the householder," said Janice. "And your wife is liable to consider me a burglar. No, no, darling. By the time I got to the et cetera part of the speech I'd likely be all over bumps and abrasions. I bruise easily, my own."

Chris couldn't help but feel that this attitude on Janice's part was a trifle unreasonable. After all, an elopement such as this should be a cooperative affair; all the unpleasant details shouldn't be left to just one of the parties involved. He spent a week trying to screw up his courage to tell Jane and then—and it was just like Jane—she, herself, provided a solution for the problem. . . .

Chris returned home one night to find her packing a bag. She informed him that a sister was having a baby in San Diego and that she was going there for a day or so.

"Fine, fine," said Chris happily. "Your sister's a nice kid. She deserves a baby. Nothing's too good for her. I hope it's a big one. Oh, by the way, dear, Tom Clark phoned me from Marina —you know, that little resort on the coast near San Francisco? Well, he said the fishing's great and he invited me up for a while. I think I'll go."

"Well, it'd be good for you," said Jane. "Of course, when Tom Clark claims he's fishing he's lying in his teeth. The nearest that lad'll ever get to open water is the soda in his highball. Still, maybe even a good binge might snap you out of the depressed mood you've been in recently."

"I am no longer depressed," said Chris and went into the parlor.

How wonderfully simple it had turned out to be. With Jane gone all he had to do was write a note explaining everything to her, pack his bag and—

That reminded him.

"Oh, by the way, hon," he called. "While you're at it will you be a good girl and pack my bag? And, please, for Pete's sake, put in plenty of socks this time."

JANE was gone and Chris was finishing his farewell note to her. It read in part: ". . . and I hope this will not hurt you too much. As a matter of fact, if I thought it would, I wouldn't do it. But you're so self-sufficient and understanding and all.

"Yours, and still with love,

"Chris

"P.S. I'm running low on shirts. Will you have the shirt people ship me up a dozen white ones and be sure to make the collars a half size larger?"

It was time for him to pick up Janice at her home and then they'd be on their way to Marina on the coast. He had selected this little town for his adventure because Tom Clark's letter had put the name into his head and he could think of no other resort. It did not occur to him that his friend would still be there and might see him and Janice and ask questions.

He went to the phone *(Continued on page 76)*

ILLUSTRATED BY J. FREDERICK SMITH



"Gadfrey—have I got an Astronomy class! Three Varsity football players, a basketball center; one boy whose father studied Astronomy; at least four girls who are interested in the three football players. I have five repeaters; a veteran who wants to go into the roofing business, and who thinks Astronomy will help him, and two young females who think the subject is SIMPLY fascinating"



"'. . . and with the storming of Sugarloaf Hill the tide of battle turned. It wa dent to all that the back of the Japanese resistance on Okinawa was broken. I fighting American troops surged down to Shuri Castle, and then on south crushing enemy attempts at consolidation . . .' Gee! It didn't seem quite easy, did it, fellows?"

The Class of '49

In the hallowed halls of higher learning, next year's grads will soon begin making the grades. This preview is by Cartoonist John Ruge



"Sally's taking notes for me in Math; Doreen's doing both our book reviews, and Alice is giving me a carbon of her History outline. Otherwise I'd feel terribly guilty about cutting classes."



"Just think, darling: One day we'll have a lab of our own. Guinea pigs f and white mice for you."

The Shanahan Strad



My earliest memories go back to the first time Uncle Mike let me look at his fiddle. He said solemnly, "Now you've seen a Strad"

BY PAUL JONES

COLLIER'S
SHORT SHORT

LL my life, until I went away to college, and even afterward, there was never a when my Uncle Mike's fidlost its place as the recognized sure of the household. Most ilies have something like that; be it's a sword or a picture or ld Toby jug. Whatever it is, it ds as a symbol. As long as it's in its place, the e is secure.

ne of my earliest memories goes back to the time Uncle Mike let me look at his fiddle. He ied the worn black case and there it lay in its of rich, glowing green velvet.

Now you can say you've seen a Strad," he told olemnly, and made me look through the f-holes he faded label: *"Antonius Stradivarius Cremensis Facibat—Anno 17."*

t's a wonderful instrument," he said, and tuckt under his chin, he played a few bars of Garry n. Then he shut his Strad up in its case again, put it back in its accustomed shrine on the top e china closet in the dining room.

ncle Mike was not really a musician. He was rk in the Water Bureau, a quiet, elderly man he sort a neighborhood like ours mentioned respect. He played his fiddle only in the eves, at the dances the Irish are always having, or in those days.

was no genius of the violin, and he did not of himself in that way. It was his father who given him the Strad, and it was understood his father had it from *his* father, and so on, to the day when an earlier Michael had ght the fiddle from Italy to Cork.

mother was Uncle Mike's sister. She was a erful woman, but always expecting the worst ppen. She said she knew she looked on the side too much, but she couldn't help it, be- my father was too optimistic, and somebody o keep things in balance. He was a baker, a good hard-working German-American baker. he was a journeyman, but he couldn't rest unhad his own shop, and after he had his own he always kept an eye out for a bigger place.

t was one thing that used to worry my mother. as afraid my father would get carried away is big ideas, run into debt, and ruin his famn her eyes it was not only shameful but terangerous to owe anybody any money.

biggest venture was when he opened the on Essex Avenue. The front was a fancy y and the back was fitted out as an ice-cream , with mirrors and marble-topped tables and ddle fans swung from the ceiling. My father xcited when he first told my mother about it, tle by little his enthusiasm faded as a certain ame over her face.

ell you, Mary, there's no risk whatever," said ther. "It's only a matter of your signature on an application."

"How much is the loan?"

"Three thousand dollars. I can pay that back in two years without any trouble. The place is a gold mine, I tell you."

"But if it's a mortgage," she wailed, "they could turn us into the street. We'd be beggars, Carl."

We were all sitting in the dining room, after an early supper. I was doing my homework at one end of the table; my Uncle Mike was on my left, with the evening paper and the heel of a glass of porter. Now my Uncle Mike took his glasses off and folded his paper. "Just a minute," he said. "There's nothing worse than a quarrel where two good people each have a piece of the truth and can't let it go. I was thinking maybe I have the answer for it."

He got up and took down the fiddle from its place on top of the china closet. "I've read where a Stradivarius violin has sold for as much as five thousand dollars. Take it out and sell it, Carl."

"Oh, Michael!" my mother said.

"I don't like to do it, Mike," said my father.

"If you hurry," Uncle Mike told him, "you'll catch old Ehret before he closes." His hands trembled a little as he put on his glasses and unfolded the paper again, but his voice was perfectly steady. "I'm too old to be playing that thing anyhow."

So my father went out, with the violin case under his arm, and we sat there waiting for him to come back. Gustav Ehret's musical instrument shop was only three blocks away.

I remember I had a problem to do about how many rolls of wallpaper would paper a certain room, and it wouldn't work out to an even answer. Uncle Mike kept on reading the news to himself, and my mother resumed her darning. But she still had a shaky, uncertain look.

THEN we heard my father come in the front door. His step was quick and he was whistling, so we knew everything was all right. But when he came into the dining room, he still had the violin case and the first thing he did was to put it back on top of the china closet.

"There," he said, "that looks better."

"You didn't sell it?" said Uncle Mike.

"It came to me as I put my hand on the knob of Gus Ehret's door," my father explained. "Why should we sell it? Up there where it is, it's just as if we had a strongbox with fifty new one-hundred-dollar bills. And if we have that, a three-thousand-dollar loan needn't worry us, eh, Mary? Not when we can pay it off any time, if we have to, just by walking three blocks to Gus Ehret's!"

My mother was radiant. "I'm so pleased, Carl."

"A very sensible idea," my Uncle Mike decided judicially. "And I want you all to take notice that I'm leaving the violin to young Michael here in my will. He's never been able to get the hang of playing it, but it'll buy him a college education."

There was never any trouble about the loan, even though my father took five years to pay it off instead of two. While I went to high school I helped out in the afternoons, but it was taken for granted that I would go on to college.

My Uncle Mike died in his sleep the summer I graduated from high, and so his violin passed to me, as he had said it should. I planned to go to engineering school. The family income couldn't stretch that far, but there was always the fiddle case on the china closet to remind me that there was nothing to worry about.

"Don't they have some scheme where you can work your way through?" my father asked me, one night when we were kneading dough.

They did have a student assistance plan, I told him.

"I think that would be best," he said abruptly. "I put two hundred dollars in an envelope under the ties in your bureau drawer. That ought to get you started. Your mother thinks a great deal of that violin."

That was true. She did. But she didn't worry so much any more, except about my going to college in another city. And it was really my mother who insisted that I oughtn't to overtax my strength by studying and working at the same time. The violin was mine, she said, and Uncle Mike had meant it as a gift to pay for my college education.

The day before I was to leave, while she and my father were busy in the store, I took the violin over to Ehret's. The old man came out of his back room, blinking like an owl, and I opened the case and showed him what I had. "How much is it worth?"

He picked up the fiddle and held it close to his thick glasses. "Twenty-five, fifty dollars. Depends on who wants it."

"But it's a Stradivarius," I said.

"It's got a Strad label in it," he said gently. "Lots of fiddles have that. Not genuine. Never was genuine. This violin is maybe a hundred years old, but it is not, excuse me, a first-class violin." He peered at me curiously. "I have seen this instrument before. Aren't you Carl Engler's boy?"

"Yes," I said shortly. I didn't sell it, of course. I took it back home with me, and put it up in my room.

At supper, my last supper before leaving, my mother's eyes drifted to the top of the china closet and she caught her breath. "The violin," she said, putting her hand to her heart. "Did you sell it?"

My father looked worried, until I shook my head. "It's with my suitcases upstairs," I told her. "I want to keep it in my room at college. It'll be something to remind me of home."

Mother looked pleased and gratified. "Besides," I went on, "that way you won't have to worry about me, if anything happens and I need money. It will be just as if I had a fiddle case full of bank notes. Won't it, Pop?"

"It will, son, it will," my father said, avoiding my eye. ★★★

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY DERSH

RIFLE-ARM SAMMY



After eleven rugged years of rough, tough professional football Sammy Baugh still manages to pitch strikes all over the gridiron

BY FRANK L. DENNIS

WHEN Sammy Baugh came to the Washington Redskins of the National Professional Football League as a rookie in 1937, he already had a nation-wide reputation. Everybody who had followed his career at Texas Christian University knew him as "Slingin' Sam," the greatest forward passer in college football.

Ray Flaherty was head coach of the Redskins at the time, and he was noted for the thoroughness with which he punctured inflated egos. He thought that the tall quiet Texan might need a bit of taking down, so when Baugh came on the field for his first practice with the Redskins, Flaherty looked him over, handed him a football, and said:

"They tell me you're quite a passer."

"I reckon I can throw a little," said Baugh.

"Let's see it," said Flaherty. "Hit that receiver in the eye."

Slingin' Sam cocked an eye at an end who was racing down the field.

"Which eye?" he drawled.

This story is probably fiction, but anyone who has ever seen Sammy Baugh in action will not find it difficult to believe. It may be that a better forward passer will show up sometime in the dim and distant future, but nobody better than Slingin' Sam is operating as of now. In 1947, his eleventh year in the rough, tough competition of professional football, Baugh completed 210 of 354 passes, each of these figures being a National League record. His percentage of completions was 59.3, his percentage of interceptions was 4.2, and he threw 25 touchdown passes. In addition, the Washington Touchdown Club voted him the league's most valuable player.

A few students of football statistics claim that some of Baugh's records are not all that they seem to be, and that his passing suffers in comparison with that of the great Sid Luckman of the Chicago Bears. Baugh completes more passes during a season than Luckman does, but the critics claim that Sammy "throws a lot of short ones, while Luckman throws for distance every time." Turk Edwards, a great lineman in his day and now head coach of the Redskins, says that all this is nonsense; that the short passes, and the remarkable accuracy with which Baugh throws them, are proof of Sammy's superior skill.

"You can't afford to let some guys throw short passes," says Edwards. "A short pass has got to be absolutely accurate because if it's intercepted it can mean a touchdown against you. But Sammy can throw so hard and so straight that you can't make him throw anywhere he wants to. At ten yards, even if Sammy's receiver is only half a step from the defender, the pass will be completed."

Steve Owen, head coach of the New York Giants, whose team has often suffered from Baugh's wizardry with a football, agrees with Edwards, but says there is more to Baugh's skill than just speed and accuracy.

"Sammy's like a great baseball pitcher," Owen says. "He throws several kinds of passes at different speeds, and he'll hit the mark while he's falling down or throwing off balance."

There's one football player, a big tackle who used to play with the Giants, who believe anything you want to say about Baugh's accuracy. This tackle was a rookie a few years ago, and he was mighty rough and tough. He still is, for that matter, but he's smarter now. In one game he broke through the Washington line time after time and pushed his left fist into Sammy's face, even though the throw had been made. He was clever with his illegal roughing, and the officials didn't notice what he was doing.

When Baugh politely asked him to stop, he laughed and promptly did it again. This time he almost tore Sammy's head off. So on the next play Baugh held his throw for a moment, and as the big tackle came rushing in, Sammy let him have the ball smack between the eyes. The rookie was knocked cold and left the game for a while. Thereafter he bothered Slingin' Sam no more. The throw, incidentally, was ruled an incompleted pass. When the big tackle heard the ruling he roared, "What d'ya mean incompleted? Look at my eyes if you don't think he completed it!"

Baugh employs no magic formula in performing his extraordinary feats with football.

"Of course," he says, "there are some things a passer must know. For instance, I hold the ball differently in wet and dry weather. When the ball is dry I throw it with the laces at the heel of my thumb. When it's wet I have the laces at my finger tips. I think any boy who really wants to can become a good forward passer, but even a naturally good passer should work at it as much as possible. I used to practice all the time whenever I could get someone to catch my throws. I still work hard at passing. It is mighty easy to go stale.

"But I don't think anybody can be very good at football unless he really likes to play. There have been guys in this league who had a lot of mechanical ability, in addition to size and strength, but they didn't like to play very much. They didn't stay up long. Of course, sometimes we get the wrong impression about a guy; we may think he doesn't like to play when actually he's crazy about it. We thought that once about Dave Smuckler, who was a whiz of a running back at Temple University and later signed with the Philadelphia Eagles. We all noticed that Smuckler always went to the bench after a couple of plays, so we sent a scout to find out why. The scout reported that Smuckler really didn't like to play football, and, moreover, had a yellow streak.

" 'You guys just rack Smuckler up the first few times he runs with the ball,' the scout said, 'and he'll get out of there quick.' So when we played Philadelphia, the first time Smuckler carried the ball, we went right after him. So what happened? He bounced three or four of our guys on their heads and gained 25 yards. On the next play he went around the other end, stomped all over Wee Willie Wilkin, one of the great tackles of all time, knocked down Ernie Pinckert, our hardest tackler, and ran over me as if I weren't there at all. He sailed over the goal line, threw the ball down, and ran over to the Philadelphia bench and sat down, without even looking back.

(Continued on page)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ERNEST KLEINBERG



"Jeff Coongate!" said Steve dazedly. "It's you!" "Yes, son. What's so strange about that?" Steve laughed in a kind of nervous relief

THE ONE-EYED POACHER AND THE LONG NIGHT

BY EDMUND WARE

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL HAMLIN

oongate—famed for his illicit prowess with rod and gun—takes off from hunting a very big moose to bag some very bad men

's for September 11, 1948

IN THE morning, some hours after the second jug had fallen, Uncle Jeff Coongate opened his one eye, sniffed, and, through the stronger fumes of rum, detected the odor of sweet grass. It reminded the old poacher of Indians weaving baskets in the sun. Next, he thought fondly of Tom Compus Mentis, who was still asleep beside him in the spare room in Zack Bourne's cabin on Mopang Lake. Finally, with a wave of grief, Uncle Jeff recalled his tragedy: Zibe, his beloved dog, was dead.

It was Tom Compus Mentis, the gentle and ancient Indian, who, on the day before, had brought Zibe home to Jeff. With the crippled hound lying in the bow of his canoe, old Tom had traveled the twenty-nine miles from Hedron Lake to Mopang in seven hours. It was a feat of loyalty and endurance which revealed a long and dignified friendship.

Zibe had been shot in the spine. His hindquarters were paralyzed, and as the old woodsman gathered him in his arms, he had whimpered, and pressed his fevered muzzle to Uncle Jeff's neck.

"Zibe," Jeff whispered, "Zibe—what hellbird done this to you?"

"Red Hackett," said Tom Compus Mentis. "I find tracks. And empty shell—.351 auto."

The one-eyed poacher carried Zibe into Zack Bourne's cabin, and the Indian stayed in the doorway. Zack, Jeff Coongate's lifelong comrade in enterprise against the game laws, looked once at Zibe's wound, and shook his head in sorrow.

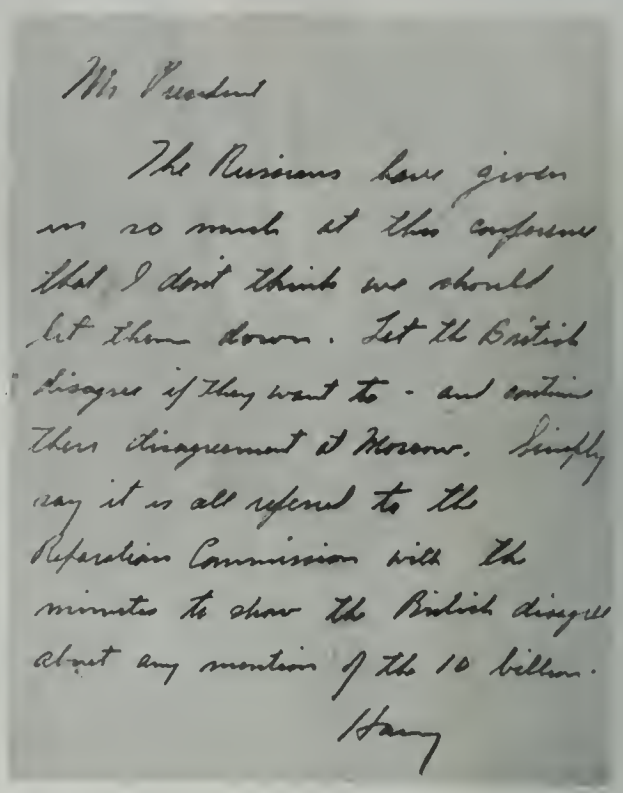
"It's mortal," he said. "Poor ole Zibe—best hound ever run a moose to water."

Zack's wife, the devout and tremulous Sarah, began to cry. She had never truly loved Jeff's hound, fearing him as a primordial and fiercely roaming adventurer, like his master. But Sarah was so tenderhearted that she was touched by any misfortune. *(Continued on page 48)*

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

The Big Three meet at Yalta and reach agreement—for the last time

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD



Mr President

The Russians have given us so much at this conference that I don't think we should let them down. Let the British disagree if they want to - and continue their disagreement at Moscow. Simply say it is all referred to the Reparation Commission with the minutes to show the British disagree about any mention of the 10 billion.

Harry

At Yalta, Stalin again demanded German reparations. Hopkins sent F.D.R. this note suggesting he pass the buck to the Reparations Commission



U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

Yalta, February, 1945. The end of the European war—and victory—is almost within sight. And each man's face shows the strain of the terrific load of responsibility he has had to shoulder for many years. It is the last time that the Big Three are to be together. President Roosevelt has barely two months to live

PART XVI—TRIUMPH, DISILLUSIONMENT AND DEATH

THE accommodations at Yalta were unexceptionable for those on the Very Important Person level. However, this was war-ravaged territory and space was so limited that 16 U.S. Army colonels had to share one bedroom. Hopkins had a bedroom to himself in the Livadia Palace where Roosevelt was staying, and he left his bed only to go down to the Grand Ballroom for the full-dress meetings. He was so ill that at one point Dr. McIntire wanted him to be moved to the Navy communications ship, U.S.S. Catoctin.

Hopkins attended none of the big dinners at Yalta, so that his condition at least became no worse and he was able to stick it out to the end. James F. Byrnes has written, "Members of our delegation frequently held meetings there (in Hopkins' bedroom) because Dr. McIntire insisted he remain in bed."

The President and the Prime Minister arrived at Yalta on Saturday, February 3d. Stalin and his party arrived early Sunday morning and he and Molotov came to call on Roosevelt at four o'clock that afternoon.

After thanking his hosts for all the arrangements that had been made to promote the comfort and convenience of the guests, Roosevelt remarked on the destruction that he had seen here in the Crimea and Stalin told him that it was nothing as compared with the Ukraine, for in the Crimea the Germans had been given little time to carry out plans of demolition, whereas in the Ukraine they had destroyed everything with sadistic calculation and method. Stalin then asked how things were going on the western front; Roosevelt told him that General Marshall would later give a detailed outline of the situation, but he could say now that the main drive of the Anglo-American forces would begin in about a month's time. Stalin was gratified to hear this.

A few minutes before five, they moved down to the Grand Ballroom for the first formal conference. Hopkins felt too ill to come to this meeting—which must have meant that he was very sick indeed.

At the start of the meeting, Marshal Stalin suggested that President Roosevelt should again preside. The discussion, which lasted for nearly the



ACME

The big conference table at the Palace in Yalta. Churchill (back to camera, lower right) and Stalin asked Roosevelt to preside, as he had at Teheran. The President looks tired and ill. Yet those there testified that whenever the Big Three failed to reach agreement, it was always Roosevelt who found a meeting point

hours, dealt almost entirely with the military situation.

Roosevelt was host at the dinner which followed his meeting. The Filipino mess men were on duty, but the food was strictly Russian. Charles Bohlen young State Department career man who had also acted as Roosevelt's interpreter to the Russians at Teheran) stated that "very good humor" prevailed throughout the meal, but he added a bit of conversation on the side between himself and Vishinsky which sounded mildly caustic. Vishinsky said that the Soviet Union would never agree to the right of small nations to judge the acts of the great powers, and when Bohlen ventured the opinion that the American people were not likely to approve of any denial of the small nations' rights, Vishinsky said that the American people should learn to obey their leaders. Bohlen suggested that it might be a good idea for Vishinsky to visit the United States and try to tell that to the people, and Vishinsky remarked that he would be glad to do so.

Another interesting fragment of that dinner conversation was Churchill's remark that although he was constantly being "beaten up" as a reactionary, he was the only representative there who could be thrown out at any time by the universal suffrage of his own people and that personally he gloried in that danger.

When Stalin observed ironically that the Prime Minister seemed to fear these elections, the Prime Minister retorted that he not only did not fear them but that he was proud of the right of the British people to change their government at any time they saw fit.

Referring to the rights of the small nations, he quoted: "The eagle should permit the small birds to sing and care not wherefor they sang."

The second formal meeting was held at four the following afternoon and the conference really got down to business. Hopkins dragged himself out of bed for it and attended all the main meetings thereafter. Hopkins was too ill to write extended memorandums at Yalta as he had done at other conferences, but Byrnes has provided a lucid account of the conference in his book, Speaking Frankly. I do not believe that Byrnes has placed enough emphasis on the background of the highly controversial voting formula in the United Nations Council.

Time and again, through all the conversations with the Western Allies, Stalin had stated his firm conviction that in the real world of power policies there was only the Big Three—that France and China had no claim to recognition as major powers, and that the rest of the United Nations consisted of small countries which should be content to do as they were told. Stalin liked to use Albania as the symbol of the small nations, asking, "Will Albania have a vote equal to that of the U.S.A., or the U.K., or the U.S.S.R.?"

Of all the "surrenders" to the Russians that Roosevelt is supposed to have made at Yalta—and the more kindly critics attribute these not to deliberate betrayal but to the fact that he was a dying man—those most often cited and emphasized relate to the establishment of the veto power in the Security Council of the United Nations and to the granting to the Soviet Union of three votes in the General Assembly. However, the basic issue of the veto and the American policy in respect to it had been determined long before Yalta and the Russian demand for additional votes was strongly supported by Churchill and Eden.

The principle of the veto was stated by the United States government and the British government in their separate "Tentative Proposals for a General International Organization" as drafted in July, 1944, prior to the Dumbarton Oaks Conference. There was complete agreement that in matters which might affect world peace the veto could be exercised by any one of the four (or, if France were included, five) major powers.

The Unyielding Attitude of Mr. Gromyko

The arguments with the Russians that arose at Dumbarton Oaks and resulted in failure to agree on a voting formula for the Security Council were concerned not with the principle of the veto but with the precise extent to which any power should be denied the right to vote on a dispute in which it was a participant. Various compromise proposals on this had been made by Stettinius and Cadogan, but Gromyko was unbudgeable. When Stettinius expressed the fear that this unyielding attitude might break up the world organization even before it started, Gromyko said flatly that no world organization would exist in which a major power was denied the right to vote in any dispute, whether it was a participant therein or not.

It was at this time (Dumbarton Oaks) that the question of more votes than one was first raised. Stalin said, in a cable to Roosevelt: "You, of course, know that the Ukraine and Byelorussia, which are constituent parts of the Soviet Union, are greater in population and in political importance than certain other countries which we all agree should belong to the number of initiators of the establishment of the International Organization. Therefore, I hope to have an opportunity to explain to you the political importance of this question which has been brought up by the Soviet delegation at Dumbarton Oaks."

On December 5, 1944, the United States government prepared a new compromise proposal on the voting formula which was forwarded to the British and Russian governments and which was again presented by Stettinius when this general subject first came up for discussion at Yalta. Agreement on it was reached with, it would appear, no argument at all.

There certainly wasn't any evidence on the record of opposition by Churchill, who was always at all these meetings a zealous and unflagging champion of the rights of small nations. Indeed, the British had been heartily in favor of the veto as a means of preventing any encroachments on their own imperial interests. The United States had favored it as a form of insurance against the commitment by the United Nations Council of American forces to action in all sorts of possible wars in all parts of the world—and Roosevelt, with the memory of Woodrow Wilson always alive in him, was particularly conscious of the importance of this point when the United Nations Charter would eventually be submitted for ratification by the Senate.

According to the December 5th compromise formula, the main concession to Russia provided that a major power could by its veto prevent the council from taking action, such as application of sanctions or of war itself, against said power. What Russia yielded in this compromise was this: A major power could not by its veto prevent the council from considering and thereby advertising the involvement of said power in any dispute. The British and Americans at Yalta did not consider this a negligible concession, for it represented a considerable relaxing of the rigid position taken by Gromyko at Dumbarton Oaks.

It was at the fourth formal meeting on February 7th at Yalta that the Russians made their request for two or possibly three additional votes in the United Nations Assembly. This was when Churchill spoke up strongly in support of the Russian proposals and he was undoubtedly influenced by British imperial interests particularly in connection with the Indian problem.

When it was Roosevelt's turn to express his views, he embarked on a long speech in which he employed his familiar tactics for attempting to dodge an immediate issue by maneuvering the conversation into the realms of irrelevancy. Evidently Stalin began to betray signs of impatience as Roosevelt's vagrant remarks were translated to him, for Hopkins scribbled the following note: "Mr. President—I think you should try to get this referred to the Foreign Ministers before there is trouble."

At the fifth formal meeting on the following day, February 8th, Eden reported that the Foreign Secretaries' meeting had considered this matter and decided that only those *(Continued on page 71)*



"I'm getting a mouse," Clyde said. "I can feel it. Let me have your compact, Ginny." He took it from her

Continuing a story of love and political intrigue

SECOND MAN ON THE TICKET

BY EDWIN LANHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story: The scandalmongering Washington newspaper columnist, CLYDE MCDONALD, boards the GOVERNOR WILLIS G. WARBURTON Vice-Presidential campaign train, and LUCY STRAWN, Warburton's secretary, learns that someone in Hydetown has promised to give McDonald a juicy item for his column. ROY MASON, Warburton's campaign biographer, is sent there by plane. In Hydetown, Roy learns from JOHN MILLS that Warburton's old schoolteacher HATTIE PERKINS is the only person in Hydetown who is not going to attend the forthcoming Win With Warburton celebration. Her grandniece, a beautiful girl named GINNY, arranges an accidental meeting between Hattie and Roy. But Hattie discovers who Roy is and will not speak to him. When Roy returns to the train, Governor Warburton tells them how he once borrowed school money for his personal needs. Warburton's press aide, BILL EVERS, says that Clyde McDonald must not find this out; and Warburton plans to leave the campaign train and fly to Hydetown secretly and rejoin the train before it gets there. Before the governor can do this, however, Clyde McDonald leaves the train for Hydetown. Warburton flies there with Roy and Lucy Strawn. As Warburton is talking to Hattie, footsteps are heard outside on the porch and he and Lucy run out the back door as Clyde McDonald and Ginny Perkins come in. Roy manages an explanation, and he and John Mills leave and pick up Warburton and Lucy Strawn. It is raining, and when they reach the airport, all flights are canceled. Warburton cannot rejoin the train. But Roy says that he will drive ahead and meet the train that Warburton's wife RUTH is coming to Hydetown on, and that he will get Ruth to pretend that she is sick; therefore, if the governor shows up in Hydetown unexpectedly no one will think anything of it.

III

JOHN MILLS had the doo
open and jumped out befo
the car came to a stop at the st
tion. He slammed the door and
turned the car and raced back to th
highway.

As we raced on through the stor
Lucy glanced frequently at her watc
and told me the time. At 9:10 we ha
twenty miles to go. The road crosse
railroad tracks and continued parall
to them. At last Lucy said, "Twent
five past, Roy."

"Yes," I said, "No train y
though."

"How much farther?"

"Eight miles, I figure."

It was a long eight miles, and as
entered the outskirts of the town Lu
told me it was twenty minutes to te
But her voice had brightened, "R
the train must be late!"

I swung off a side street that look
as if it might take us to the railro
station. It did. I stopped with
squeaking of brakes, threw the do
open, and we ran to the station.

"Train's late," I said. "We've g
time to spare."

"I wish we'd known that on t
road." She sat down beside me, bl
out her breath, and stretcheed out h
feet. Her stockings were soaked
the knees.

"Lucy, you drive a car, don't you

"Yes, but I don't have a drive
license with me."

"Neither do I," I said. "You
better get going."

"Where?"

"Back to Hydetown," I said. "Dr
the car back, and go straight to the
pot. You might get there before
train."

"Not a chance," she said. "Not
way I'm going to drive."

"Anyhow, get going."

"Yes, sir," she said. "I'm on
way." She smiled at me, patted
shoulder, and whispered, "Roy, you
a good man in the pinches." Then
was gone.

I lighted a cigarette and went
to the platform. I was too keyed up
remain sitting in the waiting roo
and I found the shelter of an ell, sec
from the wind, where I smoked
cigarette and watched the storm
waited for the train. It was, in
end, nearly forty minutes late, an
was just past eleven o'clock whe
swung aboard.

I went through each of the
coaches and four Pullman cars
ended at the observation platform
the last car. I had looked at ev
face, but had not seen Ruth Wart
ton. But it was too late now for f
ure. She *had* to be aboard. I had
tried the drawing rooms. I knoc
on the door of the first I came to.
man opened it and I said, "Exc
me," and walked on to the next car

At the third drawing room I tr
a woman's voice called, "Who is

"Ruth," I cried. "Is that you?"

Ruth Warburton opened the d
She was a slim, chic woman with c
gray eyes and a pleasant, rather
ternal smile. "Roy Mason, what
you doing here?"

"You look terrible," I said. "
you get caught in the storm?"

"I got a little damp, but—"

"We'll have a doctor waiting
Hydetown," I said. "Ruth, sit do
You got caught in that gale. Yo
got double pneumonia."

Ruth took it calmly, saying, "I
pose there's some deep significa
in all this?"

I told her the story. She liste
with a little pucker of her eyebr
and when I had finished she chuc

ow to get fine steaks every time...



U'LL ALWAYS GET FINE BEEF you buy by a Swift brand name. *ght on the meat,* the brand name entifies beef selected by Swift experts for tenderness nd flavor... the ick of all the vast mounts they see. *Swift's Premium, Swift's Select,* and *Swift's Arrow*— those are the three top brands. Look for them... on thrifty cuts or choice ones...whenever you buy beef. Now especially, when every morsel counts, your best buy is beef you can *depend* on, to the last tender tidbit!



Just look for a Swift brand:

SWIFT'S PREMIUM,
SWIFT'S SELECT or
SWIFT'S ARROW

right on the meat!

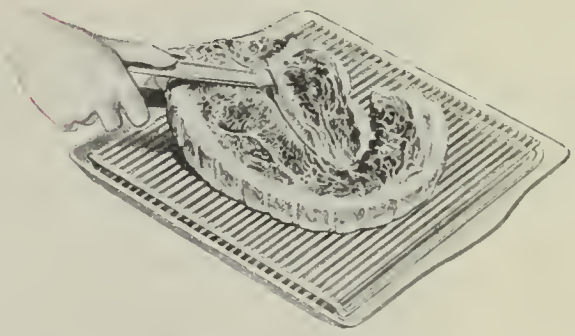


Martha Logan,

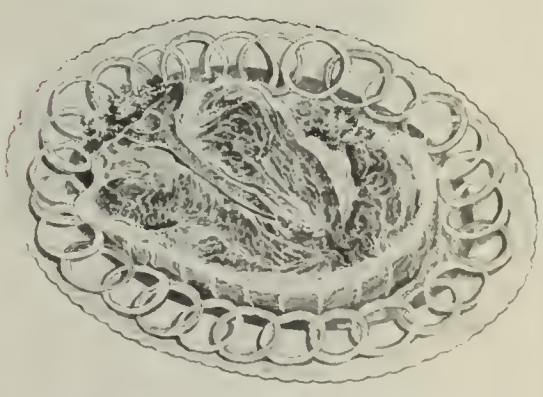
Swift's Home Economist, tells you

HOW TO GIVE A STEAK A BREAK

EVEN THOSE FINER Swift branded steaks are better for proper broiling: Slash fat along edge in several places to prevent curling. Preheat broiler. Place steak on broiler rack 3" from heat source. A 1½" steak takes 10 min. each side for rare, 12 min. for med., 13 min. for well done.



TURN STEAK CAREFULLY to avoid piercing —tongs are best. To test for *doneness,* cut along bone with a sharp knife and *peek!* Season each side of steak after it is browned, not before. And *do* serve the steak on a really hot platter. A garnish of rosy onion rings (marinated in pickled beet juice) is an epicurean touch.



NO NEED TO WASTE A BIT of that Swift branded steak. Leftover fat may be cut in bits and used in hash browned potatoes. The flank end (less tender than the other two muscles) can make another meal — sliced fine for meat pie, sandwiches, salad, or meat sauce for a noodle or rice casserole.

and said, "I've done plenty for that man, but this is tops."

"He's worth it, Ruth," I said.

She gave me a look. "You bet he's worth it." She moved to the mirror. "I'd better get ready. First, off comes the make-up." She scrounged her cheeks with tissue, removed her make-up and lipstick. She turned for my inspection. "How's that?"

"Better," I said.

"I'll try a trace of eyebrow pencil," she said, and I watched faint circles form under her eyes. She turned again to me, looking haggard. "Better?"

"Good," I said. "Got a muffler?"

"I have a scarf."

"Wrap it around your throat. When we get off the train fetch up a hacking cough."

She practiced one. "Like that?"

"Like that," I said.

I took off my wet shoes and put my feet up against the heat register. They were dry by the time we reached Hydetown, and by then I had my shoes on again and I had Ruth wrapped up in her fur coat, with a scarf around her neck and another scarf over her head. It was still raining hard, but the wind seemed less strong.

The train moved slowly into the station. I had a glimpse of soaked yellow shingles and steamy windows, and then close against the wall of the station I saw the clustering umbrellas and raincoats of the reception committee. Among the women was Ginny Perkins, in a transparent, hooded raincoat.

"Now is your big scene, Ruth," I said. "Lean on me."

I HELPED Ruth Warburton along the passage to the vestibule. The train stopped and the porter put down the yellow steps in the rain. The committee drew near, and Ginny Perkins stepped forward and said in a clear, rehearsed voice, "Welcome home to Hydetown, Mrs. Warburton."

I went down the steps ahead of Ruth, and Ginny's eyes opened wide. "Why, Roy Mason," she said. "You jack-in-the-box!"

"Get an ambulance," I said.

"An ambulance?"

"Mrs. Warburton has a fever of a hundred and four," I said. "It looks like pneumonia. She was caught in the big storm last night." I stood on the bottom step and raised my voice. "Ladies, Mrs. Warburton is extremely ill. I'm afraid we must dispense with the ceremonies."

I held out my hands to Ruth and she chose that moment for a cough that echoed in the rain. It was an achievement.

A plump, graying woman wearing a slicker and a transparent covering over a feathered hat moved forward and called, "Ruth, you must remember me. I'm Agnes Mills. My husband is here and we'll rush you straight to our house."

We had Ruth between us, and we went quickly across to the cindered ground where cars were nosed up to a white iron railing. John Mills had picked up Ruth's two suitcases, and as he overtook us I said loudly, "I've already notified the Governor, Mr. Mills. I sent a wire."

I saw Lucy Strawn holding open the door of a car. I helped Ruth in, and ran around the other side to get in front with John. Immediately he backed the car out.

As John drove away I turned and said, "Good work, Lucy. I didn't think you'd make it in time."

"She beat you by five minutes," John said. "Roy, I called Doc Arnold, and he'll meet us at the house."

John's house was a big yellow structure on the edge of town, a Victorian house with long galleries and gingerbread scrollwork and five yellow gables towering in the rain. There was a gravel driveway leading to the porte-cochere. John took it fast, spewing gravel, and braked under the porte-cochere. Lucy had the door open instantly, and we all scurried into the house.

With the door shut behind us, Agnes Mills said, "Of course you're Mr. Mason, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Call the operator at Meridian, Mississippi. There's a long-distance call."

The three women went on up the stairs and John showed me the telephone in the downstairs hall. The doctor arrived as I was putting through the call.

Bill Evers' voice came over the wire. "Hello, hello. Who's this?"

"Roy," I said.

"Roy, where in hell is the Governor? What's happened? What's this about the man in cabin nine!"

"Take it easy," I said.

"Make sense," he shouted.

"Bill," I said, "the Governor is holed up in a tourist camp for the time being."

"In a tourist camp!" Bill shouted.

"Listen, Bill," I broke in. "Everything is all right. Now get this. Ruth Warburton is here in Hydetown, with a temperature of a hundred and four. She's got double pneumonia and we're getting her an oxygen tent."



COLLIER'S "It seemed like such a nice road in the car" STANLEY BERENSTAIN

"What?" Bill shouted. "Everything is all right, you say!"

"Now listen to the rest of it," I said. "The Governor is rushing here to be at her bedside. Got that? You tell the correspondents on the train, and I'll call in the local Associated Press man. The Governor will get here sometime this afternoon and I'll arrange for him to broadcast his Birmingham speech from here."

There was a pause, then Bill said, "I see. Ruth's not really sick. It's a fake."

"Don't say that out loud."

"I see," he said.

"A gale is blowing over here, Bill."

"All right," he said. "Roy, how about that other thing. Was that fixed up?"

"All fixed up." I said it with more confidence than I felt. Bill had enough to absorb at one dose without bringing Ginny Perkins in.

John Mills was waiting, leaning against a newel of the big staircase. When I had finished he nodded solemnly and said, "Shall we go visit the sickroom, Roy?"

A FEW of the stanch ladies who had waited at the station in the storm had assembled in the living room when I next went downstairs, and among them was Ginny Perkins. I gave her a nod and went on to the telephone.

I called the radio station in the city and arranged for the Governor's speech to be broadcast from the Mills home at eight o'clock, and as I talked I saw Ginny come slowly out of the living room. When I hung up she approached me and asked in a hushed tone, "How is Mrs. Warburton, Roy?"

"The doctor put her to sleep," I said.

"It's just a shame," Ginny murmured. "The day before the reception and all that. I suppose you'll have to call the whole thing off, won't you?"

"I don't know," I said. "We'll see. The Governor is planning to make his speech tonight, on schedule."

"Yes, I heard."

"I hope he'll be able to go through with it," I said. "This is a terrible strain for the Governor."

"Yes, it must be," Ginny said.

"He's a worried man, Ginny. I'd hate to see any more trouble now, when he can't fight back."

"Why should there be more trouble?"

I looked into her deep blue eyes. They were clear, guileless eyes, and their expression was gentle, almost tender. I reached out and took her hand. "I mean the sheepskin coat," I said.

"What sheepskin coat?" Her eyebrows went up.

"Miss Hattie's story," I said.

"I see. Aunt Hattie told you last night?"

I took her other hand and held them both firmly. "Ginny, it would be disastrous if a man like Clyde McDonald got hold of that. It wouldn't be fair. You can imagine what he'd do with it."

"But, Roy," she said. "I really don't think you understand Mr. McDonald."

"No?"

"We had a long talk last night," Ginny said, and giggled. "I suppose all Hydetown knows how late the lights were burning at our house. It must have been three in the morning when I finally got to bed. You know, he's still sleeping!"

"I see," I said. "You've already told him, haven't you?"

"Told him what?"

"About Miss Hattie and the Governor."

Ginny lifted her head, and a quick sidewise movement of her head sent her honey-colored hair swinging along her shoulders. "Really, all we talked about was Clyde McDonald," she said. "He's a very interesting talker, Roy. He's been simply everywhere. You know, it must be pretty exciting to have the President of the United States call you by your first name."

"What the President calls Clyde McDonald is a matter of conjecture."

"You're simply biased, Roy," she said. "You ought to give Clyde a chance. After all, he's a man with a front seat at history. It's his duty to write about everything he sees and knows, and to get the real facts. It's his historical duty."

"My God," I said, "I hope he h convinced you that *you* have a histo duty, too."

"He hasn't convinced me of anyth Ginny said stiffly. "But I do under him. He doesn't have a happy life. ple—important people—are always his scalp. They're trying to silence and they can't. He has courage, You'll concede him that, at least."

"He has the courage of his own dices," I said. "And he's got brass.

"That shows how far wrong you Ginny said. "He isn't brassy at al pretends to be hard, because he h but it's just pretense, just a pose. I armor, Roy, and underneath it he and worried and unhappy."

THAT was a new slant on McD I thought, and her reaction dist me. Clyde had not won his repu for a way with blondes by a ser rebuffs. I was sure of that. On one Ginny was certainly correct; he good talker.

"Ginny, it's an act," I said. "He ing to soften you up and get that from you. Please don't answer any tions he asks you. Will you prom that?"

She stepped back and gave me look. "Why should I make yo promises, Roy?"

"I can give you lots of reasons," "Just give me a chance, Ginny. here, I'm going to have a busy da after the Governor's speech tonig be free. May I see you tonight?"

She hesitated, and before she co swer, Dr. Arnold came down the saying loudly; "What's this? Ladi afraid you'll all have to go. Mrs. W ton is critically ill."

The sound of women's voices living room ceased abruptly and was a movement toward the doo

"You haven't answered me, Gin

"Roy, I don't see how I can s tonight," she said, with a little "Mr. McDonald is our house gue I have an obligation. Don't you s

"No," I said. "I don't see."

"Besides, we already made a We're going dancing tonight out Route One Casino."

I put my hands on both her sh and pulled her toward me.

"Ginny," I said, "you're going ing with *me* tonight."

She did not draw back, and wh arms went around her, she did sist. She stood motionless, in fr lence, and I dropped my arms. Th looked up at me and smiled.

"I tell you what, Roy," she s can get another girl and we can a g the Casino. How is that?"

"Get another girl for whom?"

"Why, so it will be a foursome

"Yes," I said, "But who gets th girl?"

"What difference does that We'll all be together."

I looked into her eyes and sh "I'll get the other girl," I said Clyde. She's right here in the ho he knows her pretty well already

Her eyebrows drew together. that?"

"Her name is Lucy Strawn," "She's the Governor's secreta Clyde has been giving her a good his time lately. Yes. I'll bring L

Ginny's smile did not altogeth up her frown. She said lightly, " Roy. We'll have fun."

She started toward the door, a lowed her into the hall, where sh her transparent rain cape. "Unt I said, "will you promise to be g

"Be good?"

"I mean be quiet," I said.

"Roy," she said. "I don't like p but all right, if you want it th She gave me a parting smile. "C I will pick you up tonight."

I closed the door behind her, a

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ing, found John Mills and Dr. Arnold talking at the foot of the stairs. I approached them and said, "John, it's noon. I'd better do something about the Governor."

I put on my hat and coat and went out to the car. I drove on out of the driveway and turned toward town. Two blocks farther on I cut off toward the highway. There was practically no rain now, and the wind had dropped low in Beaufort's scale. I made good time, and turned off the highway at the tourist camp at a quarter past one. I drove through puddles to cabin nine, jumped out, and hurried to the door.

In daylight the cabin was even more desolate than it had seemed by night. The three beds were rumpled and the walls looked drab and streaky. But my stare was not that of a man appalled by terrible *décor;* my stare was that of a man appalled by the absence of Governor Warburton. I looked in the shower. I looked in the garage. I called his name softly, and received no response.

I ran back to the car, and saw the old man of the night before watching me from a cabin two doors along. He called, "Looking for your friend?"

"Yes."

"He took out a little while ago," the old man said. "Said he was going to town."

I sucked in my breath and said, "Was he alone?"

"Alone? Yeah, he was alone."

I GOT in the car and drove toward town. At the first filling station I turned in and used the telephone. John Mills answered and I cried, "John, the Governor's not here!"

"I know," he said. "You'll find him at the Elite Pool Parlor, Roy, down on Columbia Street."

"A pool parlor," I said. "John, what the hell!"

"He telephoned just after you left, Roy," John explained. "He said the old fellow at the tourist camp kept snooping around and he thought he'd better get out, so he went to town and got in out of the rain first place he found."

"But a pool parlor!" I said. "Is this a rib?"

"Ever try to lose yourself, Roy?" John asked. "The movies weren't open yet, and he was walking past that pool parlor and he figured nobody would look for the candidate for Vice-President in a pool hall, so in he went. They think he's a drummer, he said."

"He *will* be a drummer if this ever gets out," I said, and went back to the car. I drove slowly on, looking for Columbia Street. I found it without asking questions. I drove on past the Elite Pool Parlor and stopped fifty feet above it, then I walked back to get the Governor.

He was actually playing pool with the table attendant. Completely relaxed, he looked no more like a man who had gone a night without sleep than he did his party's nominee for the Vice-Presidency. His coat was off and his shirt sleeves were rolled up, and a cigar was clamped in the corner of his mouth as he made his shot.

The six ball dropped in the corner pocket and the Governor grinned, glanced at me, and chalked his cue. He was about to shoot again when I said sharply, "Listen here, we've got to be moving."

He shrugged, put away his cue, and paid. I waited in silence as he put on his coat, and I kept silent until we were in the car, then I said indignantly, "Governor, hanging out in a pool hall is bad enough, but damn it, you shouldn't have shucked off your coat and played. You need a nursemaid."

"You think so, Roy?" He grinned.

"We have time to kill," I said as I drove out of town. "We're due in Hydetown around five o'clock. Governor, Lucy's portable is still in the back seat. Let's park somewhere and do some work on your speech."

"Oh, yes," the Governor said, "that Birmingham speech."

A few miles outside town I turned off on a side road and parked near a highway bridge. The Governor outlined his thoughts to me and I made notes, and had roughed out some of them on my typewriter, sitting on the back seat with the machine balanced on my knees, when the Governor pointed out at a quarter to four that it was time we started for Hydetown.

THE radio men came early and set up microphones in the living room, where at seven thirty I was still at work at a desk by the window. I had more than half the Governor's speech written, but I knew there was not time to complete it, so I arranged the notes in sequence and carried it all up to Governor Warburton to look over.

I tiptoed past the sickroom, where Ruth Warburton still slept, and was approaching the Governor's door when I met Lucy Strawn in the hall. I called to her, "Lucy, you and I have a date tonight."

I saw her quick smile. "My, my, this is unexpected, Mr. Mason."

"It's in the line of duty," I said.

"Oh," said Lucy, grinning. "I should have known. What kind of date is it? You and me and a typewriter?"

"You and me and a couple of aspirins," I said. "We're going dancing with Clyde McDonald and Ginny Perkins."

"That should be fun," Lucy said.

"Your assignment is to take Clyde's attention off the local talent," I said.

Lucy raised her eyebrows. "So it's that way," she said. "Jealousy intrudes his jaundiced eye."

"It's nothing of the sort," I said. "I've got to keep Clyde away from Ginny until I can get her promise to keep quiet."

"So," said Lucy. "But why is it so difficult to keep Clyde away? Can't you take care of that little job yourself?"

"She has a date with Clyde tonight."

Lucy grinned without sympathy. "For you I should think she'd break it, Roy. I thought you had a little influence."

"I haven't got a front seat at history."

"A front seat at history?" Lucy said musingly. "So Mr. McDonald has made a big impression, has he?"

"She's just a kid from a small tow I said. "Naturally she's impressed."

"I'm from a small town myself," s Lucy. "But even in high school I wo have sized up Clyde McDonald."

I stared at her. "*You're* from a sn town?"

"Smaller than Hydetown, as a ma of fact." Lucy said. "I got out of th fast, and if you ask me, I think your li you-all friend has the same idea."

"But what's wrong with that?"

"There's nothing wrong with th said Lucy. "Except the way I did i went to the city and got myself an ho job."

"Well?" I said.

"Well," said Lucy, "I expect there lots of good jobs in Washington, d you?" Her grin broadened. "If know the right people, I mean."

"Ginny's not that type," I said, i tated. "She's not the opportunist ty

"Either she's that type," said Lucy, Mr. Mason is sadly deficient in app poor fellow, to yield the field to com tion like Clyde McDonald."

I grunted, and walked on to the C ernor's room. If Lucy were right, I what I was up against. It would no easy to prevent Ginny from telling C McDonald all she knew, if that infor tion had a market value. But I did believe that Lucy was right. Lucy spoken from personal bias. Because had been a small-town girl with i feet herself, she imputed similar mot to Ginny. The caustic, cynical opin one woman passes on about another erally make me impatient, but I c not altogether overlook what Lucy said, and I was disturbed.

I knocked on the Governor's door, his cheerful voice called, "Yes, ready."

The Governor opened the door. had shaved and changed his clothes. had had the forethought to cram an e suit into the Gladstone that had traveling with him about the country plane and John Mills's car.

"Roy," he said, "how is everyt shaping up?"

I said, "I think we got away wit Governor."

He glanced at his watch. "Suppos go down."

We found John Mills standing g at the front door. He beckoned t and said, "Roy, those reporters wa



COLLIER'S

"It's beautiful out. Just the kind of a day that makes you wish you were alive"

MISCHA RICH



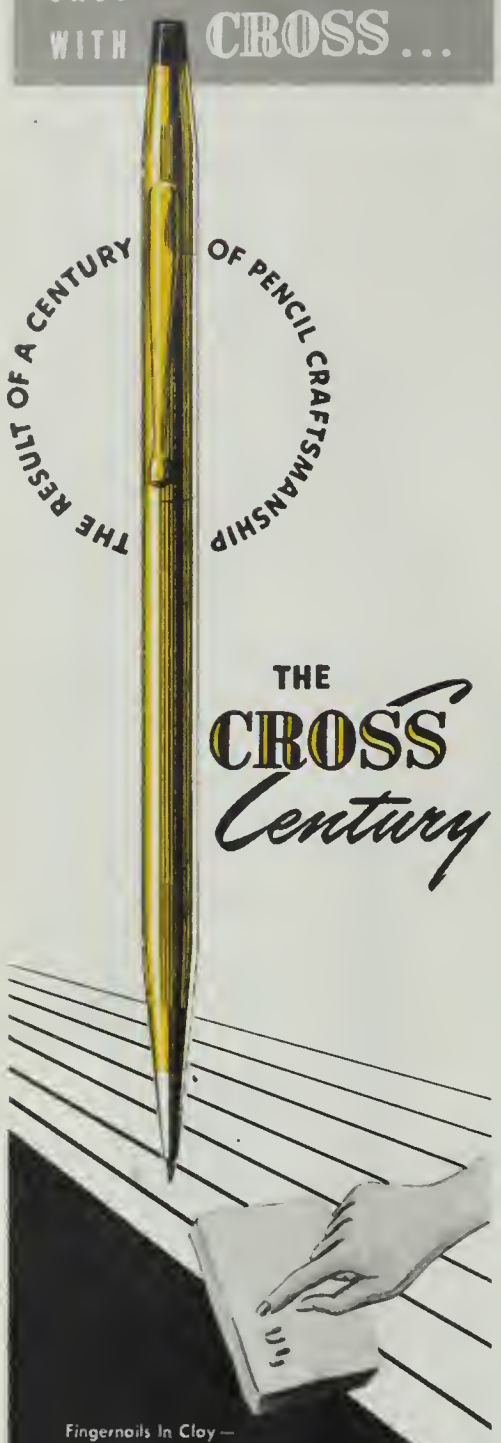
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watch the Governor make his speech. What do you think about it?"

"Keep them outside," I said.

"Now wait a minute," the Governor said. "Seems to me they've got a right to be here, Roy. They're covering this story."

John and I hurriedly carried chairs from the hall and from a room opposite that John called the music room. When we had arranged the chairs in the living room John went back to the door and let the reporters in.

There were half a dozen of them, and John pointed to the row of chairs as they filed into the house. Last in line was a tall, deaconish man who showed John a faint and rather sour smile. His rasping voice said, "Where's the Governor?"

I said quickly. "Only the press is allowed in, Mr. Fisher. I'm sorry."

MELVIN FISHER raised his thin eyebrows. "Only the press?" he said. "I'm the mayor of Hydetown, young man, come to pay my respects to Governor Warburton."

"After the broadcast, Mel," John Mills said. "Come back after the broadcast."

But a genial voice interrupted. "Why, if Mel wants to listen, I don't see why he can't." Governor Warburton came forward, smiling. "I guess I can stand it if Mel can. How are you, Mel?"

Fisher gingerly put out a hand and the Governor shook it. The mayor said, "Welcome home, Willie. I had a little speech I was going to make when I met you at the train tomorrow, but I haven't practiced it up yet." He showed his thin smile again. "Matter of fact, I want to talk to you about that. I'm wondering what the plans are for tomorrow." He added hastily, "We're all mighty upset about Ruth."

"We'll have to call the reception off, Mayor," I told him.

"Willie, it's pretty near time," John Mills warned. "Better get in to the microphone."

John led the Governor into the living room and I went into the music room and switched on the radio. I was afraid my own nervousness would show if I stayed in the living room, and would affect the Governor. Melvin Fisher followed me in, and said as I bent to the dial, "What I want to know is what to do with those two hundred and fifty straw hats."

"Straw hats?" I said.

"And sunbonnets," he said. "For the kids. We got all those straw hats and sunbonnets for the kids to wear in the parade."

I shrugged my shoulders and adjusted the radio dial. The program had already begun in Birmingham and a United States senator was introducing the Governor. I sat down to listen to the Governor's speech, and Melvin Fisher, giving me the look of a deacon dissatisfied with the collection, turned his back and crossed to the living room.

Through the open door I could see across the hall into the living room, where the Governor sat at a table with the manuscript in front of him. He looked sad and tired. I knew it was an expression that characteristically came on his face when he was waiting to speak and had drained his mind of thought until the signal came, but to the group of newspapermen, who were not familiar with his traits, he must have seemed a worried man.

When he started speaking the Governor's tone was low, and I saw the radio engineer fiddling with his dials, but as he warmed up, his voice gained power. I waited for the time when he would have to lay the manuscript aside and speak from notes. There had been so much on the Governor's mind the past forty-eight hours that I was afraid he would have trouble speaking extemporaneously, but I should have known the Governor better. He went on speaking from the notes without a pause.

He had ten minutes yet to go when I heard a knock on the front door. It sounded loud in the hushed house, and the radiomen turned their heads and frowned. I hurried to the door and opened it. Ginny Perkins stood at the sill, and Clyde McDonald's bulk loomed behind her.

I motioned them into the music room, and indicated chairs, but before he sat down Clyde said, "Roy it's too bad about Ruth Warburton. I met the lady at the convention and she's okay."

I met his small eyes; there seemed to be no gleam of cynicism in them.

"Why, thanks, Clyde," I said. He lighted a cigarette and dropped into a chair, and I looked down at him, wondering how much Ginny Perkins had to do with it, and how much of it I could believe. I sat down again and listened to the speech.

Lucy Strawn tiptoed downstairs before the Governor had finished, and appeared smiling at the door of the music room. She had been a busy girl in the hour since I had seen her in the hall, and her entrance was effective. Clyde McDonald rolled his head around to look at her, and Ginny's shoulders became noticeably more erect.

The radio drummed with applause from the faraway Birmingham meeting, and I got up and turned it off. I imagined that in Birmingham, Bill Evers breathed a sigh of relief, as I did. In the room across the hall the reporters were crowding in around the Governor, and I hastened over to run interference. But the Governor chose to remain and answer a few questions. His wife was doing well, he said, as well as could be expected. They were awaiting the crisis and he would remain at her bedside until it had passed.

I cut the questions short, saying, "It's been a hard day for the Governor, fellows. I think that's enough."

The reporters moved on to the door, which John Mills held open, but Melvin Fisher lingered, and approached the Governor diffidently. His rasping voice was pitched low, and sounded unnatural. "Willie, I'm right concerned about Ruth," he said. "If there's anything I can do, I wish you'd call on me."

"Thank you, Mel," the Governor said. "I will. Indeed I will."

Melvin Fisher smiled, gave the Governor's hand a disengaging shake, and turned away. John Mills let him out the door, then pushed it shut hard.

From the stair well a voice called, "John, have the reporters gone?"

"Yes, all gone, Agnes."

The Governor heaved a mighty sigh and said, "Well, that's over."

He grinned at me, and my answering grin froze on my face as a clear, singi voice came drifting down from the flo above.

"Will," it said, "come on up her You haven't even said hello."

I lifted my eyes and saw Ruth W burton there at the head of the stai standing in her pink negligee with o hand on the railing.

She was not aware, as I was in eve jumping nerve, that Clyde McDon was there in the house, sitting in the m sic room just across the hall. She thou that all the reporters were gone, and s did not see Clyde until Clyde's red he appeared under the hall chandelier a his sharp eyes turned staring toward t stairs.

Ginny Perkins cried, *"Why,* it's M *Warburton!"*

Lucy Strawn had the presence of mi to whirl on the stairs and call, "Son body telephone the doctor. She must delirious. Roy, call the doctor quick

"I'll do it," John Mills said.

Clyde McDonald stood with his f wide apart. "What's going on here?" said, and slowly turned to face the G ernor. There was a wise, malicious sm on his lips. "So she's got pneumonia, I she?" he said. "What's the gag?"

Governor Warburton acted with characteristic hard-hitting Warburton rectness. He hit hard and with excell direction and Clyde never saw the coming. Neither did I, until I hear solid blow and saw Clyde's heavy b topple backward in the hall.

I looked down at his slack face a said, "Governor, I guess that does it."

"It was worth it, Roy," said Gover Warburton grimly, but with a note uneasiness. "There's something to pu his column."

CLYDE McDONALD opened eyes and lay staring up at Gover Warburton, but he made no move to up from the floor. Lying so, he had composure of a man in control of eve he did not have the look of a man had been knocked down.

I caught the Governor's elbow urged him toward the stairs, whisper "Go on up, Governor. Let me ha this."

Governor Warburton strode on up stairs in grim silence, and I turned b to Clyde McDonald. He was sitting now, and Ginny Perkins had knelt be him. Her blue eyes were big and face was flushed with excitement.

Clyde looked at me and said, "Wh the matter with the guy? What di do that for?" His voice was aggrie

"The Governor's under a pretty to strain, Clyde," I said. "You know th

"He hit a member of the press," C



COLLIER'S

"I don't see why he can't be impartial in our favor, once in a while"

DAVID HUFFI



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said solemnly. "He can't get away with hitting a member of the press."

"Well, you can't get away with making cracks when his wife is critically ill."

"I didn't make any cracks," he said indignantly. "All I said was, 'What's the gag?' Well, what *is* the gag?" He got ponderously to his feet. "I saw her up there, practically dancing a jig. She's not sick."

"She's plenty sick," I said. "She was obviously delirious and got out of bed."

Clyde grunted and fixed his wary eyes on me. "Roy, what the hell is going on here? You're not kidding me. She's no more sick than Ginny here."

"You can ask the doctor about that."

"You've got something there." His eyes brightened. "I'll get a medical opinion on it, all right."

"Dr. Arnold should be here in a few minutes."

"Who's he? The local vet?"

"He's the leading physician of Hyde County."

CLYDE grinned without humor. "Fine. The leading physician of Hyde County attends the wife of the candidate for Vice-President, stricken with double pneumonia. What's his name again, Dr. Pellagra?"

I said quickly, "The Governor's personal physician is on his way here. Meanwhile Dr. Arnold is doing all he can."

"Dr. Arnold really is a good doctor, Clyde," Ginny said. "Ask anybody."

It was the first time she had spoken since the Governor had knocked McDonald down, and we had both forgotten she was there. Clyde looked at her, put his hand on her shoulder, and said, "Honey, you're sweet. I bet he treated your measles, didn't he?"

"He cured them, too," Ginny said.

Clyde patted her shoulder, but spoke to me. "Roy, I know I'm not going to get anything out of you, and I'm not going to try. But I'm beginning to see the light. You can go up there and tell your candidate he won't get away with it. You can tell him I'm going to get the facts and I'm going to use them."

"The facts are that he's a man with a sick wife," I said. "And you'd better be damned careful what you say."

"I've got a lawyer," said Clyde. "I'll listen to *his* advice on that, not yours." He took Ginny's arm. "Come on, honey. Let's go dancing."

Ginny gave me a smile at the door and called, "See you later, won't we, Roy?"

"No," said Clyde, "we won't."

"You'll see me, Ginny," I said.

For an instant Clyde and I met each other's eyes, and there was a mocking smile on his lips as he backed out the door and shut it.

I hurried up the stairs, and found a dejected group assembled in Ruth Warburton's room. She was back in bed, nervously smoking a cigarette, and when I entered there was an abrupt silence in the room. Everyone looked at me.

"He's gone," I said.

Ruth Warburton sighed. "Roy, I feel terrible. I thought they'd *all* gone."

"You think it's bad, do you, Roy?" the Governor asked. He sat down on the window seat, and he looked gloomy. "I'm ashamed of myself. The saying goes that the man who strikes the first blow has lost the argument. I guess I deserve what's coming to me."

"Clyde McDonald has been socked before," I said. "He glories in a martyr role. Governor, I'm afraid we're behind the eight ball."

The Governor winced. "Yes, it looks bad, but what do you suppose Clyde will do? As I look at it, I don't believe there's much he can do. What can he put his finger on? Where are his facts?"

"He never had much use for facts," I said. "Facts to him are what dough is to a pretzel bender."

The Governor got to his feet. "But see here, Roy, even though he did see Ruth on the stairs, and even if he c suspect what's going on, he has no pr He has nothing to go on, besides tha tell you, we're climbing molehills aga

"I think so, too, Willie," John said.

I shook my head. "There's plent worry about. Clyde McDonald is from stupid. He has the imaginatio figure the whole thing out, and prob he already has. All he needs is the p and I'm afraid he can get it."

The Governor's eyes darkened. "W do you mean, Roy?"

"All he needs is a foundation," I "He can build the structure on that, cal McDonald-style architecture. foundation is that sheepskin coat s If he gets that out of Ginny Perkins build his story on it."

John Mills frowned. "You mea tell me Ginny knows that story?"

"That's it."

He shook his head dolefully. "" she'll tell. If there's anything in it fo she'll tell. But what's in it for her?"

"A little trip to Washington," said. "Maybe a mink coat."

"I don't agree," I said. "I think y got Ginny wrong. I suppose a litt tention from a man like Clyde Mc ald may turn her head temporarily I think to appeal to her on materi grounds is a mistake."

"Roy," Lucy said, "someday find out that women are just born terialistic."

"At any rate, we're not resorti

From Installment No. XVII THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARI L. HOPKINS: Stalin: "Any ta of an intention to Sovietize E land was stupid . . . the Sov system was not exportable— must develop from within on t basis of a set of conditions whi were not present in Polan

bribery," the Governor put in. situation is questionable enough as

"She'll tell," John said. "If there thing in it for her, she'll tell."

"But wait," Lucy interrupted. "G nor, maybe we can't bribe her, but right to red-apple her a little, isn't it serve up our nicest, reddest apple

The Governor said, "Meaning

"Precisely," she said. "Govern have a date to go dancing tonigh Clyde and Ginny, and we had a planned for Roy to give the little big rush. I think that's our best ch

Ruth Warburton inspected m said, "Why not? Roy, you're an t tive man, you can do it."

"Roy," said Lucy, "are you pr to make the sacrifice?"

I scowled and said in a voice with irritation, "What am I suppo do, marry the girl?"

"The point is," Lucy explaine girl wants to get out of Hydeto isn't a question of a kiss. There's be more than that."

"Now, Lucy—" Governor War began.

"I mean something to get her out town," Lucy said, and blushed. "G Governor, if you're elected you give her a job in Washington, c you? That wouldn't be bribery?"

"I can always find a job for a fr Roy's," the Governor said.

"Then, Roy, we've got work Lucy cried. "Distasteful as it is. on."

"Roy," the Governor said, " don't want to—"

"I never had an assignment I li ter, Governor," I said, and wal of the room.

As we drove away Lucy said, where this place is, Roy?"

"Of course," I snapped. I had

to ask, but was obstinate enough not idmit it. Its name was a clue, so I ve out of town on the main highway, he direction the car was headed. We eled two miles, and saw neon lights he roadside spelling out Route One ino. I turned into the parking lot before we got out I briefed Lucy.

Your job is to concentrate on Clyde," d her. "Keep him busy. Dance with . Keep close to him. Make yourself bnoxious as possible."

Meaning that should be easy?" she

he casino was crowded, although it a weekday night. Apparently the ob- ance of Warburton Day had already n in Hyde County. The Casino was ke-box joint, with booths along the and space for dancing in the center, tonight the juke box was silent and pectral colors did not flow. Instead rchestra billed as the Piedmont Sex- was playing something that sounded black-eyed peas shaken in a shoe box e the noise in the casino. The in- r décor was by courtesy of a local painter whose motif was *Try Our B-Q.*

WE FOUND Clyde and Ginny in a remote wall booth, and the greet- received from Clyde was hardly a ing at all, although his eyes ap- ed of Lucy. He was sitting beside y, drinking beer, and he made no to rise. The bench opposite was cupied, and Lucy and I sat down.

oy," Clyde said. "I've been think- 's peculiar the way you keep pop- up. You were in Hydetown last when I got here, and this morning howed up on that train with Ruth urton, Ginny tells me. How do you "

yde," I said, "For your informa- Mrs. Warburton's temperature shot full degree."

hen it's a hundred and five now," said. "That's pretty high."

es," I said. "A hundred and five."

, quit kidding," Clyde said. His was flushed, and in another man I have thought the cause was a sense me at his behavior. He pointed a at me and said, "He won't get away itting a member of the press."

hy don't we forget all that?" Ginny s said softly. "Let's have fun. e friends."

de fingered his left eye. He glanced ny and she said, "No. I don't see ng yet. Don't worry about it."

"I'm getting a mouse, though," he said. "I can feel it. Let me have your compact, Ginny." He took it from her and held the mirror up to his eye. "It's beginning to swell," he said morosely. "Right here by the nose. See, Ginny. I'm going to have a mouse."

She put her hand on his and said tenderly, "Sweetie, don't worry about it."

"Clyde, Ginny's right," I said. "Let's forget it. Let's have a drink."

"A drink?" he said. "This damned county is dry, except for beer."

"They serve setups," Ginny said. "But you have to bring your own bottle."

"There must be some place in Hydetown we can get a bottle," I said.

"Yes, I know a place," Ginny said.

"Then suppose I get one," I said. "How about coming with me and showing me where to go?"

"All right," Ginny said, and Lucy gave me an approving glance. But as Ginny started to her feet Clyde said, "Not so fast. You're horning in a little bit, aren't you, Roy?"

"I don't think so."

"*I* think so." He sent the words sliding out of the corner of his mouth in the tough-guy way of talking he affected. "Ginny's *my* date."

"Oh, Lord!" Lucy said. "Let's *all* go."

Clyde looked across at me, suddenly shrugged. "Oh, all right. You and Ginny go, Roy. But hurry back." He gave me a one-sided grin. "I'm in a pretty lousy mood tonight. I don't get clipped by a potential Vice-President every day." He put his palms on the table and pushed himself to his feet. "And I don't like it," he said.

Abruptly he walked away, and when I turned to stare after him I saw a thin, deaconish man waiting at the door, Melvin Fisher, the mayor of Hydetown, and the Governor's old enemy.

"So," Lucy said, "the clan gathers. Or should it be Klan with a capital K?"

"Lucy, we'll be right back," I told her.

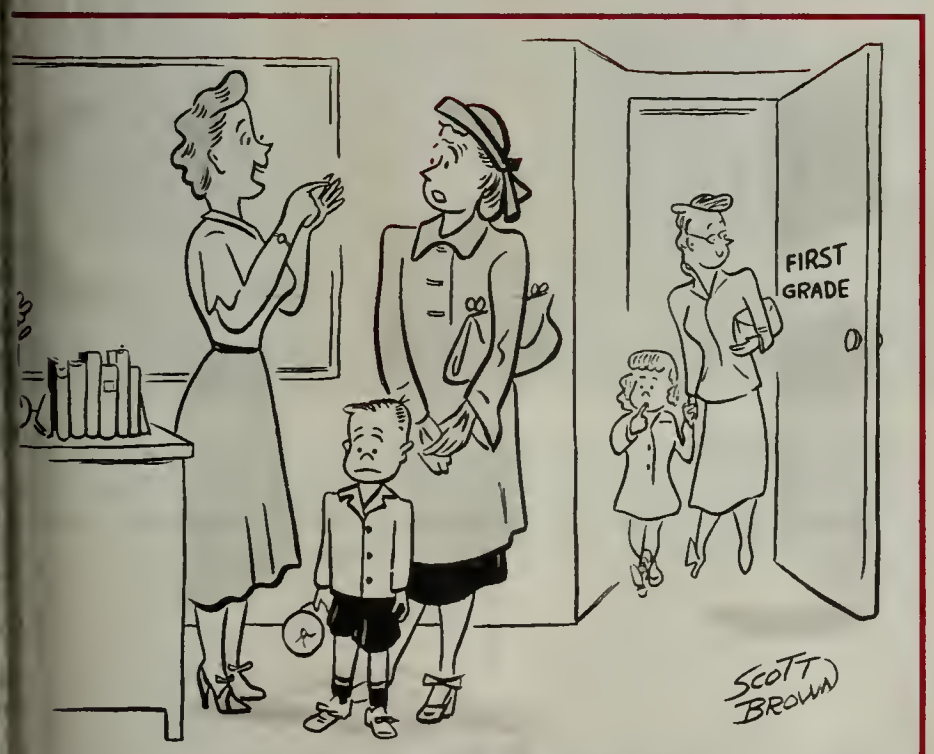
I ignored her wink and took Ginny's arm. As we passed through the door I saw Clyde standing by a telephone booth with Melvin Fisher. The mayor's thin lips parted in a sour smile when my eyes met his, but he did not speak. Ginny called out, "Hello, Mel," and waved her hand as we went on out.

In the car on the way to town I asked, "Why the big conference with Melvin Fisher, do you suppose?"

"How should I know?"

"You know so much," I said.

Ginny smiled. "Well, I can guess;



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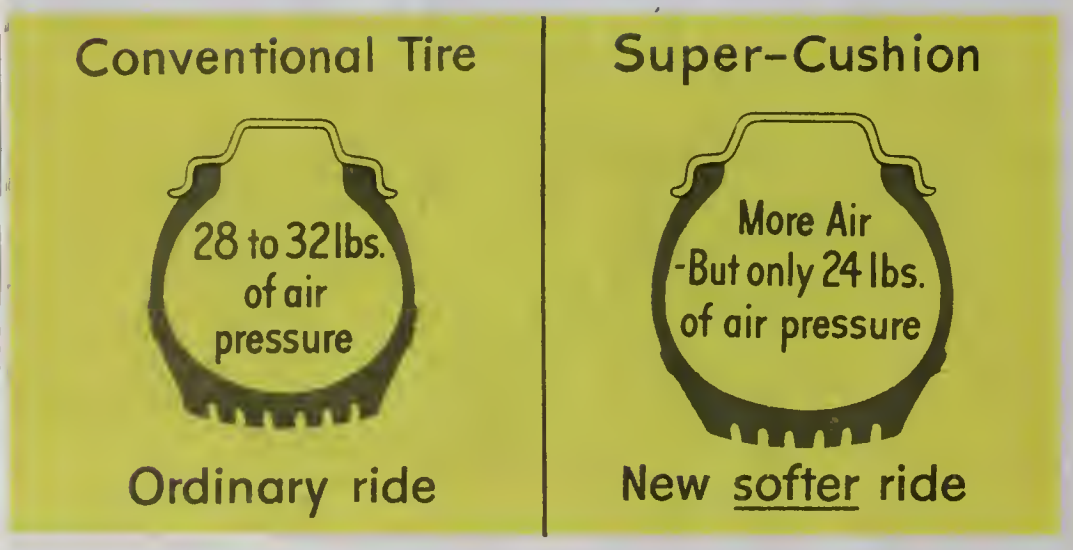
—and they are mild!

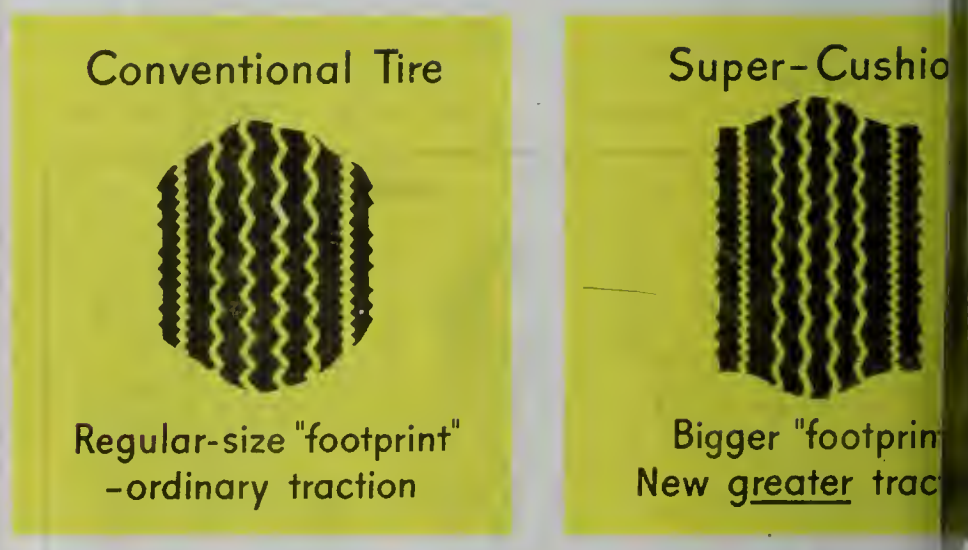




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you see, Clyde doesn't think Mrs. Warburton is sick at all."

"So I gathered," I said cautiously.

"But why in the world should she pretend?" Ginny asked.

"She's not pretending," I said. "She never felt worse in her life."

"Make a right turn here," Ginny said. "Stop at that filling station up ahead."

I pulled up to the gas pump and Ginny called to the attendant, "Tom, will you fix my friend up?"

"You bet, Ginny."

WITH two pint bottles on the seat between us, I drove slowly back to the highway, where the traffic light was red, and stopped. I turned to Ginny. "Why don't we go somewhere else?"

She studied my face. "You mean not back to the casino?"

"They'll be happy together," I said. "There must be some place else we can go."

"No, definitely we must go back," she said. "We have the liquor, for one thing."

"We can give one pint to a waiter to take to them, and we can keep the other," I said. "How about it, Ginny? We haven't seen much of each other. Let's go someplace where we can talk."

"There's simply no other place to go," she said firmly. "The light's green, Roy. Go on."

I turned back onto U.S. 1, toward the glow of neon lights, bright in the autumn night. As I drove slowly toward the casino she said softly, "I'm sorry, Roy. I'd love to go off with you somewhere, but you know I can't. I have a date with Clyde."

"Clyde's happy," I said. "He has Lucy."

She said thoughtfully. "She's very pretty."

"Yes," I said.

"Her clothes cost a lot," Ginny added. "She must get a big salary."

I let that pass. I could not tell her that Lucy's dress belonged to Ruth Warburton's expensive wardrobe; it would seem a little ghoulish to Ginny for Lucy to be wearing Ruth's dress. I nosed the car into the parking area, and as she started to open the door I put my hand on her shoulder and said, "Wait a minute."

She met my eyes for an instant. "They'll be waiting for us, Roy."

"But I want to talk to you. It's important."

She hesitated, "Yes?"

My hand caressed her shoulder, "Ginny, you've been worrying me."

"Why should I worry you, Roy?"

"Bothering me, too," I said.

She smiled faintly, and made no move to get out of the car. I leaned forward and tried to kiss her, but there was only a brushing of our lips as she drew back and whispered, "I thought you wanted to talk."

"Ginny," I said. "I want to get you out of Hydetown."

Her blue eyes opened wide. "What an odd way to put it, Roy! What do you mean by that?"

"I mean you shouldn't be shut up in a little town like this," I said. "You ought to get out and see something of the world, and the world ought to see something of you."

"All right," said Ginny. "But how?"

"I thought you might like a good job in Washington," I said, watching her expression.

"Oh," she said, and her face told me nothing. "A job."

"In Washington," I said. "A responsible job with the Vice-President of the United States. If the Governor is elected I can get it for you, Ginny. I've already asked him about it."

"Yes," she said in a practical tone, "but do you think he'll be elected?"

"Don't you?"

"I don't follow politics much, Roy." She moved her shoulders slightly. "But Clyde says he hasn't much chance."



GEORGE PRICE

Patrons will soon be able to paddle into Maple Cove, in the Charles River, and sit in their canoes while viewing the latest movie.—News Item.

TAKE A LETTER

Canoe-In Theater,
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Dear Sir:

I've had several unfortunate experiences in theaters but nothing compared to the seasick evening my girl friend and I spent last night at your aquatic movie palace.

Key Largo may be a swell picture on dry land but not when you're battling wind and tide and paddling like a Comanche Indian to keep from being swept out through the foyer into Boston Harbor.

It's a little tough, my friend, to keep a canoe in line while a couple of middle-aged women in a rowboat hold up the works by tying up at the cashier's window to inquire what time the main feature goes on and can they have two in the loges without whitecaps. For two cents I'd have dumped them both into that coal barge outbound for Nova Scotia. Anyway, we finally followed a motorboat in during the newsreel and were all nicely anchored for Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall when, without warning, a sailboat put about in the lobby and, with no more than a "hard-a-lee" from the skipper, rammed us amidships and knocked my girl overboard. A thoughtful usher threw her a life preserver, but by the time I had hauled her half drowned over the gunwale we found ourselves under a lobster wharf half a mile down the river.

We finally got back to Key Largo on the flood tide in time to see Claire Trevor make with her night-club routine, but whatever dialogue wasn't killed by the chattering of Mildred's teeth and the popping of outboard motors was drowned out by the cluck in the next aisle grappling for soft shell clams.

I used to think that women's hats were tough to see through until I tried to see a movie screen through the spinnaker of a catboat.

Having tried to bail out a canoe with a tin can, follow the antics of Edward G. Robinson and wring out a girl's blouse, all at the same time, you'll know what I mean when I say your nautical movie theater just can't last. Not with me in it, it can't.

Yours truly,
Jack Cluett



"Clyde said the same thing abou Roosevelt, Ginny," I said.

"Did he?" Said Ginny. "What kind o job, Roy?"

"Secretary to the Governor."

"But I don't know shorthand."

"Can you type?"

"Yes. I learned in high school. B I'm pretty rusty." She gave me a quic glance. "Isn't Miss Strawn the Gove nor's secretary?"

"He has several secretaries," I sai "A press secretary, a personal secretar I'm sort of a secretary myself."

"We'd be working in the same offic then?" She smiled at me.

"We can do the town, you and I," said, and took her hand.

"I have to think it over, Roy," s said. "After all, how much would t Governor pay me?"

I said the first figure that came into m head. "Ninety dollars a week."

Her eyebrows went up. "That's pret good for a secretary who can only typ isn't it?"

"It's confidential work, Ginny," I e plained. "In Washington a man has to careful, and his employees must be di creet. But I told the Governor we cou depend on you. I told him you kn when to keep quiet."

"So I'd be paid so much for typing said Ginny, "and so much for bei quiet. Is that it?"

"In a way, yes," I said. "What's yo answer."

"It would be fine, Roy. Provided h elected."

"Ginny, there's one thing more."

"Yes?"

"Naturally I can get you the job o if the Governor is elected, and only nothing is done to hinder his electi You see what I mean?"

"Oh, yes, I see what you mean. I t you I'd think it over."

"Ginny, I want more than that. J tell me now that you'll keep your mou shut, and everything is set."

Smiling, she reached out and patt my hand. "Roy," she murmured, "y *worry* so much."

SHE slipped out of the car and start away. I picked up one of the pi and shoved it under my coat befor followed, but I caught her before reached the circle of light at the trance.

"I think you try to worry me," I t her. "You seem to get a kick out of

She giggled and said, "Of course I d This time when I tried to kiss her she not resist, but the concealed bottle w between us, which gave her cause for other giggle, and headlights of a car tering the parking area flicked across faces, which gave her cause to br away and whisper, "Come on, let's liver the bottled goods."

I felt relieved. Hand in hand we turned to the casino, and I thought w content that everything was all ri again. The Governor was safe and th was nothing Clyde could do now. L Strawn and Clyde were dancing.

I signaled a waiter and ordered set and was opening the bottle when L and Clyde returned from the dance fl Clyde sat down opposite Ginny pushed his face across the table tow her. "See," he said. "I *have* got a mou

"Sweetie, it's such a little one," Gi said soothingly. "It hardly shows."

"Warburton's going to pay for Roy," Clyde said.

"Forget it, Clyde, forget it," said L Strawn. "Let's all have a drink."

I poured whisky in the setups an soon as possible I asked Lucy to da I told her that everything was set that I was sure Ginny would take the that I could guarantee Ginny would silent. The kiss, I felt, had been a pror

Lucy said, "Clyde is up to someth Roy. I don't know what it is, but he rowed all my change and made a l



"DIAPERS! 28,470 of them!"

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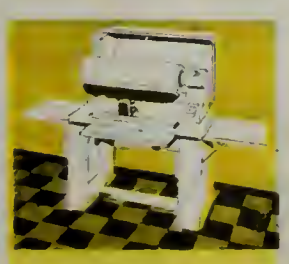
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distance call. He was in the booth a long time, and when he came out he looked very satisfied."

"Clyde doesn't worry me any more," I said. "The hell with Clyde."

Lucy gave me a speculative glance that traveled over my face like a beam of light, but she said nothing more. Back in the booth we had another drink.

WHEN the sextet took a break Lucy and Ginny met each other's eyes, reached for their handbags, and with the remarkable telepathy of women in a public place, got to their feet without a word and started for the powder room. Clyde slouched back in his seat and his big hand went around his glass.

"That little country dumpling is quite a dish," he said. "You noticed that, Roy?"

"Yes, I noticed it."

"But she's hard to figure out," he said. "Some girls are born with know-how, and she's one of them. I'm wondering what you did to button her up."

"Button her up?" I said.

"Oh, let's come clean." His glance was baleful. "You know what's going on, and so do I. You've been working overtime on that kid, and don't think I don't know it."

I shrugged and said, "I don't follow you, Clyde."

He grinned. "You wouldn't even admit November second was Election Day, would you? But you know what I'm talking about, and you know why I'm in Hydetown, and I know why *you're* in Hydetown." His eyes gave me a sharp scrutiny. "It's why Governor Warburton is here, too."

"The Governor is here for the big celebration."

"A day ahead of schedule," Clyde said dryly.

"Pneumonia wasn't on the schedule," I said.

"Oh, don't give me that!"

"And to tell you the truth," I added. "I *don't* know what you're getting at. I've wondered all along why you attached yourself to the Governor's campaign. I understand Melvin Fisher sent for you."

"In a manner of speaking," he said, and picked up his glass. "You know damned well who sent for me, Roy. It was our little village belle."

I had not known it. I had only known that the telegram Clyde received had been signed by Melvin Fisher. But Ginny must have told Fisher that Miss Hattie had a story to tell.

"You got here ahead of me," Clyde went on. "You slipped in here and buttoned her up."

I shrugged, picked up the bottle and replenished our drinks.

"You know, pal, I've got this thing figured out," he said. "You want to know how I've got it figured out?"

"Not particularly," I said.

"Mrs. Warburton tipped me off," he went on. "Why should she fake pneumonia? That's what I wanted to know. Why? To get the Governor in Hydetown a day ahead of schedule. That's why. And why should he get here a day ahead of schedule? Because he was already here, that's why. And why was he already here—"

The girls returned then, and Lucy said, "Oh, let your eye alone, Clyde. It looks all right."

I was already on my feet, saying to Ginny, "How about a dance?" She put down her handbag and we moved to the dance floor. The sextet was vigorously at work and the music was loud. I put my lips close to her ear and whispered, "So it was you who sent for Clyde McDonald?"

She drew her head quickly back. "Oh, no, Roy, it wasn't."

"Clyde thinks it was."

"It was Mel Fisher," Ginny said. "Oh, I suppose in a way I was responsible. I happened to mention to him that Miss Hattie was so mad at the Governor she was planning to tell something pretty terrible about him, and the first thing I knew Mel called me up and told me Clyde was coming to Hydetown."

"But you arranged for Clyde to stay at your house and talk to Miss Hattie."

"No, that was Mel, too. It was his idea." She smiled at me. "But anyhow, Aunt Hattie changed her mind, and Clyde was furious. Have you ever seen a fat man mad, Roy?" She whistled softly. "He was mad at me, too, because I said it was up to Aunt Hattie to tell him, not me."

When the music stopped I felt that a reminder was necessary and said, "Ginny, we're going to have lots of fun in Washington."

"I'm looking forward to it, Roy." Her hand squeezed mine.

I felt that everything was under control, and back at the table I called the waiter and ordered more setups. He had hardly left the table when Ginny said in an unaffected, conversational tone, "Clyde, where's a good place to live in Washington?"

My mouth dropped open. It was a thunderbolt. Clyde said, "There's no place to live in Washington." Then he sat up straight. "Who's going to live in Washington? Not Roy. Not Governor Warburton."

"Oh, yes we are," I said.

"I am, too," Ginny said.

The Piedmont Sextet had resumed its work, and I jumped to my feet. "Ginny, let's dance."

"Not this time," Clyde cried. "She's *my* date." He said it with determination, and got up from his seat in a surge that nearly lost him his balance. He took a firm hold on Ginny's wrist, and his eyes gleamed with a bright light.

I met Ginny's mischievous eyes. She had done it deliberately, I was sure, and her faint, sly smile was confirmation. Clyde asked, "What's this about your going to Washington, Ginny?"

"Isn't it exciting?" Ginny smiled innocently at me. "Roy promised to get me a job."

"Oh, did he?" Clyde scowled at me. "Ginny, I didn't know you wanted a job. I can get you a better job than he can."

"Not with the Vice-President of the United States," I said. I was angry. Ginny had put the whole thing on the auction block and was encouraging bids; that was the only explanation.

Clyde pulled her toward the dan floor, but I caught her other wrist a said, "Ginny, stay here. You can't tr this guy. You can't believe anything says."

Clyde's meaty hand pushed at me a I looked into his angry, squinted ey He gave me a shove and my grip was to loose from Ginny's arm. I reacted Governor Warburton had, almost by flex. I took a step backward with right foot to regain my balance, then took a step forward with my left foot a let fly with my left in a wild haymak that caught Clyde on the forehead. also caught him off balance. He st gered back, struck against a chair, a fell.

I was as surprised as Clyde, I sto staring down at him, and I was not p ticularly angry. In fact, I felt like lau ing as he lay on the floor, for the seco time that night, as he sat up and look at me, blinking his eyes. I felt like lau ing, and I did laugh when Lucy sa "Clyde, now you've got mice, you ra

THERE was a quick white flash light, and a moment later I w thrown out of the Route One Casino. was the heave-ho, metropolitan style. squad of waiters appeared at my elb and hustled me toward the door. Th was another bright flash, and I rec nized the thin man with the camera— photographer from Ego Magazine. grinned at me as the waiters pushed past. At the door, the manager met saying, "Has he paid his check?"

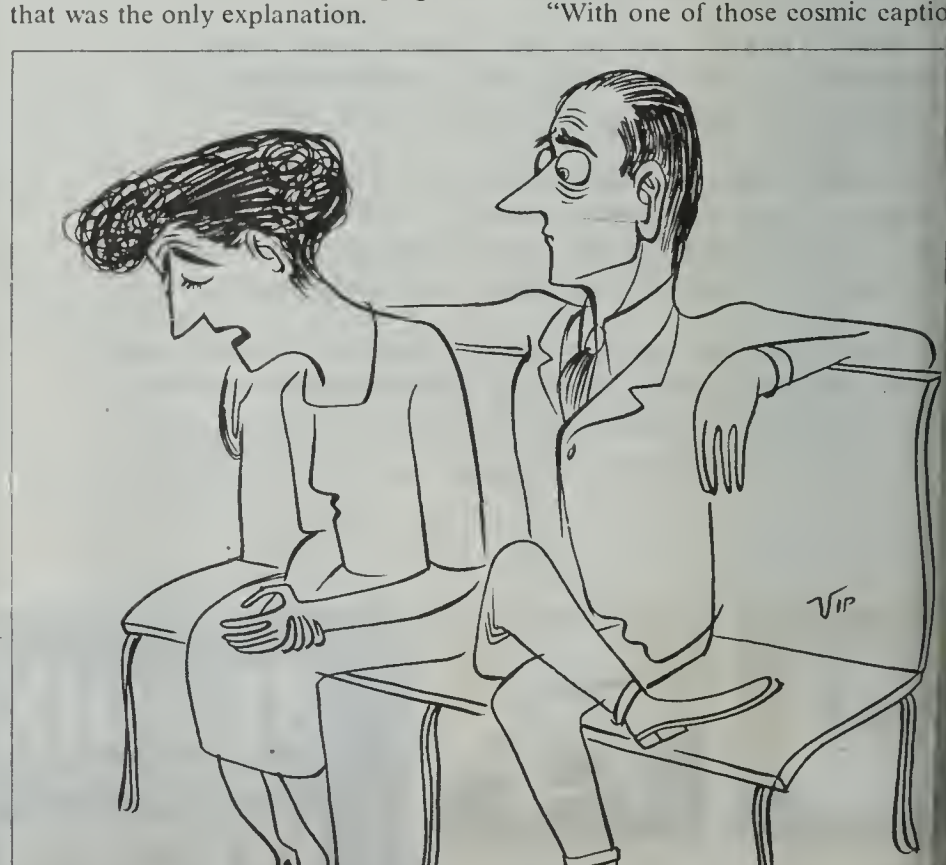
Two waiters held me by the door w a third went to manufacture a check, there by the door Lucy Strawn joine and began a fierce and loyal argum with the manager. It wasn't my fa she said. The fat man had hit me f she said. If anybody was thrown ou should be the fat man. As this wen the Ego man took another photogr

Lucy's pleas were rejected, on theory that in case of a fight one tender should be eliminated and the o allowed to remain and spend his mo I paid my check and the waiters rele me outside the door, where the Ego stepped up to me and asked, "What the argument, Mr. Mason?"

"Are you going to print that pictu Ego Magazine?"

"Sure. A little Warburton Day line." He grinned.

"With one of those cosmic captio



COLLIER'S "You just like me because I'm a girl" VIRGIL PAR

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e the sensational new Super-Cushions require
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Lucy asked, "Public Strikes Back at Clyde McDonald. How's that?"

"I'm trying to find out what started it all," the Ego man said. "It was a very pretty thing, and I enjoyed it. But why?"

"A dispute over the check," Lucy said.

I got Lucy into the car. "It was a private quarrel," I told him. "That's all. We just don't like each other, politically or personally. But say, may I have a print of that picture?"

"Sure, if you want it."

As I drove away Lucy asked, "A souvenir?"

"More than that," I said. "If Clyde prints in his column that the Governor took a poke at him, I'll produce the print and say it was *me* hit him, not the Governor. It's our protection."

"Very good," Lucy said. "Very good on that point. But otherwise, Roy, everything looks particularly snafu to me."

"You're right," I said glumly. "She's no good. You were right about her."

"She's not too bad, Roy," Lucy said softly. "She's simply not the ideal you made of her, that's all. I had a chat with her in the powder room. She was pretty excited about going to Washington, and she was somewhat excited about you, too." She chuckled. "For that matter, she's also in a dither about Clyde McDonald."

I DROVE in under the porte-cochere of the Mills house, carried the remaining pint bottle in and put it on a table in the hall. It was a silent house. Only one light was burning downstairs, in the hall, and as we came under it Lucy looked at me and said with distaste, "You've had lipstick smeared all over your face all evening."

"Why didn't you tell me before?" I pulled out my handkerchief and dabbed at my mouth.

Her eyes were partly closed and there was a little curl of her full lips, the sarcastic twist that was so familiar. I felt again the surge of irritation that Lucy stimulated in me so often. She had that cocksure, confident, superior look about her, and the drooping of her lips and eyelids accentuated it.

It had never occurred to me before to kiss Lucy Strawn, but the depression and irritation and frustration I felt fused in an emotional impulse and I grabbed her rather roughly and tried to kiss her. Her palms shoved hard against my chest and her sharp voice said, "Stop it, Roy!"

I stopped, let my hands fall to my sides, and said, "I'm sorry, Lucy. When I get mad I seem to want to kiss somebody. I don't know why."

She gave me a level look and said, "I may be girlish, but I don't like to be kissed by a man who doesn't know why."

"I didn't mean that, exactly," I said.

"Nor do I like being kissed in anger."

"I'm not angry at you, Lucy," I said. "I'm just angry." I shrugged. "At women, I guess. All women."

"Just don't take out your little disappointments on me, Roy," she said firmly. "And don't be so sickeningly sophomoric about it."

"Sophomoric!" I was stung.

"What else?" said Lucy. "Angry at women. It's like being angry at the theory of relativity. You don't know anything about either one. The truth is you're angry at just one woman."

"All right," I said. "I admit it. I'm angry at just one woman."

"Then don't take it out on me."

I looked at her flushed face, and grinned, and pointed at the bottle. "So let's have a drink," I said.

"All right," said Lucy.

We found our way to the pantry of the old house, where the tap dripped water in a copper sink, and I chopped ice and washed it while Lucy found two glasses in a cupboard. We stood in the pantry, under the overhead light, to drink them, smoking cigarettes and flicking the ashes into the copper sink.

"I suppose I'm principally angry at myself," I said by way of making amends. "If I hadn't written that damned campaign biography we wouldn't be in this mess. It all comes back to me."

"Nobody blames you, Roy," she said.

"I blame myself," I said, and finished my drink. "I don't suppose we ought to wake up the Governor for any more bad news. He needs a good night's sleep."

"Yes," she said, and sighed wearily.

"Let him sleep. For that matter, I'm pretty shot myself. The last bed I was in I didn't even have time to rumple the covers."

She washed the glasses and put them away, and I switched out the light. As we returned to the hall I said, "We're friends again, aren't we?"

"Oh, naturally," she said. "I'll keep on listening to your troubles, same as ever."

"I'm sorry if I inflict my troubles on you, Lucy," I said, feeling tense and again.

She turned on the stairs, a step above me, and her face was level with mine. "Forget I said that, Roy," she said. "I didn't mean it that way. But it's been a depressing day. Here I was, dressed up like a million, and mostly I sat alone while you and Clyde chased around after a blonde."

"We both had a job to do," I reminded her.

"I know. You're right. You're entirely right." She smiled. "Just forget I said that, Roy. I'm a little angry myself, tonight."

Her palm touched my cheek lightly, then she bent toward me and her lips met mine. It was a warm, tender, friendly kiss, casually bestowed. Or so it seemed. And it was casual, for the moment it took me to absorb its impact and realize then it wasn't casual in the least. Her body came altogether off the steps and her arms were tight around my neck. I heard her whisper, "Roy," very softly, and it was not the familiar voice of Lucy Strawn, and it was not the Lucy Strawn I knew who lay warmly in my arms. I wasn't if I thought of anything at all I thought. Why in God's name had I never kissed Lucy Strawn before?

"Roy," she whispered. "Put me down, Roy!"

I held her more tightly, said, "I'll never put you down, Lucy."

Her whisper was urgent. "Put me down, Roy! There's somebody there!"

(To be concluded next week)

Beginning next week . . .

MARRIAGE '48

A new serial by

VERA CASPARY

One bright California morning three brides were married at the Little Church in the Vale. At first Lilith was too wise, Helen was too eager, and Carol was too naïve. Together they proved the vital statistic: One marriage out of every three ends in divorce within a year.

RECORD BY LOMBARDO

Continued from page 6

b is impossible for any man, or any oup of men, who base their opinions personal observation.

But the movie camera—the imperal, infallible observer—sees every portant game and every outstanding ayer. That's why Collier's—the originator of the All-America team—will use movie camera in pioneering a comtely modern technique for selecting its 48 All-America team.

Collier's All-America Board of the tion's top college coaches—Matty Bell Southern Methodist, Bernie Bierman Minnesota, Wally Butts of Georgia, f Cravath of Southern California, nk Leahy of Notre Dame and Lou tle of Columbia—will meet periodily. They will *evaluate* the Allerica candidates on the basis of filmed npetitive action. Then they will *com-e* the leading candidates.

Comparison is the unique advantage ich Collier's newsreel technique holds r all other selection methods. Last r, there was controversy over the sing merits of Johnny Lujack, Chuck nerly and Bobby Layne. Middle st experts (who hadn't seen Layne or nerly) voted for Lujack. Southern exts (who hadn't seen Lujack or Layne) ed for Conerly. And so on.

n similar controversial situations this r, Collier's board will pick the Allerica after studying impartial camera lence on every candidate. The board study play-by-play camera action ts prepared by Warner Pathé News official game films submitted by the ous colleges.

ollier's newsreel studies will elimi- many injustices. In the past, great ers have been overlooked because were on weak teams. Football exs (and newspaper headlines) follow ng teams. Probably Bulldog Turner e greatest of contemporary centers—e best example of what happens to ws who lack press clippings. Noy ever heard of Bulldog at Hardinmons. He was discovered by a ago Bear scout.

e Collier's board will have no diffi- recognizing the Bulldog Turners of . Conversely, camera studies will se those bogus All-Americas ocnally manufactured by the mimeoh magic of press agents and the erance of radio reporters.

ter 60 years, Collier's original All-rica is the only modern All-America.

FIGHTER BUILDER

Pinkie George of Des Moines is frank in talking about his fight promotions. "You can take a washed-up fighter and put him in the money without too much trouble," Pinkie admits. "Of course, you've got to take short cuts and avoid the guys who might hurt your boy. I know one thing—the fighters with the most ability don't always reach the top."

Ask for proof, and Pinkie recites the saga of Lee Savold. "I was sitting in a St. Paul saloon and I pointed to the bartender. 'Look at that guy,' I said, 'fat as lard. Bet I could have him fighting in Madison Square Garden in a year.'

"Couple of days later, that barkeep came to Des Moines. Said his name was Savoldi and that I had said I'd manage him. Well, I never said it, but I took a chance. I got the guy in shape, changed his name to Savold to attract the Norwegian trade, and introduced him to the proper opponents. Nine months later, he was fighting Billy Conn in the Garden."

Pinkie also rehabilitated Johnny Pacek, the Chicago heavyweight who retired in 1936 after winning only 14 fights in three years. Pinkie moved Pacek to Des Moines, put him to work as a bell hop, and looked around for acquiescent opponents. Under the name of Paychek, he won 25 straight fights—18 by knockouts—and eventually challenged Joe Louis for almost two rounds.

Moral: Most fighters aren't born. They're invented. Remember Carnera?

HICKMAN AND THE SEVEN DWARFS

Notre Dame had Seven Mules. Fordham had Seven Blocks of Granite. Now Yale has Seven Dwarfs. Herman Hickman, new coach of the Old Blues, incorporated his 1948 line under this picturesque diminutive during spring practice. Recently, there have been other hints that Yale may be short on muscle.

The strongest hint came when Herman took the Yale football staff to an East Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, football clinic. At the banquet that climaxed the meeting, the toastmaster called upon Marvin (Preacher) Franklin, Yale's end coach, for the invocation. Franklin, an ordained minister, concluded the invocation on a wistful note ". . . and, Lord, please send Herman some good guards and tackles."

THE END



"When they all started getting their own television sets I had to do something to keep them from staying home"

CHARLES PEARSON

HOW TO MAKE

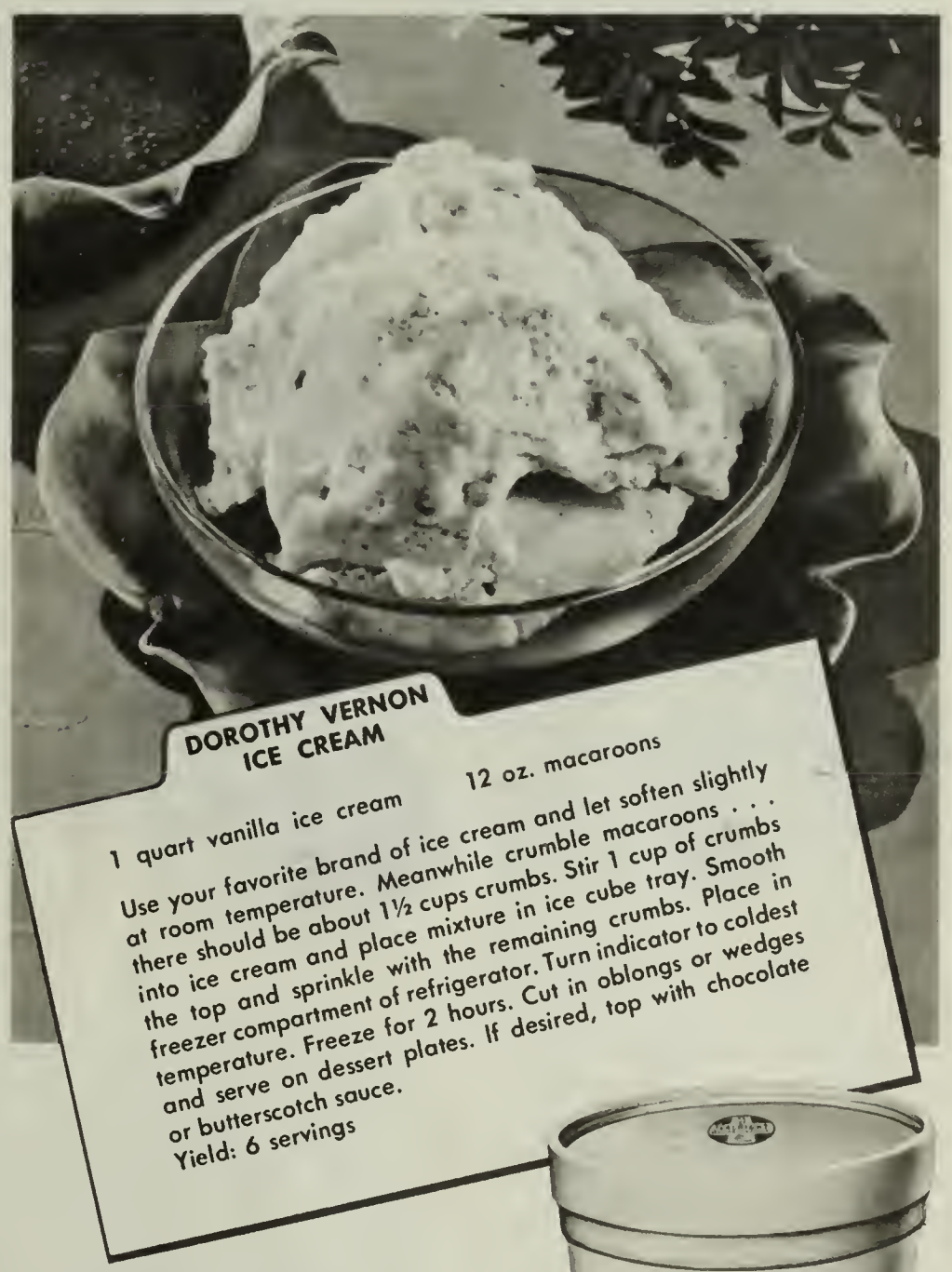
Dorothy Vernon Ice Cream



as served at the famous

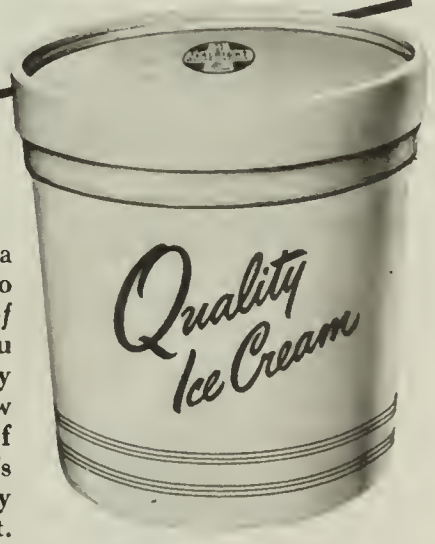
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Atlantic City, N. J.

One of the world's most famous resorts, on the Atlantic ocean, where the warm Gulf Stream tempers the climate, and the deep sea fishing is unexcelled. Known as one of the world's grand hotels, Chalfonte-Haddon Hall is equally famous for good food. Try their specialty dessert, Dorothy Vernon Ice Cream. And here's how you can make it at home.



1 quart vanilla ice cream
12 oz. macaroons

Use your favorite brand of ice cream and let soften slightly at room temperature. Meanwhile crumble macaroons . . . there should be about 1½ cups crumbs. Stir 1 cup of crumbs into ice cream and place mixture in ice cube tray. Smooth the top and sprinkle with the remaining crumbs. Place in freezer compartment of refrigerator. Turn indicator to coldest temperature. Freeze for 2 hours. Cut in oblongs or wedges and serve on dessert plates. If desired, top with chocolate or butterscotch sauce.
Yield: 6 servings



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THE ONE-EYED POACHER AND THE LONG NIGHT

Continued from page 27

Zibe moaned softly and a shudder of pain racked the sleek, rangy body. It was plain that the hound was beyond hope, and suffering needlessly.

"Hand me my rifle, Zack," said Uncle Jeff, huskily.

Zack silently obeyed. Carrying Zibe and the rifle, the old woodsman stalked across the back clearing into the cedars. Presently, those in the cabin heard a shot—a sound both grim and merciful.

"Sarah," said Zack, tonelessly, "get out the rum."

"I was a-goin' to, by my own self," said Sarah, "jest this one, dreadful time."

WHEN Jeff Coongate returned, the first jug was opened before him—and Tom Compus Mentis no longer stood in the doorway, but had drawn in a little toward the jug, his dark eyes having a look of sorrow and horizons.

Tactfully avoiding the Indian's gaze, Jeff and Zack both drank. Sarah, herself, turned a half ounce into a wine glass, and sipped. Touched by this breaking of precedent in homage to Zibe's passing, Jeff Coongate had bowed to Sarah. Then he nodded to Zack, and together they went out into the cedars with a shovel.

While they were gone, Sarah graciously bethought herself of the Indian, who stood paticntly by the jug.

"Why, Mr. Mentis! You ain't had any of the rum—after that terrible trip, an' all. Here, I'll get you a glass."

"No thanks glass," said Tom. He enfolded the jug in both palms, and tipped it upward. When the two woodsmen returned, the damage was begun—and they knew how dismally it would end.

"Honey," Zack hissed, in an aside to Sarah, "you lost your mind? Don't you know how ole Tom'll suffer? In the mornin' he'll see bugs a yard long, an' ravens perchin' on his wrists."

But morning was not yet. Nor had Tom Compus Mcntis told the story of the Hacketts, the great moose of Hedron Lake, and the wanton shooting of the far-wandering Zibe.

The Hacketts were three brothers, successful evaders of the late draft, the income tax and the obligations of gentlemen. They lived in Hedron, which, cross-forest, was twenty-four miles from Zack's cabin on Mopang—twenty-nine by canoe. One of the Hacketts ran a restaurant and bar. The other two had a farm planted to kale, which attracted deer. During the war, and currently, they killed moose and deer, put down the meat in jars, and sold it for a dollar a pint. They took the loin and hindquarters of a critter, and left the rest to rot. It was this practice which filled Uncle Jeff Coongate with fury and contempt. Although he personally scorned game laws, and the minions thereof, he despised the wasting of the fruit of the wild lands.

The one-eyed poacher and the butchering Hacketts differed in all their practices. Between Uncle Jeff and the successive game wardens who pursued him, there was a spirit of respect, as among duelists. Whenever they caught him red to the elbows, the old poacher went majestically down to jail in Mopang, where the first cell on the left was usually reserved for him. When he didn't get caught, he feasted royally with Zack Bourne, and if there were so much as a shank left over, it was dropped on the doorstep of some needy family.

But there was nothing of Robin Hood in the Hacketts of Hedron. To the Fish and Game Commissioner, they were known as the wantons of the wilderness, and he would rather have caught them even than Thomas Jefferson Coongate. Privily, the Commissioner himself would have agreed that the Hacketts' shooting of Zibe was most wanton of all. When the shooting occurred, Zibe had been deep in the sweet obsession of a fox track. As Tom Compus Mentis explained, nothing else could have lured him so far from home.

"But those Hacketts," muttered Tom, reaching for the jug, "they think maybe Zibe come to drive big moose away."

"Moose?" said the one-eyed poacher, kecning. "Do you know where they's a big one, Tom?"

The old Indian's face wrinkled like a scorched moccasin. "Big! I say big. Hacketts try to bribe me tell where he is. No tell. They got big order for moose meat—dollar pound. But they go hell."

Tom told how the Hacketts had tried to follow him to the moose's haunts, and how he had eluded them. Early that very morning, before the wind had wrinkled the lake, Tom had been playing cat and mouse with the Hacketts. He had heard a rifle shot. Half an hour later, he had cut back through the dense growth, picked up the Hacketts' trail, and found the empty cartridge from Red Hackett's .351 autoloading rifle. Near by, from the spruce blowdown where he had crawled to die, Zibe had dragged himself to Tom's side.

IT WAS night, now, and Uncle Jeff Coongate, listening to the Indian's tale, stood tall in the lamplight, as he planned revenge. The oaths slid wondrously from his lips, and his sinister mustaches gleamed white. Zack fervently echoed the oaths, while Sarah covered her ears.

"The Hacketts!" said the one-eyed poacher. "May they rot and fry, stricken in spleen and paunch."

After Sarah went to bed, they began on the second jug. Presently Zack suggested that they simply go over to Hedron in the morning and shoot the Hacketts in a bevy.

"No!" cried Sarah from the bedroom.

For years she had listened to her husband and his crony conspiring against the lives of game wardens, but had realized it was merely a form of play, or entertainment for them. But this business of the Hacketts had a serious ring that made her blood run cold. Surprisingly, it was Jeff Coongate, who, this time, eased her mind.

"Sarah's right, Zack," said Jeff. "'Course, I can see where it'd be pleasant to kill them Hacketts—angle shots, we could take on 'em. Clip off a little flesh to a time, till they was whittled to the bone. But I don't like to spend my whole life in jail—jest winters. Spring, I like to get out and spear a few salmon before fishin' season opens. *But*—"

It was not so much Jeff's voice, as his posture that underscored the word. Zack saw the baleful scheme-light flaring in his comrade's eyes. He sat back, waiting for Jeff to unfold, while Tom Compus Mentis took a pull from the jug.



"What d'you aim to do to them Hacketts?" Zack asked, finally.

"I aim to kill their moose—that big one Tom tells about. I aim to kill it right in their face an' eyes."

So far, the idea was a mere glimmering; but, inspired by the rising mists of rum and glory, the avengers leaped lightly over hazards.

"He'll dress out around six hundred," estimated Zack.

"Eight hundred, easy," corrected Jeff.

In the light of the many lamps which had seemed to multiply in the cabin kitchen, the moose finally tipped the scales at a thousand pounds, clear meat.

"It's too much," said Zack, sadly hefting the jug. "Some of it'll spoil, sure."

The one-eyed poacher gazed loftily at his less imaginative crony.

"Too much? Spoil? Are you thinkin', like always, jest of your own self, Zack? Ain't there other folks goin' hungry, same as me an' you? Give, seth the Lord. Blessid is the pore."

Heads together, huge hands clasped in the emotion of selfless giving, they outlined a vast program of philanthropy, while Sarah listened in terror and the old Indian's hand strayed more and more helplessly toward the jug.

"We shall feed the entire brood of Jumbo Tethergood."

"An' the pore li'l orphans of Rip an Julie Skillinger."

"With the Hacketts' moose, we shal pervide for the fam'lies of Mopang."

"An' Boomchain Junction, an' Nev York, an'—"

The one-eyed poacher was about t include starving Europe, but further ex pansion was checked by the thick, uncer tain voice of Tom Compus Mentis.

"Game warden," said Tom. "Ne man. Comin' Hedron—tomorrow."

At the time, a new game warden, zea ous though he might be, seemed like le of an obstacle than an added attractio

"Good," said the old outlaw of Mo pang. "Perfick. Spice things up a mite

But in the morning, the new gam warden loomed large, especially in th eyes of Sarah. She had read in the gam laws that the penalty for killing a moo was five hundred dollars fine and s months in jail.

"Almost like for murder," she wep "Don't you go, Zack. I beg you. O Zack—please."

SINCE his marriage late in life to Sara Zack had been emotionally tor Subtly influenced by Jeff to maintain t old, wild ways of the devil and the den john, he was as subtly swayed by Sarah prayers for his reform. Now, acut miserable, he looked from one to t other. But this time, it was the one-ey poacher who was moved by Sara pleading. Moreover, as Uncle Jeff vored the drama of the situation, he s opportunities dear to his actor's hea Head bowed, he stood in the doorw

"Zack—Sarah's right. You can't This mission is for a single man, with dependints, no one to mourn for hin

"Dang it, Jeff! You always took r We always done things—"

Jeff raised his hand in a gesture tragic sacrifice. "No. Zibe was min

So genuine was Jeff's grief for Zi that he no longer felt himself playin role. Reality threw him off for a m ment, and he gulped, and said, "Zac you got any 45-70 ca'tridges? I—I u my last one—out in the cedars—yest'd

"No, but take my rifle, Jeff. You go o let me help that much."

"No," said Uncle Jeff, adding the m ter's stroke to Zack's torment, "'caus that new game warden gets me, he'll c fiscate the rifle. I couldn't bear to h that happen. Don't want to have my p sonal affairs hurt you, in no way wh ever. No, Zack, I can't take you with It's so big, I got to play a lone hand."

The crestfallen Zack slumped int chair, forlorn among the break dishes. He resembled a boy pluc from the very entrance to a circus.

By the lake shore, in the sand, Tom Compus Mentis drew a map of Hed Lake, showing a hidden inlet, an n known deadwater, and the great moo range. As he noticed the wavering l of the sand map, the one-eyed poach heart ached for the suffering Indian.

"Tom, your hand's a-twitchin' li chicken's foot in the mud."

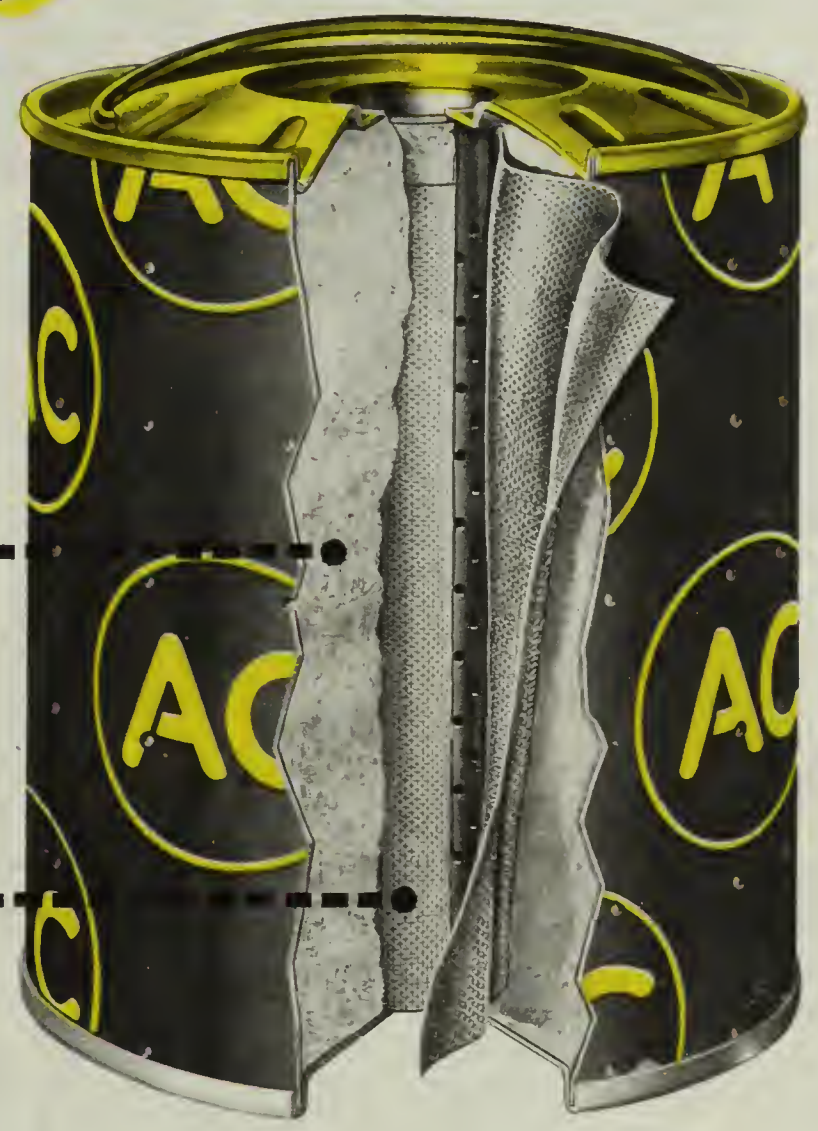
"You got little bit rum left?" be ed Tom, abjectly. "Me bad sick."

"No, Tom. We killed her all. Yo go straight home in your canoe. I g to go down to Privilege to buy ca'tri es. I'll be to your shack tonight. I'll b you a dite of rum, but that's all. listen: Don't you tech a drop in He on —not till I get to you. Mind that, To"

The Indian slid away in his canoe nd Uncle Jeff Coongate saw despair i his wake. "Poor ole Tom," he mutt d, and strode forth on the Privilege already longing for Zack's compa on ship, his pleasure at Zack's frustr on diminishing as he realized to the ful at he had trapped himself into a consi ra-



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IN HOME AND INDUSTRY

EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL

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ble adventure, what with a moose, three murderous Hacketts, and—what was that other? Oh, yes! A new warden!

In the afternoon, as he left Privilege and struck through the forest for Hedron Lake, it began to rain. He forgot the new game warden in his lonely longing for Zibe, and for Zack, and his heart steeled to his task. His tireless stride brought him to Tom Compus Mentis' shack before midnight. But the Indian was not there—and his stove was cold!

"Tom," he muttered, "the demons was too much for you. I got to find you."

DRENCHED to the skin, Uncle Jeff turned back toward the hamlet of Hedron, scorning the road, crosscutting through the woods. He came out on the road two miles from the town, and as he stood for a moment, the headlights of a car approached. The car drew up to him, and stopped. The door swung open and a pleasant voice hailed him.

"Howdy, stranger. Want a lift?"

Although bone-weary from the miles he had covered, the old woodsman replied with prideful reluctance, "I don't want to put no man out."

"Get in. It's raining."

Not till he had seated himself did the one-eyed poacher take full cognizance of his benefactor. But then the identity of the fellow was plain—the badge, the service cap, the uniform of forest green.

"Jest a moment, son," said Uncle Jeff, with magnificent aloofness. "Let me out. I never ride with game wardens."

The young warden smiled. His name was Steve Ireland. He was a graduate of Anzio beachhead, the State Wildlife Training School, and a boyhood spent in Hedron, where a certain old Indian had taught him to love the woods, pound ash withes for baskets, and showed him where an otter family played. Tonight, on his first solo assignment as game warden in the Hedron district, Steve Ireland had met and befriended that same old Indian. To meet the celebrated one-eyed poacher on the same night was to Steve like hitting the jackpot.

Steve Ireland had never seen Uncle Jeff. But the old poacher's features, physique and personality were unmistakable. The sweeping mustaches shone wet, the huge right hand held a Winchester between the peaked knees, and from the high-boned, imperious face, the one eye glowed like a blowtorch.

"Mr. Coongate," said Steve, almost reverently, "I haven't been a game warden very long. So maybe I won't contaminate you."

"In that case, maybe you ain't tainted yet. But get me into Hedron fast."

As they drove along, Jeff drew himself delicately away from the young warden as far as the seat would permit.

"Aren't you a long way from home?" asked the game warden. "What brings you here from Privilege?"

"I ain't accustomed to answer questions, son. But since you're new, I'll tell you: I come over here to see a sick friend."

Steve chuckled in his disbelief. "Did you find the friend well?"

"No. Didn't find him at all. So I come on back. He's prob'ly in Hedron."

Steve rapidly guessed at the miles the old man had covered afoot that day. It was incredible! He glanced with increasing respect at his passenger—and at the high lights on the rifle between his knees.

"Mr. Coongate," said Steve, "who is your sick friend—?"

Although disdaining the impertinence of the warden's questioning, Uncle Jeff decided to be tolerant. The boy was young, and would grow up to have trouble enough.

"Tom Compus Mentis," said Jeff.

"Who? Did you say—? Why, Tom Compus is a friend of *mine!*"

"No, son. It ain't possible. No friend of mine could be the friend of a game warden. It jest wouldn't work out."

"It was when I was little," Steve hastened to explain. "Old Tom showed me the forests, and made moccasins for me. And—but—! Say, wait a minute!"

Drawing the car to the side of the road, the warden stopped, and glanced at his saturnine passenger. "Tom Compus Mentis *is* at home, Uncle Jeff. I just left him in his shack, ten minutes ago! How come I didn't meet you on the road?"

These tidings had a sharp effect on the one-eyed poacher. He feared the worst. "When I left Tom's shack, I cut through the woods to the road—where you picked me up. That's why we didn't meet. How'd you happen to drive Tom home?"

"He couldn't walk too well."

"Was he drinkin'?"

Steve nodded. "Yes—Hackett's restaurant. The Hacketts had him in a booth, and they were loading his drinks."

"Let me out of here!" said the old-timer.

Steve Ireland reached across and opened the car door, and the outlaw of



Mopang Forest disappeared in the darkness toward Tom Compus Mentis' shack.

Driving on toward the warden's cabin on Hedron's outskirts, Steve Ireland smiled elatedly. It seemed dead certain that his first solo assignment was going to be a success—with cream and sugar on top! He was holding a fistful of aces. Through the rain-wet window of Hackett's restaurant, he had seen the Hacketts lay a map of Hedron Lake under Tom Compus Mentis' eyes, and he had seen the sad, old Indian, dazed with drink, point to a hidden inlet in Anchor Island Cove. Now, *why?* What with moose meat selling for a dollar a pound, Steve thought he knew. He also thought he knew why the one-eyed poacher had appeared in the Hedron district. What a chance, thought Steve. Mine, all mine: To gather in the butchering Hacketts, and the legendary Uncle Jeff Coongate—all in one swoop! What a tale to tell the chief warden! The arrests would be simple if he just remembered the advice old Tom Compus Mentis had given him when he was a boy: Look, listen, be still, and wait long in the nighttime. . . .

In Tom Compus' shack, Uncle Jeff Coongate was indulging in similar, if craftier dreams. He had built a fire in Tom's stove, and made tea, and as he fed the Indian steaming spoonfuls, his heart was big with forgiveness.

"Hacketts make me tell about moose," Tom moaned. "Awful sorry, Jeff."

"Now, jest you rest easy, Tom. I aim to get that moose, jest the same."

Uncle Jeff's one eye rolled beatifica as he put together the pieces of his gr est and simplest conspiracy. In a si trick, he would wreck the Hack avenge Zibe, outwit a game warde a nice, pleasant new one—and posse moose. Poor old Zack Bourne wo shrivel and grow the green mold of e

"Tom," said Uncle Jeff, tende "'member what you used to tell when we was huntin' an' trappin' gether, in the old days? 'Look, listen still, an' wait long in the nighttime.' W sir, Tom—that's what I aim to do."

"Look out new warden, Steve Irel He smart."

"He did seem above average, fo warden," mused the one-eyed poac generously. "Now, tell me how he c on you tonight in Red Hackett's pla

The Indian told his story. It wa Uncle Jeff had surmised. Putting two two together, the young warden woul on the Hacketts' trail.

"An' wouldn't that boy jest lov catch me, too, Tom? Why, think w it'd mean to him! The Hacketts, an' Jeff Coongate, with a moose down singlehanded."

Blissfully, the old woodsman slipp spoonful of hot tea between the Ind lips. Tom swallowed it unhappily.

"You bring old Tom little rum, J he implored.

"Yes, a little, Tom. But not now." fore retiring, Uncle Jeff patted his fri shoulder, and added philosophic "Man cannot live by breath alone.

BESIDE the deadwater, beyond hidden inlet in Anchor Island C Steve Ireland waited long in the n time, and loneliness invaded his h Perhaps, in his zeal, he had assume much. Perhaps the Hacketts were s cious, and old Jeff had gone his k way homeward to Mopang. Perhap moose was a myth—but there wa mistaking the great creature's trac was, thought Steve in awe, as long snowshoe. But when would the H etts make their kill? And where wa one-eyed poacher?

Steve visited Tom Compus Menti day, and casually inquired.

"Jeff Coongate vanish," said th dian, and blew to indicate a pu smoke. He spoke the truth. He h seen Uncle Jeff since that rainy nig

Guess I must have scared him thought Steve, with no special co tion, as he resumed his vigil.

The fifth night began like all the ers. In the dense cedar growth, i darkness, the Big Silence weighte spirit. He heard a mouse in the le and tried to guess whether it was ne far. He heard a loon calling, then si again, and the night wrapping around him like a shroud. And unmistakably, the soft, hollow thun a paddle against the gunwale of a c

He tried to locate the sound. couldn't be sure of the distance—bu direction was to his left. He lay wa his heart pounding. He rememb what the chief warden had told "You'll be alone, Stevie. It won't ev as nice as Anzio beachhead. Be there won't be any U.S. Army ar you."

The first rifle shot came from the deadwater, around a small about three hundred yards away. echoes rolled back from the ridges died, and then Steve heard the s shot. He inched up on his hands knees and crawled across the base little point to the edge of the deadw he lay still. He knew the Hacketts waiting—and he steeled himself to longer.

Not over thirty yards away, he match flare. He shivered to think close he had figured it. Next he sa steady glow of a lantern, and hea sound of men moving. He squirm ward the lantern, his service pis



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his right hand, his flashlight ready in his left, in case they heard him and kicked out the lantern. Then he stood up and walked in, his gun ahead of him.

They had the big moose down. His head was pointed toward Steve, antlers palmed out wide. But—not a man was in sight! The young warden realized too late that they had trapped him into the light. He started to jump back. A crack on the side of his head made him see star shells, and he lunged forward, hitting with his elbows.

SOMEONE got an arm lock on his throat. He saw a man's head within reach, and he whipped it with his gun barrel, and felt the barrel hit solid. The man went down. But there were two others. One had the arm lock, and was bending his head back. The other stood in front, with a rifle at his hip, the muzzle on Steve's belt buckle. He wondered if they would finish the job, or knock him cold. He would never be able to identify any of them in court. . . .

The arm lock tightened, and Steve felt himself blacking out. Then, to the right, he saw a jet of orange flame, and heard an explosion like a howitzer. He was sure he smelled black powder. His vision cleared. The man in front of him wasn't holding a rifle any more. It had disappeared, and the man was hugging his wrists to his sides, and howling with pain.

A flashlight blazed where Steve had seen the flame of the rifle, and a man of majestic height stepped calmly forth from the cedars. The flashlight he carried was the long, heavy, five-cell variety, and he flashed it in the eyes of the Hackett whose arm lock had but lately loosened from the young warden's neck.

"I jest wanted to make sure," said the splendid voice, "that you was Red Hackett." With that, the one-eyed poacher brought the flashlight down solidly on Red Hackett's head, and Red settled deeply into the moss.

"Jeff Coongate!" said Steve, dazedly.

"Yes, son. What's so strange about that?"

Steve laughed in a kind of nervous relief. The one-eyed poacher examined his flashlight, grinning at its dented barrel with superb malevolence. "That's one for ole Zibe," he muttered, and straightway began trussing up the Hacketts with the assistance of Steve Ireland, one pair of handcuffs and the rawhide laces from his own moccasins.

Two hours later, the three Hackett brothers were in the Hedron jail, and Steve had telephoned his chief long-distance. A few minutes after that, in the warden's cabin, Steve Ireland was playing host to Uncle Jeff Coongate. He was impressed by a subtle change which seemed to have come upon the old woodsman. There was an air of meekness, almost repentance, which he had not noticed before.

"Mr. Coongate," said Steve, gratefully bringing out a bottle, "here's some rum. Don't know if you care for the brand. It's Hernando's Fiery Dagger."

Steve was further disarmed by Uncle Jeff's elaborate refusal of the beverage. Masterfully concealing the gleam in his eye, Jeff had waved the bottle away. "No, son—no, thanks. Not after what we went through—together—tonight."

Quite clearly, thought Steve, the old outlaw was undergoing a strange transformation. His attitude and behavior were unprecedented.

"Uncle Jeff," said Steve, haltingly, "—I want to thank you for getting me out of a tough spot."

Uncle Jeff's eye lowered in humility. He sighed. "That's all right, Steve. I—I—" There was here a damp sniffle. "—I guess I owed you that—for all the wardens I have mistreated, all these years."

An astonishing light began to dawn upon Steve Ireland. The one-eyed poacher of Privilege, at last having seen the error of his ways, had this nigh barked on the trail of reform!

"Uncle Jeff! You mean—?"

Uncle Jeff sat with head bowed spoke with apparent difficulty, things which stirred in him deeper finer, emotion.

"It just come over me, son—that when you picked me up on the True, I'd come to Hedron Lake that moose. I knowed them Ha was after the moose, too, an' tha was after the whole of us."

"That's right, Jeff. I was. But—

"Wait, son," said Jeff, daintily rupting. "I got to say it all, nov started. You see, layin' out there long night: it come to me that yo one man agin four. It wa'n't fair, an' it got to preyin' on me, w knowed what them Hacketts wou to you—if they got the chance."

"They almost did, too," said wryly, "only for you."

"Yes, they almost did. But I d to fight on the side of the law—f first time in my life, son. An' it—i of bored into me, an' squirmed 'i an' give me a good feelin' that I had before. I—I'm a changed ma

To Steve, there was no deny The evidence was in the downca devoid of lethal gleam, and in the ing and repentant shoulders.

"Well," said the old woodsman, to his feet, "I guess I'll be goin', got to tell Zack Bourne about this. I ain't sure how he'll take it."

"Wait. Don't go. Let me driv back to Privilege. Why, it's almos o'clock in the morning, Jeff!"

"No," Jeff solemnly declined, like I need to be alone, tonight. make it acrost to Zack's cabin, ti breakfast. Besides, Steve, you'd to get a night's rest, after that exp tonight. So long, son—an' good

WITH that, the gaunt, and so saintly figure disappeared i night, and Steve Ireland turned i few hours, till the chief warden a Not long after daylight, they wen with a team to haul the carcass moose to the nearest hospital, delectation of the patients' diet.

As they stood looking down moose, Steve concluded his narra the night's adventure with the de Uncle Jeff Coongate's reformatio chief listened warily. Once or tw fore, the old poacher had reform the backsliding therefrom had m forests ring. But this time, it se sure thing. The outlaw had saved warden's life, at risk of his ow given his strength to the side Could it be true that, at last, the case of the State vs. Coongate was

"And just imagine," said Steve old-timer footing it clear to Mo the dark, at three in the morning!"

"He's better than nine tenth man," admitted the chief, as he be the moose. "They don't make old Jeff, any more. He—why, b villainous old soul! Reformed This moose has been bled, and out, and the hide folded back on

Dumfounded, the two warder off the hide. The creature ha dressed by an expert hand. A most of the meat was still on the choice portions of the loin ha sliced off with surgical precision

"Wanted to be alone, to repen tered the chief, sardonically. "I me as if he made a small detou way to tell Zack of his reform! you figure he and Zack are ea breakfast, right now?"

Steve Ireland's look of dismay to a smile. "Save a warden's exact his pound of flesh!"

"About twenty pounds, by t of this moose," said the chief. we got the Hacketts, anyway."

THE END

PARDON MY SYMPTOMS

Continued from page 15

ssed me to prove it. "But I got to ive more money first," he said.

"Lots of fellows saved money in the avy," I told him. I don't really believe is, but I did hear fellows say it.

Ed said that maybe he would have ved money, too, but he had taken time ough away from that medicine book shoot craps. He claimed that he never t the hang of craps very good, and that is was why he had not emerged from s blues in the black.

I knew darned well that this wasn't so. had sent board-and-room money me to Aunt Libby, just as if he was ting and sleeping at her place. If I ew Ed, and I thought I did, he had t her more than board-and-room ney. But he would never admit it to or anybody else. And it was none of business anyhow, because when he

OUNCE OF PREVENTION



HARPS AND FLOWERS

He takes to the boulevards during his benders,
Which isn't so hot for his health or his fenders.
He's one of those menaces given to thinking
They're heavenly drivers when they have been drinking.
A jolly good fellow, whose mind liquor warps,
He's got his heart set on becoming a corpse!

—Margaret Fishback

at sea we weren't engaged, darn it. ut I was getting very mindful of the that I was not getting any younger. as, in fact, getting along toward ty. Before the war, twenty was esished in Maple Corners as the age nd which you married, went off to ge, or began studying for spinsterd. Custom in Maple Corners can sur- any old war. And it did not help n Doc Gibbons yapped at me about shirttails. If I had been at Vassar or h Lawrence I could let my shirttails free and nobody would say a word. so in Maple Corners.

it was in a foul and futile mood that pped onto a stool in Herman Goods drugstore and ordered a double . I swung my pigtails angrily and ebody right beside me said, *"Ouch!"* ked around, and into the handsomface I had ever seen in this town, pt at a movie.

'm sorry," I said. "Did it hurt?"

Have you ever been slapped in the by a tightly braided pigtail?" he d. "It hurts."

said I was sorry," I reminded him. uld I go home and shave my head?" smiled. Golly. I would have said as thirty. A young thirty. "Dear me, no. I think girls ought to wear pigtails until they are eighteen at least. I was delighted to see pigtails come back."

"Providing they are controlled?" I said. I gave it to him throatily, and he looked at me harder. I realized that—until just then—he had thought I was considerably under eighteen. So I drew a deep breath to make my shirt fit better.

"I'm Larry Mitchell," he said. "The new doctor here."

"I feel swell myself," I told him, "and you've picked a terrible market for your talents. The town has three doctors and there must be twenty in the county."

He nodded pleasantly. "I've talked with them all. They were very kind. They admit to getting along in years. Several intend to retire in the next year or so. There will be room here for two or three young doctors."

"The old codgers told you that?"

"Yes, indeed," he said brightly.

"Gulliver's Travels. They will mow you down. Those ancients have been retiring for fifteen years that I know of."

I WAS all set to tell him the facts of life when in comes Ed Ferguson. I introduced them. "Ed, tell Doctor Mitchell how much trouble *you* have just visiting the sick to say hello." But Ed is entranced at the idea of a new doctor.

"Don't mind Hazel," he said. "She's cynical. Let's sit over here at a table."

We had just hit the cane bottoms when Ed looked Doctor Mitchell in the eye and inquired, "What is your theory about multiple sclerosis?"

I tried to ease the shock. "Ed is very interested in medicine," I explained.

"I'm afraid I don't have a theory," said the new doc. "Not much is known as yet. Some studies indicate—"

"It attacks people in the largest numbers between the ages of twenty-five and forty-five. Does that suggest anything to you?" This was Ed, of course, not me. "It could be a recurrence of some childhood disease, believed cured. Also, the upper age limit suggests that possibly some chemical change, taking place in middle life, *prevents* the disease. I'm giving it a lot of thought."

"Let me know your conclusions," said Doctor Mitchell, a little wildly. But just before he escaped he didn't forget to ask my name.

"Hazel Tuttle," I said promptly.

"Miss Tuttle, they tell me there is a dance tomorrow night at the Grange Hall. I would be honored if I might take you there."

"Just a minute—" Ed said.

But I cut him off. "Eight o'clock, Doctor Mitchell. Ask anybody where John Tuttle's house is."

When Doctor Mitchell had left, Ed said, "What was the idea, anyhow? Why did you say you'd go with him?"

"Because he asked me. Nobody else has asked me yet."

"It's understood that I'd ask you," Ed said logically. "Aren't we engaged?"

"That is a moot point which is getting mooter all the time," I said. All of a sudden I was fed clear up to the eyebrows with the Maple Corners philosophy which Ed had just expounded. "I don't know as engagements just ought to go on and on, with everything 'understood.' Maybe engagements ought to be renegotiated once in a while."

Ed looked flabbergasted. "Hazel, do you feel bilious?" He started to feel my pulse but I yanked it out of reach.

"I'm not bilious," I said.

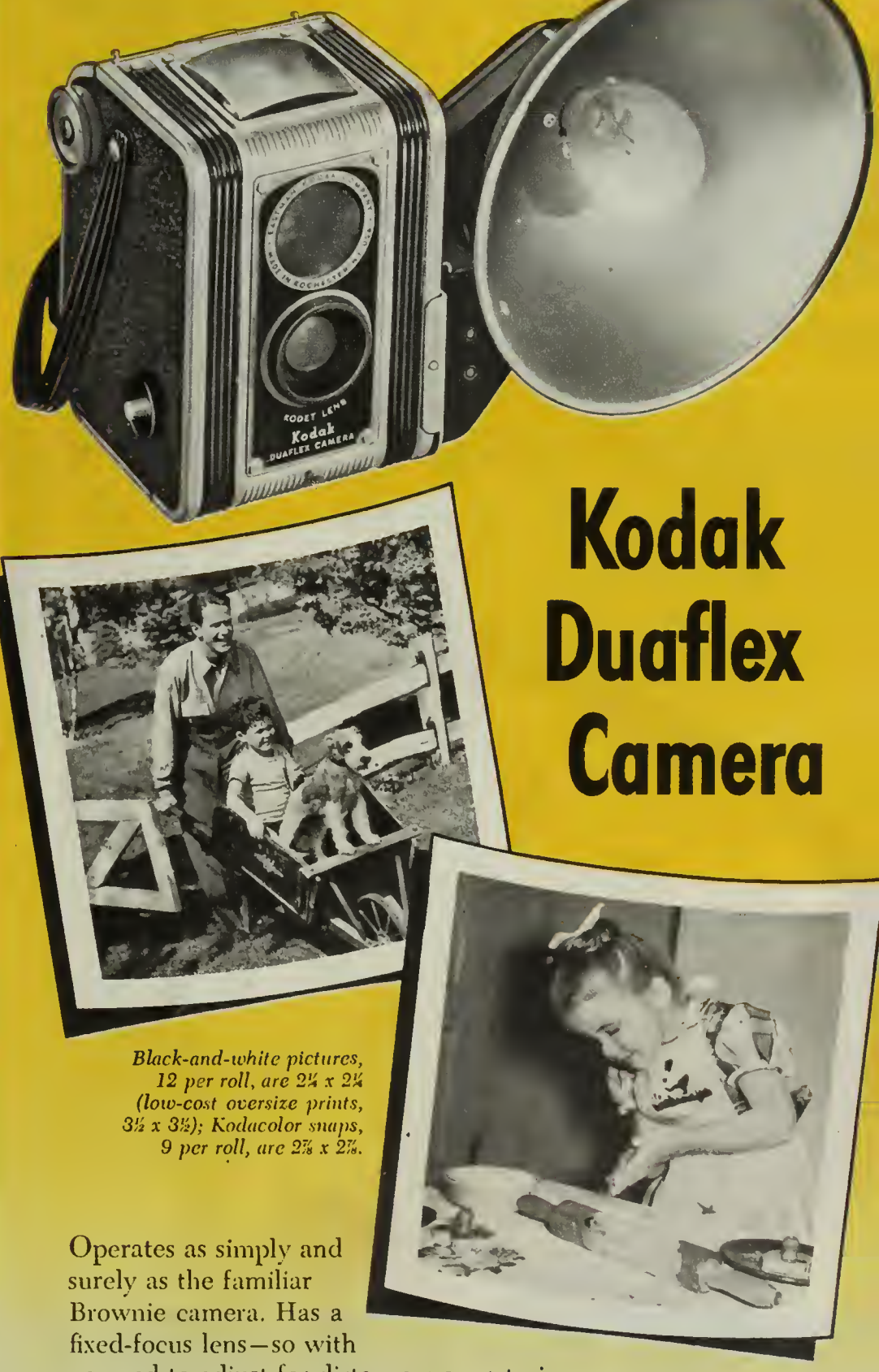
"Then you've fallen for that guy. I bet he hasn't been out of his intern's jacket a month."

"I bet he looked cute in it," I said. And then I was sorry I was being so mean. You know how it is. "Ed, I don't

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3 egg whites
¼ cup sugar
1 cup heavy cream

Saften gelatin in cald water. Drain fruit cacktail; reserve fruit. Cambine juice, leman juice, egg yalks, sugar and salt in tap of double bailer. Caak aver hat water, stirring canstantly, until thickened. Add saftened gelatin; stir until gelatin is dissalved. Remave fram heat; caal until mixture begins ta thicken. Beat egg whites until stiff, but nat dry. Gradually beat in the ¼ cup sugar. Fald inta gelatin mixture. Whip and fald in cream and fruit cacktail, reserving ⅓ cup af the fruit far garnish. Paur inta ane large ar 8 individual malds. Makes 8 servings.

bject to your paying Libby twice what om and board is worth, but you could ve money if you didn't run that jalopy yours all over the country prescribing r relatives."

"I don't really prescribe for them," Ed id. "I just listen to their symptoms and metimes I can tell them what's wrong. metimes I just tell them they got what ey believe they got—and that makes n feel good, too. And I don't charge ything, of course. Besides, haven't u been going with me on Sundays?"

"Ed, on Sundays in Maple Corners a l gets desperate. More things happen girls on Sunday in this town than on y other day of the week." I took two nes out of my jeans and put them wn on the marble table for my double lt. " 'By, Ed. See you in the doctor ok."

WHEN Dr. Mitchell called for me the next evening he said, "I knew would look that way in a dress." But ving to the Grange Hall he seemed to e something else on his mind. Finally came out with it. "What kind of a ow is this Ed Ferguson?" he asked.

was cagey. "Ed's all right. Why?"

This morning I got my first call. Old ow named Ivan Staples up at the top the hill. Clear case of old-fashioned umatism, not uncommon in men of age at this time of year. But his wife sed to believe me. It seems Ed Fer- on had been there and told her that n had alcoholic neuritis."

Sounds reasonable. As a demijohn uoso Pop Staples has no local peer."

his did not sit too well with the new tor. "What interests me," he said, a e cool, "is that Mrs. Staples appeared egard Ferguson's diagnosis as profes- al. Does he go around telling people t is wrong with them?"

Incessantly. You might as well know ow."

Dr. Mitchell grunted. "It doesn't speak well for the intelligence of people und here. But I'm not going to let it ry me. As soon as I'm established I make very few house calls. They'll e to my office and I am going to run ough a maximum number of patients day. That's the way to make money k without wearing yourself out, like e old fellows have done. And when got a nest egg I'll open in a wealthy hborhood in some likely city."

You got it all doped out, hmm?"

le smiled down at me. "You bet I e, Hazel. And don't think I am go- to fool around with any patients who accept medical advice from man." I did not mention that such a se might help him very little toward nest egg. We were in front of the ge Hall and I wanted to dance.

e new doc was quite a dancer, and eing with him on his first social ap- nce in Maple Corners created no l stir. In fact, midway through the ing he said, "I have been advised at a dozen times already that you are ged to Ed Ferguson. I'm sorry I e of him as I did. If I had known—"

Think nothing of it," I said, because then I saw Ed Ferguson coming into Grange Hall with Sadie Druffer. She irty if she is a day and her reputa- is no low number, either. "Don't ve all you hear in Maple Corners," id, "because the newspaper is a dy and things happen daily. Ed and e just good friends, like divorced ie stars."

began to look as if I'd told the truth, use the following Sunday no Ed to pick me up for a jaunt of hunt- ailing relatives. But Dr. Mitchell ped by to ask me to go to the movies. n I saw Sadie Druffer there alone I much better. It meant that Ed didn't her along on his Sunday calls.

ter the movies, while we were hav- odas at the drugstore, Dr. Mitchell l, "Who is Libby Munz?"

"She's an aunt of Ed Ferguson's. He lives at her house."

"Oh, ho! So that explains why she cornered me on the street to tell me that you were just going with me to make Ed jealous." He laughed heartily, as if such a thing were preposterous. He leaned close. "What *is* the reason?"

"Just that I don't want to get one man attached to me, ever. I am just a selfish moth, thinking only of the moment, snatching at pleasure, heedless of the morrow when I will be faded and old."

"I am not going to take you to any more Joan Crawford pictures," said Dr. Mitchell peevishly. Then he told me that they had made him president of the Umatima County Medical Association to succeed Doc Gibbons. He was so pleased with himself that I did not have the heart to tell him that this always happened to new doctors. And that when the new doc decided none of the others was ever going to die and give him a little practice —when he found that out and moved on, why, Doc Gibbons would be reinstated.

"What does that Medical Association do, anyhow?" I asked.

"Why," he said, surprised. "Nothing that I know of. But it *could* do something. It has quite a bit of money, what with these old doctors paying dues for forty years and more. Maple Corners already has a good hospital. What do *you* think we should do?" He gave me an amused man-to-little-girl look, as if he did not for a minute expect any idea to come out of my pretty head.

I had an idea, all right. But inasmuch as he wasn't quite ready for it, I just didn't let him have it right then.

BEFORE the month was out it was clear that Dr. Mitchell was beginning to get some business for himself. People were calling at his office, like he said they would, and he wouldn't make a house call unless you were flat on your back and near the finish. Of course, not everybody was going to him—but there were more than had ever before cottoned to a new doctor. And it dawned on me like thunder that most of them were relatives of Ed Ferguson's!

A rodent aroma began tickling my nostrils. I knew for sure that Ed was not in on this. Whatever it was, Mitchell had figured it by himself. But what was it? I was soon to know—as they say in these historical novels where people keep hanging their costumes onto bedroom chairs.

When Libby got sick the week of the carnival I realized it was no kidding. She never got sick and she adored carnivals. She hadn't even got the sheets warmed up before Ed, with just a feeling that something was wrong, came running over from the post office. We met at the gate because I was taking Libby some prune preserves from Mother. "Hello," I said, "and how is Sadie Druffer?"

"She's fine. How's Mitchell?"

Looking back, I can see we should have called the game right there on account of darkness, but true love likes the bumps, and people are idiots. Ed just opened the gate and I walked through it, stiffly. We went in, and there was Libby in bed. "I knew it," Ed said, "you seemed peaked this morning at breakfast." He took her pulse, felt her forehead, looked at her tongue, and listened to her symptoms. "Libby," he said, "I don't like to say this, but you have the start of a serious thyroid condition."

"My lands!" said Libby. "If that's true, I don't feel so bad about missing the carnival. I would hate to miss the carnival for something piddling."

From the other side of the bed I said, "Libby, you better get a real doctor." Ed looked at me with semiprofessional pleasantness. He said, "That's right, Hazel. I *never* try to get in the way of a licensed physician."



"I sure feel sorry for the Flynns, cooped up in their house all week end!"

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN

I was trying to figure out just what he meant by that when Libby said, "Hazel, telephone that Dr. Mitchell. I been hearing he is a real good man." You could have knocked me over with a thermometer case.

"He doesn't like to leave his office," I said, "but I'll try."

I told Ed that I would stick around and that he ought to get back to his post officing. "Are you going to stick around to take care of Aunt Libby," he asked, "or just to look at Dr. Mitchell?"

"There is no reason why I can't do both," I said haughtily and went to the telephone.

Dr. Mitchell sounded very professional over the wire. "This is Hazel Tuttle," I said.

"Really, I can't talk with you now," he said. "Can you call me back after office hours?"

I managed to control myself. "I don't like to disappoint you, doctor, but this is not a woman mad for the sound of your voice. This is business. I'm at Aunt Libby's and she's very sick."

"Too sick to come to my office?"

"Flat on her back and out of her mind," I said. "Otherwise, why did she ask me to call you instead of Doc Gibbons?"

"I'll be right over."

When he got there I stayed in the bedroom to see what gave. "Well, well, well!" he said to Aunt Libby. "You certainly don't look sick to me."

"Never mind the bedside manner," Libby said. "Just get going."

So he used his stethoscope, he prodded gently, and occasionally he grunted to himself. Finally Libby couldn't stand it any longer. "Ed Ferguson says I got a thyroid condition."

"Yes?" said Dr. Mitchell as if he hardly heard. After a minute or two he took the stethoscope tubes out of his ears and leaned back in the chair, staring thoughtfully at Libby. "It looks as if Ed is perfectly correct," he said. "But no need to be alarmed. We've found your trouble in plenty of time, I'm sure. I'll send a prescription over."

Libby sighed. "Well, probably I would have missed the carnival anyhow. I don't like to go alone, and Ed is going to be busy at the post office every night this week because the mail-order catalogues have come in."

Dr. Mitchell got up, smiling and brisk. "Libby, you will be up and around by Saturday and I myself will take you—and Hazel—to the carnival."

I followed him out to the porch. "If you are kidding Libby," I told him, "you had better be careful. She will find strength enough to break your head."

He patted my shoulder. "Don't you worry. She'll be okay by Saturday."

WELL, when the prescription came I gave Libby the first dose and as I was putting the bottle into the bathroom cabinet, it just happened to fall into the washbowl and break to smithereens.

"What was that?" Libby called from the bedroom.

"The mouthwash," I said. "I'll just run down and get some more."

Herman Goodwin doesn't mind if you come around the corner of the screen that hides the prescription counter. In fact, he likes an audience. "It was clumsy of me to drop that bottle," I said.

"Not much harm done," said Herman, squinting at a five-ounce bottle professionally. "This isn't an expensive prescription. Only sixty-five cents."

"What is it?" I asked casually.

"Just a mild sedative. Guess Libby's been working too hard and the doc wants to slow her up a bit and have her get some rest." I could have kissed Herman then and there, but he is at that dangerous age where you could get a bad flash back, so I didn't.

When I got back I found Libby very pleased. "You know," she said, "I feel better already. So relaxed. It's nice to be in the hands of such a fine doctor. He knew right away that Ed was right. Land sakes, do you think I'll really be able to go to the carnival Saturday?" She yawned big. The pink stuff was making her forget the washing, all right. "Do you think if I went with you and Dr. Mitchell it would look like I was encouraging you to run around with him? But—my goodness, I'm sleepy!—Ed does seem to have lost interest, doesn't he?"

"I'm not quite sure," I said. "But I intend to find out pretty soon.". . .

That afternoon, while Libby slept, I telephoned Dr. Mitchell. Before he had a chance to go professional on me I told him about the idea I had as to what the Medical Association ought to do with some of its money.

"Very thoughtful of you, Hazel," he said. "But it doesn't make sense."

"It makes sense, all right. And when you bring it up before the association the old codgers are going to wonder why they didn't think of it before."

"Who said I was going to bring it up?" he spluttered.

"I thought you might want to," I said sweetly. "Particularly since you've been pretending to agree with Ed's diagnoses."

"That's a lie!" he shouted. "It's blackmail. Anyhow, you can't make malpractice out of it. How else was I ever going to snag a few patients in this loony community?"

"How else, indeed?" I agreed. "But I'll

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Keep regular the healthful way!

LEMON IN WATER

—first thing on arising

bet the old codgers wouldn't like it if they caught on."

"Hazel Tuttle, do you know what you are? You are—"

"Take it easy, Doc. Libby and I will be expecting you Saturday.". . .

Sure as shooting, Aunt Libby was all set to go to the carnival by Saturday. The prospect overcame her reluctance to chaperoning and condoning my proximity to Larry Mitchell. But if she had been a little more observant she might have noticed a glint in Dr. Mitchell's eyes that was not the reflection of incipient love. However, Libby was too excited over the carnival to notice anything else.

Larry took in the carnival in a manner thoroughly approved by Aunt Libby. She was unaware that he was hoping that I would fall off the Ferris wheel, get bitten by a poisonous snake, or simply break my neck by tripping over a tent stake. He started at the left-hand row of concessions and came up the line. Fat lady, ring toss, merry-go-round, kootchy dancers, snake charmer—the works.

It was probably lucky that there were no lady wrestlers. The doc might have thrown us into the ring. But male wrestlers they did have, and at the moment they featured a well-upholstered gent whose stomach looked like a stuffed laundry bag, and a face like wet wash. There was a hundred dollars for any plain citizen who could stay four rounds with this sweating apparition.

It was in front of this educational display that we met Ed Ferguson. He and Jake had handled the last of the mail-order catalogues and locked up the post office. Ed greeted us pleasantly enough and pointed to the wrestler. "He's got a glandular disturbance," he said, pointing. "Look at the way those folds of fat—"

"Ed," said Dr. Mitchell, sort of through his teeth, "I am glad we ran into you. The Umatima County Medical Association is going to write you a formal letter, but there's no reason why I shouldn't tell you now."

"Tell me what?" said Ed suspiciously.

"Ed, my boy, the association, of which I am president, has long noted your alert interest in medicine and considered your natural aptitude for a great profession. You are eligible to continue your higher education by way of the G.I. Bill of Rights but to insure an adequate and full medical training, unhampered by financial worry, the association—in meeting assembled and unanimously—has voted to send you through medical school."

Aunt Libby said, "For land sakes!"

THE barker was saying, "—and Bone Crusher McGee offers a curisp new one-hunerd-dollar bill to the man who can stay in the ring with him for only four—four, mind you—one-minute rounds—"

"You mean," asked Ed, peering at Dr. Mitchell, "you want me to leave Maple Corners and study medicine for five or six years?"

"Exactly. And the association intends to see that you do."

"Nope," said Ed. "I can't leave Aunt Libby. She depends on my board and room."

"That, too," said Dr. Mitchell patiently, "will be taken care of."

"You can go jump in the creek," Ed said, "without a paddle."

"I'm afraid I don't get you," said Dr. Mitchell.

"Well, I get *you*," Ed said. "You just want me out of Maple Corners so you can marry Hazel while I'm gone. So I am *not* going to leave Maple Corners."

It was then that bells rang in my head and my heart sang.

"You are crazy," said Dr. Mitchell. "Hazel here is strictly for laughs and I would not marry her if there was a bounty attached."

"Who you referring to?" asked Ed, getting his nose real close to Dr. Mitchell's chin.

"Hazel Tuttle. But that is not point. The association—hey, let go!"

They began shaking each other s The barker yelled down: "Gentlen gentlemen! If you wish to rassle acc ing to the rules of etiquette come up the arena. The Bone Crusher will re and the curisp one-hunerd-dollar bill go to a charity indicated by the win Are you game, gentlemen? And do ladies and gents in the audience a with my suggestion?"

The ladies and gents in the audi yelled approval and started crowdin and Larry toward the ring.

"You're scared to do it," Ed sai Dr. Mitchell.

"Lead the way, my psychotic frie said Dr. Mitchell. "I will pin your ping ears to the mat and then give the hundred dollars to have yoursel paired."

"Land sakes," remarked Libby a but she made no move to stop t Well, who did? Next thing I knew were in the ring in their stocking fee

"We better get out of here," said L in my ear. "They'll wind up fightin Bone Crusher and the barker for hundred."

ABOUT half an hour after we home, the doorbell rang. There s Ed on the porch, looking a little sil said to him, "You are suffering slight contusions and shock. Come

He followed me into the kitchen sat down shakily. "Where's Libby?"

"She's gone to bed. Remember thyroid condition. But she made tea for us—I mean you."

Ed rubbed the back of his thick "That Mitchell must've studied juj

"He also studied medicine. Like are going to do." I put Ed's wrist some hot water.

"I'm not going to leave Maple ners. You heard what I said. Som I'll have enough money so we ca married and take care of Libby, to

"Look, Hippocrates, didn't Dr. M ell tell you that the association wil you to medical school and watch o Libby while you're gone? And I some more news for you. With you money and the scholarship from t sociation you can take me with you.

Ed's jaw dropped. "You mean— ried?"

"I certainly do mean marrie thought surely that at this point he wrap his wet wrist, along with h one, around my soft and lovely But no. He stared off into spac said, "I wonder how come the as tion came to that decision?"

I had a good notion to haul off a him the truth—that the old c wanted to get rid of him for a whi didn't want him to come back u really knew his medicine. But I even tell him it was my idea. Selfle bility? Gosh, no! Psychology. who is smart out loud is just not

"Ed Ferguson," I said out loud, are sending you because you des go, and because Maple Corners n young doctor to come back and the torch of mercy." It was might to the truth, at that.

"Gosh," said Ed wonderingly. he looked at me, really at me. But freckled pan crept that look he get he is diagnosing. "Hazel," he said "you are going to have a baby."

So I slapped him across the mou purity.

"Hey!" he yelled. "I didn't that is, I meant when we're marrie felt of his lip. "You know som Hazel? You have given me a sub ous abrasion."

"I wish it was smallpox," I said

But I didn't mean it. I was in l very serious disease, beyond the of medicine.

THE END

CARELESSNESS . . . THE CHILD KILLER

Continued from page 17

ulation has been frayed for weeks, n months. In other cases parents had ced extension cords in rooms where ldren played. Babies, with their in- austible desire to taste everything, d chewing the cords—and were in- ntly electrocuted.

n one of the most tragic cases a young ther brought a small radio into the throom, placed it on the corner of tub, and plugged it in. Then she l her two-year-old daughter got into tub. They played, washed and ashed happily to the music. Suddenly child's hand darted out, knocking radio into the water. Both were killed tantly.

Water is, of course, a dangerously d conductor of electricity. Most trical appliances on the market have n subjected to numerous safety tests, l manufacturers are spending money stantly to make them still safer. But amount of workmanship, research, or ney can completely overcome care- ness. *Electrical appliances should be used where there are damp floors moist hands. Dry your hands and ch your children to dry their hands ore touching the bathroom switch.*

Grim Toll of Firearm Casualties

Last year more than 400 mothers and ers apparently did not know that s and cartridge shells can kill chil- n. They know this year. They left ols, guns and ammunition around re their children were able to get and them. Bureau and desk drawers clothes closets seem to be the favor- storing place, according to insurance pany reports.

ot many tots under five were killed his way, because toddlers haven't the ngth or the dexterity to fire a gun. in the five to fourteen age group, re the impact of the movies, the radio the comic magazines has been great, kids knew what to do with guns. You t and you pull. They killed brothers, rs, playmates—and in a few cases nts.

ometimes the parents thought the s weren't loaded. Sometimes the children thought they weren't loaded. It didn't matter. These guns all were loaded. And they were not locked up.

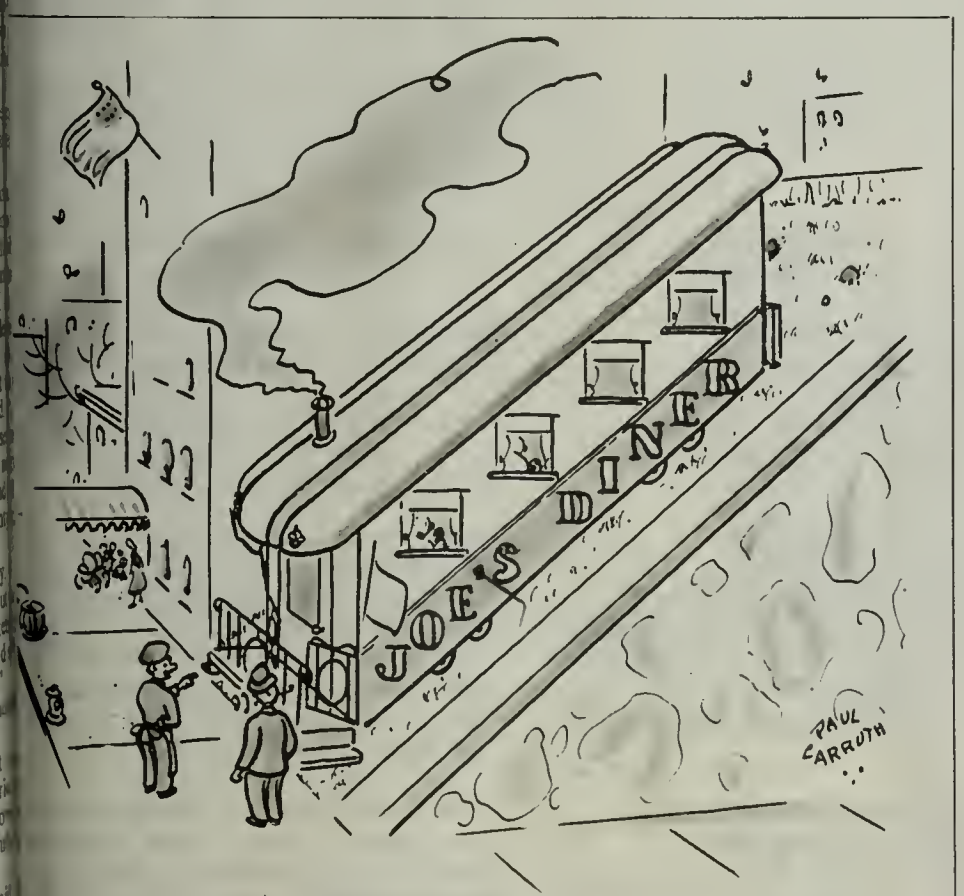
If you have a gun, lock it up.

Poison kills about 600 children a year —all but fifty of them under five. In children under five the inclination to taste everything within reach is at its height. In Los Angeles a five-year-old girl saw something that looked like honey. It tasted like honey. She ate quite a good portion of ant-killing poison before she was discovered and rushed to the hospital, where quick work saved her life. But many children are not so fortunate. To a tot who can't read, no amount of red-lettering means anything. Neither does a skull and crossbones. They will eat anything from arsenic intended for rats, to liquid weed killer—a cup of which a Pennsylvania parent left on a shelf. His son drank it.

Recently there have been a number of cases in which children consumed quantities of sleeping pills used by their parents. In White Plains, just outside New York City, a three-year-old swallowed 20 of her mother's sleeping pills, which a careless maid had left on the piano. When the mother asked for her pills, the maid couldn't find them. The child, smiling brightly for the last time, held up the box and said, "Empty, see? Empty, see?" Three doctors, working for several hours, could not save her.

All that was needed in all these cases was a little care on the part of adults. A small locked box would have saved many a life. If you must have poisonous drugs in your medical cabinet, keep them on the top shelf, plainly marked Poison!, and fasten adhesive over the top of containers so that no one will open them by mistake. Also, when you dispose of your poisonous drugs, empty them down the drain and wash the bottle before throwing it away. Children frequently rescue colored bottles from ash cans, and drink poison while playing doctor.

Failure to make simple household repairs is another frequent cause of death to children. Broken steps, shaky cornices, insecurely hung heavy mirrors, all contributed their share to the grisly toll. In one eastern suburban home a seven-year-



"They said I'd never fit one in there but I fooled 'em. Got it, cheap, from the Mt. Washington Railroad Co. . . ."

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SCHULT Trailer Coaches
FAMOUS FOR MORE THAN A DECADE

old girl awaited Christmas with great eagerness. Every morning she met the postman, helped her mother open the family Christmas cards, and oohed and aahed over each. One evening she took the collection of cards into the living room, pulled up a chair to stand on, and began arranging them on the ornate marble mantelpiece. She leaned over too far and the mantel, which had been rocking dangerously for months, crashed forward, crushing her. Her parents had not followed a primary rule for safety in any household: *Fix it now.* They will never receive a Christmas card without remembering this.

Despite the apparently endless variety of ways in which children are killed at home and the apparently uncontrollable and unpredictable adventures of children, safety experts say that nearly all these deaths could be prevented. Of the 7,400 child fatalities in homes last year, over 5,000—roughly two thirds—were under five years of age. And nearly 2,000 were under one year.

What these figures mean is that during the first year of his life the possibility that your child will be killed by scalding, machinery, electricity and knives is extremely small because most of the time he is safe in his crib. His greatest danger is in being smothered by blankets, pillows or, in case he is taken into bed with them, by his parents.

But when he enters the crawling, toddling stage, he enters a very dangerous period which will continue until he learns to read and can be taught to recognize and avoid danger. This is plainly shown by the fact that while 5,000 children at home are killed in the first four years of their lives, only 1,800 die in similar accidents in the next nine years.

During this very dangerous preschool age, children are virtually helpless. They are beginning to talk, but words still mean very little to them. They are explorers and investigators with a tremendous desire to touch, feel, and taste everything in sight—and it's necessary for them to do these things as part of the process of growing up.

Do Not Relax Your Vigilance

They need safe toys to play with, and a safe, clean place to play in—an area from which you can remove all dangerous objects. Whenever they are not in this safe area, they must be given constant supervision. During this period they develop habits of imitation and repetition. Therefore, you must at all times set a good example—and watch for repetitions that, unharmful once, may in the end be disastrous.

To quote Pediatrics (the medical journal of doctors specializing in child care): "If a child does a hazardous thing and avoids disaster, he is likely to repeat the procedure. An illustration of this tendency to repetition was seen recently when a two-year-old was killed in a fall from a second-story balcony. The father said the child had been observed repeatedly climbing out of his crib, pushing a chair over to the balcony railing, and climbing up—yet nothing had been done to prevent what any person with knowledge of child behavior could have predicted would end tragically."

As the child grows older, the area which must be made safe for him broadens. It soon includes the bathroom, other bedrooms, stairs, the living room, kitchen, yard and garage.

Every home, to be made safe and kept safe for children needs regular inspection, according to safety engineers. Actually, you live in a complicated—and dangerous—piece of machinery, equipped with many conveniences, such as electricity, gas, a heating plant. But unless these conveniences are carefully maintained, they can be deadly to children. Obviously, such poor household practices as leaving shoes at the top of stairs, or throwing old razor blades where children can find them are equally dangerous.

Questionnaires answered by the parents of 500,000 school children for the Greater New York Safety Council reveal the most dangerous practices in most city homes to be slippery floors and stairs, open closet doors into which people can walk in the dark, dry cleaning with gasoline at home, standing on chairs or boxes to reach high shelves, and the continued use of electric extensions and appliances that are in need of repair.

Happiness itself is a big factor in safety. Every child needs love, security and appreciation from his parents. An unhappy or neglected child is apt to express himself unconsciously by hurting himself *in order to get attention!*

Doctors have discovered that many accidents have not been due to mere awkwardness, or chance, but to emotional strain. In factories, for instance, it has been discovered that the sa "accident-prone" workers have nea all the accidents. Their mishaps st from worry and insecurity over ma things, from mortgages to sex. By lieving these worries and emotional t sions, industrial psychiatrists have b able to reduce factory accident rates

Accident-proneness among childre difficult to detect, but in many ca pediatricians have discovered child whose accidents are caused by insecur If you think your child is getting m than his share of cuts, burns, and fall would be wise to discuss it with y doctor.

But first inspect your home, find what's wrong and fix it, and fores accidents based on negligence. You begin by listing the physical dangers the household practices mentioned this article. Check your rooms habits one by one—and eliminate dar points.

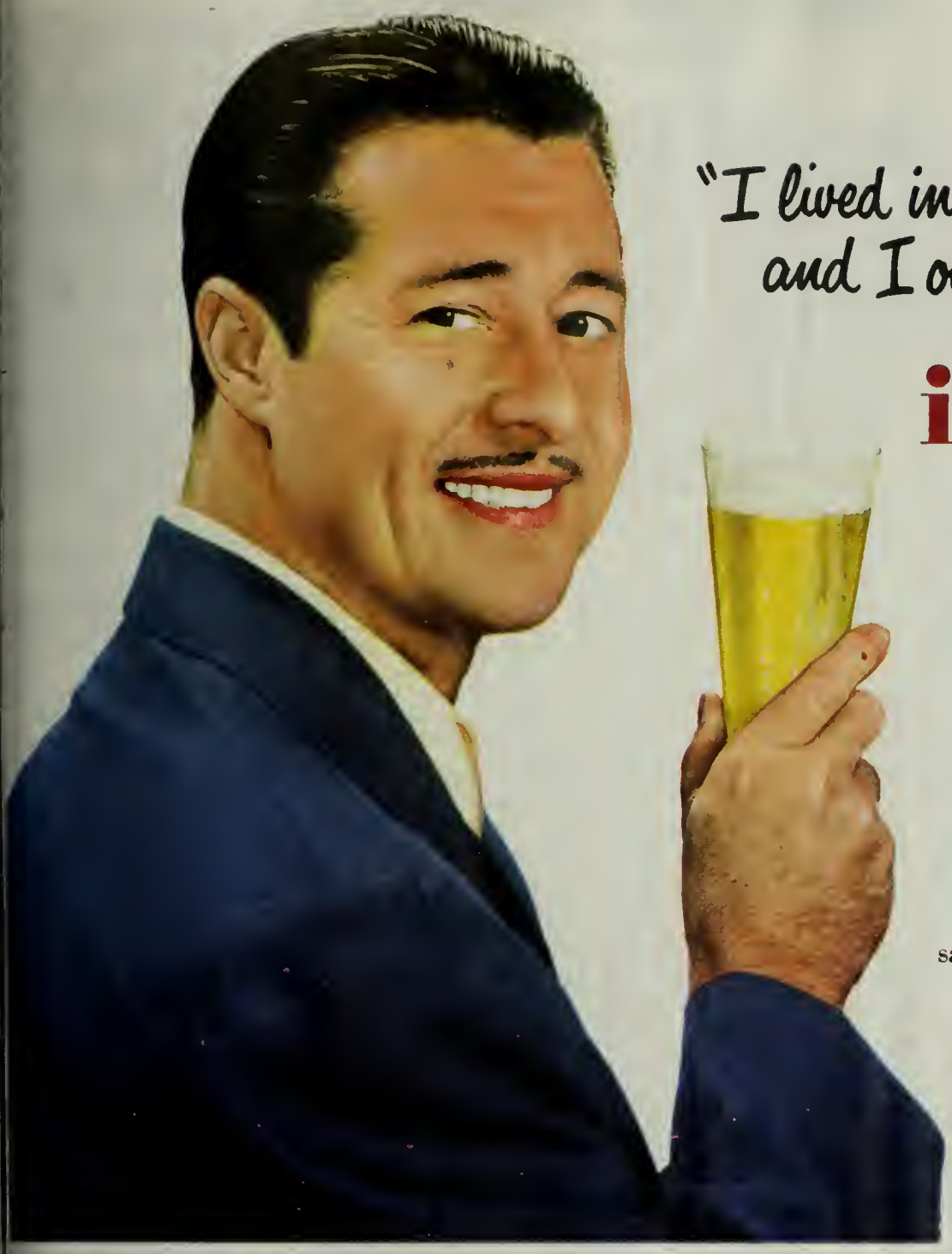
It may save your child's life!

THE END

DEBUNKING EXPEDITION

THE DEBUNKER	THE DEBUNKING
Ornithologist, London	**The nightingale does not sing only at night, but at all hours of the day.**
Historian, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania	**The famous Kentucky rifle of backwoods days was developed and manufactured exclusively in Pennsylvania.**
Missionary, Manitoba	**Gastric ulcers are very common among West African natives who were never exposed to the pressures of civilization.**
Explorer, National Geographic Society	**It never gets too cold to snow. Snow fell in Little America while the thermometer registered 65 below zero.**
Geographer, University of California	**South Pacific natives won't swap you a thing for glass beads—they demand metal tools, household utensils and matches.**
Educator, Dublin	**Sir Walter Raleigh, who was supposed to have brought tobacco from Virginia, never set foot in Virginia.**
Physicist, Washington	**The atmosphere 100 miles above the earth is not cold, but hot enough to boil water under earth-surface conditions.**
Psychologist, New York City	**Only 4 out of 10 ants are good workers—almost all the rest are loafers.**
Statistician, New York City	**There are no more marriages in a leap year than in an ordinary year.**
Zoologist, Harvard University	**Bears don't hibernate. They sleep a lot in winter, but they never go into a state of suspended animation.**
Entomologist, Department of Agriculture	**D.D.T. will never rid the world of flies, because its use is followed by increased birth rate in species re sistant to D.D.T.**
Oculist, Johns Hopkins University	**All babies are not born blue-eyed only 1 per cent of colored and 2 per cent of white infants.**
Health Commissioner, New York City	**When a silver spoon darkens in th stew pan, it's not a sign that th mushrooms are poisonous; that's jus a superstition.**

—W. E. Farbstei



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ut here in Hollywood," Don Ameche says, "I always keep Blatz the refrigerator... so I can treat my friends to true Milwaukee spitality—and the refreshing flavor of America's finest beer!"



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HOW TO GET WHISTLED AT

Continued from page 21

she says, "female executives who go meddling in their employees' personal affairs. I tell my girls that so long as they report here at nine o'clock fresh and clean and in their right minds, I consider their life out of the office entirely their own."

She goes so far with her nonmeddling that she has never had a personal luncheon or theater date with a business associate, nor has she invited any of them to her apartment.

Actually, Ann Delafield leads a life that is average enough, if it is a little overbalanced on the side of work. She lives alone in a New York hotel with cooking privileges. She likes to sew, trims many of her own hats, and is currently writing some books on health and beauty. She is an avid skier, and was quite a horsewoman until a fall broke her back and put a stop to any more riding. A broken leg last winter couldn't keep her from working. Neither did the broken back, suffered earlier in her career. She had an aluminum cast molded from a plaster model. In this, suspended on the Beauty Board in her office at a 40-degree angle, she exercised and attended to business matters alternately for six hours a day while the crushed vertebrae mended. Probably this is why no self-discipline seems difficult to her by now.

Practically everything that has happened to Ann Delafield has helped to prepare her for her present career. Born in Plainfield, New Jersey, she was started on the road to understanding her present pupils' problems by being, she maintains, a homely child. "My mother told me I would have to be good because I certainly was not beautiful."

Ann Delafield was an earnest student, going in for chemistry, biology, dietetics and physical education. Graduating from Packer Institute and Cornell University she began teaching physical education in private and public schools.

Doubling as an Actress

Marriage to Ian McEwen, a struggling Scotch poet and playwright, broadened her field. She alternated between teaching and acting, running a stock company with her husband and performing in it at the same time.

She picked up her first make-up tricks from an old character actress. She also learned to put on a good show.

When Ann Delafield toured the country, schools and women's clubs along the way invited her to talk to them. The women didn't want to hear about the theater. They asked questions about beauty and clothes. "I realized," she says, "that these women were yearning for beauty—and that they needed to diet."

A brief Hollywood interval, during which she appeared in a film called Cytherea and signed a five-year contract with Goldwyn, was ended by her husband's fatal illness in Europe. "I didn't go back. I was too ill myself. I went to the south of France and lay in the sun eating oranges. I got my health back, but I was blackballed in Hollywood."

Two plays on Broadway and a second marriage that ended in divorce were the last distractions Miss Delafield allowed herself. She turned to working single-mindedly for health and beauty, going to Battle Creek to teach physical training and to study diet under John Harvey Kellogg, who, she thought, knew more about diet than anyone else in the world.

It was at Battle Creek that she first got the idea for her Beauty Angle. "We uptilted patients suffering from prolapsus of the abdominal organs, to help get their organs back in place. I noticed that women patients tilted this way also looked prettier. They developed better circulation and firmer tissue in the face."

Ann Delafield went back on tour. This time, she carried with her a folding, patented contraption which she called her Beauty Board. Unfolded, it resembled a tilted ironing board with one end resting on the floor, and provided a base on which to assume the Beauty Angle. She conducted classes in women's clubs, prescribing exercises and diets and taking orders for the Beauty Board.

Returning to New York, Ann Delafield went to work for Elizabeth Arden as director of exercise in her Fifth Avenue salon. This unlikely setup lasted through seven years of violent disagreement and frequent firings of Miss Delafield.

When one of Arden's firings finally stuck—they were due, according to interested onlookers, to the simple fact that no one organization could contain two such determined females—Delafield was invited by the Richard Hudnut concern to direct exercises in their establishment. She seized the chance to have a permanent salon in which to give a complete do-over, combining exercise with diet and a gilding of cosmetics.

"That's when I was told I would ruin the beauty business. But Mr. G. A. Pfeiffer, then president of the company, said if my system would make women healthier and happier as well as prettier, he would finance it out of his own salary. All I had to do was to prove the system was physically and medically sound, good publicity, and that it would pay."

It paid. Miss Delafield likes to point out that the salon did only a $6,000 business the year before she arrived. Last year it grossed over $600,000.

When the Success Course began going out by mail in 1940, it was worked out from a transcription of Miss Delafield's own words of inspiration at the salon. This explains its breathless punctuation. On a pink sheet marked, "Read This *Every Day*," she coaxes: "Do realize that to be a success . . . to be the person you've dreamed of being . . . lovely . . . poised . . . charming . . . you need to follow faithfully the plan outlined for you. . . . It may not be easy . . . what is good is seldom attained with ease!"

Miss Delafield not only has a staff physician to check all salon pupils, but urges every correspondence student to check first and frequently with her doctor.

Children as young as nine have been sent to her by doctors to have weight and posture corrected. She also corrects behavior. "Children are naughty to attract attention," she explains. "W… them up to be so attractive that … don't have to push."

Her success with women and chi… secure, Miss Delafield is now eyin… men with mounting missionary zeal. … would have fewer executives dro… dead," she maintains, "if they woul… a few exercises flat on their backs … day, instead of plunging into stre… week ends for which they are not p… cally fit."

Hundreds of men have succumb… Miss Delafield's diet to keep their … company. Miss Delafield even re… 200 male applicants for aid, as th… sult of a story published by the … Condé Nast.

An Efficient Job on a Fat Ma…

"Mr. Nast told me," she says, "t… I could do a medically approved … and After job on a fat man, he … publish the story in Vogue. The … chosen was a twenty-eight-year-old … ton businessman who was fifty p… overweight, had high blood pressur… therefore had to pay an extra pre… on life insurance. I wrote instructi… that man every night for fifty nigh… fore I went to bed. He lost his … fifty pounds all right, his blood pr… came down, his premium was re… eighty dollars, and Vogue publishe… story."

Miss Delafield realizes that dra… won't go with men. She is concent… instead on measures as inconspi… and painless as possible. The co… still on the shelf, but when it come… will have things in it like this:

Diet, made easy. Morning: A … of stewed fruit; a tall glass of … juice, two eggs; coffee; anything … man has time for. Miss Delafield … on his being in a hurry. Noon: … steak; large bowl of chef's salad; … potato—no butter or salt, but … skin; plus anything else that time … which, with present service, she … will be nothing. Night: One … broiled meat, fish or fowl; a large … and-tomato salad; at least two … bles, and anything more the litt… is willing to allow.

Exercise. To reduce bay windo… sitting inconspicuously at desk, re… open bottom drawer, while … stomach in. Hold it *in*. If this … easy, you are doing it wrong. Re…

It's okay anytime for a man to … feet on the desk. That's a start … Beauty Angle.

THE END



"Oh, I never shoot as high as the 90's!
When I get to 89, I always just quit"

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BAKING SODA
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RIFLE-ARM SAMMY

Continued from page 26

"Later we learned that Smuckler had an obstruction in his throat, and after two or three running plays he got out of breath and had to rest for a while. The fact is, there never was a rougher football player than Dave Smuckler, or a guy who loved the game more."

Slingin' Sammy almost didn't get to play football, because his father fancied him as a potential big-league baseball player. He probably could have made the grade, too. But Sammy liked football better, and his arguments, plus those of his brother Bobby and of Bill Henderson, coach of the Temple high school, finally prevailed. So Sammy began to play football. He started at left end, and later Henderson put him in as tailback. The lanky youngster began to shine at once. The following summer the Baughs moved to Sweetwater, Texas, and Sammy did the rest of his high-school playing there, coached by Ed Hennig. Later he was offered his choice of Texas colleges. He went to the University of Texas under an athletic scholarship which permitted him to play baseball only.

But Sammy still had football in his blood. He finally transferred to Texas Christian, where he could play whatever he wished. At TCU, Baugh was coached by Dutch Meyer, an advocate of the double-wing system, which has the advantage of getting four pass receivers downfield faster than any other. It was Meyer who developed Baugh's punting and made him a master of the quick kick and an all-round player. As a result of this training, Baugh is really a finished footballer, not merely a passer. He is probably the best punter in the National League, he is excellent in pass defense, and he can run with the ball, although his physical setup—he's 6 feet 2½ inches tall and weighs a scant 175 pounds—is not adapted to coping with the bruising tacklers of the professional game.

But you'll not see Sammy punt very often, or carry the ball these days. He is too valuable an offensive weapon to be exposed to risk of injury.

There Was No Mud on Mr. Baugh

One game last fall illustrates the way the Redskins are protecting their star passer. Jimmy Conzelman had brought his league-leading Chicago Cardinals to Washington to fatten on a Redskins team with a poor record. The field was muddy. When the game was over, Baugh had completed 25 of 33 passes, six of them for touchdowns. The Redskins had won 45 to 21. Baugh's uniform was spotless, but Conzelman was mud-spattered from the knees down from his pacing up and down the side line in anguish.

"I had hoped Baugh's age might be getting him, but age doesn't matter the way they play him now," Conzelman said later.

Baugh was scouted by the Redskins in 1936 because George Preston Marshall, who had just transferred his football team to Washington from Boston, needed a first-class passer. But the Pittsburgh team had a prior draw in the National League draft and the Steelers also wanted Baugh. Marshall knew that the Pittsburgh fans were clamoring for their heroes to draft an All-America player from Duquesne University, so he let it be known that if the Steelers took Baugh he would take the Duquesne boy. Pittsburgh passed up Baugh, and Marshall grabbed him.

In those days draft rights meant the same as they still mean in big-league baseball—a player tapped by a pro team played with that team or not at all. Today the two major professional leagues fight tooth and nail for players. That's why Charley Trippi of Georgia, Johnny Lujack of Notre Dame, and Charley Conerly of Mississippi wangled long-term, high-figure contracts from the Cardinals, the Bears and the Giants.

The Bears are said to be paying Lujack $70,000 on a three-year contract, while Trippi and Conerly are getting at least as much. In 1937 Baugh received a $500 bonus and a first-year salary of $4,000 for signing with the Redskins. Of course, he does much better now; he is said to be drawing around $20,000 for playing football from mid-July to the middle of December.

Practical Football Philosophy

Baugh has no resentment against the draft system as it existed when he entered the professional game.

"When I was a rookie," he says, "some players got paid too little. Now some of them get paid too much. The best system for the players is to have the game healthy financially; it is better to have a draft system that doesn't bankrupt a club buying players before the season even opens. In the long run, what's best for the front office is best for the players."

This may sound as if it came from a front-office man, but it may also be the talk of an astute businessman. And Baugh is that, as well as being a great football player. He has invested his money wisely, and he has done well.

Today he owns a completely stocked, prosperous ranch of 5,773 acres some 18 miles northeast of Rotan, in Stonewall County, Texas, where he lives with his wife and their three sons. When the football season ends, Baugh heads for Texas and his horses and cattle. Down in Texas he is considered a top cow hand.

As Baugh sees it, football is more than a game; it is a part of his business, and he intends to stay in business as long as possible and to win as many games as he can. At first, brought up on the single- and double-wing systems of play, Slingin' Sammy balked at working out of the T formation adopted some years ago by the Redskins. But now he's all for the T, because he's found that it tends to prolong the usefulness of the quarterback who operates it.

In the single- or double-wing, Baugh had to block on perhaps half the plays, and blocking is a procedure which, in the tough professional game, is very wearing on a skinny guy weighing only 175 pounds. But in the T, Baugh is rarely tackled and never has to block. And since neither he nor any other first-class forward passer plays on defense very often, it is possible for him to go through an entire game without ever being touched by an opposing player.

It is almost impossible to select Slingin' Sam's best game with the Redskins, since he approaches perfection every time. Almost every time, that is. There was one game in which Baugh and all his teammates were awful; nobody could do anything right. That was the dreadful slaughter of 1940, when the Redskins met the Bears in the playoff game, and the Chicago monsters walloped Baugh and his mates to the tune of 73 to 0. Some Washington fans figure—they still talk with shudders about the game—that the break came when Charlie Malone, ordinarily a reliable end, dropped a Baugh pass on the goal line. At that time the Redskins were on the little end of a 7 to 0 score. A fan asked Baugh:

"Sammy, don't you think that if Malone had held onto that pass the result would have been different?"

"I sure do," said Baugh. "The final score would have been 73 to 6."

THE END

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THE GIRL WHO WAS NOBODY'S DAUGHTER

Continued from page 19

figures onto his arithmetic paper and the Mister said, "Does De Lucie help you with your homework?"

"I couldn't," I says, "I'm not educated enough, but I like him to do it out here. Every tub must stand on its own bottom. John Bunyan. Motto of the Industrial Home for Orphan Girls."

"I like that," he says. "John Bunyan. Well, well."

The garbage man came in today to return a cup I accidentally threw out. He is an old cheerful tall guy. He et one of my cupcakes. "Ever play basketball?" I says to him. "Never did, but I've saw plenty. Rocky played. My son, that's a cop," Frank replies. "Let's see you jump and catch that chain," I says. So he jumped at it and the trap door slanged down and about a thousand tennis balls bounced on his head and a pair of old golf shoes I forgot about. We like to died laughing. I've fixed it up with a lot more things and hope to catch the Mister someday.

I burned my hand on the iron and tore off a fingernail on a hook in the bathroom. Why did you write that I don't seem to be much of a judge of character? I love everybody and my motto is now *"Moonlight and Roses and Dreams."* With love,

De Lucie (Lucy) Weed

September 15

Dear Miss Pupke:

I am still not homesick. Him and her are a queer pair. Or should I say him and her is a queer pair? They have lovely children though. He is a radio commentator. He gives fifteen minutes of news three times a day with the official Wally Iredale reactions and is a great one to make it funny, if possible, and to quote startling sayings. Yesterday when I tuned him in he was talking about India and all of a sudden I heard him say, "As a wise woman I know often says, quoting from John Bunyan, every tub must stand on its own bottom." I like to dropped dead. Wise, me!

I made a lemon chiffon pie and a green salad with six kinds of leaves in it, he likes that, and beef stew with dumplings, and when he come into the butler's pantry where the liquor is kept, at five o'clock, I thanked him.

Stu was sitting in the breakfast nook making stuff out of a chemistry set, and Cherry was standing on a chair rolling out leftovers of pie dough and cutting them out with a cookie cutter.

"Just don't let's have a mixture of that pie dough and chemicals for supper, is all I ask," said the Mister sipping his highball. "My, this is a nice kitchen, if I did pay for it myself," and he sat down beside the kids.

Stu passed him his report card and the Mister says, "Don't spoil my mood. Hey, hey, this isn't bad at all. One *Excellent.* Will you look what Stupid did, De Lucie?" He put his hand in his pocket and brought out a dollar. "This is for your Excellency. You will get one for every *E* you get. How come you brought up your arithmetic so much?"

"Aw, it was easy, Pa. I did it easy, just sitting here, long as I wasn't alone."

The Mister looked at him and drank a small gulp. Mrs. Iredale came banging in the front door then. "Ho-hoo!" she called. "Wally, you home?"

He went into the front hall and I heard her say angrily, "Highball in your hand, of course. You're getting worse and worse. Pour it into the plant. You make me sick."

"You athletes are always so self-righteous. You think you acquire merit by hitting at a ball."

"You do, in a way. It's our duty to be out in the sunshine enjoying the bounty of nature. I lost the ladies'-day tournament this afternoon, though. It was just from having subordinates I can't depend on. Joe Ella came so late that De Lucie had to tend to Baby, so she didn't bring me my tray in bed. I can't go downstairs for my coffee, Wally. It shoots my nerves to pieces for the whole day."

So you see, Miss Pupke, they need me, and I am beginning to make myself a warm permanent home here, like a dog turning around and around making a bed for himself in an old overcoat.

But there is one thing a little bit wrong. It is Skibby that I had the date with. He has pretty curly hair but he is not very nice. When he walked me home from the movies it was moonlight and I said, "Moonlight and roses and dreams. That's my motto," and he put his arm around me and told me slushy stuff and borrowed my week's pay, twenty-five dollars. He said he owed it to the store because he borrowed some money from them and has to pay it back before they notice it. But I am quite sorry I gave it to him because every time he comes past the house now he yells, "Hey, Moosie!" and heaves a small rock at the porch light and busts it and Mrs. Iredale does not like it.

When I get paid next week I will buy some bulbs so I can put them in as fast as he breaks them but I almost wish he would stop. With love,

De Lucie Weed

September 20

Dear Miss Pupke:

I was reading in the garbage an ad of those little silk pads to sew onto the shoulders of dresses and Jinkie says, "Woe to the women that sew pillows to all armholes and make kerchiefs to the head of every stature. Ezekiel."

I says, "What does that mean, Jinkie?" but she didn't know, just liked the sound of it because it is so solemn.

The Mister dusted into the kitchen on the dead run to snatch his coffee and coffeecake—he has given up the tablespoon lately—and he says, "Girls, is it going to rain?" and Jinkie says, "There shall be an overflowing shower; and ye, O great hailstones, shall fall; and a stormy wind shall rend it. Ezekiel," and the Mister says, "Ezekiel, Ezekiel, powerful stuff. Thanks, Jinkie. I can use that," and he rushed out.

I could hear Cherry crying and yelling so I knew Joe Ella was late again, and I went to the little kid's room and she was standing up in her crib bawling and wet to the ears and I made up my mind then to pick up the little thing every morning and train her and keep her with me or she'd never be trained like the babies in the Industrial Home get trained. I petted her and she stopped crying and the Missis' bell began to ring. So I trotted in there with Cherry riding on my back and Mrs. Iredale says, "I've been ringing for minutes, where's my breakfast?"

"I'm sorry," I says. "It looks as if Joe Ella isn't going to show up today. Shall I pop the baby in your bed while I run down and make your tray?"

"Heavens, no, take her with you," she says. "I can't handle a wiggly child like Cherry. If I had to lift her it might strain my back. I had an operation, you know."

So I galloped down the stairs with the baby. She helped me get the Missis' breakfast, by beating a bowl of water with the egg beater to keep her busy, and I had more fun and I'll never leave here. Afterward, while I dusted I gave her a little cloth and she dusted under things and we both had fun.

That day I said to Stupy, "What's your real name?"

"Stuart," he says starting to go down the basement stairs.

"Well, why don't you ever make your little lead soldiers in the kitchen instead of always being alone down in the basement? It's lonesome for me working here without more children around. I'm used to about sixty."

"Wouldn't I bother you?" he says in a faint voice.

"Gosh no."

He shot down the stairs to get his stuff, and we had a lot of fun with the soldiers and he let me pour some. He says, "I wish I could have a party. Mother has a party every week and I go to quite a few, but I never have any."

"We'll ask your mother if you can have a party right here. We'll have a taffy pull for a lot of kids. Wouldn't that be fun to do, next time she plans to spend the whole day at the club?"

So we are going to do that, and the Missis says, "I don't care, for Heaven's sake, but you are crazy to let a lot of stupid kids dirty up your nice clean kitchen. Stupy is just as happy alone in the basement. Why do you want to spoil him?" but she don't really care.

The gasman named Eric and the butcher's boy named Al and a Swedish carpenter working next door have asked me for dates but Skibby says he will kill them in some awful way if I go out with anyone else.

Yesterday I heard Cherry screaming and I looked out. Joe Ella was sitting by the play pen reading and not paying attention and saying, "Sh-sh," and I saw Skibby standing beside the fence with a little mirror in his hand, throwing the sunlight into the baby's eyes. She would keep running away and crying and he would move the mirror so the light would shine in the baby's eyes again.

So I ran out there and came up behind him and gave him a clump on the head that knocked him over into the ash heap. He got up real ugly and said, "I'll fix you you big moose," and tried to sock me. That was just silly, of course, and I knocked him down again quite gently so it wouldn't hurt him too much. He screamed, "It takes a gun in your hand to beat you, you big moose," and I said, "I ain't afraid of your water pistol, kiddo." I do not care for him much. I saw enough juvenile delinquents at the Industrial Home so they bore me, and now I am sure Skibby is not my ideal. With love,

De Lucie We

September

Dear Miss Pupke:

I was reading in the garbage that it is only training makes people right hand or left-handed. I am writing this with my left hand is why the letters are so big.

Yesterday when I took Mrs. Iredale tray up she says, "You are always fussing with the children when you ought to be keeping the place clean. Look at these ruffled curtains. Filthy."

"I'll take them down and wash them myself," I says, because what she says was certainly true. "Jinkie don't come Saturdays." So I started to take them down and didn't notice a needle was stuck in the edge and ran it into my hand.

"Oh, glory," I says, and sank right down on her shaze long and like I fainted dead away. The needle had disappeared right into my hand. You couldn't see a thing.

"What's the matter?" Mrs. Iredale asks.

"Nothing. Nothing," I says. I didn't want to let on to her that I was so stupid I got hurt again. It's gotten to be a joke. I pretended I was all right, but I was scared. Sometimes a pang would go through my hand that like to lifted me off the floor. I figured I could manage not to use that hand until I got a chance to sneak off to a doctor's and have him lift the needle out.

I don't know what I'da done with the kids. Stuart and Cherry did every thing I told them to. Mrs. Iredale was sailing off to the club in her car, and pretty soon the Mister got up and he went to the club in his car. I spread up the beds somehow with Stuart's help, and then Cherry climbed into her stroller and Stuart got out his bicycle and I figured if Joe Ella didn't come soon I'd take the children with me to see a doctor. We were on the front porch, and suddenly I remembered I hadn't locked the back door. The house looked awfully dark and empty with the garage doors open showing both cars gone. I heard a loud I didn't understand and I pushed Cherry's stroller through the house to



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the kitchen, and here in the middle of the room was Skibby with a rock in his hand. He shied it at the kitchen light and busted it, and glass spattered all over the room. And he'd thrown everything out of the refrigerator, my fresh cake I'd made yesterday, and the eggs and milk. I could have cried.

"You horrid little boy!" I yelled. "You get busy with a broom this minute and clean up!"

He picked up a pistol from the table and pointed it at me.

"I don't mind your water pistol!" I said, and he said, "Should I shoot it at the baby? And we'll find out if it's a water pistol."

"No!" I said. "You'll hang, Skibby. You're old enough to hang."

"No I won't. I won't shoot her if you promise to pretend you were the one that made this mess. You have to promise, and the little boy has to promise too, or I'll do something horrible to the baby."

"But what's the idea?"

"Just to get even with you, you big moose."

Oh, that needle in my strong right hand! I did regret being so careless and so clumsy. If it hadn't been for that, I'd have pasted Skibby into the middle of next week, where he belonged.

"I promise," Stuart said in a scared whisper.

"Okay," said I, and I sat down, and Cherry crawled out of her stroller and into my lap. She never cried out nor said a word. Her eyes kept filling with tears. Stuart stuck close to my side, and I could hear the poor little fellow gasping.

Skibby started throwing cups on the floor, laughing like anything. A little way off, came the sound of the garbage-truck bell.

"Can I carry the garbage pail out? Old Frank will think it's funny if we don't. He'll come to the back door to get it."

"Do you think I'm a fool?" Skibby twirled the gun around on his finger like a bad man in the movies.

"All right. I warned you. If the pail isn't out, Frank will come to the house to find out why."

"The little boy can carry it out. Go on, kid. Run both ways, especially when you're coming back, or I'll fix you. Don't you say one word to the garbage man or anyone else. Or I'll shoot the baby."

Stuart passed right in front of me with the bucket, looking in my face with terrified eyes, and I calmly took a nice Haviland cup from Mrs. Iredale's tray that was close to my elbow and dropped it on the top of the pail.

Through the window I watched his little legs running down the path, and then running back.

It worked. Two minutes later, old Frank was knocking at the back door with the cup in his hand. Skibby was helping himself out of the Mister's rye bottle.

"Hell!" he said. "What's the old fool want? I know the kid didn't speak to him, I watched. He can't see in, can he?"

"He can see the top of you through the glass on the door. Why don't you put down that bottle, and pretend you're playing with the kids? Did you ever play basketball? See if you can catch that chain."

He had had enough rye so he was stupid. He's stupid anyway. He jumped at the chain, and the trap door flew open, and the tennis balls showered him, and an old horse blanket fell all over his head and arms. Skibby fumbled with the blanket, swearing, and dropped the gun, and I flew and grabbed it up, and kicked him on the pants, hard, and he sprawled over. Frank bust in and held him, and Cherry ran up laughing and hit him in the back with her baby fists. As the horse blanket was all tangled around him, maybe we weren't too brave. In the excitement I'd used my right hand now it wouldn't work any more. fingers got numb, and the gun fell floor. Stuart grabbed it. He tool and fired. He's only seven.

Skibby screeched horribly. "Y killed me!" he yelled.

It really wasn't a water pistol, be a bullet had gone into his knee, and was a good deal of blood on the with all the glass and food spilled

"Get a doctor!" Skibby was sc ing. "I'll bleed to death."

"That's a good idea, you little sti said old Frank.

"I shot you once, and I can again," boasted Stuart.

"No, that'll do," says old Frank was at the kitchen phone. "Don't no more, Stuart, I trust you. string around the boy's leg, De L

I can't write any more because n hand gets tired. With love,

De Lucie

Octob

Dear Miss Pupke:

Where was I when I had to leav

The cops came while I was try get a cord around Skibby's knee. kitchen filled up with people, neig and policemen, and a doctor, an and Mrs. Iredale, each with a pu their hands. Frank the garbag had called them too. A very big eyed policeman came over to m said "May I do that for you? I'm l My pop is always telling me v grand girl you are. Shake!"

He shook my poor right ha passed out. Mrs. Iredale told m Cherry said her first sentence. Sh "Moosie has a needle in her har wish I'da heard her.

Mrs. Iredale took me to the eme room at the hospital, and I was pu cot next to Skibby. He stuck his out at me just before they gav ether to set his kneebone. If he a reformatory I feel quite sorry reformatarians.

They took an X ray of my har saw the needle, and gave me a loc tried to cut it out, and the needle away. They kept taking pictur probing, and the needle kept s away. Palms are tricky, old Dr. said. They don't want to cut ne tendons. And when he finally needle out, he was so happy he wi forehead and his glasses, and I t he was going to kiss me, but he Mrs. Iredale was happy too. She me, "You and Stu and old Fran aged that young scoundrel very w you should have had better sense become friends with him in tl place. Don't necessarily accept p own estimates of themselves, De Use your own intelligence."

They put me to bed and to sleep hospital. When I woke up, m ached like mad. The sun had ca so I knew the Missis would be golf, and I worried about Che Stu with maybe not even Joe Ella after them. It must have bee o'clock when my door opened, nurse brought in Mr. Iredale c Cherry, and leading Stu. M family. My own children. T have to be finished tomorrow. Wi

De Luci

Octobe

Dear Miss Pupke:

I once read in the garbage tha thing happens to everybody if t long enough.

The Mister brought some ca we were all eating a piece with and Stuart sitting on my bed, comes Jinkie.

"Well! This is a reproach, taunt, and an instruction, and a ishment," said Jinkie.

"Ezekiel?" asked the Mister. a phrasemaker. I must read Ez

"It's nice of you to visit me, Jinkie."

"I ain't a visitor," said Jinkie. "I'm atient."

"Did you run a needle into your hand ?" asked Stuart.

"No, no. The Lord is going to in-ase my family by another little boy girl."

"You never told us!"

"It happens all the time," said Jinkie. have seven. I went round to your se, Mr. Iredale, to tell Mrs. Iredale ouldn't be working for a week, but ody was home."

Sit down in my chair, Jinkie," says Mister politely.

"No thank you, I've gotta go," says ie with her sad mysterious smile. far as I can figure out, Mr. Iredale, Ella means to take a little trip with husband next week. Seems like the sis will be all out of help for a while. dby now."

like to had a fit. "I'm going home," id. "You folks need me. Go on out, Iredale, so I can get dressed. You my bill and I'll pay you later."

Oh, I'll take care of that."

e came back a little later with Dr. ker.

You have to have sulfa every two rs for twenty-four hours, De Lucie, t and day. You'd better stay here."

You can give me the sulfa pills, and rt will make the meals according to directions. Won't you, Stu? He is wfully smart boy. Cherry can roam nd my room. Too bad it is Satur- but Monday we can get the Missis temporary help and we'll make do then. Okay?"

I came home in the car, my right and arm bandaged to the shoulder, very painful too. The kids were ls. Stuart and his father went into hinese place and got eggs foo young upper, and we all et in the kitchen, Cherry was sprinting around the , glad for me to be home again.

e Missis came home, glad because ad played good golf, and wanted Mister to take her to the brawl at lub in the evening, so I told them . Luckily the kids slept, because a fever. They came in at one k and gave me the sulfa, and I into a dopey sleep, and the Mister must have kept setting his alarm clock because he came in at three and five and gave me my pill. He's a fine man.

At seven o'clock I was lying awake thinking how my hand hurt clear up to my jawbone. I knew Cherry would soon be making little sounds, trying to wake herself up, and I thought how well-trained I'd got her and how I hated to have her start in wetting her bed again. So I dragged myself up the stairs to the Missis' room, and let the Venetian blinds up with a slam and shook her gently, and twitched the cover.

"Wake up, Mrs. Iredale! This is your day to take holt."

She sat bolt upright, wide awake in a second. Honest, she's pretty in bed.

"Are you worse?"

"No. Better."

"Please go away and let me alone."

If you don't think Mrs. Iredale can look mean, you never woke her up. I was scared of her. But I thought what Jinkie sometimes says when she is hanging over the washtubs muttering to herself. "So will I go in unto the king," she says in a dretful low voice, "and if I perish—I perish."

I shouts very loud, "You have to get up now and run Cherry to the bathroom before she wakes up good. I can't lift her out of bed with one hand. It would be a shame for her to forget her good habits."

"You must be nuts," she says lying down and closing her eyes. "Go away."

I twitched the covers.

"Get up!" I roars. "After you take care of Cherry you have to make coffee quick for the Mister so he doesn't go back to that tablespoon breakfast. He has a program at ten and he'll have to hurry."

Mrs. Iredale looked at me. I didn't like her expression.

"You're the maid. Since when do you give orders? You're fired."

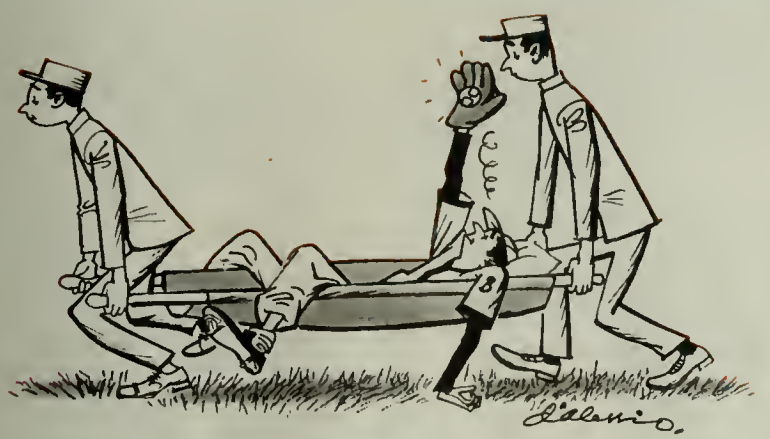
I yanked the covers off.

"Fired, okay. But still you are going to get up and tend to Cherry and the Mister and Stuart."

I grabbed her neck with my good hand and set her on her feet, hard.

"Every tub must stand on its own bottom. That means you too."

I thought she was going to take a



GREGORY D'ALESSIO

SPORTING ODDS

In a recent baseball game between professional teams from Bremerton, Washington, and Victoria, B.C., on the latter's grounds, a Victoria batter hit a high fly deep to left center with two out and a man on first. As two Bremerton outfielders reached for the catch they collided and dropped to the ground, both out cold. The batter touched all bases, preceded by the man on first, and the fans figured it a home run inside the park. But the base umpire, who had rushed out to the prostrate players, ruled the batter out. The center fielder, he announced, had caught the ball as he smashed into his teammate and still held it securely if unconsciously in his glove.

—A. G. Hill, Jr., Victoria, B.C., Canada

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Shower proof Rain Topcoats

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poke at me. I'm seven inches taller than she is, but my hurt hand was throbbing so I like to died. Cherry let out a bawl, and the Mister came dashing out of his room across the hall and got the baby and sprinted with her to the bathroom. I didn't have to argue with him how nice good habits are in babies.

"Wally!" shouted the Missis.

He came in in his pajamas. No treat to me, I'd been seeing them every two hours all night long.

"De Lucie has gone out of her head, Wally."

The Mister put his big paw on my forehead.

"Burning up. It's time for your pill, De Lucie. Go back to your bed. Do you think the girl is delirious, Gertrude?"

"Perhaps she is," she replied thoughtfully.

Delirious, nuts.

"Can you slip some clothes on Cherry, darling?" she asks, sweet as pie. "It would be too bad to waste all the training De Lucie has given her. I want to make your breakfast. You have a ten-o'clock program."

"Imagine your remembering that!" he says, pleased. "Awfully nice of you to get up, Gertrude."

I staggered to my bed sweating as if I were carrying a trunk. It was just the blood running into my hurt hand. I lay in bed wondering if I would get anything to eat. I thought about that hundred dollars I intend to save up. It's to take a charm course so I can learn to walk and talk and act more like Mrs. Iredale. The Mister yelled goodby, and I heard the door slam, and the yackety noise of his car starting, and then Mrs. Iredale came in with a tray, coffee and toast and orange juice and two fried eggs, all very nice. She's smart enough when she decides to be. Plenty smart enough to be a first-class maid. I said thanks, and sat up and began to eat. Cherry crawled up on the bed beside me and swiped my toast.

"Let's have one thing straight, De Lucie. I'll overlook this morning because you are sick, and I was responsible for that needle being in the curtain. But if you are going to remain here you will have to concede that I am the mistress."

"You are," I said. "You're the boss. I hope I will be a patient for only one day more. By tomorrow I'll be through with the drug and able to do the work rather slowly with my one good hand."

"Then apologize for your colossal impertinence this morning. The idea! Hauling me out of bed!"

"I do apologize. I'm awfully sorry. I felt bad and ashamed right at the time. Tomorrow will you get up without my having to get tough? I don't intend to have the baby and Stuart and the Mister neglected."

She began to laugh. "You are so bullheaded and thickheaded, De Lucie, that it's funny. You treat me like a spoiled child, like a favorite naughty child."

Well, maybe I do feel that way, but I wasn't going to admit it.

"Just don't fire me. This is my home, and I hope to live here ten years, so I can learn to imitate you."

"If Jinkie wasn't having another baby," Mrs. Iredale threatened, "I'd fire you in one minute."

"Don't do me any favors," I said. "If you fire me, you lose as much as I do. I lose my home, and you lose a darn' good cook. I've had three offers of marriage in the last six weeks, Mrs. Iredale. I know plenty of places where I'd be welcome."

"The gas man?" she asks, grinning. "Cute, too."

She sat down in my little rocker, and I was pleased to see Cherry climb into her lap and rock with her.

"Yes, the gas man. He et some of my luncheon rolls and asked me to be his. And Al, the butcher's delivery boy. My coffeecake bowled him over. And the Swede carpenter that you called in to rehang the doors. He has never asked me to go anywhere but he is very insistent to marry me. He would like to enjoy good cooking and then he thinks I co go out and do daywork and bring about thirty dollars a week. He's p tical. But old Frank, the garbage m he has got a son Rocky that he hop will like. I might too. I just had glimpse of him."

"I didn't know we had such a bel the house. That's more chances of matrimony than I had, and I was posed to be an heiress, in a small wa

"But you weren't noted as a g cook, like me, Mrs. Iredale. I mean that I'll keep on getting three o every six weeks. I'll run out of l candidates pretty soon."

Mrs. Iredale got up and dum Cherry on the bed, frowning humming to herself.

"All right. You have made your p and you have a permanent place in family, De Lucie. It's a relief to my husband spurn the bottle in morning. You've helped clear the sense up—and you've helped Stu. I loves you. And as a matter of fa guess I love you too."

I can't believe I heard her right cause she was walking out of the r But I think that's what she said. nice. With love,

De Lucie V

THE END

BREAD WITHIN THE WATERS

Continued from page 13

food and breathing air for the rest of life on earth. Scientists call this natural process photosynthesis. For 200 years they wondered how a simple blade of grass performed this daily miracle—taking carbon dioxide from the air; water and minerals from the earth; light from the sun, and turning them into food.

Now, in Year X, man can do what a blade of grass can do. On his farm he turns carbon, water, minerals and sunshine into nourishing food for millions.

How near are we to this farm?

As you read this, hardheaded industrial engineers are consulting with scientists. The problem: One group of scientists has produced test-tube quantities of fats and proteins from single-celled plants. Other scientists, using new atomic-energy tools, have partly glimpsed, for the first time, the way the food-producing factory inside the living plant works. They have even charted some of the steps in this hitherto mysterious process.

Now it's up to the engineers to take the newly created laboratory food and the newly learned lessons on natural food production out of the laboratory and put them into mass production.

Preview of Farm in Operation

On the basis of what scientists already know, here is how the engineers say the farm of the future might work:

The pumping stations on a lake shore or seashore suck in tons of water and pull it through batteries of heat exchangers where it is sterilized. Automatic equipment inoculates the sterilized fluid with microscopic plant life—algae—and adds nourishment for the plants—carbon dioxide, nitrogen, magnesium. In the thick glass coils, which guard the fluid against pollution from the air but let in the sun, the plants multiply and, like so many billions of microscopic factories, go to work to produce edible foods—butter, tissue-building proteins, starches, fodder for cattle.

Miles down the pipe lines, the "crop" is harvested by pumping. Automatically operated devices, requiring only switchboard control, swirl the harvest through batteries of centrifuges. The centrifuges separate the crop from the water in which it grew. On moves the crop to solvent extraction tanks for processing into food for man and beast.

Conceivably, if plants hardy enough to withstand polution from the air are developed, the whole food-making process may simply take place in great tanks of water. Why not? Or in man-made ponds poured out on unused desert land near the sea.

Man could then sow the seas and harvest his daily bread with power pumps.

Here, specifically, are the historic discoveries in American laboratories about which engineers weave their dreams of the farm of the future.

The Carnegie Institution's Division of Plant Biology at Palo Alto, California, has developed algae—single-celled water plants—that are 85 per cent fat. To realize the richness of this find, you must understand that the cottonseed and soybean, from which most vegetable oils come, are only 20 per cent fat. The scientists were tempted to see whether they could build a pilot plant to translate the test tube of yellow algae fat into a tank carful. They knew this would be exciting in a world starved for fats. Reluctantly, they decided to stick to their knitting, which is pure research.

But Dr. Herman A. Spoehr, developer of the fat algae, said, "If I were a far-sighted industrialist, say a food or soap manufacturer, I'd certainly build a pilot plant."

At the University of California at Berkeley, in the laboratory where America's first cyclotron was built, other scientists have set the scientific world by the ears by outlining the chemical cycle with which the food-making factory in the growing plant does the job. Using radioactive materials that open up worlds hitherto hidden even to the most sensitive microscopes, they have sp and isolated some of the compo which the plant makes in its proc creating sugars and proteins.

The University of California che have thus made the first long strid ward making abundant food to By understanding what Mother Nat up to, the chemist can either repea process or tamper with it until h made what he wants.

Prying into Nature's Chemist

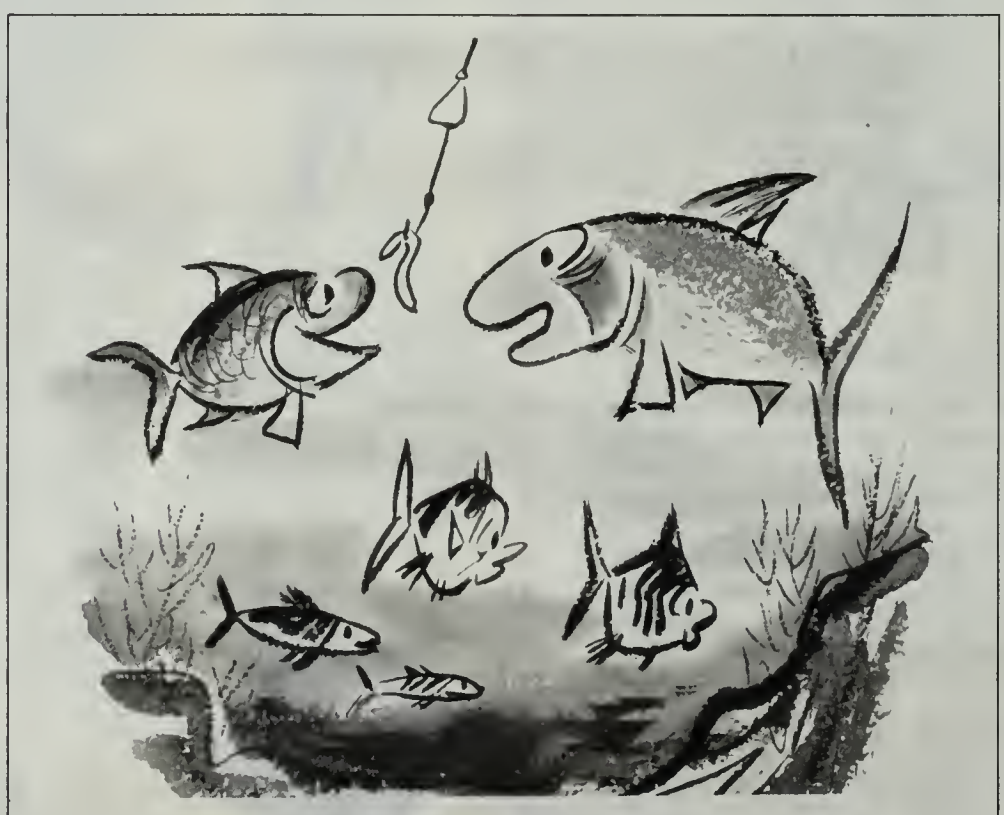
The university scientists know t can be done, for the Carnegie In tion researchers at Palo Alto have c fat in a living plant *without under ing* fully how they did it. They s tinkered with the nourishment of s celled plants, the atmosphere breathed, the sunlight in which they Full understanding of how the pla it will make the industrial engineer of mass-producing food easier. An race for full understanding is no

Spurred by the radioactive traci the University of California, sci in a dozen laboratories, most of supported by Atomic Energy Co sion funds, are hurrying to be the f unravel fully one of the last great teries with which Nature has thu her nose at man—the "how" of p synthesis.

At the University of Chicago, at ington University at St. Louis, Charles F. Kettering Foundati Yellow Springs, Ohio, at the Cali Institute of Technology, scientists full cry.

At stake is not only the syntheti duction of food but other drea mankind—perhaps the understand the secret of life itself.

In the background is the grimmer struggle. It is the race be a multiplying world population one hand and the shrinking of arabl on the other. Each year in the States alone half a million acres c placeable topsoil are washed or away. Every five years Mother must feed 100,000,000 *more* mouth she did before. By 1975 there will a billion more people than the today. Nothing seems to dam th



"You'd better lay off, sonny. You are getting big enough to keep"

COLLIER'S — ED NOFZIGER

Animal stars that stole the show



68 Jumbo, 6½ tons of showmanship, was the matinee idol of thousands of kids at the ...don Zoo when the name Corby's was enjoying its ...n year of renown in Canada. Young Britons wept ...n Jumbo was spirited away to the U. S. by P. T. ...num, to live and die as a trouper.



1936 This comical little lady, first giant panda to reach our shores, clowned her way into overnight fame, as the name Corby's entered its 78th year of popularity in Canada. Cuddly panda dolls, inspired by her, replaced the Teddy Bear in many American nurseries.



1938 This gorilla, once a docile house pet, grew up to be one of showdom's most famous villains. Joining the big top in the 80th year of fame for the name Corby's in Canada, he even refused to act sweet to his poor unkissed bride. Despite gentle care, his disposition hasn't improved.



1948 FRANK BUCK, daring talent scout of the jungles, makes a career of tracking animal stars and bringing 'em back alive. Some jungle cat like this may be tomorrow's headliner! Mr. Buck and his fellow explorers discover new stars every year—*just as thousands of other Americans discover daily the fine quality of Corby's, the light, sociable whiskey with a grand old Canadian name.* Even the price steals the show.

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86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co. Limited—Peoria, Illinois



not even history's most destructive wars. The earth has 200,000,000 more persons today than before World War II.

The world is looking into the terrifying face of the specter of permanent, mass hunger.

Can the scientists get there in time with new sources of food?

Over luncheon coffee in the Faculty Club at the University of California one day in January, 1939, a table at which sat a group of brilliant men buzzed with animated conversation. Via the scientific and academic grapevine had come the news that the Germans had split the atom in the laboratory and released vast energy. The excited group discussed what this might lead to.

Men who were on the threshold of world fame were there—big, handsome Ernest O. Lawrence, who was to win the Nobel prize in physics that year for constructing the cyclotron; frail, boyish J. Robert Oppenheimer, shy and quiet amid the hubbub, who was to direct the fashioning of the mechanism that set off the atomic bomb; the youthful instructors J. W. Kennedy and Glenn T. Seaborg, destined to be the joint discoverers of plutonium a year later.

A chunky twenty-eight-year-old chemistry instructor by the name of Melvin Calvin got in his cent's worth.

"I'll bet my penny atomic fission will be put to work in five years," he said.

Recently, a similar group of University of California scientists again placed penny bets at their Faculty Club luncheon table. This time the talk hummed about the swift strides researchers are making in their hot pursuit of the photosynthesis secret. What would be the first use for the new discoveries? Dr. Melvin Calvin, now a full chemistry professor and in charge of the university's photosynthesis researches, put up another penny.

"I'll bet my cent that the first use will be to make butter," he said.

An Eighteenth Century Experiment

The scientific search to solve photosynthesis, now so near the pay-off, began in 1772. Then Joseph Priestly started the hunt with a simple experiment. He stuck a lighted candle under an inverted glass, and watched it flicker out as the oxygen was consumed. Next, he put a sprig of mint into the exhausted air and then ten days later put another lighted candle under the glass. It burned perfectly! The sprig of mint had created new oxygen.

But *how* this happened remained a mystery for a century and a half, until scientists split the atom and gave themselves new tools. For, until the atomic era, all that scientists could do was to measure the external properties of plants —the oxygen they produced, the carbon dioxide they consumed. The atomic research tools were put to work five years before the bomb. It happened this way:

When Dr. Ernest O. Lawrence put the finishing touches to his Nobel prize-winning, atom-smashing cyclotron in 1938, chemists and physicists at the University of California swarmed to the fascinating, great new scientific toy.

One fascinated bee was a cherub-faced, long-legged, thirty-year-old chemist by the name of Sam Ruben. Joining in the atom-smashing, Ruben and a colleague soon discovered (in 1940) the now famed Carbon 14 and the lesser-known Carbon 11. In the jargon of the scientists, these are isotopes, man-made modifications of elements found in Nature—in this case, modifications of natural carbon. Isotopes are elements composed of atoms whose nuclei have been knocked awry by atomic bombardment. They have one great, overriding quality. They are radioactive, i.e., they eject charged particles at high speeds.

Ruben had a flash of genius. He noted that the radioactive carbon isotopes, although invisible to the most sensitive microscopes, were as apparent to him as, say, his fist. Not through his eyes, but through instruments that could count their radioactive pulsing and thus detect them anywhere at any time. The radioactive carbon atom was like an atom with a flag on it. It could be spotted. Why not use these bellwethers as tracers? Dump Carbon 11 or Carbon 14 into a chemical compound and follow it through every step of its chemical transformation in that compound. Here was a new tool that could broaden scientists' horizons even more than the discovery of the microscope did.

Eagerly, Ruben set his sights for the most distant horizon of them all—the inner world of the plant life processes. His plan of attack was beautifully simple. The plant takes in carbon dioxide and water and with the help of light does a chemical job of producing sugars, proteins and other high-energy materials. Very well. Why not feed the plant radioactive carbon dioxide (by making it breathe in an atmosphere of radioactive carbon dioxide)? Then after a few minutes, or hours, kill the plant with a shot of acid and see what the tiny chemical factory inside the plant had accomplished up to that point.

Hitherto impossible for lack of suitable instruments you could now, thanks to radioactive atoms, tell what happened to the carbon dioxide. Repeat the experiment often enough, and you could eventually spot each chemical step and identify each intermediate chemical compound the plant formed.

It was a noble experiment, conceived in the grand style of a Newton. But Ruben never finished it. The war intervened, and he sacrificed his life through overwork in pursuit of new lethal gases.

But the war brought the atomic-energy pile and the Atomic Energy Commission. From the pile at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, came radioactive isotopes in quantities prewar scientists had not dared dream of. From the Atomic Energy Commission came generous funds for peacetime research, money for Geiger counters, for isotopes, for well-stocked and well-staffed laboratories. The scientist had never had it so good.

At the University of California the doctors Melvin Calvin and Andrew Benson picked up where Sam Ruben had left off.

Calvin is a round-faced, balding young man of thirty-seven, whose tumbling flow of words has trouble keeping pace with his racing mind. A Detroit boy, trained at an engineering college, Calvin came to the University of California way of England, where as a Rockefe Foundation fellow, he delved into porphyrin molecule (the stuff of wh the green of the plant and the red of blood are made). He became a sor jack-of-all-sciences—physicist, biolo chemist—and so prepared himself for challenge of his life—photosynthesis.

Benson is a lanky, freckle-faced Ph of thirty-two, whose slangy informa belies a brilliant research backgro and intense work habits. He is the r who works out in the laboratory ideas that Calvin sparks.

Studying How Algae Make Food

First thing they did (in January, 1 was to breed 15 ten-gallon flasks' w of green algae. An alga measures a one five-thousandth (.0002) of an i This is about the size of a blood The 150-gallon batch yielded one po of solid green matter.

Scientists use algae for prying Nature's food-making secrets bec they are the simplest form of plant They do all of the complicated f making job within a single cell and be watched more easily than can com plants like wheat, say, or corn which specialized cells assigned to special t

Calvin and Benson backtracked Ruben's prewar work. Ruben and colleagues had shrewdly guessed tha plant can take carbon dioxide from air in the dark. Then, when light c along, the plant starts turning the ca dioxide into sugar and other chemi If this were true, it could be a great to researchers. By shutting the a away from light you could slow d their food production. They would r a small array of compounds, and could have a better chance of identif them.

Calvin and Benson shined ordi electric light on a batch of algae, tu them in a black flask, fed them a sh "hot" (radioactive) carbon dioxide found that in the dark they were c everything a plant can do in the light make sugar, protein and the rest.

For 18 months Calvin, Benson their six-man team of research assis fed radioactive carbon to the unsus ing algae. (The algae apparently know they're breathing radioactive bon dioxide and go about their making business anyway.)

Algae can produce some sugar i space of half a minute. So, quickl fore the microscopic guinea pigs gone far in their work, Calvin



ason would kill them with a shot of tic acid. With the help of a Geiger unter that clicked off the pulsing radi- on of the radioactive carbon atoms in- the plant, the researchers would start eries of brain-busting separations and lyses, using radical chemical methods. at were the algae up to at this point? that? And at that?

he men worked day and night.

arly this year the nightwork began ay off. Calvin and Benson crashed ough with the compounds they had a seeking. They rocked the scien- world with disclosures of hitherto nown steps taken by the plant in its d manufacturing. They spotted and ed a dozen intermediate compounds ccinic acid, fumaric and malic acid, ng others.

alvin sat down, and on the basis of mplete evidence, estimated the chem- cycle, the whole sequence of steps in plant's food making. Much of it, pported by laboratory proof, was an ginative, educated guess. Scientists ver the country set about to knock wn. But steadily, Calvin's own re- ch team has isolated compound after pound. Each has fitted into the cycle e said it would!

alvin has painted this picture of the -producing cycle.

sualize a ring of pipe shaped like a hnut, with smaller, tributary tubes ng from it. Into the main pipe from

om Installment XVII of THE ECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. OPKINS: Hopkins assured Sta- n that all America wanted was strong, democratic Poland iendly to the U.S.S.R. Stalin sured Hopkins that all Russia anted was a strong, democratic land friendly to the U.S.S.R. t, as Roosevelt had once re- arked to Churchill, there was parently no way of translating riendly" from one language to e other so that it would end meaning the same thing.

ide go carbon dioxide and other nutrients. Through the tubes on ther side come the completed fat, n and sugar.

re is how the chemist can control production by plants. If he wants can stop up the protein and sugar by chemical means, so that the is forced to turn everything into fat. scientist wants protein, he can stop e sugar and fat tubes and so train ant to produce nothing but protein.

ty miles south of Calvin's labora- where scientists of the Carnegie tion produced algae which are al- wholly fat, no radioactive carbon sed in trying to find out what went side the plant's food-making fac- Here scientists simply experimented he conditions under which plants

Behind these experiments was a ating theory.

here did our present-day petroleum from?" Dr. Spoehr asked. "Scien- uspect now it was laid down by s upon billions of primitive algae stored a much higher ratio of fat eir present-day descendants. The ? Well, the theory is that the primi- mosphere was different from what day. It was low in oxygen, because ive plant life hadn't yet produced it abundance we have it today. If uld reproduce the growing con- , which gave rise to the petroleum- ting algae—we could make algae in today."

Spoehr did this in the laboratory, up with the fattest of all plant By using the same set of growing ons he can repeat at will.

The scientists know they're involved in a grim race to find new sources of food. Food crops are diminishing while baby crops are increasing. Alarmed population chartists predict that one brief century from now the world must cope with a doubled population.

Well, what are we waiting for? Let's open up new land, clear the jungles of the Amazon, and Borneo and Africa. Let's irrigate the deserts, develop new seeds for more intensive farming, new bug and weed killers to protect what we grow.

Here the botanists raise a sobering hand. Forget about the tropical jungles, they say. Tearing rains have leached out the soil over the centuries, robbed it of nutritious minerals and made it poor stuff for growing crops. Geographers throw more cold water. There is little new and fresh land to open up, they point out. Far from having more land to look forward to, man must face up to the fact that he's confronted with a permanent shortage. One human being needs at least 2½ acres to provide him with food and clothing. But if you divide the world's people by the world's arable land, you find there is only an average of one-and-three-quarters acre per person available. Decidedly, the human race is already behind the agricultural eight ball.

And that's not all.

Far from expanding his crop-producing lands and the fruits thereof, man is actually shrinking them. So greatly has he multiplied and so swiftly is he digging into the earth's capital of natural resources that geographers now regard him as a destructive geologic force.

"It is probable that since the dawn of history, man has destroyed as many productive acres as now exist in the world," says Milton S. Eisenhower, the president of Kansas State College and brother of the general, Ike.

Empty Stomachs Breed Revolutions

This means more than an empty belly for many an individual. For peace rests on a full human stomach. Tell nutrition specialists how many calories are being consumed in different places throughout the world and they will tell you where unrest and revolution will break out next. Drop nourishment below 75 per cent of normal (2,900 calories daily is regarded as normal) say Mellon Institute nutritionists, and within weeks or at most months, you can expect a "marked increase in mortality and grave danger of civil unrest."

Today the list of countries below the danger point is frightening. It includes almost all of Europe, Asia and India.

The atom was first cracked in 1939. The explosion of an atomic bomb at Los Alamos, New Mexico, followed six short years later. To do the job in such quick order, America expended great wealth, harnessed the organizing ability of our great industrial corporations and mobilized the genius of the world's leading scientists. The stakes were that high.

Are the stakes just as high today?

What do you think? Here they are:

Enough food for the millions of today and those to come. And food means peace.

Harnessing the sun's rays to give us power and heat directly when our petroleum is running out and the world is just starting to become mechanized.

Understanding the secret of life, a clue to understanding disease, deterioration, death itself.

The stakes are high, and the race is on.

We who have hand-cranked a car, then watched the nation become honeycombed with highways; who have seen penicillin grow from a laboratory curiosity to a sickbed necessity, can now watch a test tube of yellow fat grown from invisible plant life, and in it see hope for the world.

THE END

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

many fliping cards I get. An yesterday we had steak & homemade cake. And thats all I've got to say. Love, Tom."

L. JOHN BLOCH, Cincinnati, Ohio

PARLAY-VOUS HORSE LANGUAGE?

SIR: I don't think much of Cy Newman's system entitled How to Cash the Daily Double Daily (The Week's Mail, July 31st) in which he played 29, the age of his friend Ruth. I played the system for 3 days and lost heavily $6 all told. Ruthie was born 2 years too soon as 2 and 7 won twice paying $303 and $606. Do you know a better system, one that will work, so I need not?

ED ORPEN, Toronto, Ontario

Yes—ask the horses themselves.

SLEEPER, AWAKE!

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: After reading Mrs. F.N.B.'s advice on how to take a nap (The Week's Mail, July 17th) I tried it on my brother: I first placed my fingers upon his eyelids, and told him to roll his eyes upward and back. I then rubbed his temples a little, and believe it or not . . . I hypnotized my brother almost instantly!

Now could Mrs. F.N.B. of New Orleans please inform me how to wake my brother up again? You see, I'm only an amateur hypnotizer and not waking him up again might cause me plenty trouble.

AIMÉ M. RYPENS, Boom, Belgium

Why not go Boom—Boom?

LOUISIANA HOUSING

DEAR SIR: I have read Scandals in Veterans Housing by Albert Q. Maisel (July 3d and July 10th) with much interest. Mr. Maisel entirely ignored the activities of the United States Attorney's office and the Veterans Administration in the Western District of Louisiana.

As United States Attorney for the Western District of Louisiana, I filed criminal bills of information, charging them with violation of Section 715, Title 38, U.S.C., which procedure eliminated the delay and expense of federal grand jury proceedings and resulted in immediate prosecution.

Among other things that the investigations and prosecutions accomplished were: 1. Restitution of a large portion of overcharges veterans had been forced to pay; 2. Elimination of Veterans Administration fee-basis appraisers who employed unscrupulous tactics; 3. Elimination of unscrupulous lenders from the G.I. lending program; 4. Restitution of major construction deficiencies. 5. Assurance that the U.S. Attorney and the Veterans Administration are determined to see that they are afforded a full measure of square-dealing in the purchase of their homes.

MALCOLM E. LAFARGUE, Shreveport, La.

RACIAL

GENTLEMEN: Forest Newman (The Week's Mail, July 17th) need not have any worries about Mrs. Dawson's squawk over what she terms Southern racial problems. This because southern California, in general, and Los Angeles, in particular, also has its Negro problems, and don't let anyone kid you she hasn't. When police officers who live in certain districts warn their wives to keep their doors and windows locked after sundown, and under no circumstances sit outside on their porches, nor take a walk around the block because of this condition, then you may be assured that Los Angeles has its Negro problem.

HARRY J. KELLY, Tucson, Ariz.

OLYMPIADDICT

DEAR SIRS: Collie Small (The Hot-Potato Olympics, July 3d) raps the Olympic Games Committee across the knuckles for saying that this was the fourteenth Olympiad and suggests that they should count their fingers and toes again and make it the *eleventh* as there were no games 1916, 1940 or 1944.

Nobody said it was the fourteen Olympic Games. The official progra says it's the fourteenth Olympiad. If turns up his dictionary he will disco that an Olympiad is "a space of four yea a system of chronology which dates fr 776 B.C." Don't tell Collie but I sho never have known myself if I hadn't r it in our Daily Express.

BARRY APPLEBY, Surrey, Engla

Mr. Small and the Olympic Committee quite a tussle over this point with the fi decision being proclaimed a draw. Olympiad is the four-year period betw Olympic Games, it is true, but what h pens when there are no Olympic Gam Mr. Small says he will take the matter again in 1952 with a slide rule, a dicti ary, and a new Olympic Committee.

WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE

SIRS: I just got around to your wonde article Are We Short of Water? (M 15th). The solution is this: Construct the desert places a few mountains ab 5,000 feet high and this will draw s and the snow will accumulate and get water. This can be done as cheaply a dam and it needs no repairs. With l bulldozers and cable dumpers these mo tains can be constructed in a short time

ELBERT EASTMAN, Portland,

Why not make it simpler—engage a m hill enlarger?

NORRTH CARROLINER, YO'ALL

DEAR SIRS: The July 31st cover was attractive, but—when Shane in The We Work says its lovely subject, Janet A "answered in good old Nawth Cahlina all'd be delighted" my feelings as wel those of any true native of our fair s may be best summed up as follows:

Come all of you from other parts,
Both city folks and rural,
And listen while we tell you this:
The word "you-all" is plural.

A week ago, while on a train,
And seated in the diner,
A man spoke up and said to me:
"Do YOU live in Ca-LIE-na?"

And when I told him he was wrong,
That Carolina was the place
A look of blank amazement
Appeared upon his face.

"That's what I asked you, sir," he
In tones of cold disdain.
'Twas plain to see he thought there
An idiot on the train.

BRYANT WILLIAMS, Asheboro, N C

MISS 1949

GENTLEMEN: In submitting the enc pic, I yield to family pressure. The m is Patty Valentine, who graced your New Year's cover (Jan. 3d). P



mother is my sister, and Patty is so da photogenic, that even I could not shooting her—in the present instan our dining-room table.

HARRY E. CUTHBERTSON, Oakland

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

Continued from page 29

ıtries which had signed the United ıons Declaration by the day on which conference should end would be in- l to the San Francisco Conference. said that at the latter conference the gates of the United Kingdom and United States would support the pro- l to admit to original membership wo Soviet Socialist Republics.

ıter in this meeting, both Stalin and ɔtov indicated that the signatures of Ukraine and Byelorussia to the ed Nations Declaration might be ined immediately, thereby qualify- hem for invitation to San Francisco. in Roosevelt made a bid to change ubject, whereupon Stalin said that he 't want to embarrass the President; : would explain his difficulties they ld see what could be done.

More Assembly Votes for Soviets

ɔosevelt said that previously it had a question of adding new countries e list of members. Now, the ques- was whether to give one of the : powers three votes in the assem- nstead of one. This, he felt, should ft for the San Francisco conference ecide. He added that America and t Britain had agreed to support the et request.

alin again asked if it would not solve lifficulty if the Ukraine and White ia signed the United Nations Decla- n now. When Roosevelt said he ght not, Stalin withdrew his pro- l.

e final yielding on this point at was by Stalin, who also agreed diately when Roosevelt asked for ian support for a possible request he United States be given two addi- l votes.

lin was at first obdurate on the ct of French participation in the ol of Germany, and throughout of the conference Roosevelt was in- l to agree with him. But, as Hop- expressed it, "Winston and Anthony ı) fight like tigers for France." And ins worked constantly from his sickbed to support them. He was convinced that stability in Europe was inconceivable without a strong and influential France.

Before the seventh formal meeting on February 10th (this was after Byrnes' departure from Yalta), Hopkins finally persuaded Roosevelt to side with Churchill on this controversial point. When Eden again (for the seventh time) brought up the subject of France, Roosevelt announced that he had changed his mind with regard to the question of the French participation in the Control Commission. He now agreed with the Prime Minister that it would be easier to deal with the French if they were on the commission than if they were not.

Stalin without further argument said that he had no objections and would agree to this.

Reading the record, it would seem that Stalin's concurrence with Roosevelt's reversal of position had come with dramatic suddenness. Actually, Roosevelt had previously informed Stalin privately through Harriman of his long-delayed change of mind and heart on this and Stalin had said that since this was the President's considered decision, he would go along with it.

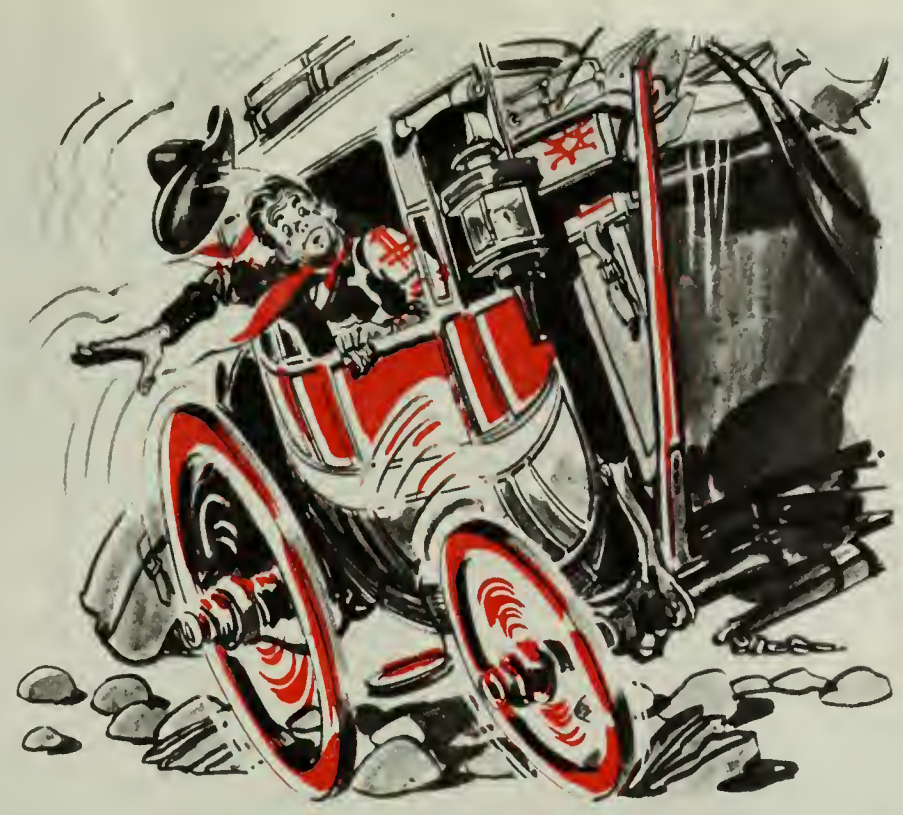
The question of the Russian claim for reparations in kind from Germany was argued back and forth throughout the Yalta Conference. Both Churchill and Roosevelt said that public opinion in their countries was opposed to the whole concept of reparations in view of the unfortunate results of the Treaty of Versailles—and Stalin was later to confess to Hopkins that he became pretty fed up with hearing about American and British public opinion, believing that the President and Prime Minister kept on referring to it merely as a device to justify their own personal opinions and prejudices. The Russians never did succeed in understanding that public opinion could be a determining factor even with the powerful heads of state.

In the final meeting at Yalta, the whole question of reparations seemed to have reached a deadlock. It was decided



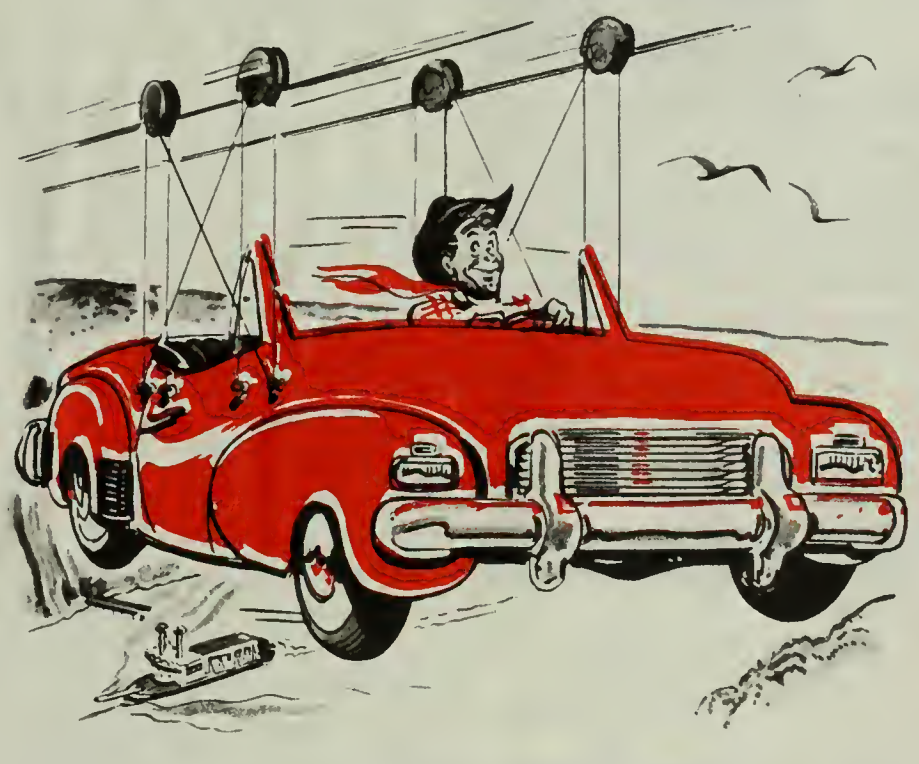
"No, he hasn't, Mama. . . . No, not yet, Mama. . . . Well, I don't know. . . . I'll let you know, Mama. . . ."

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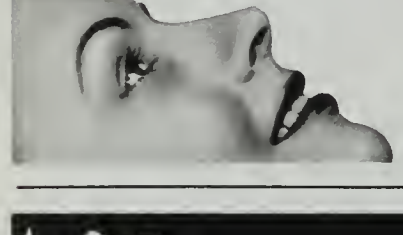
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that the matter should be referred to an Inter-Allied Commission to be set up in Moscow, but it seemed impossible to agree on the terms of the basic directive on which this commission would proceed. During the argument, Hopkins wrote the following note and passed it to Roosevelt: "The Russians have given in so much at this conference that I don't think we should let them down. Let the British disagree if they want to—and continue their disagreement at Moscow. Simply say it is all referred to the Reparations Commission with the minutes to show the British disagree about any mention of the 10 billion."

Roosevelt took that advice, believing he had left the door open for all sorts of deliberations in the future.

Russians Claim F.D.R.'s Support

After Roosevelt's death, the Russians were arguing that he had supported their claim. They cited as their authority his statement, as Byrnes has written, that the Reparations Commission should "take in its initial studies as a basis for discussion, the suggestion of the Soviet government, that the total sum of reparations should be 20 billions and that 50 per cent should go to the Soviet Union." That was the basis of the 10-billion-dollar claim, but a reading of the quoted statement plus a knowledge of Roosevelt's oft-proclaimed point of view would certainly suggest that he was carefully making no commitment whatsoever.

The outcome on other principal subjects considered at Yalta can be summarized as follows:

Liberated Areas—The communiqué issued on this was a heartening reaffirmation of the principles of the Atlantic Charter.

Poland—The discussions of Poland's precise boundaries and the composition of its provisional government seemed to have taken up more time than was devoted to any other subject in the conference. Certainly the British and Americans left Yalta with the belief that this difficult problem had reached an honorable and equitable solution. They soon learned that they were wrong. There was similar optimism by the British and Americans that the basis had been established for a truly representative government in Yugoslavia.

The Dardanelles—While Stalin stated his country's desire for a modification of the Montreaux Convention, he did not press for an immediate agreement on this. Churchill said that the British certainly felt that the present position of Russia with her "great interests in the Black Sea should not be dependent on the narrow exit." He said that since this might affect the position of Great Britain in the Mediterranean more than it would that of the United States, he suggested that it should be discussed at a later meeting of the Foreign Secretaries in London. Stalin agreed.

Iran—On this one subject the Western Allies ran into a blank wall of disagreement.

At 3:30 on the afternoon of February 8th, Roosevelt, Harriman and Bohlen met privately with Stalin, Molotov and Pavlov to discuss questions relative to the Far East.

Roosevelt first discussed plans for the additional bombing of Japan. His hope was that it would not be necessary actually to invade the Japanese islands, but by intensive bombing to destroy Japan and its army, and save American lives.

Stalin said he had no objection to the United States having bases at Komsomolsk or at Nikolaevsk. In regard to bases on Kamchatka, the presence of a Japanese consul there made it difficult at present to make the necessary arrangements.

After discussing other military questions involved in the Far East, Marshal Stalin said that he would like to discuss the political conditions under which the U.S.S.R. would enter the war against Japan.

Roosevelt said he had been informed of Russian views on this by Harriman, and he told Stalin that he felt that there would be no difficulty in regard to the southern half of Sakhalin and the Kurile Islands going to Russia at the end of the war. He reminded Stalin that they had discussed at Teheran the matter of a warm-water port in the Far East for the Soviet Union. Roosevelt said that he had suggested then that the Soviet Union be given the use of a warm-water port at the end of the south Manchurian railroad, possibly at Dairen on the Kwantung peninsula. As Roosevelt had not yet had an opportunity to discuss this matter with Marshal Chiang Kai-shek, he said he could not speak for the Chinese.

President Roosevelt went on to say that there were two methods for the Russians to obtain the use of this port: (1) outright leasing from the Chinese; (2) making Dairen a free port under some form of international commission. Roosevelt preferred the latter, because of the relation to the question of Hong Kong. The President added that he hoped the British would give back the sovereignty of Hong Kong to China, so that it could become an internationalized free port. He said he realized that Mr. Churchill would have strong objections to this suggestion.

Stalin then brought up the question of the use by the Russians of the Manchurian railways. He pointed out that the czars had use of the line running from Manchouli to Harbin and from there to Dairen and Port Arthur, as well as the line from Harbin running east to Nikolsk-Ussuriiskii connecting there with the Khabarovsk to Vladivostok line.

A Choice of Two Solutions

The President said that here also, though he had not talked with Marshal Chiang Kai-shek on the subject, there were two methods of bringing this about: (1) to lease under direct Soviet operation; (2) under a commission composed of one Chinese and one Russian.

Stalin remarked that if these conditions were not met, it would be difficult for him and Molotov to explain to the Soviet people why Russia was entering the war against Japan. The war against Germany had clearly threatened the very existence of the Soviet Union, but they would not understand why Russia would enter a war against a country with which they had no great trouble. If these political conditions were met, however, the people would understand the nati... interest involved and it would be ... much easier to explain the decisio... the Supreme Soviet.

Roosevelt said he felt that one of ... difficulties in speaking to the Chinese ... that anything said to them was know... to the whole world in 24 hours.

Stalin agreed and said he did not t... it was necessary to speak to the Chi... of these arrangements at this time. It would be obviously disastrous if w... leaked out prematurely of Russian ... tentions to enter the war against Ja... and that is why it was decided no t... notify the Chinese of the arrangem... made at Yalta until the Russians c... complete the movement of twenty ... divisions to the Siberian-Manchu... frontier. Stalin said that the tenta... agreements concerning the Far ... should be put in writing, and this ... accordingly done.

Prelude to Invasion of Japan

Certainly, Roosevelt had reached h... determination to make a large pa... these agreements long before Yalta. H... considered that the Russian claims ... warm-water port and to Sakhalin an... Kurile Islands to be fair and reason... At Yalta, however, his principal con... was based on the American war p... against Japan. The costly opera... against Iwo Jima and Okinawa ... about to be launched, and the plans ... made for the major invasion of the J... nese home islands in the fall of 1945 ... entry of Russia into the Far Eastern ... by midsummer could mean the sa... of countless American lives; it m... make the final invasion unnecessary ... course, at the time of the Yalta ... ference, the perfection of the at... bomb still seemed to be only a re... possibility for the uncertain futu... was not until three months after R... velt's death that assurance came tha... long years of research and experime... this decisive weapon had achieved ... cess.

Roosevelt and Stalin discussed t... question of trusteeships. The Pres... expressed the belief that Korea shou... under a trusteeship, composed ... Russian, a Chinese and an Ame... representative, until the Korean p... had developed the capacity for self ... ernment. He said the only exper... America had had in this matter w... the Philippines, where it had taken ... 50 years to prepare the people for ... government. He felt that in the ca... Korea the period might be from ... 30 years.

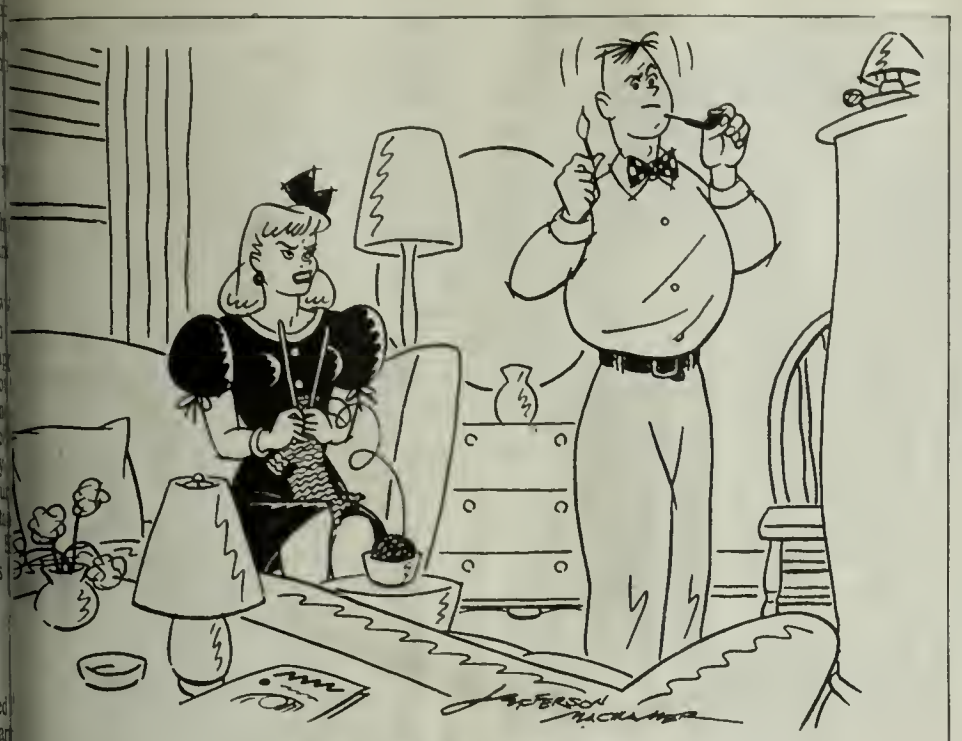


"Made a long cast into a reed bed, let the spinner settle and started a slow reel"

"He'd put his rod down to get his line untangled and his hook hung over the side of th' boat. Suddenly—!"

COLLIER'S

DAVE GE...



"The bank thoroughly explained to me all about a joint account— and it's nothing like you said!"

LLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

alin said the shorter the period the r. He inquired whether any foreign os would be stationed in Korea, and Roosevelt replied in the negative, n expressed approval.

e President admitted that there was question in regard to Korea which ed delicate. He, personally, did eel it was necessary to invite the ih to participate in the trusteeship orea, and he felt that they might t this.

irshal Stalin replied that the British d most certainly be offended. In he said, the Prime Minister might us." It was his opinion that the h should be invited.

e President then said he also had thinking about a trusteeship for China. The British, he said, did pprove of this idea. They wished ve it back to the French—they d the implications of a trusteeship night affect Burma. But, he added, e had done nothing to improve the s since she had had the colony. He hat General de Gaulle had asked ips to transport French troops to China.

e Gaulle's Conditional Promise

lin asked where De Gaulle was to get the troops. To which Roose- plied that De Gaulle said he was to find the troops when the Presi- could find the ships. Up to the it, the President added, he had been e to find the ships.

osevelt then spoke of China, saying or some time we had been trying to China alive.

in felt that China would remain He added that they needed some eaders around Chiang Kai-shek. President said General Wede- and the new ambassador, General y, had made more progress in ng the Communists in the north er with the Chungking govern- He said the fault lay more with hungking government than with -called Communists.

he sixth formal meeting on Feb- 9th, Stettinius reported on the re- f the discussion of the meeting of n Ministers on the matter of ing machinery in the world organ- for dealing with territorial trus- s and dependent areas. The stated that it was agreed that the vernments which will have perma- ats on the Security Council should t one another prior to the United s Conference providing machin- he World Charter for dealing with territorial trusteeship and dependent areas.

When this was read, Churchill vigorously interrupted, saying that he did not agree with one single word of this report on trusteeships! He had not been consulted nor even informed of this subject up to now. And under no circumstances would he ever consent to 40 or 50 nations thrusting interfering fingers into the life's existence of the British Empire. As long as he was Minister, he would never yield one scrap of their heritage! He continued in this vein for some minutes.

Mr. Stettinius explained that this reference to the creation of machinery was not intended to refer to the British Empire. It had in mind particularly dependent areas which would be taken out of enemy control, such as the Japanese islands in the Pacific. He said that it was felt that provision had to be made for machinery to handle this question, and he repeated that this was not intended to refer to the British Empire.

Churchill accepted the explanation but suggested that it would be better to specify that it did not refer to the British Empire.

The final agreements relative to the Far East were made between Roosevelt and Harriman and Stalin and Molotov on the afternoon of February 10th. Churchill did not participate in these, nor did Byrnes, who by this time had left Yalta.

Harriman met first with Molotov, and took up three amendments which Roosevelt wished incorporated in the agreement. He wished the wording to indicate clearly Stalin's readiness to accept the President's proposal that Port Arthur and Dairen should be free ports; and Section 2C should include the alternative of the railways being operated by a Chinese-Soviet commission. Harriman also mentioned again the fact that the President would not wish to dispose finally of these two matters in which China was interested, without the generalissimo's concurrence.

After the formal conference meeting in the afternoon between the President, the Prime Minister, Marshal Stalin and their associates, Stalin met with Harriman to explain further changes he had in mind for the agreement. He said that he was entirely willing to have Dairen a free port under international control, but that Port Arthur was different. It was to be a Russian naval base and therefore Russia required a lease.

(NOTE: Russia had leased Port Arthur in 1898 from the Chinese and had lost it in the Russo-Japanese War.)

Harriman suggested that Stalin discuss the matter at once with the President, which he did. Roosevelt agreed to Stalin's revised proposal regarding the ports.

Stalin told Roosevelt that he agreed it would be more appropriate for the Manchurian railroads to be operated by a Chinese-Soviet commission. He further agreed in the need for concurrence of the generalissimo on the matters, and he felt that the generalissimo should also give his concurrence to the *status quo* in Outer Mongolia.

Roosevelt asked whether Stalin wished to take these matters up with T. V. Soong when he came to Moscow, or whether Stalin would prefer that Roosevelt take them up with the generalissimo.

Stalin Insists on Secrecy

Stalin replied that as he was an interested party, he would prefer to have the President do it. Having in mind the question of secrecy, Stalin said he would let the President know when he was prepared to have the subject opened with Chiang Kai-shek.

Roosevelt said that he would send an Army officer from Washington through Moscow to Chungking with instructions to Ambassador Hurley, in order to insure secrecy.

(NOTE: This explains why these tentative agreements relative to the Far East were not made public until after Roosevelt's death.)

The following day, before Roosevelt's departure from Yalta at 4:00 P.M., the amended agreement on the Far Eastern conditions was signed by Stalin, Roosevelt and Churchill.

A large dinner was given by Stalin on the evening of February 8th and a smaller one (with only the principals attending) by Churchill on the last evening, February 10th. At the former dinner, in a toast to the alliance between the three great powers, Marshal Stalin remarked that it was not so difficult to keep unity in time of war since there was a joint aim to defeat the common enemy. He said the difficult task came after the war, when diverse interests tended to divide the Allies. He said he was confident that the present alliance would meet this test also and that it was our duty to see that it would, and that our relations in peacetime should be as strong as they had been in war.

At the Churchill dinner, Stalin expressed dissatisfaction that no positive decision had been reached on the question of German reparations and it was agreed that the communiqué should contain these words: "We have considered the question of the damage caused by Germany to the Allied nations in this war and recognize it as just that Germany be obliged to make compensation for this damage in kind to the greatest extent possible. A commission for the compensation of damage will be established." That, of course, left the exact computation of the damage and of Germany's capacity to pay as subjects for future consideration.

The mood of the American delegates, including Roosevelt and Hopkins, could be described as one of supreme exultation as they left Yalta. They felt that this had been the most successful conference of all, and the immediate response of the principal spokesmen for British and American public opinion added immeasurably to their sense of satisfaction with the job that had been done. As soon as Roosevelt came on board the cruiser Quincy at Suez he received floods of messages telling of the enthusiastic response to the publication of the Yalta communiqués in the United States. One of the cables quoted Herbert Hoover as saying, "It will offer a great hope to the world."

Hopkins later said to me, "We really believed in our hearts that this was the dawn of the new day we had all been



praying for and talking about for so many years. The Russians had proved that they could be reasonable and far-seeing and there wasn't any doubt in the minds of the President or any of us that we could live with them and get along with them peacefully. I think we all had in our minds the reservation that we could not foretell what the results would be if anything should happen to Stalin. We felt sure that we could count on him to be reasonable and sensible and understanding—but we never could be sure who or what might be in back of him there in the Kremlin."

Last Rendezvous at Alexandria

The Quincy proceeded through the Suez Canal to Alexandria, where Churchill came aboard for lunch, this being the last meeting of the "two naval persons."

During the three days between Alexandria and Algiers, Hopkins felt desperately ill and was confined to his cabin, which was inaccessible to Roosevelt.

Roosevelt, who was feeling sick and tired himself, had arranged to appear before the Congress immediately after his return to Washington and deliver a speech on the Yalta Conference. (Churchill was to make his report to the House of Commons on February 27th.) Roosevelt's speech must be prepared during the trip across the Atlantic and naturally he expected Hopkins to help. But Hopkins sent word through Bohlen that he must leave the ship at Algiers and fly back to Washington. Roosevelt made no particular attempt to persuade Hopkins to change his mind, but he was disappointed and even displeased.

When Hopkins left the Quincy at Algiers, the President's "goodby" to him was not a very amiable one—a circumstance which it is sad to record, for Hopkins never saw his great friend again.

Hopkins arrived back in Washington on February 24th, and three days later flew to the Mayo Clinic where he remained until April 13th. Roosevelt returned to Washington on February 28th and made his speech to the Congress on March 2d. He made no claims to the achievement of perfection at Yalta. He said, "It has been a long journey. I hope you will all agree that it was a fruitful one. Speaking in all frankness, the question of whether it is entirely fruitful or not lies to a great extent in your hands. For unless you here in the halls of the American Congress—with the support of the American people—concur in the decisions reached at Yalta, and give them your active support, the meeting will not have produced lasting results."

After this speech, disillusionment began to set in. Speaking of the voting procedure in the Security Council, Roosevelt said, "It is not yet possible to announce the terms of it publicly, but it will be in a very short time." On March 5th announcement of the voting formula was made by Stettinius from Mexico, where he had gone for the Chapultepec Conference. Press opinion on this was very much divided. Most of those who criticized the veto provision interpreted it as a "sellout" to Stalin.

Then it was announced that Molotov would not go to San Francisco, the Russian delegation there to be headed by Gromyko. Since Eden was to head the British delegation, and Stettinius the American, Molotov's abstention was generally interpreted as a blunt confession that the Soviet government did not attach much importance to the conference.

There was now a growing feeling of uneasiness regarding the true relationship between the Soviet Union and the United States, Great Britain and other United Nations. It was beginning to be feared that a monstrous fraud had been perpetrated at Yalta, with Roosevelt and Churchill as the unwitting dupes. Then, suddenly, there came a news break which made the whole situation look very much uglier.

Roosevelt had announced that the American delegation at San Francisco would be completely bipartisan: Congress would be represented by Senators Tom Connally and Arthur Vandenberg and by Representatives Sol Bloom and Charles A. Eaton.

On March 23d the President summoned members of this delegation to the White House and informed them in strictest confidence of the arrangement made at Yalta whereby the United States and Britain would support the Russian request for three votes, in return for which Russia would support the United States request for three votes if it were put forward. This important piece of information was conveyed either accidentally or through a deliberate "leak" to the New York Herald Tribune and was printed on March 29th. The White House was compelled to issue a statement admitting that it was true. Then the press quite naturally wanted to know why it had been kept a secret—and how many more secrets were left over from Yalta.

From then on, the very word "Yalta" came to be associated in the public's mind with secret agreements. When the Far Eastern discussions were finally disclosed they were viewed with intense suspicion as further evidence of devious dealings, although there had been good and sufficient reason to withhold these until Russia was ready to go into action against Japan.

After Conferring with MacArthur

It was during this last week in March that I saw Roosevelt for the last time. I had just returned from a long trip around the Pacific, during which I had gone to Manila at the President's request to talk to General MacArthur in an attempt to learn something about his ideas for the future military government of Japan.

It was extremely difficult for any emissary from Washington to get through to MacArthur in those days. I, however, being an obscure and relatively inoffensive civilian, encountered no difficulties and was most hospitably received. General MacArthur talked to me for nearly three hours, and I came away enormously impressed with the extent of his understanding of the Orient and the breadth of his views.

On March 24th I went to see the President in his office and then walked over with him to the White House proper where we had lunch with Anna Boettiger on the sun porch. I said that I believed strongly that MacArthur was the ideal choice for military governor of Japan after the surrender; and victory in the Pacific appeared a great deal nearer than I had imagined before I made this trip. I told the President what I had heard MacArthur say on this subject, and Roosevelt observed, rather wistfully, "I wish that he would sometimes tell some of these things to *me*."

Three weeks later when I heard the news that the President was dead, all I could think of was, "It finally crushed him. He couldn't stand up under it any longer." The "it" was the awful responsibility that had been piling up and piling up for so many years. The fears and the hopes of hundreds of millions of human beings throughout the world had been bearing down on the mind of one man, until the pressure was more than mortal tissue could withstand, and then he said, "I have a terrific headache," and lost consciousness, and died. "A massive cerebral hemorrhage," said the doctors—and "massive" was the right word.

The morning after Roosevelt's death Hopkins telephoned me. He said, "You and I have got something great that we can take with us all the rest of our lives. Because we know it's *true* what so many people believed about him and what made them love him. The President never let them down. That's what you and I can remember.

"Oh, we all know he could be exasperating, and he could seem to be temporizing and delaying, and he'd get us all worked up when we thought he was making too many concessions to expediency. But all of that was in the little things, and he knew exactly how little and how unimportant they really were. But in the big things—all of the things that were of real, permanent importance—he never let the people down."

The next afternoon, Saturday, we went to the funeral service in the East Room of the White House. I was sitting at the extreme right of the assemblage when I felt a hand squeeze my shoulder. I looked up and it was Hopkins, who had flown on from Minnesota. He hir... looked like death, the skin of his fa... dreadful cold white with apparentl... flesh left under it. I believed tha... now had nothing left to live for, tha... life had ended with Roosevelt's.

After the service, Hopkins asked... wife and me to come to his hous... Georgetown. He went to bed and ... with him for a long time and listene... he talked. He didn't seem like ... now. Fire was shooting out of his ... in their sunken sockets. I drasti... revised my impression that he had ... ing left to live for.

"Now we've really got to begin ... said. "We've had it too easy all ... time, because we knew he was there ... we had the privilege of being able t... to him. Whatever we thought wa... matter with the world, whatever w... ought to be done about it, we could ... our ideas to him, and if he thought ... was any merit in them, or if any ... that we said got him started on a ... of thought of his own, then we'd se... go ahead and do it, and no matter ... tremendous it might be or how idea ... he wasn't scared of it. Well—he ... there now, and we've got to find a ... to do things by ourselves."



"Wasn't he cute?"

The New Man in the White Hou...

Hopkins talked at length of the... Administration. He said, "I'm ... sure that Jimmy Byrnes and Henry ... lace and Harold Ickes are saying ... now that they'd be President o... United States today if it weren't for ... Hopkins. But this time I didn't ... anything to do with it. I'm certain ... the President had made up his mi... Truman long before I got back t... White House last year. I think he ... have preferred Bill Douglas, becau... knew him better and he always ... Bill's toughness. But nobody real... fluential was pushing for Douglas ... and Bob Hannegan was certainly ... ing for Harry Truman and the Pre... believed he could put him over ... convention.

"People seemed to think that Tr... was just suddenly pulled out of a ... but that wasn't true. The Presider... had his eye on him for a long time. ... Truman Committee record was g... he'd got himself known and liked a ... the country—and above all he wa... popular in the Senate. That wa... biggest consideration. The Pre... wanted somebody that would hel... when he went up there and asked ... to ratify the peace."

Hopkins said he was going to t... his resignation at once. He said, ... man has got to have his own p... around him, not Roosevelt's. If we ... around, he'd know we were thi... 'The *President* wouldn't do it that w...

That night we boarded the f... train for Hyde Park. (Hopkins fe... exhausted to make this last, sad ... It was the same train with the sam... that we had traveled with on can... expeditions.

In the rose garden that Sunday ... ing I was standing behind General ... shall and Admiral King. Acro... garden was a detachment of cadets ... West Point, and on the other thre... were lines of soldiers, sailors and M... wearing ribbons that meant Cassin... the Persian Gulf, and the Solomon... and the *bocage* country, and Leyt... Medjez El Bab, and Midway and ... and Iwo Jima and the Hump. ... memorial to Roosevelt in the s... magazine, Yank, they wrote: "F... the Commander in Chief, not only ... armed forces, but of our generati...

Next week: In the last of the ... on the Hopkins Papers, Marshal... states that "he did not intend to h... British manage the affairs of Pola... that is exactly what they want to ...



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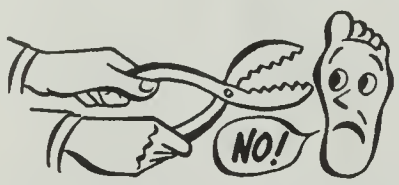


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HE HAD NO RESERVATIONS

Continued from page 23

to call a taxi and realized that he didn't know the numbers of any taxis. He looked in the wrong part of the telephone book and couldn't find any means of transportation listed under Taxi. He decided maybe the listing might be simply Cab but that, too, proved erroneous. Certainly, he decided, it wouldn't be under Hack. Even the fiends who concoct phone books couldn't be that illiterate. He was growing desperate when he happened to glance at the classified book and found dozens of cab companies listed therein.

HE WENT to Janice's home and found her there alone, her bags all packed. He kissed the nape of her neck and then her lips and then released her to stand at arm's length and adore her.

"Ah, my beautiful sweet," he said. "I can hardly wait until we're on the train and—" And then he thought of something. "Incidentally," he asked, "what train are we taking?"

"What train?" repeated Janice, staring at him blankly. "Why, don't *you* know?"

"You mean you didn't call the people?"

"What people?" asked Janice.

"Whoever it is that fixes up train reservations," said Chris. "I don't know who. Jane always takes care of things like that."

"Oh," said Janice flatly. "Jane always does. Well, I didn't. What do we do?"

"We might look in the phone book under tickets," said Chris and then he remembered the taxi episode. "No," he said, "that'd take the rest of the day. I'll tell you what. We'll just take a cab and go to the station and buy our tickets. I've got the number of a cab company."

They took a cab and went to the station and bought two tickets to Marina on the coast. After waiting two hours, they got on the train. Chris surrendered his tickets to a conductor.

"Will you please show us to our drawing rooms?" he asked.

"Sure," said the conductor. "Your reservations, please."

"Reservations?" said Chris and gulped.

He looked accusingly at Janice. Why hadn't she thought of reservations?

"I seem to have forgotten reservations," he told the conductor. "Can't you fix us up with a couple of drawing rooms anyway?"

"I can't imagine what use you'd find for two drawing rooms," said the conductor; "but I can't even fix you up with one. We're all sold out."

"Then," asked Chris, "how about compartments or bedrooms?"

"Nothing doing," said the conductor. "We haven't even got an upper berth. The only remaining accommodations on this train are a few seats in the day coach. Of course, if you two are mad at each other, I have no objection to your selecting seats at opposite ends of the coach."

By the time they had found two seats Chris had decided not to mention Janice's lack of foresight in not reminding him to get drawing-room reservations, and Janice had reached the same decision in regard to Chris.

"You know, I don't think sitting up all night's going to be bad at all," Janice said. "It'll be an adventure. Sort of like camping out. And besides we're going to have ever so much time for sleeping after this."

"I hope," said Chris, "that you aren't easily embarrassed. I'm going to kiss you right here in front of everybody."

He did and then they sighed and snuggled together and held hands.

Their contentment was not to be for long. As darkness fell, a small, stubby, bald-headed man seated himself opposite them and subjected them to a frank, scrutinizing gaze. Janice blushed a little and withdrew her hand from Chris's.

"Oh, don't mind me," said the stubby man. "I like to see young people hold hands. You just pretend I'm not here."

"We do not," Chris told him, "hold hands as a means of entertaining the general public. With us hand holding is definitely not a spectator sport. Do you mind?"

"Not at all," said the man. "Incidentally what are you two honeymooners doing in a day coach? You are honeymooners, aren't you?"

"After a fashion," said Chris.

"Gosh, you kids must be pretty green," said the man. "Don't you know they have private sleeping quarters on a train like this?"

"Do they really?" asked Chris.

"Sure," said the man. "A drawing room's the best, if you can afford it. But a compartment or bedroom's not bad. Even a roomette'd do in a pinch. Tight fit for two, though."

"Why," asked Chris, "aren't you, for example, all alone in a nice comfortable tight-fitting roomette, out of public sight?"

"My wife," said the little man indignantly, "forgot to make reservations. I can't understand it. She always takes care of things like that."

Janice noticed that a peculiar expression had come over Chris's face.

"I'll tell you what," she said. "Let's take this gentleman at his word. Let's pretend that he isn't here." Then she took Chris's hand and held it.

THEY were stiff and sore from sitting up all night when the train pulled into Marina. The sight of a blue, sparkling sea, however, and the smell of salt air revived their spirits and they were in a gay mood as they walked into the town's largest hotel. Chris went to the desk and asked for a suite of rooms—two bedrooms and a sitting room.

"You have reservations, of course?" asked the clerk in a tone of voice t indicated that he doubted it.

Chris turned to Janice. "Of cou you wired for reservations, didn't yo he asked in a voice as doubtful as t of the clerk's.

"You mean to say that you didn asked Janice.

"No," said Chris. "Jane always—'

"—takes care of those things for yo Janice completed the sentence. "H many other hotels are there in tow she asked the clerk.

"Two fair ones," said the clerk, " three or four fleabags that you woul be caught dead in."

The two "fair" hotels offered th nothing, not even hope.

"Let's try the fleabags," sugge Janice, wearily. "I'm willing to run risk of being caught dead in anyth that has a bed in it."

But the fleabags could provide th with no space; not even enough to caught dead in.

They had a leisurely breakfast, in spersed with a minimum of conve tion. Then they went for a walk al the seashore and returned to an e more silent lunch. After that they w to a motion picture which feature talking camel and bored them silly was dusk when they emerged from theater.

"Now what?" asked Janice dejecte

"I think a drink might help," Chris. "That is, if you don't need a ervation to get to a bar."

After the third drink, Tom Clark, friend Chris had mentioned to J came up and shook hands with Chris

"Well, well," he said, "what on e are you doing here, Chris, old bo Then he stared admiringly at Jan "Don't bother to answer that—" said, "not even in a vague general It sure is great to see you, Chris. on doing any fishing?"

"No more than you do," said C "Incidentally, this is Miss Janice son."



COLLIER'S

"Well, it's as clean as I could get them without actually washing"

JOHN M. P



"I trust these references will be confidential" CLAUDE

w do you do?" Tom said to Janice. always delighted to meet friends is's, especially pretty ones. Are joying your stay here?"

just dreadfully," said Janice. ere you staying?" Tom asked

re sort of on the town," said "We're not staying anywhere. a have any practical suggestions ow one might break into the local t for a night?"

at, no rooms?" asked Tom. reservations," said Chris and at Janice.

my, how inconvenient," said id he, too, looked at Janice. "I'd help you, really I would. But I ich small quarters. There's only or one more and, of course—"

course," said Chris. "Well, it's have seen you, Tom, old boy. e running along now. This is the evening Janice and I reserve for g the sea gulls.". . .

ly Janice broke the silence of alk along the seashore.

at," she asked glumly, "comes

n't know," said Chris unhappily. you think of something?"

only thing I can think of," said "is a park bench."

rors," shuddered Chris. "Not

ark bench proved to be hard and ortable and the park itself had n designed with an eye to shelter. quite drafty. Late at night, Chris ed. Janice sat slumped beside oring gently. The moon came a beam of light touched the girl's The delightful curl was gone. because of damp sea air, all that d of it was a limp hank of hair. no longer glamorous. Chris nd drifted off to sleep. . . .

Chris awakened next morning overed two things: Janice was nd a note was pinned to his coat The note read:

Chris:

our friend found me sleeping bench and he was overcome mething akin to chivalry. He agreed to let me use his room and I did not say share. I'm sorry, dear heart, but I'm afraid this whole thing's a bust. As a matter of fact, I can state without reservations that it's a bust. Goodby and let me give you some friendly advice. The next time you decide to run away from Jane why don't you make it easy on yourself and take her along?

"Yours truly,

"Janice"

Chris read the note with remarkable equanimity. He was somewhat pleased to realize that he was not grief-stricken. He was, as a matter of fact, not even disappointed. He found it in him even to chuckle at Janice's parting crack about Jane. And then he leaped to his feet and started running.

Jane! *That note he'd left for her!* She'd be home sometime today. She'd find it, unless—

WITHOUT any help from anyone, Chris managed to get himself aboard a southbound plane. There are two things you can count on in airplane travel. You'll get lukewarm coffee and you'll have a gabby seat companion. Chris had both.

His companion was an affable, red-faced individual named Charley, who seemed to have dedicated himself to making his life an open book for the edification of even the most casual acquaintances. After having bared his dull soul, Charley leaned back and waited for Chris to contribute his share to the conversation. Chris just stared moodily out the window.

"What do you do?" asked Charley after an unbearable silence.

"Paint," said Chris.

"Pictures?" asked Charley.

"Yeah," said Chris.

"Magazine illustrations, huh?" asked Charley.

"Yeah," said Chris.

"What's your name?" asked Charley. Chris told him.

"I've seen your work," said Charley. "You know I've always wanted to meet one of you birds. What a racket!"

"Unh," said Chris, wondering why the confounded plane didn't pick up a little speed. Perhaps the hostess was dragging her feet.

Charley began thumbing through a magazine.

"The thing about you birds," Charley continued, "is you think you're prompting romance, but you aren't by a long shot. You're selling disillusionment. The beautiful babes you paint. Why, they don't exist any more'n unicorns! Do you think my wife'd be the mother of three kids if I really believed dames like this were running around loose?"

He shoved a full-page illustration under Chris's nose. Chris stared at it for a long time. The illustration was the one for which Janice had posed while wearing the abbreviated bathing suit. But, incredibly, the likeness was only superficially that of Janice. The living, breathing flesh and the soul of the picture were Jane. Obviously, while painting the picture he had been looking at Janice but in his mind's eye he had been seeing Jane. And that, he realized, accounted for his infatuation for the model; her faint resemblance to his own wife. Even the similarity of names might have contributed to the illusion. Janice. Jane.

"That dame," he said somberly to Charley, "is liable to be running around loose very shortly—unless I get home in time."

ENCOURAGED by a ten-dollar tip, the taxi driver broke all laws and speed records in rushing Chris to his home. He sprinted up the path and tried the door. Thank Heavens, it was locked. He opened the door and went into the house. Again, thank Heavens! The envelope he had addressed to Jane was still on the mantel. He tore the envelope open and stared blankly into it.

It was empty.

Obviously, in his haste to leave, he had either mislaid or dropped the note and, somewhere in the house, it waited to accuse and damn him. He began a frantic search, which was interrupted by Jane's arrival.

"Oh, my darling," he cried and took her in his arms. He kissed her tenderly and, as he did, he noticed an adorable curl at the base of her neck. This curl was the real McCoy. Janice's, he decided, was probably a phony. Why, he'd bet anything she used a curling iron on it.

"I've missed you so," he murmured. "It's seemed like months."

"Nonsense," laughed Jane. "We've been parted before."

"We'll never be again," declared Chris fervently. "I adore you, Jane."

"Now if you're through kissing me—and if you're not, say so, because I like it— I think I'll go unpack my bag," said Jane.

All was right now with Chris's world. He breathed a sigh of contentment, sank languidly into a chair and lighted a cigarette.

"Be a good girl," he said, "and unpack my bags, too."

He had completely forgotten about the note. He did not have occasion to remember it or what he had said in it until he returned home one night and found a package of new shirts waiting for him.

And then, in a searing flash, he remembered the note and what he had written in it, especially in the postscript.

He had instructed Jane to have his shirt collars made a half size larger.

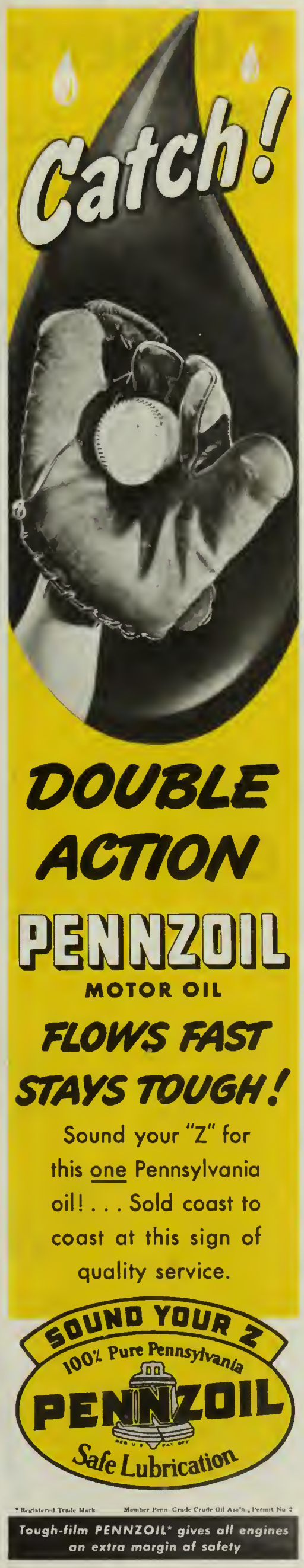
With trembling hands he opened the package and examined the shirts. The collars were a half size larger.

Then that meant Jane had found the note. Or had she? Perhaps, in her usually efficient manner, she had anticipated his need for more space around his esophagus. On the other hand perhaps she was being devilishly subtle. Which?

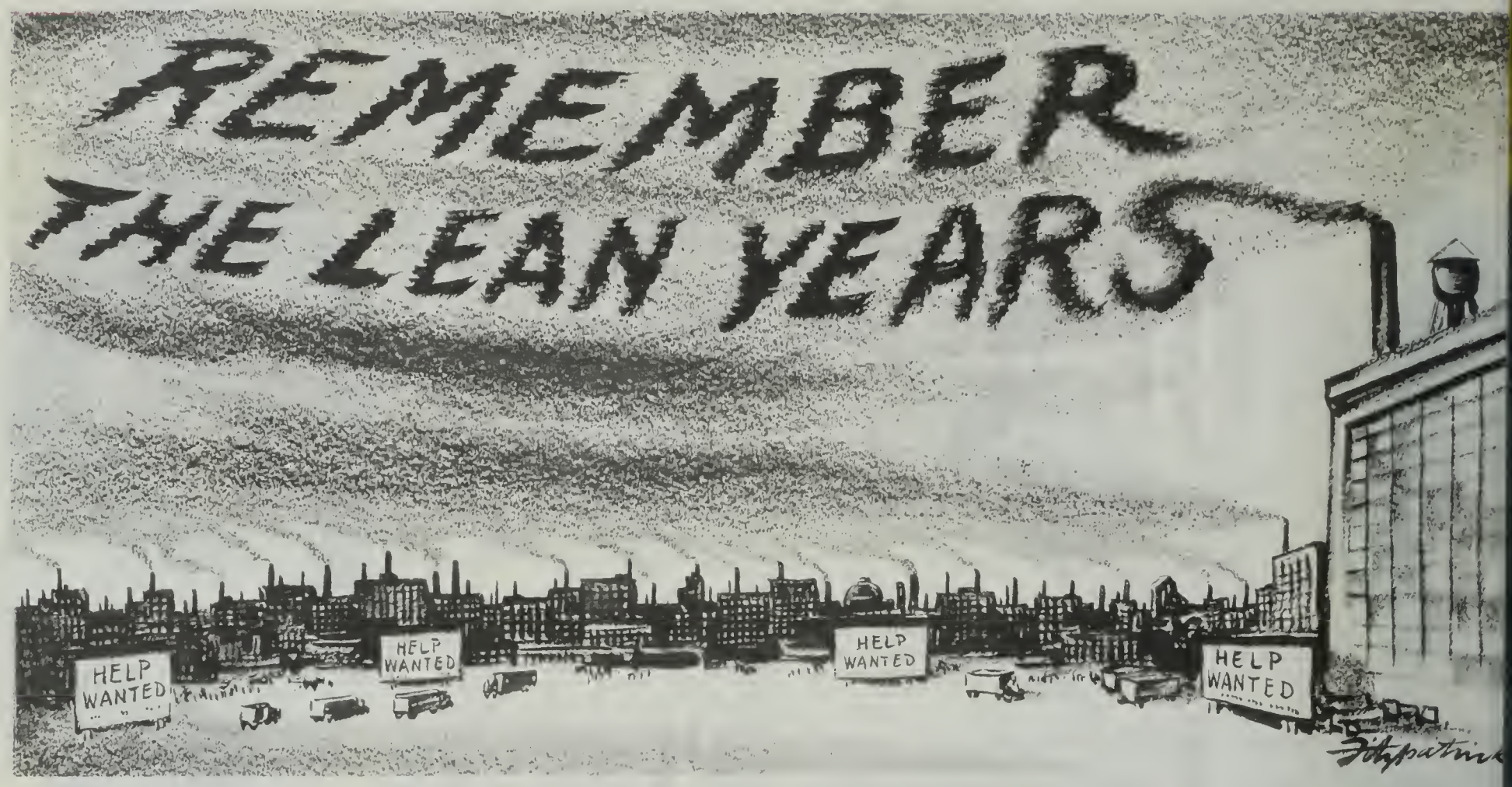
There is a punishment for every crime; for every sin there is retribution.

Chris never did find out.

THE END



Collier's believes...



...NOW IS THE TIME TO DIG

ONE of the most persistently cheerful and ironic phenomena of the last three years has been and is the enormous number of paying jobs available to Americans.

It's a cheerful phenomenon because few things are pleasanter than to see almost everybody at work who wants to work. And it's ironic because so many economic prophets, before V-J Day, scheduled a record-smashing depression for us, to begin within scant weeks after the war. There were going to be at least 8,000,000 workers out of jobs, eating up their unemployment insurance and swarming onto the relief rolls—remember?

So, as this is written, we have more than 61,000,000 people holding down jobs in the United States—or 1,000,000 better than the 60,000,000 that Henry A. Wallace used to yodel about as being the ideal figure. Wonder what ever became of that particular slogan of Henry's anyway.

Nor have we reached the peak yet, if we can rely on assorted statistics and forecasts worked out by various government agencies, industrial analysts, and others in position to speak with authority. The Marshall Plan (ERP or ECA) is getting under way, and rearmament is firing up; and between them they bid fair to drain our pool of available labor close to the bottom.

The armed services will be requiring many kinds of goods, as well as about a half-million more men than they now have. To fill these needs, we'll have to round up perhaps 200,000 additional workers for the airplane industries in the next year or so, plus some 500,000 or more extra hands in a large number of other industries.

Where are they coming from? Well, it looks as if Rosie the Riveter, of World War II fame, will be back on the job before long in considerable numbers, along with a lot of kids fresh out of high school and quite a few old-timers who thought their working days were done. Workers in these categories turned in an impressive performance before, and they can do it again—and apparently will have to be urgently requested to do it again if we're to do a reasonably good job of meeting prospective domestic and foreign demands for our goods and services.

To repeat, this is mainly a fine state of affairs, and we wish it could last forever. Compared with the desperation of jobless millions in the long 1929-40 depression, this is Utopia, despite the galling inflation that goes with it and the Russian threat which so heavily contributes to it.

But, as the human race has known at least since the justly famed Joseph's time in ancient Egypt, fat years do not last forever. Up to now, they have always been followed by strings of lean years.

So we'll make bold to pass out a few tips to the customers—tips which may not make overly pleasant reading, but which we believe are of top value.

The gist of this advice is that now, in this flush period, is the time for anyone who wants to go on working indefinitely and better his or her condition along the way to dig in with the old extra effort, ambition, energy, application.

Give the job the best you've got, even if it isn't the most agreeable job you could imagine, or the one best suited to your talents and personality. Keep an eye open for that ideal job, but in the meantime don't neglect or slight the one you have. You'll regret it if you do—quite possibly to the extent of losing your present job and failing to connect with a better one.

To put out your best efforts now is the best-known way to make ready for the time when help will have to be laid off here and there, when some business concerns will fold, when demand for labor and goods alike will slack off.

In that melancholy period, those let out first will be, by and large, people who didn't pay much concentrated attention to their work in the fat years. The hard and conscientious boom-time workers will have the best hopes of hanging onto the pay rolls; the negligent, flip, don't-give-a-hang boys and girls will get the gate, while long-suffering foremen, personnel managers and even occasi owners howl with horrid glee.

Another smart thing to do in these fat yea to save what money you can and put it whe will be safe—in a savings bank, or into governm bonds, or into stocks that have long and consi dividend-paying records behind them, or into own home.

We're aware that this kind of talk sounds old-hat just now. A great deal of talk has gon rounds in the last decade or more about hov ciety owes everybody if not a living, at leas opportunity to make a living. It is true that d the depression the relief disbursements were generous, and a considerable number of good nothings profited thereby along with the mil of worth-while people whose only recourse to go on relief.

The cold fact remains that the thrifty person has stashed away some portion of his fat-year e ings is invariably better off than the wastrel the lean years arrive. And with our national at its present stratospheric level, there is grave tion whether relief allotments in any future pression can be nearly so generous or as widesp as they were in the last one.

By saving some of your present earnings, you will be doing what you personally can to bat the inflation now plaguing the country. tion is the result of the pressure of too buying power against too few goods to satisf mand. Taper off that pressure—defer that b power to another day—and you contribute bit to the eventual victory over inflation.

And that's about the end of the sermon fo week. We think it's the truth and nothing b truth about how best to get along in these fr fermenting, excited boom times that have upon us in the last three years. Those who their heads screwed on now will have the chance to keep said heads above water the time the going gets rough.

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

PTEMBER 18, 1948

10¢

How the Reds Snatched Wallace

By Louis F. Budenz

—

The dying Hopkins flies a last mission to Moscow

See The Hopkins Papers—Page 28





It happens to the nicest of Guys

ORDINARILY he was No. 1 on the hit parade as far as girls were concerned. But tonight he was getting the polite but cold shoulder over and over again. Something was wrong and he knew it...but he didn't know *what.** It can happen to the nicest of guys.

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath)* is that you, yourself, seldom realize when you have it. Moreover, it may be absent one day and present the next. And when it *is* present it stamps you as an objectionable person to be avoided.

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The Week's Mail

THE TROUBLE WITH PSYCH

DEAR SIR: I wish to put up an a against the two decisions reache "Seminar in Emotions" as set fort ter Velie's Does Your Job Ma Sick? (July 24th) namely, that should worry as much as he likes, it is quite all right to get as ma want providing your behavior trolled.

It is a known scientific fact t worry and anger are not only p harmful but they actually draw w anger from others. The mind can tion in a normal manner, the s restricted, the heart is affected, an of these two negative elements w actual physical illness, which eve knows.

They amount to a slow accu of poison and bad habits. Cal ing, after the worrying has pa brought good results, and forgive the anger.

The fault with psychiatrists is take this body and this brain as there is of life. They entirely ign the true forces of life, the purpo They teach people deliberately their vision and their reason; t fault, such as worry and getting encourage it.

To tell people that they should to worry is like telling them th hope for them.

IRMA P. CARLSON, Seatt

I LOVED F.D.R., BY W. PF

DEAR SIR: The public has had a tunity to read all about the late Delano Roosevelt in articles by from Farley to Fala, and we hav

(Continued on page 49

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★ KEEP UP ★ With the World

BY FRELING FOSTER



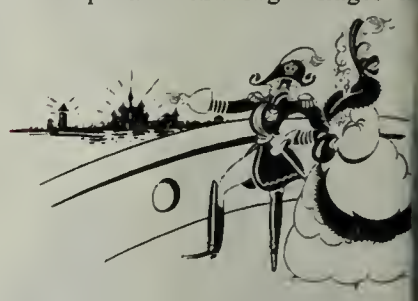
SEVERAL YEARS AGO, before fingerprint experts knew that prints could be successfully forged and transferred, a Chicago jeweler perfected such a process, as a hobby, shortly before he was sentenced to serve a prison term for sedition. Wishing to demonstrate his method before a convention of criminologists, he sought but was refused permission by the warden, who called his assertions nonsense. So the inmate, when alone in the prison office a few days later, took some money from the safe and planted the prints of the warden's son on the door. The next morning, after the robbery had been discovered and the fingerprints identified, the prisoner explained why and how he did it, much to the warden's relief.



SAILORS ARE BELIEVED to be the only occupational group that has its own private heaven, a paradise called "Fiddler's Green." Every good seaman hopes to go there when he dies, because it is a happy land where he has nothing to do but drink, sing and dance forever with a pretty lass.

MANY FAMILY NAMES in the United States are still spelled in an amazing and confusing number of ways, among the outstanding being Bailey, with 25 spellings, Snyder with 29, Burke with 40 and Baer with 45.

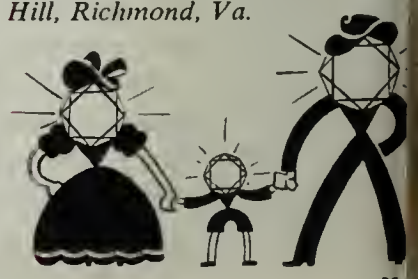
THE MOST STUPENDOUS costly deception of all time played on Catherine the Great Russia in 1787 by Potemkin, her f marshal. Believing his claim tha had already populated and m prosperous her recently conque Crimea, she insisted on visiting once-barren territory to see his fa lous achievements. Eventually, took the empress on a 1,200-mile down the Dnieper River and prou showed her—from the deck of boat—hundreds of large farms, fi of crops and thriving villages fi



with happy peasants. But Cathe did not learn for many years everything she had seen had b staged, that the towns were mad theatrical scenery and populated actors, and that all the sets and formers were transported ahead e night. On this gigantic hoax, Pot kin spent three years and nearly 000,000,000.

CONTRARY TO POPULAR lief, it is almost ten times easie shoot a hole in one in golf than to roll a perfect game of 12 cons tive strikes in bowling, as the against the golfer are 30,000 to against the bowler, 290,000 to one

AN AGE-OLD BELIEF which sisted up to the 20th century was various gems had sex and could produce offspring. In fact, as lat 1913, many a pearl diver of Bo still frequently laid away a likely of pearls with the expectation they would have a family.—*By H Hill, Richmond, Va.*



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** Prepared in cooperation with specialists of American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.*

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The Week's Work

IN HIS article, How The Reds Snatched Wallace (p. 14), Louis Francis Budenz raises the Iron Curtain to reveal Communist intrigue to obtain "custody" of Mr. Wallace. These revelations will be incorporated in Mr. Budenz's new book, Men Without Faces.

Mr. Budenz, it will be recalled, is the former managing editor of *The Daily Worker*, and a member of the Communist National Committee, who publicly renounced Communism and returned to the "faith of my fathers, the Catholic Church."

Born in Indianapolis on July 17, 1891, fourth-generation American, Mr. Budenz attended Xavier University in Cincinnati, St. Mary College in Kansas, and was admitted to the Indiana bar in 1912. In 1915 he entered municipal and labor reform work, and in subsequent years, was arrested twenty-one times in labor disputes and acquitted twenty-one times, gaining himself quite a reputation for breaking down legal barriers to organization.



Papa Budenz and Joanna enjoy the sunshine of a brand-new existence

Joining the Communist party in 1935, Mr. Budenz did comradely work till October 11, 1945, when he, his non-Catholic wife, and three daughters were received back into the fold at St. Patrick's Cathedral, in New York. Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, who has influenced Mr. Budenz considerably, received them.

After a "year of silence," teaching at Notre Dame, Mr. Budenz exposed Moscow agent Gerhard Eisler over the radio. Mr. Budenz is now professor of economics, teaching labor relations at Fordham University.

THE latest of a long line of charming stories of adolescence by Josephine Bentham is She's a Big Girl Now (p. 20). She explains:

"In writing of young people, I have relied almost wholly on the memory of my own youth, because I feel that the emotions of youth don't change much. Every experience encountered for the first time is likely to lift one to the heights, or dash one to the very depths.

"What I remember most vividly is the embarrassment I was continually enduring. Just about everything I said, did or wore seemed the wrong thing to say, do or wear. I was convinced anyone who witnessed any small blunder of mine would remember and talk about it for the rest of his life. I ining myself the center of the verse made life interesting, but cult. And I am virtually sure, wh talk to young people today, that are in the same dire but fascin predicament."

THE new serial: Vera Caspary scribes Marriage '48, beginnin romantic course on page 11, as illegitimate child of a trip to Ariz and a newspaper clipping. She I. G. Goldsmith, a British scen who has made pictures of a coup Caspary novels, drove through Y last year and astonished by billboards adv ing Cozy Mar Chapels, with Bride & Groom ice. Goldsmith there ought to story in this as bly-line matrim business.

A short time Miss Caspary that there was divorce in every marriages during first year. This in nicely with Marriage-an-H Quick-Service boards—and s story was born. Caspary sat down and wrote th rial; while Mr. Goldsmith did a sc play for Warner's.

As for Miss Caspary, she says a graduate of the Cheese & Sau Mail Order Business. "My first lished work," she confesses, "wa ad entitled Rat Bites Sleeping C From that I progressed to mil machines, corsets, cosmetics and respondence courses."

Later, she was editor of The gerprint, The Dance, and a Broad throwaway. "Then after I had wr my first novel and my first play flopped," she says, "I settled dow Greenwich Village and kept wri

"Like everyone else I had a necticut house and vowed I'd n live in Hollywood. So now I live Beverly Hills summit. I work in studios about six weeks a year cultivate my garden." (N.B. The bride outfits illustrated on p. 11 furnished by Russek's Fifth Aver

This week's cover: Split Persona The lovely drum majorette suspe in mid-air is Muriel Marshall, w twenty-two, and attended the versity of Miami. Muriel's ma to Robert A. Marshall, is Flo State Baton Twirling Champ, an America Majorette, was Orange Queen in '44, and Miss Florida in Ardean Miller III made the sh Florida. . . . TED SHA



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last they've lived the scenes they'd dreamed on . . . the church a magic blur of candlelight and roses, the wedding breakfast thronged with friends, and now, one favored spot on all the earth enchanted just for them. Each moment passes but is never lost . . . for in the engagement diamond on her finger the memories will shine for them forever. So, her diamond, though it need not be costly or of many carats, should be chosen with care. Color, cutting, and clarity, as well as carat weight, contribute to its beauty and value. A trusted jeweler is your best adviser.

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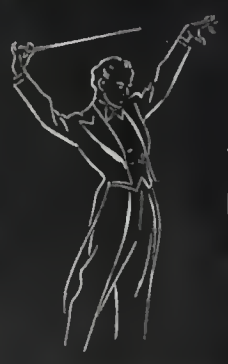
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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

OL. 122, NO. 12 SEPTEMBER 18, 1948



Marriage '48

By VERA CASPARY

Beginning a new and significant novel of today, in which the distinguished author of Laura describes the erratic and stormy course of three modern marriages, each conceived in love, faith, and shining hope—and all haunted by the bitter specter of divorce

NO MATTER how unsentimental you think you are, nor how sturdily you vow you'll not let it affect your heartbeat, when the day comes, you go hollow. Some say it's like butterflies in your stomach, but to Lilith it was more like scorpions. If this had been her first wedding there might have been excuse, but now, on the fifth of June in the year of Our Lord, 1948, she was sufficiently aged and ripened (or so she thought) to take a dispassionate view of marriage.

With a formal wedding there would have been a million details to absorb her anxieties. Her first had been a nightmare tangle of caterers, striped trousers, silver mayonnaise bowls and distant cousins. She had been eighteen then, her fear dewy-eyed. Today, with two marriages behind her, fear was the fleshless image of failure. The only thing that kept her from putting on her old slack suit and whisking off in the roadster was her faith in Henry Fowler. Lilith had once described him as having bowels; a

nasty word but good enough for Shakespeare. Like everyone else Henry had his weaknesses, but he was not afraid of the diving-off place.

She rose that morning quite as if it were an ordinary day, had her fruit juice and coffee in bed, read the newspaper and dressed in her gray suit. As a last-minute concession to the day's importance she chose a pair of new white gloves which had been sent to her from Paris, with eleven other pairs, by an old admirer. Except for Henry's white orchid, she was less like a bride than a worldly young woman setting out for a morning cocktail party.

She had her best friend and business partner, Margery Sears, standing up with her, and Henry had brought Stanforth Grimes, a solemn pathologist in rimless spectacles, as best man. As they got into Henry's sedan, it looked more like a double date than a wedding, with Margery making coy advances to the pathologist.

OUTWARDLY Lilith and Margery were somewhat alike—the sort of young women who walk arrogantly into the best restaurants and make demands on headwaiters. In the tilt of their hats, the way their gloves crumpled at the wrists and the manner in which strings of small furs were slung over their shoulders was the air of breeding, experience and superb self-confidence. Lilith was softer, more appealing. Although she had tried, with all the perversions of fashion, to deny conventional prettiness, she could not disguise the symmetry of her features nor the fresh charm of her coloring. A slight slant gave distinction to her bright blue eyes and the freckles dotted on her nose were a welcome flaw. She wore her dark brown hair untinted.

"Nervous?" asked Henry as he started the car.

She pushed off the memory of an item she had read in the morning paper, and said, "Of course not."

"Well, I am."

"When you've been married as often as I have, darling, you'll find it's no worse than a hang-over." The metaphor she thought, was apt; falling in love being the intoxication, marriage the hang-over. But she wisely kept it under her hat. Although Lilith had often laughed at Henry for taking life seriously and had teased him about his righteousness, she loved him for his virtues rather than in spite of them.

Why else had she consented to a church wedding? It was not at all necessary for moderns of their sort. Neither she nor Henry had a relation within three thousand miles. But he wanted to please his mother. Old Mrs. Fowler had never been near California, but she was an invalid and amused herself with movie magazines so that she knew more about the Little Church in the Vale than Lilith who lived within ten miles of it. To please his mother Henry had chosen an altar at which many movie stars had taken their vows. Corny, Lilith had termed it, adding that if her friends knew, they would die laughing.

No, she was not at all nervous. When once the ceremony was over and she was safely Henry's wife, she would look back upon this journey and wonde why she had suffered. It was no worse than facing a half-hour in the dentist's chair, or the first dive into cold water. In her twenty-ninth year she ought to have learned that no reality can come up to the pain of apprehension. And she had promised herself sternly that she would not talk about her previous marriages, nor even think of them. If only she had not noticed that item in the morning paper!

They seemed to be creeping along the boulevard, but when they entered the canyon, Henry slowed down to forty. "Couldn't you go just a bit faster, darling?"

Henry shook his head. The road was steep and full of curves. "Suppose we get there five minutes later?"

Lilith looked at her wrist watch, pouted and beat her white-gloved fists against the cushions. "It's the first time I'm late to one of my weddings." As soon as she had said it, she was sorry. Her mind should have been fixed on the bright future with Henry, and not on her dark past. One marriage out of three, the newspaper had said, ended before the year was up. That was the latest statistic, not only for Los Angeles County where so many divorces were front page news, but for the entire nation. She was angry with the newspapers for having printed the item on her wedding day, quite as if the editors had known and put it there to worry her.

"Perhaps, darling, it's a sign, a warning, perhaps they won't hold the church if we're late," warned Margery, captious because the best man, after staring through his rimless glasses, had not given her a second squint.

"At the risk of being called a sourpuss for the third time today," the best man said, "I'm going to remind you girls that Henry and I were on time."

"For the first time in Henry's life," Lilith said.

"Yes, I take marriage seriously. I'm a stuffed shirt," teased Henry, throwing back words she had used in violent argument. "I happen to think that on your wedding day, you should forget business." Because he had contrived with fate to keep any of his patients from having babies that morning, he felt that Lilith could certainly have discouraged her customers.

She had locked the doors of her interior decorating shop, but her apartment was above it and there was an extension telephone. "Is it my fault that my best sucker got back to town this morning? After all, darling, business isn't so hot that I can afford to snub the Leveret millions. If it weren't for their new beach place, Margery and I might have to shut up shop."

"And let your husband support you. What a tragedy!" mocked Henry.

"I thought we'd come to an agreement about that," Lilith reminded him, bristling because he refused to take her career seriously.

"Sorry, dear. It was tactless of me to mention it." He bowed his head in mock humility.

They wound out of the canyon, crossed the boulevard and sped along an avenue lined with eucalyptus trees which had been planted as wind guards for the orange groves. It was a bright Chamber of Commerce day, June but not rare in a climate where such perfection is as typical of December. The gold of the oranges contrasted with the dark sheen of their foliage; on every fence giant roses grew; beyond were purple mountains. The only flaw in this picture postcard perfection were the trails of smoke made by the skywriters attempting to find a new advertising medium in the heavens.

THE little church was set cunningly among the live oaks of the hillside. Its stone terraces were guarded by low stone walls over which the roses ran riot.

At the determined picturesqueness Lilith shuddered. "I can't take it." She groaned and covered her eyes.

"Be brave," counseled Margery. "They don't shoot brides at church weddings. Although in most cases, it'd be the merciful thing to do."

Henry opened the car door but Lilith would not move. Having worked for years to shed convention, she found herself embarrassed by its shadow. "Couldn't we just duck down to the City Hall and be married respectably?"

"Hurry, we're late," Henry said.

"You could write your mother and tell her we'd been married in the church. How'd she ever know?"

He was not the sort of man to start his marriage with a lie. As if he had not heard her nonsense, he took her hand and helped her out of the car.

"I give you one last warning." She stood as if she had cast anchor in the pavement. "If they sing, Oh Promise Me, I'll scream."

"Will they sing?" asked the best man. "I thought if you wanted a singer, you'd have to hire him yourself. Or at least ask for it."

Even at this hour the tourists thronged, popped from behind bushes with cameras and stared hopefully at the girls behind the orchids. The church management guaranteed privacy to all wedding parties, and had an attendant posted at the door. When he saw the girls' corsages he knew these were no ordinary tourists. "Fowler-Clark?" he asked, consulting a typewritten page clipped to a wooden board. "You're late."

"Sorry," said Henry, "but circumstances . . ."

The attendant had not time to listen to excuses. "Your minister's waiting in the Groom's Chamber. He's been here seventeen minutes. The Bride's Boudoir"—he scowled toward Lilith as if he knew instinctively that she was to blame for the tardiness—"is up the staircase in the rear. I trust you won't be long. We've got three weddings this morning. The next party's here already."

Unconventional she was, but still woman enough to want her hair tidy while she was being marrie She went up to the Bride's Boudoir while Marge remained in the vestry garden, having a cigaret with the best man.

At the door of the Bride's Boudoir, Lilith paus to cast an experienced eye over the interior decor tion. It was what she had expected, all charm ar chintz like a movie set designer's interpretation the word cozy.

At the dressing table a girl in a white gabardi suit was combing a blond shoulder-length bob. S had taken off a white, flower-trimmed hat wi short veil, which lay beside her gloves, and a whi leather prayer book. When she saw Lilith s started gathering up her things.

"Excuse us, please," she said. "We were a litt early and they let us wait up here."

At the window were two young girls in ray taffeta and cartwheel hats.

"You girls needn't leave, I'll only be a couple minutes," Lilith told them.

The girls in taffeta giggled, whispered somethi about the ladies' room and scuttled out.

The girl in white gabardine offered Lilith h place at the dressing table. "You're ahead of m I guess."

"Are you being married this morning, too?"

"Yes, I am. At ten. Only we were all so ner ous, we looked at the clock wrong and got here most an hour early. I'm so nervous I'm sweatin Look," and she held out her palms for inspectio "That's very unusual for me, I don't usually swe much." Her voice was soft but rough in textu a working girl's voice.

VENETIAN blinds had been closed against t morning glare, and the dimness of the roo along with the gardenias' heavy scent made t room solemn, more like a funeral chamber than bride's boudoir. The two brides had little to s to each other.

"Cigarette?" said Lilith at last, and held out h gold case.

"No, thank you, I don't smoke. I don't kn why. I got nothing against it, some of my friends smoke like chimneys, but I never started."

Down below, in the parking space allotted members of wedding parties, a car rattled to a st "That's him," the little bride said, her pallor mottl by a rising blush. "My boyfr—the bridegroom mean. I can always tell by listening when that jalo comes along. He got here early, too." She laugh as in triumph.

It was not like Lilith to waste so much time o her make-up. Twice she smeared the lipstick, h to remove it and start all over again.

"I guess you're not having a formal weddi huh?" the young girl said, looking at Lilith's s and hat.

"No, I'm not."

"We're not either. Just two of my girl frie standing up as maids, and my cousin and his w from Glendale. I'd always dreamed of having wedding at home with all the folks around, when you think of the cost of everything nowada it's hardly worth it. I mean, when you've got to a home started and all. My folks are back Eas

"Where?"

"Colorado."

Lilith ordinarily would have been amused this gauche Western geography, but she only ha heard the girl's coarse-sweet voice. Irrelevan there had appeared, out of some guarded cavern her mind, the face of her (*Continued on page*

Lilith was reminded of the pale blue ribbon the imported slip that she had worn at her f wedding, and of the borrowed handkerchief tuc in her cuff. She couldn't refuse this girl n



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY FREDMAN





On the first anniversary of his dismissal from the Truman Cabinet, Henry Wallace rails against anti-Russia hysteria. This was September, 1947, in New Yo

How The Reds Snatched Henry Wallace

By LOUIS FRANCIS BUDENZ

IF HENRY WALLACE should be elected President of the United States on November 2d, what would happen? Don't shrug your shoulders. Sure, it's unlikely—but you'll be better prepared to understand what I have seen and what I know by accepting the question.

First of all, there would be great rejoicing at the Kremlin, and delirium on the ninth floor of No. 35 East Twelfth Street, in New York, the headquarters of the American Communists. The party everywhere, in fact, would celebrate the election as a major victory and as the first long stride toward the sovietization of America. And with good reason. For although it seems certain that Wallace, a man of extraordinary unawareness, doesn't realize the extent to which he has been engulfed by the shifting quicksands of the Communist conspiracy, he is their man. But Wallace himself is not a Communist.

Moscow placed the stamp of approval upon him more than four years ago. Since he returned from a visit to Siberia in 1944, the Communists have never doubted that he would support any policy put forward by the Soviet Union and denounce any attempt by the United States to counter Russian aggression. As early as February, 1945, Alexander Trachtenberg, a top party boss who always knows what the Kremlin wants, said at a meeting of the Communist hierarchy in New York, "We are taking Wallace into custody." I attended this meeting as managing editor of *The Daily Worker*, the Communist newspaper published in New York.

Whether he realizes it or not (and he would be loud in his denials) Wallace is a prisoner of the Communists. Assuming his election, we could expect an inaugural address as woolly and unrealis as anything he has said so far, plus loud guarante of peace and abundance for everybody. Th would come the payoff. Belatedly, he'd begin see what he'd blundered into—how he had be captured. It might at last become clear to him th he owed more to the Communists than to any oth party or group.

He would be reminded brusquely that the Co munists conceived the idea of a third party, th they organized it, named it and chose him as th candidate. The comrades would be swift to po out that not only had Wallace failed to repudia Communist support, he had specifically refused do so.

If Wallace had dismissed his Communist follo ers (and if they had accepted the dismissal) would have been left almost alone. From the m

ment he announced his candidacy the ranks of his advisers have been loaded with Communists and fellow travelers.

Because of what they'd done for him, the Communists would demand representation in Wallace's Cabinet. And before Wallace, immersed in his visionary plans, knew what was going on, the Communists would be firmly entrenched in the government. Russian agents would arrive in swarms. Then would begin a sequence of events similar to those which resulted in the overthrow of democracy in Czechoslovakia, and the enslavement of other Eastern European peoples by the Reds.

At first the Communists would not be greedy. They know that America is at heart overwhelmingly antitotalitarian, and they'd proceed with caution, with their customary indirection.

They would permit a pliable nonentity to be named Secretary of State. Almost anyone would be acceptable during the period of transition in which American foreign policy was being changed to conform to the wishes of the Kremlin. But Communists or reliable fellow travelers would be slipped into the key Cabinet posts. They would appear first, probably, as Attorney General, Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of Commerce, and Secretary of Defense.

In all probability the Communists would insist that Wallace name one of two men as Attorney General—Lee Pressman or John Abt, both left-wingers who were among the group that controlled Wallace's nominating convention. Pressman, a lawyer, was formerly counsel for several government agencies, and was general counsel for the C.I.O. until Philip Murray threw him out.

Abt is likewise a lawyer; he also has worked for the government, and was formerly counsel for the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, of which the late Sidney Hillman, not a Communist, was president. Abt is the husband of Jessica Smith, editor of *Soviet Russia Today*, a Stalinist magazine which was set up by the Communist conspiracy.

For Secretary of the Treasury, Wallace would certainly be urged to consider Frederick Vanderbilt Field, a rich radical who gives elaborate dinners for Communist big shots. At this writing, Field's town house at 16 West Twelfth Street, New York City, only a short distance from Communist headquarters, is the scene of the meetings of the group which does the "research" for Wallace's statements and speeches. Very close to Field is Paul Robeson, the Negro singer, who so admires Russia that he has had his children educated there. Robeson would be a natural for American ambassador to Russia.

And somewhere in Wallace's Cabinet, perhaps as Secretary of Defense (which would give Wallace's backers virtual control of the Army and Navy), would be Wallace's campaign manager, C. B. Baldwin, better known as Beany, another prominent left-winger. Baldwin has been close to Wallace for years; he worked for the Farm Security Administration—for a time he was the Administrator—when Wallace was in Washington as Vice-President and Secretary of Commerce.

In my files at *The Daily Worker* I had a list of government officials and others in Washington upon whom the Communists depended. Beany was on this list. Working with Baldwin, or perhaps as a member of the White House Secretariat, would be David Ramsey, former ghost writer for Earl Browder. He now assists in the writing of Wallace's speeches and public statements.

To be sure, getting confirmation of such appointees by the Senate might be a little difficult. But strange things have happened when politicians get scared. And consider the pressure that has stopped many an anti-Communist measure.

At any rate, the American people would read in their newspapers one morning that J. Edgar Hoover was involved in an anti-Wallace plot and had been ousted as head of the F.B.I. His successor would be a man of whom very few people had ever heard, but he would be a Communist, probably trained in Russian police methods. A little later the head of the Secret Service would be dismissed and some other unknown would take his place. This has been Communist practice in every country where they've gained control.

It is true that the duties of the Secret Service as authorized by law include protecting the President and his family and chasing counterfeiters and forgers. But this could readily be changed. The Wallace Attorney General could be induced to rule that it could be changed by Presidential directive. The phrase "protecting the President" could be subject to broad interpretation. It could, naturally, mean detecting conspiracies against his life. And the comrades would not fail to detect them.

I would be willing to gamble everything I possess or hope to possess that within six months after the inauguration of Wallace, a Sovietized F.B.I. or Secret Service would discover a conspiracy involving some very prominent Americans, perhaps Thomas E. Dewey, Harry S. Truman, Herbert Hoover, Arthur Vandenberg or General Dwight Eisenhower. Such men would be dangerous to a Communist-controlled government. Their liquidation would be necessary. Accusation, of course, would be tantamount to conviction. Civil rights? If the Communists get hold of the government, there will be no civil rights.

The F.B.I. and the Secret Service would be reorganized along Russian lines, and within a few months these agencies probably combined would be transformed into an efficient secret police force. Then would come the terror, with firing squads and concentration camps, and the abrogation of all the traditional American freedoms. Henry Wallace, too, would be dispensed with, once he had served his purpose. And after a lifetime of frustration and bewilderment, he would at last achieve one distinction—he would go down in history, rewritten, of course, on the Soviet model, as the last President of the United States.

If all this seems somewhat fantastic, consider how narrowly Henry Wallace missed becoming President when Roosevelt died in April, 1945, a year after Moscow had gathered Wallace to its bosom and while the Communists in this country were already boasting that they were "taking Wallace into custody." Whether Roosevelt was aware of the Kremlin's absorbing interest in Wallace is unknown. But if he had not refused to accept Wallace as his running mate, the corn-fed hero of the comrades would be sitting in the White House today. And if the Communists are correct in their appraisal of the man, the United States might be well along the road toward totalitarianism.

Not even the top men of the American Communist party know what, if anything, happened during Wallace's visit to Siberia to cause the Kremlin to send urgent directives to this country that his political ambitions were to be supported. Moscow's orders are never explained, never questioned, never disobeyed.

Instructions from the Kremlin concerning Wallace began arriving in the United States while he was still in Asia. Most of them at that time were transmitted by Hans Berger, also known as Gerhard Eisler. Until he was arrested and held for deportation, Berger was one of the most important of the shadowy figures who flit back and forth between Moscow and New York, carrying orders for the Communists in America.

The American people never knew much about Wallace's adventures in Siberia except what they read in the newspapers, and what was disclosed in his book, *Soviet Asia Mission*. Perhaps there was nothing more to know. Wallace has been almost as reticent on this subject as on the notorious Guru letters with all their mystical abracadabra. In Soviet Asia the englamored Wallace praised conditions. Speaking in the slave-labor region at Irkutsk, he proclaimed that "men born in wide, free spaces will not brook injustice and tyranny. They will not even temporarily live in slavery."

This noble utterance was made soon after Wallace had posed for a photograph with Ivan Nikishov, chief of the NKVD (secret police), and dictator of Russia's slave empire. Wallace described Nikishov as "an industrial boss." One of the leading American Communists announced that Wallace's Siberia speech, with its apparent approval of the Russian slave-labor system, indicated "a deep understanding of Soviet democracy and how it had to defend itself." I do not remember that Wallace at that time mentioned the Soviet slave camps or the terror under which millions of Soviet prisoners live.

While Wallace was on his Siberian-China trip, an insistent directive came through from the Kremlin ordering the party here to support him. The Russian press and radio leaped to his defense every time he was criticized. I was told by Alexander Bittelman that the Kremlin would support Wallace. Bittelman, an extremely important member of the Communist movement, is the chief theoretician of the party, and his interpretation of a Moscow directive is always accepted as final.

The Communist campaign to take Wallace "into custody" began in late June of 1944. On a hot night in that month I was busy at my desk in the office of *The Daily Worker* when Jack Stachel burst into the room. Stachel is a dark, dour man with a rasping voice and a habit of blinking his eyes rapidly when talking or thinking. For years he has been an important member of the party's Political Committee, now called the National Board, which is the executive committee of the National Committee. Even among party members Stachel is noted for the agility with which he follows the twists and turns of the Moscow line.

Stachel was greatly excited. He told me to come upstairs at once for a special meeting of the National Board. Urgent orders from Moscow had just been received through Hans Berger that Henry Wallace was to be supported for the Vice-Presidential nomination at the forthcoming Democratic National Convention. Only Stachel did not say "from Moscow"; the Communists seldom mention the Soviet capital. With characteristic indirectness they say that a message has been received "from across the sea" or "from the east," or even, sometimes, simply "from there."

When the meeting convened, six or eight top-flight Communist leaders were present, including Earl Browder, Eugene Dennis, Robert Minor, Jim Ford and Alexander Bittelman. And, of course, Jack Stachel. Alexander Trachtenberg was also there, though technically not a member of the Board. Trachtenberg is head of the publishing house which handles translation of the writings of Lenin and Marx. Hans Berger was not present. He had gone underground and was not appearing at such conclaves. However, full reports were made to him by Stachel and Bittelman for transmission to Moscow.

I was not a member of the National Board, but as managing editor of *The Daily Worker* I attended many of the Board's meetings. It was my duty to transmit the decisions of the Board to the rank and file of the party, by means of articles and editorials in the *Worker's* daily and Sunday issues. I also wrote basic articles on the party line for *The Communist*, the theoretical organ of the party, which is now called *Political Affairs*.

No written record of the proceedings was kept, although before the Hitler-Stalin pact in 1939, which partitioned Poland and loosed the German hordes upon Europe, a stenographic report was sent secretly to all members of the National Committee and to district leaders.

The instructions from the Kremlin caught the members of the Board by surprise. Only a month before, Adam Lapin, Washington correspondent of *The Daily Worker*, had surprisingly been ordered to write that Wallace was too intemperate in his criticism of big business, and that if he was defeated for the Vice-Presidential nomination it would be largely his own fault. This was at the time when the Communist party had been officially "dissolved" and transformed into the Communist Political Association, and during the period when the line was to concede graciously that *(Continued on page 76)*

This is the simple story of how the realistic Reds took dreamy Henry Wallace "into custody." Should he miraculously be elected, here's what's going to happen. Told by a man who helped draft the plan. Read it—you, too, Henry. You'll learn a lot

THE WEDDING PRESENT

By STUART CLOETE

He had fled up into the Baviaansberg —the Baboon Mountain—to get away from people. He couldn't trust them, he wanted no part of them—but there was a girl who believed in him, a girl he loved

WINNER OF THIS WEEK'S $1,000 FICTION AWARD

Collier's ☆ STAR STORY



ILLUSTRATED BY DAVE MINK

EVERYONE has heard of children being stolen by baboons. Just stories, none of them proved. But when a man goes to them—among them—then it's something. Yes," he said, "then it's something, all right, and that's what happened 'ere. Ought to be locked up, that's what he ought ter be."

"Here," I said.

" 'Ere," the man said. Then he stuck out his hand and said, " 'Erbert's the name."

"Where?" I said. "I mean, where is the man who went to the baboons?" It struck me as rather a humorous way of putting it—like a man going to the dogs. Bars are few and far between in that part of Africa, and I was in a friendly mood. My informant, Mr. Herbert, was garrulous, almost quarrelsome. But talk is meat and drink to me; so I thought: I'll draw him on. Worth a drink or two, I thought. So I said, "Tell me, Mr. Herbert, I'm a stranger here and— What will it be?" I pushed my glass forward suggestively.

"Brandy," he said. "And a glass of water."

The barman smiled and said, "Yes, Floater." He seemed to know him well.

Herbert laughed. Taking the water he drank it down, then he took the little glass of brandy and drank that. "Some folks take a chaser," he said, "drink the spirit first and then chase it away. But me, I'm different—I like the taste of it in me mouth so I floats it—like oil on the top of the water in me stummick. It's the stummick juices wot combines and makes it float like oil."

He was a big man and there was no point in arguing with him, so I said, "—And the baboon boy?"

"Ah," he said. "It's this way—" he paused and wiped his mustache with the back of his left hand. "The man was in the war, of course, and that might make a difference. After the last one – the great war—I was a bit queer myself. Went a bit mad over the girls—the little dears," he smirked. "But baboons." He banged his empty glass down on the counter. "Says he likes 'em. Says they're more human than people, more friendly-like, imagine that—than humans."

He shook an immense finger in my face. "Air Force. He was shot down and a prisoner, in solitary, too, and beaten up they say, and so I make a lot of excuses for him. If it was drink or girls I'd say nothing. But baboons is a bloody scandal. He's writing a book about 'em, they say. About their 'abits and loving ways. Like a lot of bloody Communists, them monkeys are, all minding one another's business. And one another's wives—free love and no morals."

"You're all for morals," I said. "Against free love."

"Yes," he said. "Communists—robbers."

"But the man, tell me about him."

"Him? Nobby," he said. "Clarke's his name. Nobby they call him. Did you ever figure that one out, Mr—?"

"Fraser," I said.

"Mr. Fraser," he said, "why's every man in the British army whose name is Clarke called Nobby?"

"Don't know," I said, "but it's true."

"Yes," he said. "It's like all Americans with red 'air being called Red. All sexes. I lived in America once. I used to—"

"Clarke," I said.

"Yes, Clarke," he said. "Nobby. His granny left him a little money, they say, and he's got a little pension and he lives in a pondokkie, a hut, up in the mountain on some land that belongs to him. He bought a piece there and built his house himself with a couple of Kaffirs. Below the house, half a mile away, he's got a shed for his old car. Can't get her any nearer than that. After that you got ter climb. I've seen where it is but you wouldn't catch me going there, not me. Before that he lived in a cottage near the sea, and that was bad enough."

"It's a wild bit of country, gentlemen." The other man, who had been leaning against the counter at the other end of the bar, came up to us. "Very wild, but for those who like it, wonderful. There's a splendid view of the sea," he said, "of the great rocks with little beaches and pools between them, and up the valley is the *kloof*, the ravine leading into the high berg behind him. And the whole place is alive with baboons. Always must *(Continued on page 80)*

The baboons said, "Stay quiet. He'll get you out." I used the tire lever. In a minute she was free

Dave Mink

The World's Biggest Store

By DICKSON HARTWELL

Name your item, and Macy's will provide. If they don't have it they'll get it from somewhere on earth. The huge store in New York is feared by its competitors. But its customers snuggle up to it like chicks to a mother hen



Beneath Macy's motto, "It's smart to be thrifty," shoppers have found everything from canaries to carousels. This is an aerial view of the mammoth store taken from the Empire State Building

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

A MAN wishing to select a c reer girl for a wife, one sound limb and mind, ar holding down a $3,500 $30,000 a year executive jo will find more of them concentrated und one roof at Macy's New York departme store than anywhere else in the world. T people familiar with the fantastic, som times pixilated Goliath that is Macy's—u doubtedly the strongest shopping-mon magnet yet devised—a large and divers fied stock of unusual items is not surpri ing. At one time or another New Yorke have purchased Macy ponies, airplane canaries, automobiles, and prefabricat houses.

Every day more people crowd into th square block of Macy's than live in D Moines, Grand Rapids or Salt Lake Cit Sometimes jammed into the store is a pop lation equal to that of Atlanta, Louisvill Portland or Denver. These are the jackp days, when sales top $1,000,000 and have ev reached $1,481,072.

Although ninety years old and homel Macy's is a vigorous enterprise. It is ali with unceasing pother that extends from t tremendous expanse of toys, center of t Christmas universe for 300,000 childre through acres of furniture and women's ha and on into a conglomeration of blueprir maintenance, carpenter, sign-painting, prin ing and testing shops, the whole erupting wi elevators and punctuated by cavernous spac piled high with reserve stock. Through a this strangers may wander for hours, u recognized and lost.

The store executives can usually be ide tified by a peculiar gait, neither running n walking but somewhere between—a half lop half heel-and-toe. Even when briefly halte they always seem poised for a quick sta

The Tempo Is Slower in Other Stores

Most department stores operate more le surely. A Macyite, recently resigned from competitor, described his first-day reactio "It's like stepping out of the Smithsonian I stitution into Forty-second Street and Broa way," he said, panting.

In retailing circles Macy's is the most fear by its competitors. But its customers snugg up to it like chicks to a mother hen. A millio new ones appear each year—shopping, e bowing and buying an average of more tha $4 a sale.

It is the world's best-known store.

It has the world's largest drugstore, whe 1,000,000 prescriptions have been filled in t last ten years. It has the world's largest fan grocery. In one year Macy's bookstore so 750,000 books; its barnyard department so 1,000,000 baby chicks.

With equal equanimity Macy's clerks s a mink to a Rockefeller or $3,000 worth

silk prints for the harem of a Saudi Arabian prince. Fur jackets totaling $90,000 sell in two hours; 12,000 neckties and 975 mouton coats go in a day.

Macy's is 27 stores under one roof. It employs some 300 people to represent its customers and beat out the brains of any Macyite, from the president down, who tries to get by with shoddy merchandise, exaggerated sales talk or high prices. It has a merchandise-checking Bureau of Standards that is so particular it deems ordinary moths inadequate for testing mothproof fabrics; it must breed its own wool eaters jam-packing them with vicious vigor.

Paging a Lady Shopper by Telegram

Macy's $50,000 Thanksgiving Day parade, seen annually by 2,000,000 happily gaping onlookers, is one of the world's biggest publicity stunts. More than 55,000 people a week begin letters with: "Dear Macy's . . . " and at least one telegraphed: % R. H. MACY NEW YORK, MRS. LEE WALLACE, PAGE GROUND FLOOR FIRST ENTRANCE OFF SIXTH AVENUE, JUST INSIDE DOOR. CAN'T MEET YOU TODAY. PAPA.

Although regarded by a few as less than fashionable, Macy's reputation is based on a combination of economy *and* style. Its interior decorating department has a laundry among its clients, to be sure, but it also has major corporations, resorts (including Fred Waring's Pocono Inn), the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, the staff residences of the Camp Upton atom-bomb laboratory, the presidential mansion of Liberia, and President Truman's yacht.

Clients may spend from $3,000 to $300,000 but none was more surprising than a twenty-one-year-old Syrian who walked into the store, plunked down a stack of greenbacks four inches high and demanded designs, plans and specifications for equipping a fifty-room Syrian resort hotel which he could describe only vaguely. He got them, too, and spent $200,000.

Wealthy Macy customers, while itching to save a few pennies, used to deny having traffic with the big store. In recent years, though, regulars have included 13 Rockefeller families, Prince Felix and Grand Duchess Charlotte of Luxembourg, Princess Marie Anne of Portugal's House of Braganza, James Verner Reed, William H. Vanderbilt, Vincent Sheean, Mrs. John P. Marquand, Maurice Evans, Dorothy Thompson, Greta Garbo, Harry Guggenheim, Joseph E. Davies and Mrs. Winthrop Aldrich. When California's Governor Earl Warren was in New York at the time of the Republican convention he sat quietly in Macy's while Mrs. Warren tried on hats.

Least-known among the store's operations is the department run by Miss Hertha I. Hanssen to substantiate Macy's controversial claim that it undersells charge-account stores by six per cent on all comparable merchandise on which prices are not fixed by law. To maintain this policy Macy's employs a large staff of secret operatives who keep track of competitor prices within a fifty-mile radius, including five-and-dime stores and neighborhood shops. These comparison shoppers comprise the world's largest organized force of bargain hunters. As many as 125 of them may be scouring the town at one time. They shop some 40,000 items a week. Their purchases amount to $250,000 annually, making Macy's one of the biggest retail customers in New York.

Miss Hanssen is the absolute dictator of Macy's prices. No executive, not even president Jack Straus or chairman Beardsley (pay-as-you-go) Ruml will take an appeal on her decisions or ask her to change one. Macy buyers often may watch with pleading, wounded eyes while she knocks down to cost, or below, the price on merchandise they bought too dearly. But they seldom argue. When Miss Hanssen cuts a price—about 600 times a week—a department is given 20 minutes to make the change. No time out is permitted for making appeals.

Macy's may buy up all the goods on sale by a competitor who has undercut cost. But if Macy buyers try to take their merchandise out of stock to avoid meeting a competitor's temporary price cut, Miss Hanssen is on them like a schoolma'am crisply ordering them to take their beating. And she watches every article in the store.

When rival B. Altman & Company turned out an apple pie for $1.10 Miss Hanssen discovered the Macy model sold for $1.30. Said Macy's baker, "It's not the same as ours." Miss Hanssen measured the diameters. They were the same. She measured the contents. They were the same. She tested the crust, she sampled the aroma. She noted that Altman's provided a tin plate, Macy's a paper one. She tasted both pies. She made the baker taste them blindfolded. "Macy's might be better," she finally ruled, "but not 20 cents better. Reduce the price to 94 cents." The baker moaned, "But it cost me 95 cents to make."

"To 94 cents or go out of the apple-pie business," said Miss Hanssen crisply.

Probably the most difficult period in Macy's history occurred ten years ago when the store was forced to compromise its buy-and-sell-only-for-cash principle. A couple of generations ago a cash buyer was considered a man of virtue. The use of personal credit at one time was regarded as a step along the highroad to hell. More recently such virtues have become secondary, in winning community esteem, to a mechanical refrigerator, a washing machine and similar appurtenances costing somewhat more than a washboard. Installment buying made these goods available to huge and eager markets, and Macy's found that its immovable cash policy was bucking an irresistible trend.

For two and a half years Macy executives sweated and finally evolved an ingenious credit scheme. It's called Cash-Time. It permits installment-buying of almost all Macy goods by all customers. And the skirts of the precious less-for-cash policy are kept clean by charging over 100,000 Cash-Time buyers 6 per cent more than is paid by purchasers who put cash on the line.

A Quarter Million D.A. Customers

Macy's answer to customers who demanded charge accounts as a personal convenience, rather than as a means of deferring payment, was Deposit Accounts, begun in 1902. This device is simply a bank. Customers deposit money with Macy's and charge goods against their deposits. Macy's has some 250,000 active depositors.

The cash-on-the-line policy itself is not always inflexible. When General Eisenhower moved into his house at Columbia University, Mrs. Eisenhower needed extensive furnishings. She dispatched a secretary to Macy's. But the secretary had no money and a C.O.D. would be inconvenient. Macy's decided to trust the new president of Columbia, and the goods were delivered and billed for later payment. The naval hero of the Spanish-American War, Richmond Pearson Hobson, was not similarly honored. In 1898, when his fame was as great as Eisenhower's is today, his mother ordered a pair of slippers for her illustrious son. Because no cash accompanied the order Macy's refused to deliver them.

Some manufacturers have blacklisted Macy's for generations because of the store's cut prices. Some book publishers refuse to sell to them, and Macy buyers have ranged as far west as Texas to get best sellers at retail for sale at 6 per cent less.

Macy's major reply to price fixing by law on standard merchandise is to sell similar products under its own brand. Not only are vast quantities of goods made to specifications, but buyers purchase manufacturers' end-of-production *(Continued on page 73)*



The blindfold test helps Macy's grocery executives compare brands of bologna. Hertha Hanssen, price arbiter, conducts test



Miracles of selling are performed on the crowded stage that is Macy's brightly lighted street floor. Below, the telephone order board, part of the swift backstage machinery which receives all telephone orders and speeds delivery to millions of customers





She's a big girl now

First she had to solve the painful problem of growing up. After that the boy next door was putty in her hands

FROM the vantage point of a front porch step, Sally Richards surveyed her world. It was a new world, and in many ways more interesting and exciting than the familiar stretches of the African Gold Coast and the Malayan Archipelago. She was now turning an adolescent gaze on the town of Medville in a Middle Western section of her native America, and finding the very look of it as good and nourishing as corn on the cob.

As the daughter of Septimus Richards, the distinguished anthropologist, she had traveled and lived in some strange and exotic spots. And as a companion to her father and his learned colleagues, Sally had been given an informal education that not only ensured her entry into the graduating class of the Medville High School but gave her a considerable edge in Greek and Latin, to say nothing of Swahili. But, of the extracurricular activities of the American young she had no knowledge—and therefore no fear.

Sally yanked a shrunken and faded old sweater over her blue jeans and ambled down the porch steps to a great, untended lawn. Not many years ago this property had been farm land. An old red barn still stood at some distance in back of the house and a long-abandoned well, choked with trailing vines, was midway between barn and house. Sally's father had commented on the enormous job it would be to tidy up the place, but Sally liked it as it was. She had not yet acquired any great feeling for orderliness.

As she came to the well she stopped short, extremely pleased to behold a person of the opposite sex, also in blue jeans, who was mowing the grass next door. He was a good-looking boy, with a thick mop of ginger-colored hair. He was lean and lithe and, although he obviously felt no love for the lawn mower, he handled it with easy strength.

He caught her eye and flashed a grin. "Hello!" he said.

"Hello!" said Sally.

She had no way of knowing that love had come to her instantly, like a rocket shooting across that untended lawn. She was dimly aware of a warm feeling in her bones, as if they all had turned to molasses. And in her innocent and happy excitement she hurried right over to him.

"I guess I'd better introduce myself, hadn't I? I'm Sally Richards and we've just moved in, my father and I! My father's Septimus Richards, but I guess you've heard of him, haven't you? He's sort of famous. Oh, perhaps I shouldn't say that about my own father because he'd have a fit, but it's only natural to be proud of your father if he's famous, don't you think so? But anyway he's going to write another book and we're going to live here for at least a year and I'm going to high school!"

The boy seemed a trifle dazed. "Are you?" he said.

"Oh, yes! Isn't it wonderful. I was only fifteen the week before last and that's sort of young to be a senior but I had a lot of private tutoring. But, oh, my gracious, I'm talking about myself all this time! Are you a senior, too, by any chance? And what's *your* name?"

"Tom Whitney," he said, staring at her.

It was hard to pry more information out of him but she went at it patiently, in the manner she had employed when dealing with shy contemporaries in blackest Africa. She had the advantage here in that she could speak in English and not in some smattering of dialect. Pulling the facts out one by one, she discovered that Tom Whitney was sixteen years in age and five feet ten inches in height, that he had a sister Paula who was eighteen and a sister Mercedes who was seven, that he had not yet decided on his career in life, and that his favorite pastimes were football, baseball, swimming—and going to the movies if they didn't have too much mush in them.

Sally could scarcely believe she had found such an interesting friend before she had been in Medville a week. She beamed on him in artless pleasure.

"We'll have such loads of fun!" she cried.

"Yeah, sure," he said.

He was not a very talkative person, she thought indulgently. But so many of the bashful native boys, who had not been talkative at first, had babbled like anything when they felt better acquainted.

"Well, but excuse me," he said at last. "I guess I'd better be mowing this pasture."

She thought it witty of him to have called the lawn a "pasture," and laughed appreciatively. She watched him pursuing his work for a few moments, then she turned and headed for home. She had not yet reached the stage of walking gracefully from point to point. She saw an objective and lunged toward it, eagerly, like a colt, and sometimes she bumped into things.

Luncheon was ready by the time she returned;

By JOSEPHINE BENTHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

the punching bag. "Mercy!" Sally said

she seated herself across the table from her father, and Trevor brought in cold meats, salad and hard, salty little biscuits. Trevor was the elderly but indestructible Englishman who accompanied father and daughter on all their travels, serving them in jungle, desert or forest with the same imperturbable dignity that he was bringing to the present occasion.

Sally had much to set forth.

"Oh, Dad, there's the most wonderful family next door you'd simply never believe it! There's a boy about my age and he's the only one I've met so far, but there's a girl two years older and a little kid! Oh, imagine having such nice neighbors along with everything else! This big old house and me being so near school and you having such a perfect place to write in and—oh, everything, Dad!"

SEPTIMUS RICHARDS smiled at her, but with a certain trace of concern. He had often reflected that, even if Sally had not been his own child, he would have marveled at her qualities. She had great generosity and instinctive kindness, loyalty and high courage. Yet he worried over her.

She had lost her mother when she was three and he was beginning to realize, ever more keenly, what a tragedy that was for her. A mother could have led her over the difficult steps of these transition years. As a father, he felt helpless and inefficient.

"Sally," he began, "you mustn't expect too much all at once. You know you've had a rather strange life for a young girl." He looked at her ruefully. "I'm afraid I've thrown you too much with people in tribes! It will be all quite different now. People will be *individuals*—"

He faltered here, knowing no way to say that these individuals might misunderstand her eager, natural friendliness. The time had come for her to discover, for herself, all the little cruelties of a civilized world. There was no possible way to protect her from them, but his heart ached for her.

"You're a good girl," he concluded. "You'll come out all right."

Sally was mildly perplexed. "Why, you mustn't worry about me, Dad! I'm simply going to love the people here! I know I am!"

He nodded, sighed, and let the subject drop. . . .

Right after lunch, Sally bounded over to the Whitneys'. Tom wasn't home, to her vast disappointment, but she met his mother and sisters.

Mrs. Whitney seemed amused. "Tom doesn't always favor me with his confidence, but he'll be home this evening, so far as I know."

Paula was eying Sally as if she had been something fallen off a leaf. "You lived in Africa, didn't you?"

"Oh, just the last couple of years. Before that it was Alaska. Dad's quite an authority on the Eskimo, you know."

Paula hadn't known, and she did not appear particularly impressed. Apparently Sally had more charm for little Mercedes, who had been subjecting her all this time to a candid, round-eyed appraisal.

"You're diff'rent, aren't you?" demanded Mercedes.

"Mercedes!" cried her mother, in despair. "What a thing to say! You'll have to excuse her, Miss Richards. She says anything that comes into her head."

Sally had never been called Miss Richards before and it embarrassed her a little. But before she could make any comment on the matter Paula had cut in to remind her mother of an appointment with the dentist.

Sally jumped up. "Goodness!" she said. "You should have told me! After all, we're neighbors and I don't think we should stand on any ceremony, do you?"

Mrs. Whitney smiled and patted her shoulder. She was extremely kind. Sally could scarcely say goodby over the lump in her throat. It was so wonderful to be in her own country at last, and to be making friends. . . .

She telephoned Tom that evening. There was a Western movie playing in town and she thought it would be fun for them to see it together. "No mush in it!" she reported.

"Oh," he said, and hesitated a second. "Well, I'll tell you—I've kind of made a date to go bowling with some of the fellows. As a matter of fact."

"Okay!" she said blithely. "Better luck next time."

As she was putting down the telephone her father came into the hall. She explained the situation. "I think I'll have to take up bowling, too," she said.

"Sally—"

"Yes, Dad?"

"Never mind. I forgot what I was going to say."

He had not forgotten, but he could not bring himself to tell her that she should not have telephoned young Whitney. The days of her innocence—even the hours—were measured. She was like a little Eve who had not yet tasted the fruit of the Tree. He could not bear to put that fruit in her hand, and bid her eat—

The next day she gathered together her gigantic collection of African photographs and, with laden arms, set forth for the Whitneys'. This time Tom was home and he did not seem in the least surprised to see her. He sat beside her on the porch swing and looked at all the pictures and listened to her explain about them.

She talked right along, hardly pausing to draw breath, because she had such a deep, inexpressible longing to share all her treasures and experiences with him Mrs. Whitney and Paula came out to the porch for a while and went back into the house, but Mercedes, licking apricot jam from a large piece of bread, kept meandering in and out.

Sally closed the last of the albums with a bang. "There!" she said. "Now you know all about my terrible past!"

"Well," he said, "I'm much obliged."

"Haven't *you* got any snapshots to show me? And yearbooks and things?"

He rubbed his fingers against the firm line of his jaw. "Nothing special. They'd bore you."

"Oh, no! No, they wouldn't!"

He shifted uneasily. "I don't even know where they are."

But at that moment Paula called him to the telephone and Mercedes came out of the house to take his place on the swing. The piece of bread was gone but some of the jam was on her face. She peered at Sally.

"Why," she demanded, "haven't you got any insinks?"

Sally smiled. "What are insinks?"

"I dunno. Paula says you haven't got any." She reflected, and launched carefully into a long word. "Any feminine insinks, Paula says."

Sally moistened her lips. "Instinct," she said. Her heart was pounding. She did not know what Mercedes was going to tell her, but her heart was pounding anyhow.

"Paula said the way you keep chasing my brother is the most awful thing she ever heard of," Mercedes went on, affably, "and Mother said it was because you came from Africa and didn't know any better. And Paula said, 'Oh, but my goodness! Wouldn't you think her insinks would tell her?' Mercedes paused, and looked at Sally in pleased curiosity. *"Why* haven't you got any insinks? Why *haven't* you?"

But Sally, not hearing the question, not looking at Mercedes, was gathering up her albums and stumbling down the steps of the porch. Then, even blind with tears, she was hurrying, in her clumsy coltish way, across the lawn.

AT THE dinner table, Septimus noticed that something was seriously wrong. Sally cut her meat and carefully buttered one of Trevor's hard little biscuits, but she ate scarcely anything. But because he was a man who could be as courteous to his own child as he would be to a stranger, Septimus refrained from asking questions. The confession came voluntarily after Trevor had retired to the kitchen, having brought in coffee for Septimus and candy mints for Sally. She had choked on the candy mint she was trying to nibble. In the next moment Septimus had come around to take her in his arms.

She could not tell him everything she had heard from Mercedes. It would have been too great a pain even to say the words.

Nor could she have explained, even to herself, that the feminine instinct, whose lack in her Paula had so greatly deplored, had been given no time for a gentle, gradual unfolding. Within the space of seconds it had been forced into full being, so impelling anl obvious that Sally looked back on her previous self in incredulous shame.

She could share the Whitneys' opinion of her conduct. But she had no words for this inner revolution and torment. She could only stammer out her intention to have nothing more to do with Tom Whitney, or with the other Whitneys, or with anyone else in Medville, even if she were to live in the town for a million years.

"Sally," he said, "everyone has to go through these things. Everyone has to learn. The person who has never been humiliated is the person who has never had the courage to face the world at all. Before you'll have learned something. You'll see! And you'll be big enough to be grateful for it!"

Yet, even as he spoke, he knew the utter hopelessness of trying to send experience down the channel of the years. She was giving him a bright little smile that did not deceive him in the least.

"Sure! I'm not really worried about it. I guess," she added, "I'll just go wash my hair."

With this touch of bravado she left him, and went quickly toward the stairs. There was nothing he could say to comfort her. There was nothing he could do. He sighed and went wearily into his study where he tried to throw himself into the mores of West Africa.

He began shaping up the second chapter of his book. It had mainly to do with certain difficulties he had encountered in Ashanti. There had been the natives who had balked at being photographed and the natives who had refused to answer any questions, and the natives *(Continued on page*



COME ALL YE YOUNG FAITHFUL!

If you are under 18 years old, if you want a chance to have your carol published this Christmas in Collier's, submit your carol for Collier's Second Annual Award before October 11th

RULES—1. The words and music must be yours alone.

2. Your work must be accompanied by a letter from your parent or legal guardian giving us permission to publish it in Collier's.

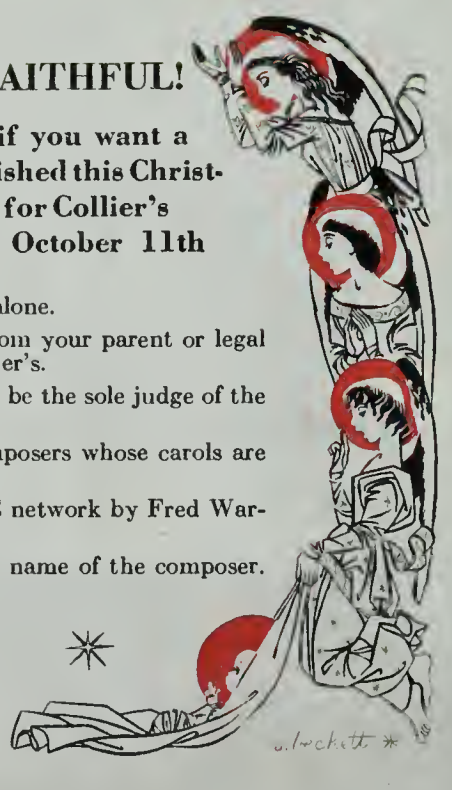
3. Fred Waring, leader of the Pennsylvanians, will be the sole judge of the eight best carols submitted.

4. Collier's will send $25 to each of the eight composers whose carols are selected.

5. Winning carols will be broadcast over the NBC network by Fred Waring's Glee Club and Orchestra.

6. Each piece we select will be copyrighted in the name of the composer.

Send your carol and letter of permission by October 11th to Collier's, Christmas Carol Department, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
SO COME—JOYOUS AND TRIUMPHANT!



Nancy and Me

By ERNIE BUSHMILLER

Millions of newspaper readers laugh at Naney's anties but few know she was created in desperation. This is the first of a series about America's favorite comic strips

THE editors of Collier's and an innocent bystander whose name I didn't catch, browbeat me into drawing the ctures on this page between newsaper deadlines. There are a couple items I had to leave out about ancy and me, though, because when draw words in the strips I draw em large. Older people tell me this ves wear and tear on their eyeasses, and little kids who have just aggered through first grade tell me ey can often get the point of a ancy gag without bothering Pop to ell out the story.

It's funny about Nancy. When I arted comic-strip life 26 years ago, the age of eighteen, I thought some eesecake would do the trick, so I eated a character named Fritzi Ritz. Fritzi did all right but not well ough to suit me, and so, in someing like desperation, I experimented round with snub-nosed Nancy ten ears ago, and Nancy soon stole the ow.

I work on a schedule that produces x daily Nancy and Sluggo (her tough al) strips between Sunday and Tuesay evenings. The Sunday page olves after I've taken Wednesday d Thursday off. If this sounds conusing, then you have a fairly accurate cture of a newspaper cartoonist's e.

Unlike other strip cartoonists, I aw the last picture first and work ack toward the beginning, which is actly the opposite of the way you ad it (I hope).

I know a guy who draws his carons upside down, so I don't worry uch about drawing backwards.

Self-Portrait of an Artist

The fat, redheaded gent in the biophical strip at the right is supposed be me, although I gave myself a eak and left out the gray hairs. The aunch is a sort of compromise.

Other intelligence: Six months of gh school was all I could take. I arried (and am still married to) a gal amed Abby Bohnet. I still live in the ronx and am making a fabulous rtune. Otherwise, I'm just working r laughs.

The only other fact I can locate in y files at the moment is, I get some ther peculiar mail.

One letter was from a horse-race thusiast on the West Coast who mehow detects racing tips in the ancy strips. How he does it I don't ow and I'm not going to try to find t. I have trouble enough with ancy and her bangs without fooling ound with the bangtails.

Another letter was from a woman Brooklyn whose daughter wanted baby sister so she could name it ncy. Since the lady was about to oduce a brother or sister for the ughter, she hoped it would be a ster. But what, the woman asked e with considerable agitation, if it rned out to be a boy? She didn't nt to name the infant Sluggo.

P.S. The baby turned out to be a rl. ★★★



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A PRINCESS SELLS HER *Sarong*

By Bill Davidson

Some women can wear sarongs and some can't—anyway shouldn't. But there's a Javanese Lana Turner who can wear them and sell them too. If you don't believe it study the opposite page

UP UNTIL a few months ago, the undisputed Queen of the Sarong and authority thereon (so far as the Western world was concerned) was Dorothy Lamour. On April 7th, however, a diminutive, golden-skinned, Cleopatra-faced, Lana Turner-bosomed Javanese princess named Malia Sunario Wiranata Kusuma set foot on American soil, and immediately thereafter Lamour's reputation with sarongs commenced to topple.

Like nearly all of her countrywomen, Princess Sunario wears sarongs. Unlike the scant Lamour garment, which terminates midway on the thigh, the princess' sarongs are evening-dress-length affairs. When asked about this disparity, the princess burst into gales of laughter and told her questioners that Dorothy Lamour's abbreviated sarongs are known in Indonesia as "sarong à l'Américain" and that Miss Lamour has become one of the great comedy stars in Indonesia merely by appearing in them.

"One should tell Miss Lamour," the princess politely added, "that Javanese women only wear sarongs in her fashion while working in the rice fields—or while taking a bath."

After loosing this salvo, the curvaceous daughter of the president of West Java continued on her official mission, which consisted of (a) demonstrating to the people of the United States that Indonesian women were charming, well-educated and happy under the Dutch; (b) studying American school and hospital methods for adoption, under her supervision, in Java; and (c) visiting such centers of culture as the M-G-M lot, the Yankee Stadium and Coney Island.

The sarong issue, however, was not allowed to fade from the public eye. The princess discreetly let it be known that she is a partner of a Batavia firm that is desirous of exporting sarongs to the United States. The influential trade paper, Women's Wear Daily, passed this intelligence along, and wherever the sarong-clad princess went, she was swamped with orders.

Genia D'Arsen, a Hollywood dress designer, compared the batik print dress she was wearing with the princess' sarongs, discarded her dress in disgust and ordered 16 of the real thing from Princess Sunario. Actress Jeanette MacDonald begged for a single sarong from the princess' own wardrobe. So did socialite Mrs. P. L. Jackson, wife of the publisher of the Portland (Oregon) Journal. The princess bestowed a bright, new red one on Mrs. Jackson. After several lessons in how to wind the sarong about her person, that lady wore it as a cocktail gown and forthwith became the sensation of the Portland social season.

Typical of the princess' reception in various parts of the country was her appearance before the San Francisco Junior Chamber of Commerce. She spoke about Indonesia and its political problems. Then she asked for questions. Question number one was: "Is Java near China?" Question number two was: "When can we get sarongs to sell?" At this, a Netherlands Trade Commission official mopped his brow and smilingly declared, "Madame Sunario has started a fad. Thousands of American women will soon be wearing sarongs as cocktail and evening gowns."

The royal sarong peddler, who speaks with a charming Dutch accent, is thirty-six years old and the mother of four children. She looks so much like a teen-age model for a South Seas travel poster that she causes confusion to nearly everyone she meets. In Hollywood, for instance, the following conversation was recorded between her and movie star Van Johnson:

Johnson: "Do you go to school here in America?"

Sunario: "No, I visit here. I have a daughter sixteen who goes to school."

(Embarrassed silence.)

The entry of this attractive female into the sarong business is one of the minor by-products of the war. Since, like most Javanese, she is a Moslem (a faith which frowns on any feminist activity), it is also a minor miracle. She was born in West Java, the second eldest of the 21 children of (Prince) Ario Adipati Wiranata Kusuma, a direct descendant of the Hindu kings that conquered and ruled West Java, after an amphibious campaign in 1433.

Because of the royal lineage, her father was regent of Bandung (the second largest city of West Java) under the Dutch, and the young princess led the life of the Indonesian nobility. She was educated by a wealthy Dutch family in Batavia, absorbed Indonesian and Moslem culture from her father, and got her higher education—including a good knowledge of German, English and French—at a Catholic convent school selected by her father.

After that, Prince Sunario, the handsome young police commissioner of Bandung, was selected to be her husband; and at the age of seventeen, she settled down to be a good Moslem wife and mother.

This placid existence was ended by the war. The princess was caught in the Japanese bombing of Bandung's biggest civilian hospital, and she worked there day and night as a Red Cross nurse caring for the wounded. During the oc cupation, she became the head o a federation of women's club which went off on treks into th mountains to teach the children o the people who had fled there afte the invasion.

The civil war which followe liberation found her cut off fro her husband and virtually impri oned for six months in her hom in the Dutch quarter of Bandun She lived during this period b baking cakes and sending her serv ants into the streets to peddl them. Finally, a B-29 pilot brought her and he children to Batavia in a bomber.

But here, too, she faced the problem of makin a living. She solved this in a unique way. Ever day, republicans came into Batavia's railroad st tions laden with sugar and other food produc from the hinterland. They refused to sell thes products directly to the Dutch. The princes trusted by both sides, became their go-between operating on a bicycle, and for a percentage of th profits.

From this she expanded into another bicycle go between service whereby wealthy but starving In donesian ladies sold their jewels to Java's Chine merchants. Her unexpected business acumen i these matters so impressed the merchants that a affluent Chinese corporation took her in as a 45 pe cent partner, and set up a textile importing co poration called "Pembina." When her husban finally crossed the battle lines and found her, h nearly collapsed when he discovered not a famishe helpless female, but a prospering businesswoma well on the way to becoming Java's first saron magnate.

Princess Sunario's sarongs range from simp house-dress types to fancy gold-leaf wedding sa rongs over 100 years old. They range in price fro a few dollars to several thousand.

A sarong traditionally is a rectangle of speciall made cloth exactly 3½ yards long. Since it only co ers the female form from the waist to the ankle supplementary equipment generally consists of brassière and a tailored jacket known in Java a the "Kebaya" (Princess Sunario's *kebayas* are ex pensive Western-type garments made by Par *couturières).* For the curious, the most common desired form of undergarment worn with the sa rong is the American two-way-stretch girdle.

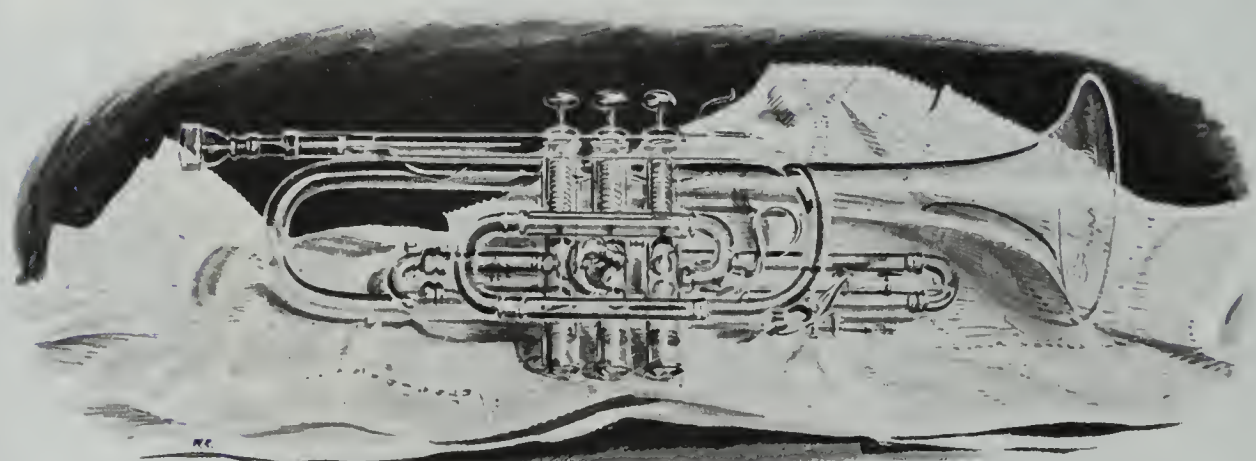
When Madame Sunario arrived in this countr she had some 60 regulation-size sarongs with he To the astonishment of observers, each of these wa folded to the dimensions of a man's necktie, an all 60 reposed comfortably in a small suitcas This, the princess explained, can be done with co ton fabrics finished in the ancient Indonesian bat methods. She further explained that such fabri are practically indestructible and are passed alon from mother to daughter. *(Continued on page 4*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY PHILIPPE HALSMAN



The glass cornet

Ole Krosteson and Frankie were years apart in age, but they had two important things in common—a love of beauty, and faith in a dream



By KINGSLEY TUFTS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER RICHARDS

FRANKIE WILLIAMS' heart pounded for joy as he left Ole Krosteson's house and started for home. All his life, it seemed, he had wanted a cornet. But never before had he spoken of this desire. It had been one of the impossible things. Then tonight, suddenly, he had confided in his friend, Ole Krosteson, and Ole had promised a fabulous thing. He had promised to make a cornet of glass.

As Frankie left the neighborhood of the glass factory, following his shadow in the moonlight, he could hear the throb of the pumps in the oil fields half a mile beyond. The Williamses lived in the newest subdivision of town. Behind their street lay the open fields, bright with California poppies, and farther on, beyond the windbreak of eucalyptus trees, rose the oil derricks.

His father had worked in the oil fields a year. Sometimes Mr. Williams worked a split shift, other times at odd hours. And often his father was sleeping when Frankie wanted to blow his khaki Army bugle. At these times he would lay it across the handle bars of his bicycle and pedal out to the eucalyptus windbreak. Sometimes he crawled up on one of the hundreds of oil derricks and blew it there. As he thought of the glass cornet, he imagined himself on top of the tallest rig in the field, valving the scales, practicing to be the greatest cornet player on earth. He gritted his teeth for joy as the goose pimples prickled his arms.

He jerked open the front door, crying, "Guess what! Ole Krosteson is going to make me a glass cornet!"

His mother sat with one of Esther's stockings pulled over her hand. His father glanced up from the newspaper. His sister buried her nose deeper in her schoolbooks at the dining-room table.

His father grunted. "Glass cornet, eh? Ole must have changed bootleggers. His regular hooch isn't that strong."

"George!" Mrs. Williams said in a shocked voice. "Not in front of the children."

"Ah, Mom, I know Ole drinks," Frankie said. "But he wasn't drinking tonight."

"Who ever heard of a glass cornet!" Esther said scornfully.

"Gee whiz!" Frankie cried. "I've just been telling you."

"Look, son," Mr. Williams said seriously. "Krosteson was under the weather. He was pulling your leg. Even if he was able to make one, it would fly to pieces from vibration with the first toot. Don't believe everything anybody tells you."

"I think a glass horn would be nice," Frankie's mother said, "even if you couldn't blow it."

"Especially if you couldn't blow it," Esther added.

"Will you shut up! Ole is one of the greatest glass blowers in the world!" Frankie burst out. Then stoutly to his father: "He's going to make it out of a special kind of glass. It won't break."

Esther asked, "Did you tell him you can't go to San Pedro with him Sunday?"

Frankie's heart sank. A week ago Ole Krosteson had asked him to ride over to the harbor with him on Sunday and have a look at the ships. His father had forbidden it. He had been unable to bring himself to tell Ole he couldn't go. "We were talking about other things," he hedged.

"You mean you didn't tell him," his father said flatly.

"Oh, what difference does it make?" his mother asked. "Frankie can tell him tomorrow."

"I don't want Ole Krosteson sitting out front in that wooden-wheeled tin can on Sunday morning honking his horn when I want to sleep," George Williams growled.

"I only wish we had a tin can like that!" Esther said.

"Well," Mrs. Williams said, "we're not likely to —at least for a while yet."

Frankie looked at them. They didn't care about the cornet. And they didn't understand about his friend. To them, Ole was just an old gaffer at the glass factory. At the sideboard he unbuckled the belt from around his books, and slumped down across the table from his sister. He drew pictures of cornets around the margins of the pages in his history book. He made musical notes out of all the "o's" in the text. . . .

The next day, Saturday, he had two lawns to cut. It was not until late afternoon that he pedaled over to Krosteson's house. But the blinds were drawn, and Ole's car was gone from the garage. It occurred to him that Krosteson might have gone to Los Angeles, some twenty-five miles away, to get the special glass. He turned his bicycle toward the library to look up cornets again in the encyclopedia. He had read everything on cornets scores o

times, but now the articles had a new and burning importance. Twice in the evening he rode over to see if Krosteson had returned, only to find the house dark. There was nothing to do but wait for morning, and when Ole came by, tell him he couldn't go with him to San Pedro.

He was awakened by the honking of an auto horn. In the street a motor was being raced experimentally and quieted.

Mr. Williams was already in the living room pulling on his trousers as Frankie dashed for the door.

"You stay in here," his father said. "I'll talk to Krosteson."

"Why not let him go, George?" his mother said from the kitchen.

"He's not riding anywhere with anybody that drinks," Mr. Williams said sharply.

"Ole surely ought to be sober on a Sunday morning," she answered.

"We'll see," his father said, slamming the front door behind him.

FROM the window Frankie saw Ole Krosteson stiffen in the car, and sit very erect. He straightened his black derby and smoothed down his mustache as Mr. Williams approached. Frankie saw his father talking earnestly. Though acquainted, he and Krosteson were not friends.

"Let me go out!" Frankie begged his mother.

"Your father said no," she answered.

At last Frankie saw Ole reach down and release the emergency brake. He said something to Mr. Williams, and Frankie saw his father step back as smoke poured from the exhaust, and the car shot away from the curb.

"What did he say?" Frankie flung open the door.

"He had liquor on his breath," his father answered. "He didn't say much of anything."

"Was he going—anyway—without me?"

"You were talking about a cornet the other night," Mr. Williams said. "I noticed Krosteson had one on the seat with him. Silver one. Must have picked it up somewhere last night when he was plastered."

"What?" Frankie cried.

"Don't get excited," Mr. Williams said. "It wasn't a glass one."

Frankie looked at his father helplessly. Of course it wasn't. He would have bet anything in the world that Ole had got it in Los Angeles to use as a model for the glass one. Suddenly it came over him that his friend had been planning a great day for just the two of them, talking about the glass cornet, looking over the ships in the harbor.

"You sure fixed things!" he cried angrily.

He felt his father's hand close tightly on his shoulder. "I know you wanted to go," he said, "but you'll be a lot better off in Sunday school." A friendly slap followed. "Don't take it so hard, son."

The rest of Sunday passed in agony. Frankie told himself he wouldn't blame Ole if he threw the whole thing over. He waited until after supper, then pedaled over to Krosteson's house. He had to explain that his father didn't understand—that he took the wrong attitude about some things. But everything was dark. He waited on the porch until nine o'clock. Finally, when Ole didn't come, he gave up, and went slowly home.

The next afternoon he ditched school and hurried to the glass factory. He walked swiftly down the planked floor past the first six blowing platforms, past the glass furnace, and toward the second battery of blowing holes on the other side. No matter how many times he came here, the heat and clatter of iron, the shouts of the men, the fiery glow and crystal brilliance of the great cylinders of glass were still exciting and terrifying.

Ole was out on the platform of the "big hole" leaning back, bracing his body against the weight of an almost completed triple-strength roller. The twenty-six-pound iron blowpipe whirled in his hands as he sighted down the length of the glass cylinder. His muscles strained beneath the sweat-soaked undershirt as he stood, legs spread, pressing his lips to the bee-bee of the pipe for the last blow. Covering the bee-bee with his thumb, he completed the full arc of the cylinder in the pit, swinging the seven-foot, sixty-pound roller up to the glory hole, catching the spinning pipe in the guide.

There was a little puff as the expansion of the imprisoned air inside the roller blew a hole in the soft glass. The edges began *(Continued on page 68)*

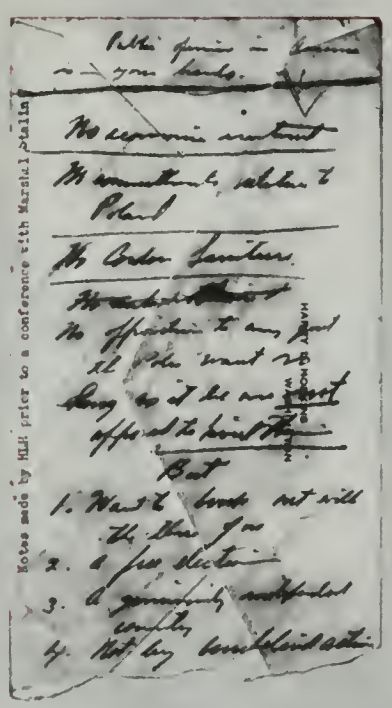


But most conspicuous of all was the silver cornet, suspended by two strings in the breakfast nook. It hung evenly, just above Krosteson's eyes when he was seated. "Oh—what a beauty!" Frankie exclaimed. Ole nodded. "The best"



SOVFOTO

Homeward bound, Harry Hopkins and his wife found Soviet hospitality in Berlin "almost embarrassing." They were shown all the Nazi sanctums including the Reichstag



Public opinion in America is in your hands.
No economic interest
No commitments relative to Poland
No *cordon sanitaire*
No opposition to any government the Poles want so long as it be one *not* opposed to Soviet Union

But
1. Want to work out with the three of us
2. A free election
3. A genuinely independent country
4. Not by unilateral action

Before meeting Stalin, Hopkins jotted down on an envelope the points he must watch out for in discussing Poland. President Truman and the State Department had briefed him as to where he could give way, where he must stand firm

The Secret Papers of HARRY L. HOPKINS

By ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

Hopkins staves off the gods of war and death in one final, desperate "Battle of Moscow." For the last timc, the growing misunderstanding between the Soviet and the West seems to be completely bridged

Part 17: Last Mission to Moscow

Conclusion

IN HIS first talks with President Truman after Roosevelt's death, Hopkins said that he would remain in Washington for a few weeks and make available to the new Chief Executive every scrap of knowledge that he possessed concerning Roosevelt's unrecorded plans and hopes and apprehensions for the future—and there was, of course, a considerable amount of knowledge that only he possessed. Truman wanted Hopkins to stay on to give him the same kind of advice and counsel and assistance that he had given the late President. But Hopkins was obviously at the end of his physical rope and he could not make even a pretense of holding any official position.

Just before the San Francisco Conference Hopkins wrote a personal memorandum, inspired by an "inside" story in Drew Pearson's column in the Washington Post on April 22, 1945. Pearson had written:

"Though it may get official denial the real fact is that American advance patrols on Friday, April 13th, one day after President Roosevelt's death, were in Potsdam, which is to Berlin what the Bronx is to New York City," but "the next day withdrew from the Berlin suburbs to the River Elbe about 50 miles south. This withdrawal was ordered largely because of a previous agreement with the Russians that they were to occupy Berlin and because of their insistence that the agreement be kept." Pearson stated that this agreement had been made at Yalta. Hopkins indignantly wrote:

"This story by Drew Pearson is absolutely untrue. There was no agreement made at Yalta whatever that the Russians should enter Berlin first. Indeed, there was no discussion of that whatever. The Chiefs of Staff had agreed with the Russian Chiefs of Staff and Stalin on the general strategy which was that both of us were going to push as hard as we could.

"It is equally untrue that General Bradley paused on the Elbe River at the request of the Russians so that the Russians could br through to Berlin first. Bradley did get a vision well out towards Potsdam but it outreached itself; supplies were totally in equate and anyone who knows anyth about it knows that we would have taken B lin had we been able to do so. This wo have been a great feather in the Army's c but for Drew Pearson now to say that President agreed that the Russians were take Berlin is utter nonsense."

On May 1st the Hamburg radio decla that Adolf Hitler was dead. On May 2d Russians captured Berlin and hostilities Italy ended officially.

On May 4th, all German forces in Netherlands, northwest Germany and D mark surrendered to Field Marshal M gomery's 21st Army group.

On that day Hopkins received the follow telegram from Eden, Molotov and Stetti in San Francisco: "At a dinner last night three drank a special toast to you in sin recognition of the outstanding part you sonally have played in bringing our t countries together in the common cause. regret that you are not with us at this mom of victory. With our affectionate pers regards."

On May 8th (V-E Day), Hopkins ca Churchill, "I want you to know that I h been thinking of you very much today," Churchill replied, "Your message reached while I was sending one to you. Among those in the grand alliance, warriors or sta men who struck deadly blows at the en and brought peace nearer, you will ever h an honored place." With these and other comiums to cover the many scars that he received, Hopkins felt that he could now tire forever from public life.

However, less than a week after V-E I it seemed that the San Francisco Confer was going on the rocks. Molotov and E were both headed for home. Harriman Bohlen were on an airplane flying across Continent with a *(Continued on page 7)*



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FOUR ROSES



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The bright-eyed mouse at the right spells hope to doctors and parents. He and the paralyzed mouse at the left received identical injections of a polio virus. But the healthy mouse also received Darvisul, a drug which may lead to victory over polio. Holding the mice is patient technician Fritz Popken

Has Polio Met Its Match?

By J. D. RATCLIFF

The import of Darvisul's discovery may easily be misunderstood. It cannot yet be regarded as a successful treatment for polio. The new drug is available in limited quantities to physicians qualified to use it, but no one can be certain how effective it will be in practical use. It is still too early in the game. Here Collier's presents the dramatic story of the latest polio research.

At last—Darvisul, a new drug in the fight against polio and other virus diseases. It may open the way to more successful treatment of a deadly host of infections — influenza, sleeping sickness, yellow fever, rabies and colds

SULFA, penicillin and streptomycin have written a brilliant record as conquerors of bacterial disease, but they leave almost untouched another great class of microbes: the viruses. These are the submicroscopic bits of violence which cause such illnesses as sleeping sickness, yellow fever, infantile paralysis, colds, influenza, rabies. With no drugs to touch them, the viruses have remained one of medicine's greatest pieces of unfinished business.

There is now evidence that this unfinished business may be on the way toward great results. A new drug seems to have cracked the virus defense and, in doing so, becomes the greatest medical news since the discovery of penicillin. *Potentially* the new drug opens the way for a pill which will conquer the common cold in the dramatic fashion that sulfa combats pneumonia. It opens the way to a drug which will stamp out wildfire flu epidemics. Of more immediate importance, the new drug opens a new field for specific treatment against the most terrifying of all diseases: infantile paralysis.

By now, over 100 children sick with polio have had this drug. In a heartening proportion of cases, fever—which marks the grim progress of the disease—has disappeared in less than 24 hours. In many cases, spinal fluid, often cloudy with castoff cells destroyed by the disease, has cleared. If drug has been administered early enough and proper doses, the progress of paralysis *appare* has been stopped in its tracks.

In a series of 60 cases treated by one physici there was but one death. This case arrived at hospital late, and polio had attacked certain po in the critical bulbar area where the spinal c joins the brain. This area controls breathing, he beat and other vital functions. When it is inju respiratory failure—and death—follow. These complishments of the new drug are more impres when it is remembered that, up to now, no d has been effective on the devastating polio virus.

The story of this research achievement begin the pretty little town of Pearl River, New Yor up the Hudson from New York City, and b inland toward the rolling hills of Rockland Cou This is the home of the Lederle Laboratories, m ers of pharmaceutical products.

A year ago last April, the late Dr. Y. SubbaR India-born, Harvard-educated director of Led Research—and one of the foremost biochemist the world—faced up to the virus problem. All tacks on virus had been done in piecemeal fash No one had ever undertaken an all-over frontal tack in the quest for drugs *(Continued on page*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK MANNING

The '49 FORD is a Midsummer Night's Dream!

"WITH CUNNING HAST THOU FILCHED MY DAUGHTER'S HEART!"

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"WHAT GRACES!"

"WHOEVER LOVED THAT LOVED NOT AT FIRST SIGHT?"

"TO SIT AS IN CLOUDS!"

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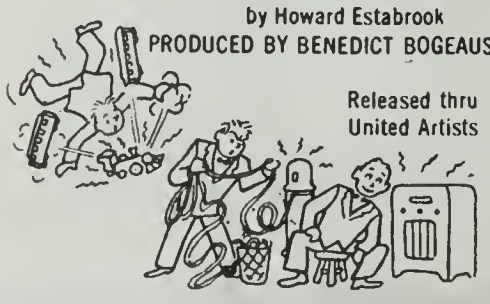
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PRODUCED BY BENEDICT BOGEAUS



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The Human Female

By COREY FORD

Women can take furniture but they can't leave it alone, aceording to our authority on the foibles of females. This is the first of a series of revelations which will prove to be no news to human males

IN PREPARING the Collier's Report on the Social Behavior of the Human Female, our special investigator secured the names and addresses of 492 married women, or wives, which he entered in a small pocket notebook. This notebook was found in his pocket that night by his own wife. The *next* special investigator that we hired interviewed the husbands instead.

These husbands were assured that their reports would be treated with the utmost confidence, and consequently they were only too glad to talk. Some of them said it was the first chance they'd had in years. The interviews thus secured were placed in a pile and held up to a strong light, as a result of which it was possible for the first time to observe a complete pattern of the human female. By moving these papers up and down in a circular motion, moreover, the pattern could be made to do some very unusual things, and we would be glad to show you any time you want to drop around to the office. Ask for Harry.

To be sure, the Collier's Report makes no effort to explain *why* the human female behaves as she does. (Cf. The World's Greatest Mysteries, Vols. I-IX, incl.) All we have attempted in this survey is to list certain behavior characteristics typical of all women, such as a total inability to put a Sunday newspaper back together again the way she found it, an instinctive distrust of all road maps ("I don't care what it says, George, I know we turn off here") and a tendency to drop both gloves under the table whenever she sits down. The husband's behavior pattern, on the other hand, is always the same, i.e., murmuring resignedly, "Yes, dear," and getting down on his hands and knees to look for the gloves.



Probably the most universal characteristic of the human female, according to our survey, is the habit of shifting or rearranging furniture. Out of 492 married males interviewed by our special investigator, only one husband, a Mr. B—, stated that the furniture in his home had remained in the same place ever since he was married. (He admitted later that he had secured all the chairs to the floor with twentypenny spikes.) From our file of case histories on the subject, we offer the following experiences as typical:



Case No. 98: Mr. J—, who has been married 20 years and says it seems like 20, claims that his wife has shifted the furniture in their home 347 times, to his certain knowledge. "The trouble with my wife," he says, "she can't take furniture and leave it alone. It's a vice with her, like opium. A love seat is a challenge. A bridge table is a gauntlet flung in her face. A sofa will be in one place in the morning and somewhere else at night, until it's as much as your life is worth to cross the living room in the dark, let alone sink back into your favorite easy chair without feeling behind you first to see if it's still there.

"Once she pulled the chair right out from under me as I was sitting down," he stated, rubbing the back of his head reminiscently. All day long, Mr. J— said, chairs and tables would keep moving past him in a steady stream, and at night he'd be kept awake by the rumble of furniture being shifted from one end of the house to the other, usually by Mr. J—.

He has finally solved the problem by sleeping every night in the display window of a local furniture store. It gives him a feeling of peace and security, he says. At least they change the exhibit only once a week.

Case No. 247: Mr. McQ—, who is married to a Mrs. McQ—, had a red leather armchair which he always kept on the right-hand side of the fireplace, and from which he had learned to flip cigarette butts past the andirons without even looking up. One night when he got back from the office, he told our investigator, he discovered that his wife had shifted the armchair over to the left-hand side of the fireplace. Mr. McQ— set about learning to flip his cigarette butts from the left-hand side, and he had just about mastered the technique when he came home one night and found that his wife had shifted the armchair back to the right-hand side again.

Mr. McQ— took one look, put his hat back on, went downtown and bought another red leather armchair exactly like the first. He placed one armchair on the left-hand side of the fireplace, and the other armchair on the right-hand side of the fireplace. Now his wife can spend all day long shifting the two chairs back and forth, and Mr. McQ— isn't bothered a bit. He's even learned to sit in his chair while his wife pushes it back and forth, and flip his cigarette butts into the fireplace as he goes by.

Case No. 27: Mr. K— states th wife doesn't so much rearrange fu as exchange it for *other* furniture, for some reason always turns ou a little less comfortable. Ever si has been married, Mr. K— sai furniture has been moving in one d his house, and old furniture ha moving out the other door, and h has been standing in the middle t her teeth with her knuckles.

"That's the danger signal," M warned our investigator, "when a w starts to tap her teeth with her kn and gets that faraway look in he 'Look, dear,' she'll say 'do you rea that new curly maple set?' 'Of c like it,' I'll say. 'Why wouldn't I after I've just finished paying f



'Because I was just thinking,' she'll doesn't really go with that colon der-back chair that Aunt Harri gave us—'

"So then the whole thing will s over again, and just about the ti get our living room done over i American antiques, my wife wi up a Chinese teakwood table auction someplace, and she'll tapping her teeth with her k again, and that is why I'm living o in the barn, with the horse."

It is hoped that these few case h have served to illustrate the fu rearranging aspect of human fem havior. There were a lot of oth histories, but I can't seem to locat right now. It seems I've just rea the furniture in my office.



CARTOONS BY VIRGIL PARTCH

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LET the *golden color* of ANCIENT BOTTLE GIN guide you to the world's cooling-est Collins or dry-est Martini

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Inside Sports

Collier's SPORTS

By BILL FAY

Johnny Sain's success story began in the Navy, when he practiced what others pitched. Now he relaxes between games, hoping for 20 or more wins for the third straight year



Left to right: Sain, Phil Masi, catcher, Tommy Holmes, outfielder, and Mike McCormick, outfielder

THE Boston Braves were in Chicago. Johnny Sain, the big right-handed pitcher, was dozing in a beach chair on the hotel veranda. The breeze from Lake Michigan was cool.

"Now there's a man who insists on being comfortable," first baseman Earl Torgeson remarked. "Look for the softest chair and the most shade and you'll find Sain. You know, he bought a car last fall. Tried out half a dozen models and finally took the car he could slide into without knocking his hat off."

Sain sat up. "Run along, rookie," he advised Torgeson. "Buy yourself a cigar."

After Torgeson left, Sain said, "That kid is quite a ribber. I remember when he joined the club down in Florida two springs ago. He'd sit beside me after practice and say, 'Gosh, Johnny, it sure is a thrill to be playing ball with you big stars,' and we'd get talking, and pretty soon I'd say, 'Here, kid, have a cigar.' Well, I'd passed out a lot of cigars before I discovered the kid was just playing me for cigars. But I got even. Went over to Tampa and had some 'Torgeson Specials' made up. Pretty awful. Must have been half rubber. I fed a couple of them to Torgie—and he hasn't bummed another cigar since."

Johnny looked out over the water for a moment. "Funny business, baseball. I should never have got into it, and if I'd had any sense I would have quit a long time ago. But here I am on a pennant contender. Know where I started? The North East Arkansas League in 1936. Played four straight years and never got more'n a couple hundred miles from my home town, Belleville. Salary wasn't much. Fifty a month the first two years and seventy-five a month the last two.

"Had a fair curve but no fast ball. The scouts never talked to me. They were looking for kids with a live fast ball. Guess I should have quit when the Detroit Tigers made me a free agent in 1940. Instead, I went down to the Nashville training camp at my own expense and made the team as a relie pitcher.

"Pitched two years for Nashville without show ing much. Larry Gilbert, the manager, planned t put me on first base in 1942, but the draft took a lot of his men, and he said I'd have to keep on pitch ing relief. Turned out that was a break, becaus the Braves were looking for a relief pitcher. The trained with Nashville that spring, and Larry aske Casey Stengel to look me over. Casey said m curve might get by and he bought me for $6,000— not a very flattering sum.

"Pitched fair ball for the Braves in '42, but th other clubs labeled me a five-inning pitcher becaus I was knocked out the few times I started. Wen into Navy flight training in '43 and that shoul have finished me as a ballplayer, but I got anothe break. Was assigned to Chapel Hill and got a chance to play with Ted Williams and Johnn Pesky. I was a test pilot and instructor for thre years.

"Played enough ball to let me experiment o pitches I'd seen other fellows use effectively—lik Brazle's sidearm sinker. Sometimes I worked in th outfield and threw as far and as hard as I could That loosened my shoulder and put a little extra o my fast ball. When I went back to the Braves i '46, I was throwing overhand and sidearm an underhand.

"First time Masi warmed me up, Southwort asked, 'What's Sain got?' and Phil said, 'Not muc of anything and a little bit of everything.' Wel Southworth gave me a chance to start, and I wor and I kept on experimenting and won some more Some smart baseball people say pitchers shouldn experiment with new stuff. That's all right fo fellows with natural stuff—like Simmons of th Phils or this young Johnny Antonelli we bought las month—but I have to keep fooling the hitters wit something different. Right now I'm trying to lear the knuckler—it's the toughest pitch to hit.

"Well, that's the story—look at the time—11:3 —time to start for the park—"

Sain is that rarity among modern pitchers—a 2 game winner. Johnny captured 20 victories in 194 and 21 last season. Since 1920, only five Nationa Leaguers have won 20 games three straight year Another 20-game harvest this season would mov Johnny into the select group with Wilbur Coope Dizzy Dean, Carl Hubbell, Paul Derringer an Mort Cooper. Christy Mathewson threw 12 cor secutive 20-game seasons for the Giants from 190 to 1914—averaged 27 triumphs per season—bu that was before the home-run baseball was invente

ALL-SPORTS AMERICAN

Jimmy Robinson, the man from Minneapolis wh knows all there is to know about trapshooting an skeet, detoured past the house for a hunting-lodg breakfast (six eggs up) on his way to Sun Valley la spring.

"Look up Russ Aitken next time you're in Ne York," Jimmy advised. "Russ'd make a goo story."

"What's he do?"

"Everything, and he'll probably be the favorit to win the national skeet tournament at Las Vega He's the most versatile sportsman in the cou try. He's a writer, sculptor, big-game hunter. I fact, there isn't much he doesn't do.

Aitken wasn't in New York for the Louis-Walco fight. Versatile Russ had anticipated that malodo ous meeting perfectly and was several thousa miles upwind—on safari in African elepha

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE WOODRUFF



Travel Refreshed... Have a Coke

ny new services nowadays add to travelers' tentment on land, on water and in the air. course, *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola long ago began helping people travel refreshed. It still does. It always will. Coke is delicious and refreshing.



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country. However, a friend supplied some background information.

Aitken is a big fellow—six feet three inches and 200 pounds. About forty. A ceramics artist who has done glazed and baked sculptures. His "Hitch Hiker" (a nymph riding piggyback on a centaur) is on exhibition in the Whitney Museum. He is wealthy, plays polo, fences, skis, flies racing planes (of his own design). He's taught gunnery to some 38,000 Army pilots at Yuma.

As Robinson claimed, Aitken is versatile. But what about his big-game hunting? We finally reached Russ a few weeks ago. He was back in New York and resting in LeRoy Sanitarium.

"Just a sore back," he explained.

"How was the trip?"

"Splendid. Traveled about 2,000 miles in a safari car—sort of a Rube Goldberg contraption—and walked another 300. Lost about 25 pounds."

"Any luck?"

"One elephant. Passed up 60 before we came across the one I wanted. Those African bull elephants are tremendous. They make the little Indian fellows you see in the circus seem puny by comparison. Got a lion, too."

"How'd you hurt your back?"

Well, that was a long story. Essentially, here's what happened. Versatile Russ is an expert photographer, too . . . He develops his own prints at home. While washing a print of that African bull elephant, Russ bent over the bath tub—and threw his sacroiliac out of whack.

NO LAUGHING MATTER

Miss Rebecca West, the British writer, doesn't agree with Hollywood directors who cast sports reporters as happy-go-lucky, hat-on-head characters. After visiting press row at the Ike Williams-Beau Jack fight, Miss West commen "Sports writers are the gravest lool men I know. Compared with them House of Lords is a raffish bunch, thc maybe our ecclesiastical confere presided over by the Archbishop of C terbury match them in solemnity."

If Miss West thinks fight writers solemn, she should meet the Chic baseball scribes who watch the W Sox play 154 games each season. T are a reasonably solemn facsimile of Archbishop of Canterbury.

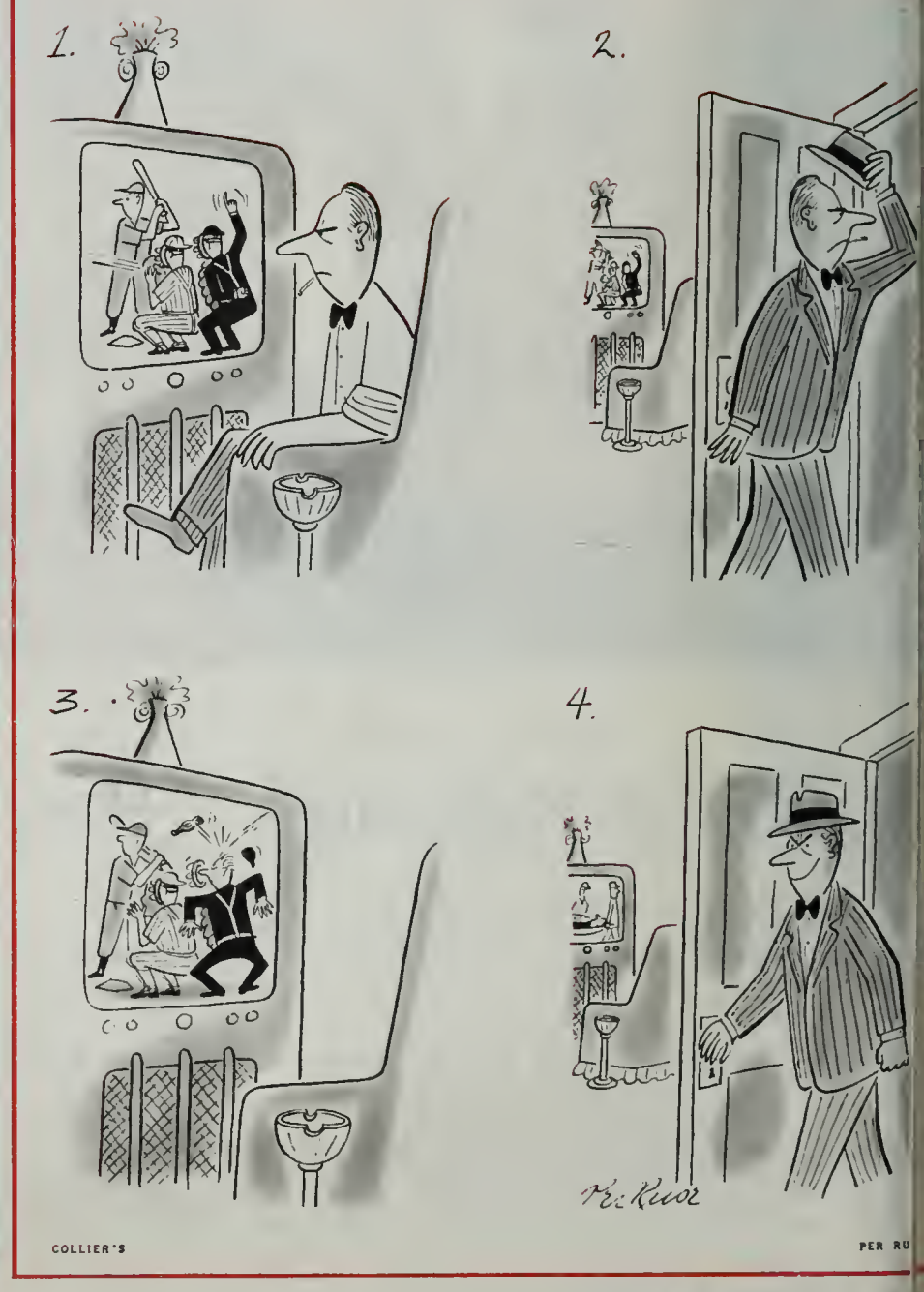
CAMPAIGN SONGS

Football songs featured the Repu can political pep rally at Philadel Governor Dewey and Senator Van berg used the fight song of their na Michigan. Senator Taft's band boo Ohio State's. At the Democratic vention, President Truman stuck to Missouri Waltz, but he may switc something livelier for the campaign If Harry's looking for a college numb match Dewey's militant Michigan ody, he could do worse than adopt rousing Columbia tune that be "Roar, Lion, Roar!" Be a nice ges too. The fellow who runs Columbia done a lot for Harry.

HOGAN'S BAD DAY

Confirmed bogey shooters may comforted by what happened to Hogan on a 140-yard par-3 hole at J sonville, Florida, last year. Ben dro his tee shot into a pond and wasted swings trying to play out of the w He took a penalty stroke, dropped ball on dry land, and chipped back to the pond. Another penalty strok chip onto the green, two putts . . . Ben was down in 11!

THE END



THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

Continued from page 28

sense of despair in their hearts. Bohlen suggested that Truman might send Hopkins to Moscow to talk things out directly with Stalin and Molotov. Harriman was enthusiastic about the suggestion and, on his arrival in Washington, went immediately with Bohlen to see Hopkins in his Georgetown house. Both Bohlen and Harriman have told me that Hopkins' response was wonderful to behold. Although he appeared too ill even to get out of bed and walk across N Street, the mere intimation of a flight to Moscow converted him into the traditional old fire horse at the sound of the alarm.

Harriman then went to the White House and presented the suggestion to the President.

Several anxious days followed. Then Truman sent for Hopkins and asked him if he felt capable of making the long journey; Hopkins' reply was an immediate, enthusiastic affirmative.

A SESSION IN THE KREMLIN

He left Washington on May 23d, less than two weeks after his retirement from government service. On this trip, he was accompanied by his wife, and also by Harriman and Bohlen. They arrived in Moscow on the evening of May 25th. The first meeting in the Kremlin was at 8:00 P.M. on May 26th. Those present were Stalin, Molotov and Pavlov, and Hopkins, Harriman and Bohlen. They chatted for some time, recalling previous meetings, and speaking of President Roosevelt's death. Then Hopkins got down to business. The conversation follows:

Mr. Hopkins said that . . . there were a number of things that he and Mr. Harriman hoped to discuss with Marshal Stalin and Mr. Molotov, but before going into those specific questions he wished to tell the marshal of the real reason why the President had asked him to come, and that was the question of the fundamental relationship between the United States and the Soviet Union. Two months ago there had been overwhelming sympathy among the American people for the Soviet Union and complete support for President Roosevelt's policies which the marshal knew so well. . . . The American people at that time hoped and confidently believed that the two countries could work together in peace as well as they had in war.

Mr. Hopkins said there had always been a small minority, the Hearsts and the McCormicks, who had been against the policy of co-operation with the Soviet Union. . . . He said he did not intend to discuss this minority but to discuss the present attitude of the millions of Americans who had supported President Roosevelt's policy in regard to the Soviet Union and who believed that despite different political and economic ideology, the United States and the Soviet Union could work together to bring about a secure peace for humanity.

He said he wished to assure the marshal with all the earnestness at his command that this body of American public opinion who had been the constant support of the Roosevelt policies were seriously disturbed about their relations with Russia.

In fact, in the last six weeks deterioration of public opinion had been so serious as to affect adversely the relations between our two countries. . . .

Mr. Hopkins said that it was not simple or easy to put a finger on the precise reasons for this deterioration but he must emphasize that without support of public opinion it would be very difficult for President Truman to carry forward President Roosevelt's policy.

He said that, as the marshal was aware, the cardinal basis of President Roosevelt's policy which the American people had fully supported had been the concept that the interests of the United States were world-wide and not confined to North and South America and the Pacific Ocean and it was this concept that had led to the many conferences concerning the peace of the world which President Roosevelt had had with Marshal Stalin. President Roosevelt had believed that the Soviet Union had likewise world-wide interests and that the two countries could work out together any political or economic considerations at issue between them. . . .

He said in a country like ours public opinion is affected by specific incidents and in this case the deterioration in public opinion . . . had been centered in our inability to carry into effect the Yalta Agreement on Poland.

Marshal Stalin replied that the reason for the failure on the Polish question was that the Soviet Union desired to have a friendly Poland, but that Great Britain wanted to revive the system of cordon sanitaire on the Soviet borders.

Mr. Hopkins replied that neither the government nor the people of the United States had any such intention. . . .

Marshal Stalin replied if that be so we can easily come to terms in regard to Poland.

Mr. Hopkins said that he had in mind the other following questions to discuss with Marshal Stalin. (1) The desire of President Truman to meet Marshal Stalin in order to discuss all of the problems arising out of the end of war in Europe and the time and place of such a meeting.

Marshal Stalin said that he had already replied to President Truman concerning the place of meeting and he had suggested the region of Berlin. . . .

Mr. Hopkins said the second question he desired to discuss was the setting up of the Control Council for Germany. General Eisenhower had already been appointed the American representative on the Control Council and he hoped that at an early date the Soviet representative would be named so that the council could meet and get to work.

ZHUKOV IS CHOSEN

Marshal Stalin apparently had not heard of the appointment of General Eisenhower and stated that Marshal Zhukov would be appointed the Soviet representative on the Control Council for Germany. . . .

Mr. Hopkins said the third question he wished to discuss was that of the Pacific war and the future relations of the United States and Soviet Union to China. He said that . . . it would be most useful to the American military authorities if he could take back some idea of the approximate date of the entry of the Soviet Union into the war in the Pacific.

Marshal Stalin said he would discuss that question with his advisers and let Mr. Hopkins know.

Mr. Hopkins concluded that . . . if Marshal Stalin for his part had any political questions concerning the United States which were worrying him he would of course be glad to discuss them.

Marshal Stalin replied that they had in fact several disturbing questions in regard to the United States. He added that he was very glad that the President had sent Mr. Hopkins to Moscow and

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as given him this opportunity to ex-
re all these questions. . . .
The meeting ended with Stalin ex-
ssing his conviction that Hitler was
t dead, but had escaped by submarine.
The second meeting, involving the
e six participants as the first, was held
the Kremlin at 8:00 P.M. on May 27th.
llowing is the record of this meeting:
Mr. Hopkins said that last night the
rshal had indicated that there were
number of questions concerning the
ited States which were worrying him.
asked if Marshal Stalin would care
begin with these questions.

WHY STALIN WAS WORRIED

Marshal Stalin said he would not at-
pt to use Soviet public opinion as a
een but would speak of the feeling
t had been created in Soviet govern-
ntal circles as a result of recent moves
the part of the United States govern-
nt. . . . It was their impression that
American attitude toward the Soviet
ion had perceptibly cooled since it
ame obvious that Germany was de-
ted, and that it was as though the
ericans were saying that the Rus-
s were no longer needed. He said
would give the following examples:
1) The case of Argentina and the in-
tion to the San Francisco Confer-
e. At Yalta it had been agreed that
y those states which had declared
r on Germany before the first of
rch would be invited but at San
ncisco this decision had been over-
ned. . . . He added that the action of
conference and the attitude of the
ited States had raised the question
the value of agreements between the
ee major powers if their decisions
ld be overturned by the votes of such
ntries as Honduras and Puerto Rico.
2) The question of the Reparations
mmission. At Yalta it had been agreed
t the three powers would sit on this
mission in Moscow and subsequently
United States government had in-
ed that France be represented on the
e basis as the Soviet Union. . . . To
empt to place France on the same
ting as the Soviet Union looked like
attempt to humiliate the Russians.
3) The attitude of the United States
ernment toward the Polish question.
said that at Yalta it had been agreed
the existing government was to be
onstructed and that anyone with com-
n sense could see that this meant that
present government was to form the
is of the new. He said no other un-
standing of the Yalta Agreement was
ssible. Despite the fact that they were
ple people the Russians should not he
arded as fools, which was a mistake
West frequently made . . . that their
fience has its limits.

(4) The manner in which Lend-Lease had been curtailed. He said that if the United States was unable to supply the Soviet Union further under Lend-Lease, that was one thing, but that the manner in which it had been done had been unfortunate and even brutal. For example, certain ships had been unloaded and while it was true that this order had been canceled the whole manner in which it had been done had caused concern to the Soviet government. If the refusal to continue Lend-Lease was designed as pressure on the Russians in order to soften them up then it was a fundamental mistake. He said he must tell Mr. Hopkins frankly that if the Russians were approached frankly on a friendly basis much could he done but that reprisals in any form would bring about the exact opposite effect.

(5) The disposition of the German navy and merchant fleet which surrendered to the Allies. Stalin said that . . . under the surrender terms German troops were supposed to surrender to the army against which they had fought. He said General Eisenhower had correctly turned over to the Soviet command in Czechoslovakia some 135,000 German troops who had tried to surrender to the American Army. . . . However, as regards to the German fleet which had caused so much damage to Leningrad and other Soviet ports not one had been turned over to the Russians despite the fact the fleet had surrendered. He added that he had sent a message to the President and Prime Minister suggesting that at least one third of the German navy and merchant marine thus surrendered he turned over to the Soviet Union. . . . He said that the Soviet government had certain information leading it to believe that both the United States and England intended to reject the Soviet request and he must say that if this turned out to be true it would be very unpleasant.

Mr. Hopkins said he first of all wished to express his appreciation of the frankness with which Marshal Stalin had exposed his worries. He said that in so far as he and Ambassador Harriman were able they would answer equally frankly. . . . He was able to state that the United States had no desire to retain any portion of the German fleet and merely wished to examine the vessels for possible new inventions or improvements. After that we were prepared to sink the share turned over to us. He said that he had always understood that the fleet was to he divided between the United States. the Soviet Union and Great Britain and that in so far as the United States was concerned there was no objection to whatever disposition the Soviet government wished to make with its share.

Mr. Hopkins then said on the subject of Lend-Lease he thought it had been clear to the Soviet Union that the end of the war with Germany would necessitate a reconsideration of the old program of Lend-Lease to the Soviet Union.

Marshal Stalin said that was entirely understandable. . . .

Mr. Hopkins stated that even prior to the end of the war in Europe we had made an agreement with the Soviet Union known as Annex 3 to Protocol I, which involved delivery of supplies which might be of use in the Far East. . . . He emphasized that this commitment was accepted in full by the United States and we were in the process of carrying it out.

In regard to the unloading of the ships, he said that . . . it had been the action of one government agency involved in Lend-Lease and that it had been countermanded promptly within 24 hours. He said that no one who was responsible for Lend-Lease policy or American government policy had had anything to do with that mistaken order. The only question which had to be reconsidered was the program of deliveries . . . based on the needs of the war against Germany and that it had been made clear that on the hasis of this reconsideration we would be glad to reconsider any Soviet requests and that he thought some were now being considered. . . .

Marshal Stalin said . . . he fully understood the right of the United States to curtail Lend-Lease shipments. . . . Even two months ago it would have been quite correct for the United States to have begun to curtail shipments but what he had in mind was the manner and form in which it was done. He felt that what was after all an agreement between the two governments had been ended in a scornful and abrupt manner. He said that if proper warning had been given to the Soviet government there would have been no feeling of the kind he had spoken of; that this warning was important since their economy was based on plans. . . .

LEND-LEASE NOT A WEAPON

Mr. Hopkins replied that what disturbed him most about the marshal's statement was the revelation that he believed that the United States would use Lend-Lease as a means of showing our displeasure. He wished to assure the marshal that . . . there was no attempt or desire on the part of the United States to use it as a pressure weapon. He said the United States is a strong power and does not go in for those methods.

Marshal Stalin said he believed Mr. Hopkins and was fully satisfied with his statement in regard to Lend-Lease but said he hoped Mr. Hopkins would consider how it had looked from their side.

Mr. Hopkins then turned to the question of the Reparations Commission. He said it was true that we had suggested France as an additional member and that the Soviet government had indicated that if France was to be a member there were other countries with equal or hetter claims to be represented. He said that he had not been directly involved in this question since the Yalta Conference because of his illness but so far as he knew our only motive was that France was to be represented on the Control Council for Germany and it therefore appeared reasonable and logical that she should participate in the reparations discussions. . . . He said he did not of course know, but he felt that we would probably not insist . . . on the admission of France. . . .

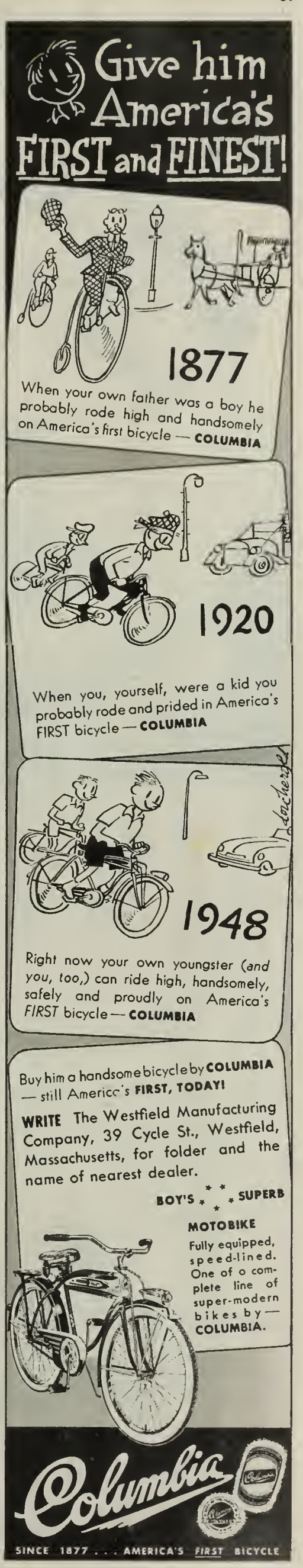
Mr. Hopkins then said in regard to the Argentine question, since he had not been at San Francisco he would ask Ambassador Harriman to explain that situation. He added that he had been at Yalta and he must say that the marshal was right in regard to the decision there.

Ambassador Harriman said that he



"I told you my cigarette butt
didn't fly back in the carl"

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hoped that he could speak frankly on the subject of the Argentine and that Mr. Molotov would forgive him if he spoke in that fashion. . . . The situation was that we came to San Francisco with a commitment which President Roosevelt assumed at Yalta to support the admission of the Ukraine and White Russia as original members of the world organization and also with certain commitments with the South American countries in regard to Argentina.

At San Francisco, at Mr. Molotov's request, Mr. Stettinius had taken up with the Latin-American countries the question of their willingness to support the Crimea decision in regard to the Ukraine and White Russia. The Latin-American countries had immediately tried to connect this question with that of the admission of the Argentine. Mr. Stettinius had made it plain that he would not make any such connection and if Mr. Molotov recalled, the Latin-American countries had voted solidly in support of the Yalta decision. There was, however, another step to the Ukraine and White Russia question, namely that of inviting them to the conference, concerning which the United States had taken no commitment. . . .

PLACES BLAME ON MOLOTOV

Mr. Harriman said that he, personally, felt that if Mr. Molotov had not introduced the question of an invitation to the present Polish government we might have been successful in persuading the Latin-American countries to postpone the question of Argentina, but that once Mr. Molotov had connected the question of Argentina with that of . . . the present Polish government, Mr. Stettinius felt that because of the willingness of the South American countries to support the Crimea decision and the invitation to the Ukraine and White Russia, he was committed to vote for the admission of Argentina.

Mr. Molotov said that his request for more time had not been granted.

Marshal Stalin said in any event what had been done could not be put right and that the Argentine question belonged to the past.

Mr. Hopkins then said with the marshal's permission he would like to review the position of the United States in regard to Poland. He said first of all he wished to assure the marshal that he had no thought or indeed any right to attempt to settle the Polish problem during his visit, nor was he intending to hide behind American public opinion in presenting the position of the United States.

Marshal Stalin said he was afraid that his remark concerning Soviet public opinion had cut Mr. Hopkins to the quick and that he had not meant to imply that Mr. Hopkins was hiding behind the screen of American public opinion. In fact, he knew Mr. Hopkins to be an honest and frank man.

Mr. Hopkins said that he wished to state this position as clearly and as forcibly as he knew how. He said that the question of Poland per se was not so important as the fact that it had become a symbol of our ability to work out problems with the Soviet Union. He said that we had no special interests in Poland and no special desire to see any particular kind of government. That we would accept any government in Poland which was desired by the Polish people and was at the same time friendly to the Soviet government.

He said that the people and government of the United States felt that this was a problem which should be worked out jointly between the United States, the Soviet Union and Great Britain and that we felt that the Polish people should be given the right to free elections to choose their own government and their own system and that Poland should genuinely be independent. The governm and people of the United States disturbed because the preliminary s toward the re-establishment of Po appeared to have been taken unilate by the Soviet Union together with present Warsaw government and th fact the United States was comple excluded.

He said he hoped that Stalin w believe him when he said that this ing was a fact. . . . He hoped that marshal would put his mind to the of thinking up what diplomatic meth could be used to settle this ques keeping in mind the feeling of American people. He said he hin was not prepared to say how it coul done but that he felt it must be done

Marshal Stalin replied that he wi Mr. Hopkins would take into consid tion the following factors: He sa may seem strange . . . that the So government should wish for a frie Poland. In the course of 25 years Germans had twice invaded Russia Poland. . . . He said these Germa vasions were not warfare but were the incursions of the Huns. He said Germany had been able to do this cause Poland had been regarded part of the cordon sanitaire around Soviet Union and that previous E pean policy had been that Polish ernments must be hostile to Russia.

In these circumstances either Po had been too weak to oppose Ger or had let the Germans come thro . . . He said there was no intentio the part of the Soviet Union to inte in Poland's internal affairs, that Po would live under the parliamentary tem which is like Czechoslovakia, gium and Holland and that talk o intention to Sovietize Poland was st He said even the Polish leaders, son whom were Communists, were ag the Soviet system since the Polish ple did not desire collective farm other aspects of the Soviet system.

In this the Polish leaders were since the Soviet system was not ex able—it must develop from withi the basis of a set of conditions w were not present in Poland. He sai the Soviet Union wanted was that land should not be in a position to the gates to Germany and in ord prevent this Poland must be strong democratic. Stalin then said that b he came to his suggestion as to the tical solution of the question he w like to comment on Mr. Hopkins marks concerning future United S interests in the world. He said whether the United States wished not it was a world power and w have to accept world-wide interest

U.S. MUST BE A WORLD POW

Not only this war but the pre war had shown that without U States intervention Germany coul have been defeated. . . . For this re he fully recognized the right of United States as a world power to tieipate in the Polish question and the Soviet interest in Poland does n any way exelude those of England the United States. Mr. Hopkins spoken of Russian unilateral actio Poland. . . . It was true that Russia taken such unilateral action but had been compelled to.

He said the Soviet government recognized the Warsaw govern and concluded a treaty with it time when their Allies did not reco this government. These were admit unilateral acts which would have much better left undone but the was they had not met with any u standing on the part of their Allies. need for these actions had arisen o the presence of Soviet troops in P (and) it would have been impossib have waited until such time as th

s had come to an agreement on Po-
id.

The logic of the war against Germany
manded that the Soviet rear be as-
ed and the Lublin Committee had
en of great assistance to the Red Army
all times and it was for this reason
t these actions had been taken by
Soviet government. He said it was
ntrary to the Soviet policy to set up
viet administration on foreign soil
ce this would look like occupation and
resented by the local inhabitants. It
s for this reason that some Polish ad-
nistration had to be established in Po-
id and this could be done only with
se who had helped the Red Army.
He said he wished to emphasize that
se steps had not been taken with any
sire to exclude Russia's Allies. . . .
lin then turned to his suggestion for
solution of the Polish problem.

Marshal Stalin said that he felt that
should examine the composition of
future government of National
ity. He said there were 18 or 20
nistries in the present Polish govern-
nt and that four or five of these port-
ios could be given representatives of
er Polish groups taken from the list
mitted by Great Britain and the
ited States (Molotov whispered to
lin who then said he meant four and
t five posts in the government). He
d he thought the Warsaw Poles would
t accept more than four ministers
m other democratic groups.

He added that if this appears a suit-
e basis we could then proceed to con-
er what persons should be selected
these posts. He said of course they
uld have to be friendly to the U.S.S.R.
l to the Allies. He added that Miko-
zyk had been suggested and he
ught he was acceptable and that the
estion was now who else. . . .

Marshal Stalin then said it might be
e to ask some of the Warsaw leaders
come to Moscow now and to hear
at they had to say. . . . He added that
ve are able to settle the composition of
new government he felt that no dif-
ences remained since we were agreed
free elections and that no one in-
ded to interfere with the Polish peo-
.

After each meeting, Hopkins reported
detail by cable to Truman and the
te Department, which kept the British
reign Office fully informed as to the
gress of the conversations. The fate
the San Francisco Conference and
perhaps of the whole future of world peace was at stake and the issue could not wait for Hopkins' return to Washington.

Hopkins' cabled report on the third meeting can be summarized as follows:

By August 8th the Soviet Army will be properly deployed on the Manchurian positions.

The marshal repeated his statement made at Yalta that the Russian people must have a good reason for going to war and that depended on China's willingness to agree to the proposals made at Yalta.

For the first time he stated that he was willing to take these proposals up directly with Soong. He wanted to see Soong not later than July 1st and expected us to take the matter up at the same time with Chiang Kai-shek.

A PLEDGE TO SUPPORT CHIANG

He made categorical statement that he would do everything he could to promote unification of China under the leadership of Chiang Kai-shek. He further stated that this leadership should continue after the war because no one else was strong enough. He specifically stated that no Communist leader was strong enough to unify China.

Stalin repeated all of his statements made at Yalta that he wanted China to control all of Manchuria as part of a United China. He stated categorically that he had no territorial claims against China and mentioned specifically Manchuria and Sinkiang and that in all areas his troops entered to fight the Japanese he would respect Chinese sovereignty.

The marshal stated that he would welcome representatives of the generalissimo to be with his troops entering Manchuria in order to facilitate the organization in Manchuria of Chinese administration.

He agreed with America's "Open Door" policy and went out of his way to indicate that the United States was the only power with the resources to aid China economically after the war.

He agreed that there should be a trusteeship for Korea under the United States, China, Great Britain and the Soviet Union.

This was followed by another cable on the same meeting:

Peace feelers are being put out by certain elements in Japan and we should therefore consider our joint attitude and



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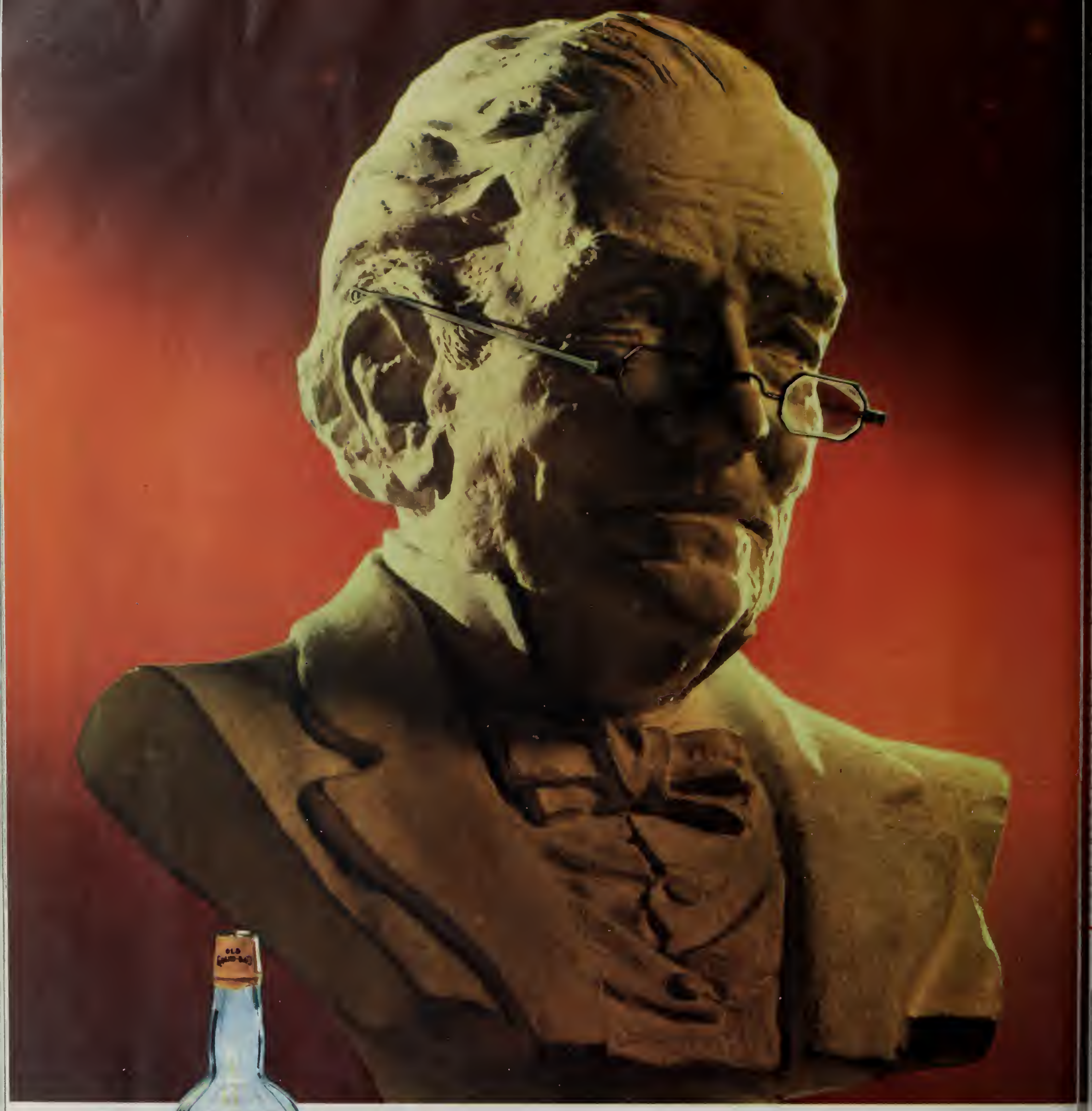
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t in concert about the surrender of pan. Stalin expressed the fear that the panese will try to split the Allies. . . . The marshal expects that Russia will ie in the actual occupation of Japan d wants an agreement as to occupan zones. He also wants an underding between the Allies as to areas operation in China and Manchuria. At this same meeting, there was also me talk about the endless problem of stwar treatment of Germany. In his ort to Truman, Hopkins said:

"On two occasions Stalin had emphaed the importance of planning at once the organization of the Peace Conence as related to Europe. At your thcoming meeting he will bring this

"We reminded Stalin some days ago t he had made a speech in which he d that he did not favor the dismemberent of Germany. This appeared to be ntrary to the position he took both at heran and Yalta.

"His explanation . . . was that his ommendation had been turned down Yalta and more specifically that Eden d Strang on behalf of the British had ted dismemberment was to be accomshed only as a last resort and that Win, who was present at the conference at ich this discussion took place in Lonn, interposed no objection, hence Sta states that it was his understanding t both Great Britain and the United tes were opposed to dismemberment. ndertook to tell him that this was not case; that while you had made no al decision in regard to this, the United tes considered this an open question d that you would surely want to thrash ut when you meet.

A Visit to the Ballet School

On May 30th, the fourth day in Mosw, Hopkins and his wife enjoyed some htseeing, particularly a visit to the ssian Ballet School. When he met lin at six o'clock that evening, he told host how greatly he had enjoyed seeg this school which was then as it has ays been the veritable fountainhead ballet art for the entire world. Hopns noted: "Marshal Stalin said that alough he had been 28 years in Moscow, had never visited the Ballet School"—ecisely like the traditional New Yorker o says, "I've lived here all my life but e never seen the Statue of Liberty."

The topics discussed at this fourth eeting were the disposition of the Gern fleet, arrangements for the forthcoming Potsdam Conference and, again, Poland. Hopkins stated the basic American attitude toward the difficult Polish question in the following conversation:

Mr. Hopkins said he would like to accent once again the reasons for our concern in regard to Poland, and indeed, in regard to other countries which were geographically far from our borders. He said there were certain fundamental rights which, when impinged upon or denied, caused concern in the United States. These were cardinal elements which must be present if a parliamentary system is to be established and maintained. . . . He said for example:

1. There must be the right of freedom of speech so that people could say what they wanted to, right of assembly, right of movement and the right to worship at any church that they desired;

2. All political parties except the Fascist party and Fascist elements who represented or could represent democratic governments should be permitted the free use, without distinction, of the press, radio, meetings and other facilities of political expression;

3. All citizens should have the right of public trial, defense by counsel of their own choosing, and the right of habeas corpus.

He concluded that if we could find a meeting of minds on these general principles . . . he was sure we could . . . agree on procedures to carry them into effect. . . .

Marshal Stalin replied that these principles of democracy . . . would find no objection on the part of the Soviet government. . . . He said, however, that in regard to the specific freedoms mentioned by Mr. Hopkins, they could only be applied in full in peacetime, and even then with certain limitations. He said for example the Fascist party whose intention it was to overthrow democratic governments, could not be permitted to enjoy to the full extent these freedoms. He said secondly there were the limitations imposed by war. All states when threatened by war on their frontiers . . . had found it necessary to introduce certain restrictions. . . . With reference to freedom of speech certain restrictions had to be imposed for military security. . . .

Marshal Stalin continued that he wished to give a few examples. He said that at the time of the revolution the Russian Communist party had proclaimed the right of freedom of religion as one of the points of their program. The Russian patriarch and the entire then existing church had declared the Soviet government an anathema and had called on all church members not to pay taxes nor to obey the call to the Red Army but to resist mobilization, not to work, etc. He said what could the Soviet government do but in fact to declare war on the church which assumed that attitude . He added that the present war had wiped out this antagonism and that now the freedom of religion, as promised, could be granted to the church.

The fifth meeting on May 31st involved a detailed discussion of candidates for the Polish government. In all of these discussions, Hopkins repeated many times that it was the desire of his government that the Polish government should be friendly to the Soviet Union, and Stalin agreed this was all that he demanded. But, here again, as Roosevelt had said to Churchill, "The Russians do not use words for the same purposes that we do"; and there was apparently no way of translating the word "friendly" from one language to the other so that it would end up meaning the same thing.

Conference for Two Only

After the fifth meeting, Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins had dinner with Stalin. Some 20 of the most important men in the Soviet Union were present. After dinner Hopkins had a conversation with Stalin, nobody else being present except the interpreter, Pavlov. Hopkins wrote the following record of this:

I told Marshal Stalin that I wanted to impress on him as earnestly as I knew how the unfavorable effect in America caused by the detaining of the fourteen Poles within Poland, and, specifically those that were charged only with having illegal radio transmitters. I made it clear to him that I was not talking about the others charged with more serious crimes. . . .

Stalin then said that he had information in regard to these prisoners which was not available to us and inferred that all of them were engaged in what he called diversionist activities. He stated that he believed that Churchill had misled the United States in regard to the facts and had made the American government believe that the statement of the Polish London government was accurate. Just the opposite was the case.

Marshal Stalin stated that he did not intend to have the British manage the affairs of Poland and that is exactly what they want to do. Nevertheless he stated that he believed me when I told him it was having an unfavorable effect on public opinion in America and he assumed the same was true in Great Britain, and therefore he was inclined to do everything he could to make it easy for Churchill to get out of a bad situation because if and when all the evidence is published it would look very bad for the British and he does not want to make the situation worse than it is. He stated that the men must be tried but that they would be treated leniently and he clearly implied that he was going to consider at once what could be done. . . .

During the next few days, voluminous cables passed back and forth between Washington, London and Moscow containing comments on all the various Polish names mentioned. Churchill cabled Hopkins his congratulations on the splendid job that he was doing and he cabled Truman that a break in the deadlock seemed to be resulting from Hopkins' devoted efforts. In one of these cables, Churchill referred to "The Iron Curtain" which had descended over Europe; this phrase did not come into popular currency until a long time later.

On June 6th, Hopkins had his sixth and last meeting with Stalin and Molotov, with Harriman and Bohlen also present. During this, the following conversation took place:

Marshal Stalin said that he wished to



"Your folks gone—friends all gone —maybe we can sit back and enjoy these last two days here"

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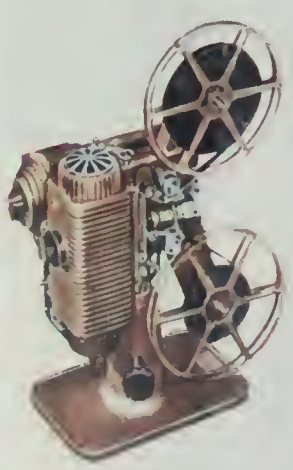
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thank Mr. Hopkins for his great assistance in moving forward the Polish question.

Mr. Hopkins then said he would like to raise an entirely separate question with Marshal Stalin and that related to the impasse which had come about at the San Francisco Conference in regard to voting procedure in the Security Council. He said he had received an urgent message from President Truman to take this up with Marshal Stalin and to indicate the seriousness of this matter. He said it referred to the Soviet insistence that nothing could be discussed by the Security Council without the unanimous vote of the permanent members exclusive of those involved in a particular situation.

He said that the United States government had agreed with the marshal that there must be unanimity among the members in regard to all questions involving enforcement action in any of its aspects but that in the consideration of methods for the peaceful settlement of disputes, parties to the dispute, whether permanent members or not, would abstain from voting.

He added that the United States thought the Yalta formula as agreed on safeguarded the freedom of discussion and the right of any member to bring before the council any situation for discussion. And that this right, which was rightly a question of the agenda, should therefore be decided by the council by simple majority without any power having the right to veto it. He said he earnestly hoped the marshal would see eye to eye with us and the other sponsoring powers and France who were agreed on this question.

Mr. Molotov said that the Soviet position was based squarely on the Crimea decision and that (in) matters involving peaceful settlement parties to dispute would not vote and that the full unanimity applied only to enforcement action. The Soviet position was that the same formula for peaceful settlement should apply in deciding whether or not the council should take up and discuss any given question. (Ensued a conversation in Russian between Mr. Molotov and Marshal Stalin from which it was clear that the marshal had not understood the issues involved and had not had them explained to him. During this conversation Marshal Stalin remarked that he thought it was an insignificant matter and that they should accept the American position.)

SMALL NATIONS AS WARMAKERS

Marshal Stalin then stated that he had no objection to a simple majority being applied in discussions relating to pacific settlement but of course not to any matter involving enforcement action. He said he stressed this aspect because he knew these considerations were raised by the small nations. He had most respect for the small nations (but) it must be admitted there was a tendency among them to exploit and even to create differences between the Great Powers in the hope that they would obtain the backing of one or more of the Great Powers for their own ends. He said it was a mistake to believe that just because a nation was small it was necessarily innocent. . . . After all two world wars had begun over small nations.

Mr. Hopkins said he thought that possibly the difficulties at San Francisco had grown more out of misunderstandings than real differences. . . .

Marshal Stalin then stated that he was prepared to accept the American position on the point at issue at San Francisco in regard to voting procedure.

The real crux of the dispute at San Francisco had been whether the Soviet Union could prevent even *discussion* of any issue by means of its veto. Hopkins subsequently wrote: "There can be no question that the United States' perm nent long-time relations with the Sov Union are going to be seriously han capped not so much by the fundamer differences in ideology between a capi ist economy and a Socialist state, but tween our fundamental notion of hum liberty—freedom of speech, freedom the press and freedom of worship."

As this final conference for Hopk in the Kremlin came to an end, he pressed to Marshal Stalin on the part Mrs. Hopkins and himself, their gr appreciation for the many kindne and courtesies they had received dur their stay in Moscow. . . .

Following this last meeting, Hopk cabled Truman: "Marshal Stalin agr to accept the United States position garding voting procedure in the counc This was the real news that the San Fr cisco Conference had been saved.

INVITATION TO POTSDAM

Hopkins arrived back in Washing on June 12th and breakfasted with T man the next morning. The Presid congratulated him warmly on the ext of his accomplishment in Moscow a urged him to go to the Potsdam Con ence the next month. But Hopkins kn that Byrnes would by then have s ceeded Stettinius as Secretary of St and he felt sure that his presence at P dam would create inevitable embarra ment, not because of any differences opinion or ill will between the two m but simply because of the obvious f that both Stalin and Churchill were l accustomed to dealing with Hopkins a might therefore seem to by-pass Byrn authority.

Truman appreciated the validity these points and did not urge Hopkin reconsider.

This was an extraordinary momen Hopkins' life. For he was, for a days, something of a national hero. all the tributes paid to him, the one t touched him most came from a lad Paris, Missouri, who was unknown him—Mrs. Mary P. Blanton, wife of editor of the Monroe County App She wrote: "When I read the editoria my husband's weekly paper this morn my impulse was to send it to you. N of us are averse to praise and 'Those v stand in high places' may need a littl times. I hope your health is much proved and that you will soon be v and strong. The Middle West is pr of your work for our country."

The editorial that Mrs. Blanton closed was as follows:

PALACE GUARD SAVED THE DAY

Harry Hopkins is receiving muc applause from newspapers and pol ticians who tried so hard to destro him before Roosevelt's death. A ways they sneered at him as "Th palace guard." When a recent cris arose between Russia on one han and Britain and America on th other, President Truman sent Harr to Moscow to iron things out. A though in wretched health, he mad the trip and did the job, thus pro ing the late President knew what h was doing when he kept this gre American around. A lot of thos who now applaud him should b apologizing to him for past slander

Despite Editor Blanton's admonit I know of no instances of apologies ing made to Hopkins for "past slande However, during the seven months t remained of his life, the hate-droo columnists did not pay much attentio him, probably because Hopkins' g friend, their real target, was dead. T now had nobody left to slander but great friend's widow.

THE END

SHE'S A BIG GIRL NOW

Continued from page 22

who had through sheer perversity put obstacles in his path. He started jotting down notes on the subject. His policy had never been one of active pursuit, but one of patient waiting, with gifts of jewelry in one hand and of tobacco in the other. "Among primitive peoples," he began, and stopped short. He pushed his papers aside and entered upon a long line of reflection, staring unseeingly at the wall. Then, chuckling a little, he reached for the telephone directory—

He was too intent upon his thought to hear a shrill piping from the front porch. But Sally heard it, and came downstairs to let Mercedes into the living room.

"Why," said Mercedes, "have you got that towel around your head?"

"I've just washed my hair."

"Why don't you let the lady downstairs wash your hair?"

"I don't know. I never thought about it."

"Mother does. Paula does."

Sally eyed the child absently, for the first time in her life considering the idea of a professional shampoo and wave. But in the next moment she was remembering her status in Medville. A girl who chased a boy. The laughingstock of the whole town.

There wouldn't be any point in having her hair waved. But Mercedes was reclaiming her attention. She had come over, it seemed, to return some of Sally's photographs that had fallen under the porch swing.

"Tom didn't want to bring 'em," she announced.

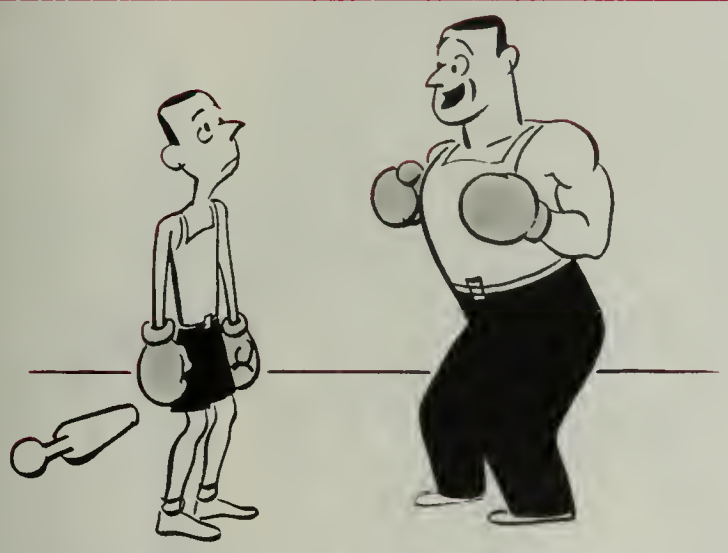
Sally's face flamed. "That's all right," she muttered. "They weren't important ones anyway."

Mercedes looked at her admiringly. "He's scared of you! Paula says so."

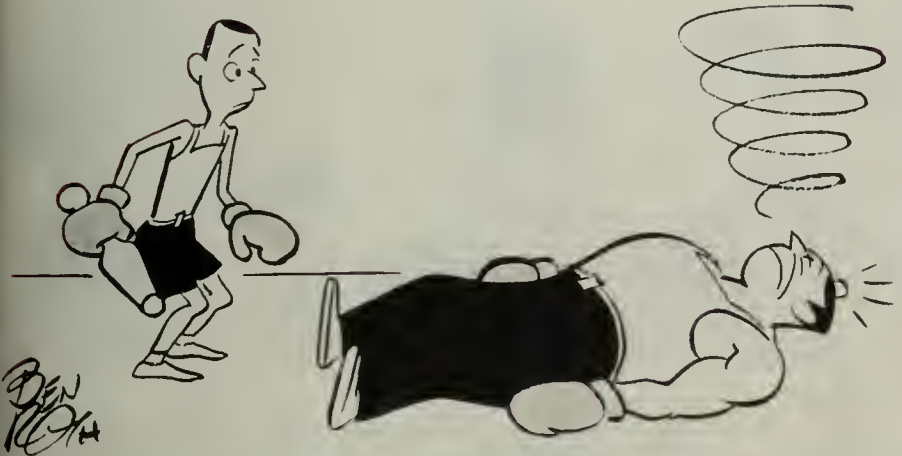
It was hard to curb a person who thought her remarks were exceedingly complimentary, and it was almost impossible to persuade her to go home. Mercedes, at least, had looked on Sally with favor.

MERCEDES WHITNEY continued to be her one friend. She was over morning, noon and night, Sally's only living contact with the outside world. Sally herself seldom ventured beyond the security of the Richards' ragged hawthorn hedge. She even avoided coming face to face with the mailman. And she tortured herself by imagining the things people were saying behind their hands. *Why, she kept rushing over there with pictures to show him and she kept calling him up and asking him to the movies! Oh, she must just have embarrassed him to death, my dear!* She was alone, except for Mercedes, all day long, and she had plenty of time to conjure up these conversations.

Her father had made no comment on this hermit's life she was leading. He himself was very busy. He was writing, of course, and he was also putting through a plan to keep himself fit, as he explained, for next year's jaunt to the Solomon Islands. He had ordered the equipment of a small gymnasium to be set up in the old red barn, this equipment including a punching bag, boxing gloves,



"I've just insulted your wife, Mr. Fertig! Now, what do you do?"



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Identify Yello-Bole pipes by the honey-seal in the bowl. It keeps the honey fresh.

a horizontal bar and a sensational set of traveling rings.

These fascinating objects had hardly been installed before a small coterie of admirers began gathering around Septimus. First there was Shorty Perkins, a stolid boy with white eyelashes, not very bright. There were the Elliott twins, Jerome and Jimmy, aged ten. Following the twins came Albert Morris, a lugubrious young man who looked like a sheep.

This was not the prey that Septimus was awaiting, but before the end of the week his patience was rewarded. Tom Whitney had ambled into the barn.

"What a swell setup, sir! I'd heard about it."

"A man needs to keep himself in shape," said Septimus.

With that, he hoisted himself to the traveling rings, moving from one to the other with dexterous half turns. Tom watched him for a few minutes, then he found the boxing gloves and suggested their putting them on. The two circled about the barn floor, feinting at each other, with Septimus barking instructions.

"Gosh! You're good, sir!"

"Well, I fooled around with boxing back in my college days. Not bad sport for a young fellow. I might," he added, carelessly, "give you a few pointers!"

The boy was grateful. In the end it was agreed that he should drop in every afternoon.

Septimus, however, was crafty. He did not tell Sally about Tom's first few visits. He was waiting for the inevitable question from Tom.

"I never see your daughter around, Mr. Richards. Doesn't she ever come out here?"

Septimus endeavored to keep any trace of elation from his voice. "Oh, this wouldn't appeal to a girl much."

Tom hesitated. He looked embarrassed. "I guess she doesn't think I've been very neighborly. I've been so busy with one thing and another. But do you suppose she'd like to go to a movie tonight?"

"You might ask her. She's in the house somewhere."

TOM started toward the back door. Septimus, grinning broadly, sat down on an old milking stool and congratulated himself. He had been convinced, of course, that the psychology which had served so well in West Africa would be just as effective in the Middle West. He had been virtually certain that no boy in any neighborhood could long resist a barn gymnasium. But having a tidy sort of mind, Septimus Richards was gratified to have proved the fact. It was, moreover, very agreeable to dwell on his little daughter's happiness—

Tom had returned. "She won't go," he said.

There was an incredulous note in his voice which found a shrill echo in the voice of Sally's father. "Won't *go? Why* in Heaven's name *not*?"

"She says she's got some letters to write."

Septimus was a stunned man. When he went into the house, he tried to elicit some satisfactory explanation from Sally, and failed entirely.

Sally waved her fingernails, which she had just painted a lovely pale pink. "He doesn't interest me," she said.

It took Septimus some moments to achieve the power of speech. "I suppose you realize I've got to go on giving this fool kid boxing lessons! I've promised him! Boxing lessons every afternoon!"

"Well, I'm so dreadfully sorry, Dad," she murmured, "but there's just nothing I can do about it—Look, do you like this shade I've got on my nails? It's called Colonie."

Septimus' answer was brief and peevish. He was rubbing the small of his back with a tender hand. At his age, he could have dispensed with boxing gloves and traveling rings.

He went on boxing, however. Tom came over every day and soon Septimus found himself liking the boy and sharing his hurt bewilderment over the extraordinary aloofness of Sally Richards, who had been going to town on shopping trips, buying clothes which she brought home and put carefully away in a closet.

But, although she avoided Tom adroitly enough, she continued to see Mercedes, who could not, in any case, have been avoided. The devotion of that little person had never wavered.

She leaned against Sally. "I love you. An awful lot. I wish you'd marry Tom so you could be my mother-in-law."

"I wouldn't be even if I ever did—which I wouldn't."

Mercedes considered this vaguely, and dismissed it. "Tom wants to know how a girl can write letters every night. He says it's crazy."

"Does he? How amusing," Sally said.

This state of affairs went on for a week. Actually, it was all quite simple. The trouble with Septimus was that he lacked a feminine instinct. His daughter, on the other hand, no longer lacked it. Calmly she was awaiting the final, necessary word.

Mercedes, that tireless liaison officer, supplied the word in due time, "Tom's mad," she reported. "He keeps askin' me and askin' me who you're writing to that's so darn' wonderful you haven't got time for anybody right next door. He's awful mad, Sally."

Sally responded to this with a cryptic smile and a chocolate cupcake, whereupon she went to her room and arrayed herself in her new blue Shantung dress and her little gold platform sandals. Coming down again, she paused bef the hall mirror to give a few last touc to the smooth waves of her hair. T she sauntered out to the barn.

Her solicitude for her father charming to behold.

"Oh, Dad! I just wanted to rem you not to exercise too long! My go ness, it's just been perfectly awful way you've been overdoing lately and She broke off in pretty confusion. " hello, Tom! I didn't know you w here!"

"Sure," Tom said. And casually jumped over the horizontal bar. T he took a few ferocious jabs at punching bag.

"Mercy!" murmured Sally. "H strong you are!"

SEPTIMUS RICHARDS consid his daughter, who was no longer a tle girl. Then he smiled, but he smile himself and began taking off the glo He slipped out of the barn, but nei Tom nor Sally paid any attention. To eye had fallen on the little gold platf shoes.

"Kind of cute."

"Oh, they're nothing! I just wear th around the house."

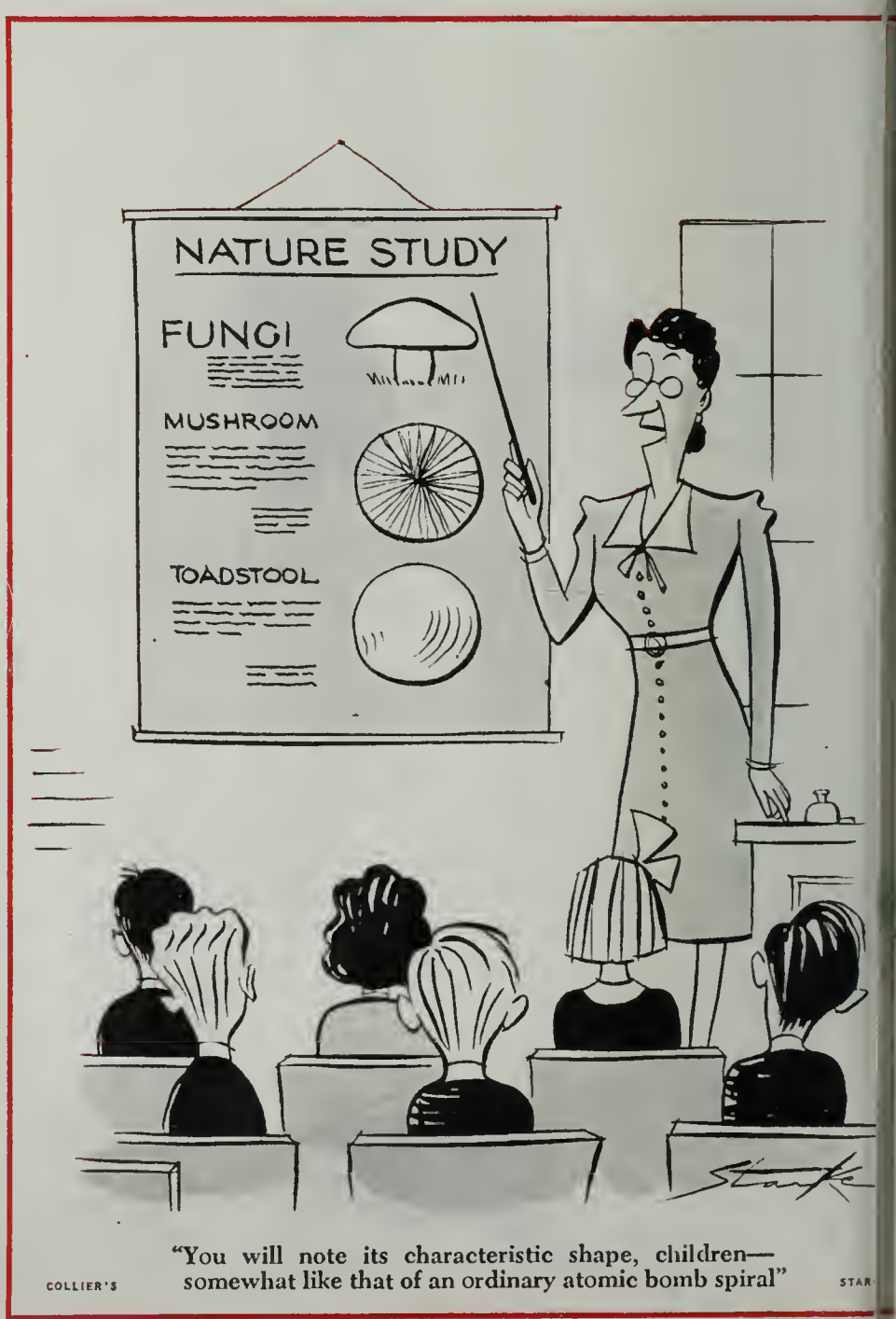
He looked at her and she looke him. He wanted to kiss her and wanted to be kissed.

They made not the slightest m toward each other and that was all t was to it. But it was one of the mos tolerably thrilling moments either them would ever know.

His voice was unsteady. "Could go to a movie tonight?"

Sally lowered her lids, discreetly, eyes that were shining like stars. "W I guess I could," she said.

THE END



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"You can bet I am, Dorothy. What a wonderful vacation this has been for all of us!"

"It certainly has, and I hate to see it end."

"Well, someday, you and I are going to take a permanent vacation, when we retire on my life insurance."

"Your life insurance? But I thought that was supposed to take care of the children and me . . . just in case anything ever happened to you."

"That's very true, darling, but it works two ways: If I'm taken out of the picture, The Mutual Life will send you a check every month; but my life insurance will also provide a comfortable retirement income for you and me when we want it later on. That's why we've got *Insured Income* . . . it takes care of all our needs."

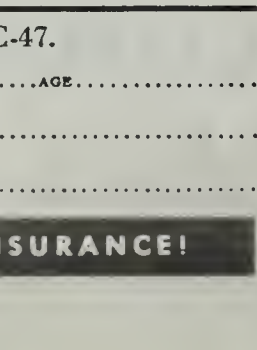
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A PRINCESS SELLS HER SARONG

Continued from page 24

In her own wardrobe Madame Sunario has the royal sarong of a sultan, the only Indonesian personage whose raiment can bear the likeness of the Garuda bird, a mythical creature which provided transportation for the Hindu god, Vishnu. This sarong was worn by the princess' great-great-grandmother.

Currently the Sunario sarongs are produced in little shops where a woman will work on a single garment for as long as three months. The design is painstakingly painted on both sides of the cloth with molten wax, heated over small charcoal fires and applied through a hollow-handled instrument called the *tjanting*. The cloth then is dipped into dye, leaving the wax-colored sections uncolored.

The wax is removed, and this process is repeated with other applications of wax and different-colored dyes, until the beautiful finished product emerges, printed on both sides.

The best sarongs are those called Tiga Negeri, or "made in three countries." Since different parts of Indonesia are noted for superior artisanship in one specialized phase of batik, Tiga Negeri sarongs receive their basic color in North Java, are sent to East Java for the application of the intricate design, and then to Central Java for the minute background designs.

Such a sarong is priced at $2,000 in Indonesia; and probably will cost an American $3,500 or more.

A Sort of Japanese New Look

Only once was there an attempt to alter the ancient art. That was made by the Japanese occupiers who demanded a design called "New Asia." The sarong makers dutifully produced a sarong to these specifications, but the "New Asia" part of the design always ended up around the ankles, or the buttocks. That put a finish to that.

As Princess Sunario demonstrated (and as many American women now are learning), there is an art to *wearing* a sarong. The idea is to wind the rectangle of cloth about you so that it looks attractive and does not *un*wind disastrously in the first strong gust of wind.

First, the princess makes some pleats at the left end of the sarong, and holds it so that both ends are equidistant from the small of her back. At this point she gives a little hop, reminiscent of a football shift, with her legs spread slightly apart. The unpleated right end is wrapped around her left hip to the front; the pleated left end is brought over it, and around the right hip, ending up with the pleats in front. The top of the pleated edge is tucked in at the waist. A *stagen* or cummerbund sometimes is used to hold the sarong in place at the waist. (Men's sarongs are donned in reverse and tucked in on the right side.)

However, ingenious American women, finding Western hips unsuited to the Indonesian technique, have devised their own methods of wrapping the sarong, a development which the princess approves "so long as it is attractive."

The hopping motion is to get just enough leg room to enable one to take short, ladylike steps. "You must," says the princess, "be able to hear the sound of your legs against the cloth when you walk."

Today Princess Sunario's biggest problem is something more basic than conducting sarong-winding classes. In the first place transportation problems make it difficult for her to get her sarongs into this country for some months.

In the meantime several top-flight American designers and manufacturers have become interested to the extent that, while waiting for Javanese sarongs to arrive, they are planning to put copi the market next winter. Famous des Tina Leser is doing her entire resort line this year in fabrics and d copied from priceless sarongs. River Mills and Everfast, two o biggest manufacturers of cotton p are coming out with imitation bati spring; so are Onondaga and Bian big silk manufacturers. Designers Simpson and Adrian have caugh sarong bug. An artist-designer n Mura Dehn is making expensive, engraved sarongs in the Javanese ner. Fabric designer Wesley Sin will turn out assembly-line-printe rong fabrics. Batik-type draperies covers and neckties are beginning t mine the landscape.

The real thing in expensive sa will be shown at the Asia Institute ir York in a show to open October After that, they will be displayed in cities throughout the United State

HORS D'OEUVRES ANONYMOUS

Let's start a society
To curb the variety
Of canapés served with co tails.
The numerous dishes
Of pâté and fishes
And cheeses and chunks of mock quails,
The sardines, the sausage,
The greens suff'ring tossage,
The pretzels, the pickles, the chips,
The dried beef, the carrot,
The kippers in claret,
On toothpicks that perforate lips.
And then if an ulcer
Should stave in your hull,
You'll know that it came fr the gin—
Not the lobster in guava,
Marinated cassava,
Or bilged barracuda with

—Dorothy B. Grisw

The princess' second major pr is that the sarong industry in Ind always consisted of hundreds o sweatshops, in which the Javanes sans toil for wages approximat cents a day. The princess' objecti hire away as many of these artis she can, assemble them under on pay them vastly improved wage then turn out sarongs by modern, bly-line methods.

The smart money in the Neth and in Indonesia seems to think sl able to accomplish this monument They base their opinion on the fa she never has been stopped by tr or overwhelming odds. For instar donesian men, in accordance wit lem custom, are permitted to ha wives at a time; and divorce is a affair. (Her Westernized fathe recently was elected president State of West Java, had several w his youth.) In the face of th princess has succeeded in remain one and only spouse of Prince S She achieved this by the simple ex of taking the unfortunate man as day and telling him, "If you take wife, I say goodby."

The sarong industry is not cc much of a chance against her.

THE END

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

of the picture. Now, why not one by tbrook Pegler, covering the same sub- ? To show that I think it would be a ng proposition, I'll take five hundred es at any time it appears.

HARWOOD KEATON, Gladewater, Texas

we recall, Mr. Pegler has written exten- ly on this subject.

HY NOT COLLECT COLLIER'S? (AND CHRYSLERS)

R COLLIER'S: I appreciate the fine pic- s your magazine puts out for the adver- g of Chrysler cars.

am making a collection of them for my n. I'm 11 yrs. old.

MYRA BLUM, Terril, Iowa

DEFINITION OF A RED

I beg to inquire if you will not give us p-to-date and comprehensive definition Communist?

e dictionaries say that a Communist is who believes in Communism, and Com- ism is defined as any system in which means of production are owned in mon, with some attempt to distribute ls on an equitable basis.

Communism, most people refer to that m of government which is supposed to ail in Russia.

the true meaning of the term, Russia t a Communist country. It is, rather, talitarian state.

A. H. (NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST), Salt Lake City, Utah

ur readers: You *tell him.*

HANDY MAN

R MR. DAVENPORT: I thoroughly en- d Octavus Roy Cohen's mystery, More tiful Than Murder. However, since ing the concluding installment (Aug. one thing has intrigued me. On page e despicable culprit, Wade Ramsay was ved . . . into a straight chair. He looked l uncomfortable with his hands behind ack." (Handcuffed, that is.) On page Ramsay performs the following as- ding feat: "Ramsay passed his hand ss his forehead as though thinking was ming too great an effort.".

w? Any explanation short of "He had hands" will be acceptable.

ART PARROTT, Stockton, Cal.

say, Cohen forgot to say, was a con- onist.

HOPE VS. CROSBY

R SIRS: Ted Shane's Road to the 19th (Aug. 14th) reminded me of another d of Bing Crosby-Bob Hope golf. Both pitched beautifully to the green, Hope ing 18 inches from the cup, Crosby two They lay even.

ng knelt, studied the 24 inches to the ntently, plucked a blade of grass, threw to test the wind, studied some more, said to the caddie, "Tell me, lad, was green mowed this morning?"

e caddie said it was; the gallery kled. Whereupon Bing fussed some , then sauntered up and sank the putt. Bing refused to concede.

pe, who plays straight man to no one, into action. Mimicking Bing he got on all fours, sighted the cup, then ed through his legs backward, mois- l a finger and tested the breeze. He asked Crosby's caddie, "Are you sure green was mowed this morning?"

e caddie was sure, so Hope stepped to ball, stroked it firmly, and rimmed the

e crowd guffawed, Crosby snorting est. Hope let out a bellow of mock air. Then putting on a haughty air, he ed to the caddie and asked, "What this morning?"

JIM MACLEAN, New York, N. Y.

TALE OF A CAT



SIRS: When my son Jerry who was a sergeant on Okinawa saw the cartoon of the egg-stealing rats in July 31st issue (Keep Up With the World), he said it reminded him of the smart cat they had on the islands, which lost a front leg and the medics made it a wooden one with rubber tip so the mice and rats wouldn't hear it coming and when it caught a rat it killed it by hitting it over the head with his wooden leg.

R. J. BROWN, Wildomar, Cal.

COVER GIRL



DEAR SIR: I am ten yrs. old. I would like to be a cover girl on Collier's magazine. My picture is enclosed in the letter. I have auburn hair. It very very curly. I have blue eyes and freckles. I'll do anything to get a chance. We get your magazine all the time.

PATTY DALEY, Watertown, Mass.

SORDIDELPHIA

WALTER DAVENPORT, EDITOR: Turning to Dickson Hartwell's Philadelphia: Corrupt and Not Contented (Aug. 7th), my glance became a gaze as I read the wording on Mayor Bernard Samuel's billboard: "Give the Kids a Brake."

After having read the article it would be somewhat difficult to suppress the feeling that somebody ought to give somebody a "Brake" and see that it is used to its fullest capacity to stop the sordid mess that is Philadelphia.

KENNETH M. ROBERTS, Bridgeport, Conn.

. . . Philadelphia's story should be written by a man who knows economics, social forces and the historic background of the city instead of another tiresome reporter's recital of misdeeds by small-fry politicians and grafting coppers.

Everything said about Philadelphia in your article can be said about most large municipalities in some degree. Your correspondent missed the boat by failing to point out that Philadelphia suffers from being a "factory town."

The workers of this town not only tolerate but favor a system which provides them with such petty vices as will relieve the tedium of living in a town without a spiritual destiny.

This destiny was forsaken a generation ago when the leading industrial and financial families deserted Philadelphia for the suburbs and surrounding countryside.

J. WALTER BIDDLE, Philadelphia, Pa.

JUDGE LINCOLN GOLDSBOROUGH

DEAR SIRS: Judge Goldsborough Takes the Stand (Aug. 7th) sure was a grand piece. There are damn' few judges around these days who can compare with him. Judge Goldsborough should be the headman of the United States—not Harry S. Truman or Thomas E. Dewey.

D. MURPHY, Yonkers, N. Y.



. . . "And, madam, if anyone bothers you or your little girl, you come down here and tell me about it." These words from Judge Goldsborough remind me strongly of another lawyer-congressman - humanitarian —one A. Lincoln.

DON JONES, Fort Wayne, Ind.



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OVALTINE

PLAIN AND CHOCOLATE FLAVORED



HAS POLIO MET ITS MATCH?

Continued from page 30

which might conquer these microbes. Such an attack, he knew, would be horribly expensive, and killingly monotonous. Years of work might have to go into such a job, and the results obtained might be precisely zero. At the same time, the stakes involved were enormous in terms of human life and human suffering. If *any* drug could be found which would effectively stop viruses—

Dr. SubbaRow charted the broad outlines of the project. A test virus would be selected for use in the experiments, preferably a virus 100 per cent fatal to mice. Mice would be shot with this brew of death. Then they would get shots of drugs under test: dyes, botanicals, sulfas, chemicals—everything which might have a slender chance of conquering the virus death brewing in mouse bodies. The project would require testing of thousands—maybe tens of thousands—of drugs. The mice needed might run to millions.

Yet this seemingly hopeless approach had succeeded grandly before. The great Paul Ehrlich used this method, plowing through 605 arsenic compounds before he found the 606th which defeated spirochete of syphilis. It checked the reproduction of the spirochete, giving body defenses an opportunity to overcome the disease. Gerhard Domagk used this same trial-and-error process in finding the original sulfa drug.

Wanted: Man Unafraid of Failure

The man who would handle the job had to have very special qualifications. First and foremost, he had to be a bear for work. He also had to be a person temperamentally able to stand the monotony of failure—week after week, month after month, maybe year after year. There was no assurance, remember, that any drug would ever work satisfactorily against any virus.

Dr. SubbaRow had in mind the ideal man for the job: a lanky, friendly 38-year-old German named Fritz Popken, who only by accident is a scientist and not a farmer. Born near Blexen, Germany, in 1910, his farmer parents strained the family resources to put him through *Oberrealschule* (junior college). But family funds failed, and Popken decided to come to the United States, make some money and return to Germany.

After a series of farm jobs he landed at the Lederle Laboratories to fill a job handling calves used to produce smallpox vaccine. There he moved up rapidly, becoming more and more deft in his technique for handling research animals. When Dr. SubbaRow's big virus research project was ready for launching, Popken was ready to take over.

Popken selected, as the virus he would work with, one which causes equine encephalomyelitis. Farmers have a simpler name for this disease—a form of horse sleeping sickness. They call it blind staggers. In epidemic form, it swept the horse world of the United States in 1938, striking 180,000 animals, killing 40,000 of them.

There were several reasons for selecting this virus to work with. First: It attacks nervous tissue, to cause inflammation of brain and spinal cord. Second: Any drug which worked against this red-hot virus might have effect against other viruses as well. Third: A vaccine was available which would keep laboratory workers from contracting the disease. This was an important consideration. Scores of virus researchers have paid with their lives for slight slips in the laboratory.

Popken selected the one assistant allotted him: pretty Kathleen (Kitty) Richards. She had had no scientific training whatsoever. But she had a magic touch in handling laboratory animals.

With these two in charge, the project started rolling. Twenty mice were to be used in testing each drug. Each mouse would be shot in the belly with the virus of horse sleeping sickness. Half of the group would be set aside to act as "controls"—to get sicker each day, to become paralyzed, and to die on the fifth or sixth day after inoculation. The other ten would be given forty-eight hours in which to permit the virus to get a head start. Then they would get the drug under test, four shots a day.

Since forty drugs were under test at a time, that meant using 800 animals. And as they were each shot four times a day, that meant giving 3,200 hypodermics a day!

At the outset, it was perfectly clear that there wouldn't be enough hours in a normal workday to do all the jobs that there were to be done: preparing hypodermics, injecting mice, keeping records of every mouse death. Popken solved this by revising the usual concept of the workday. The staff of two started at 8:00 A.M., and the last series of injections was finished at 10:00 P.M. This went on six days a week. Sunday, things slowed down a bit. It was a half holiday. There would be no vacations, and only one full holiday a year: Christmas. For week after week, mice died by the thousands. Nothing, *nothing* seemed to have any effect whatsoever on the horse death brewing in mouse bodies. Lab reports were always the same: Nothing to report.

While this was under way, another group of scientists was at work at Bound Brook, New Jersey, at Calco Chemicals, the world's largest makers of sulfa drugs. Calco is a sister comp of Lederle. Both are divisions of American Cyanamid Company. U Dr. Martin E. Hultquist, Calco h team of chemists stringing atoms gether to make new sulfa drugs w might prove superior to those alread the market. These new products going along to Pearl River for Popk test, along with the other drugs which he was working.

Three Mice Refused to Die

In April last year, ten mice got o these new drugs—a drug no more an less promising than the hundreds w had preceded it. Popken started s ing it into infected mice, four tim day. He expected them to become p lyzed and to die right on schedul thousands of their brothers had die fore them; but three out of the ten that got the drug didn't behave in th pected way. They weren't beco paralyzed, and showed no signs of d It wasn't much to shout about, re Only three out of ten mouse lives s Still, nothing had done so well be Here was a shred of hope, a glimm of light. It was the first time *any* had shown any promise.

Calco was informed. Maybe thi the break everyone had been waiting searching for. This particular which had the ability to save thre of ten mouse lives wasn't the answe it looked like a start toward the an Would Hultquist and his ban talented chemists tinker gently wit promising sulfa? Would they mod ever so slightly, adding an atom lopping off one there? Would the



COLLIER'S

"The way he hands out money to every country! I wish he'd be like that at home"

MISCHA RICH

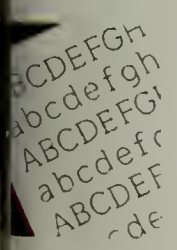


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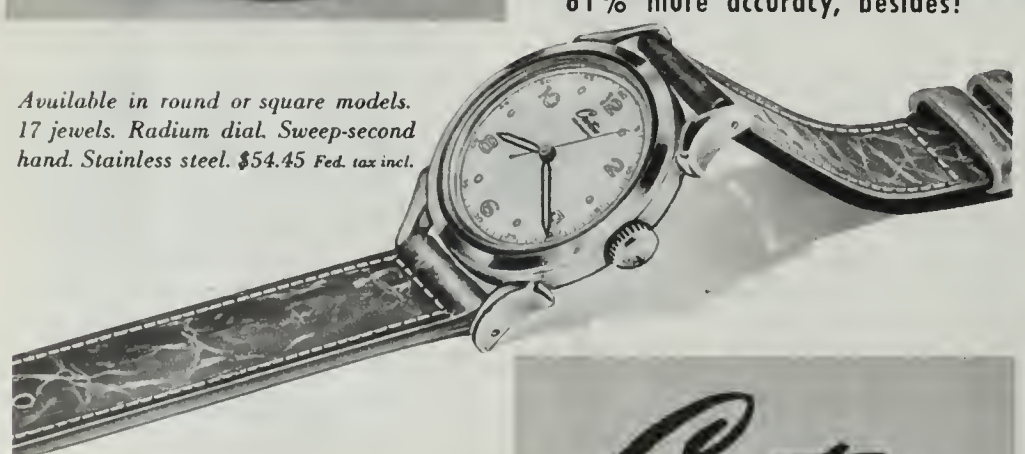


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other words, start making a whole series of new sulfas as closely related to this promising one as possible?

For three months, Hultquist and his co-workers kept a steady stream of new sulfas going out to Popken. Sulfa No. 261 was delivered in June, 1947. In its first trial, it saved five out of ten mouse lives. When larger doses were given, the score was raised to three out of four! The atmosphere around the laboratory was charged with excitement. It looked—at long last—as though the virus front had been cracked.

Here was the first time *any* drug had been demonstrated to have *any* really marked activity against *any* virus. Such a drug deserved a name. Its chemical name was out of the question. N-(2-thiazolyl)-phenol sulfonamide. Its "simplified" name wasn't much better: phenosulfazole. Lederle selected a pronounceable trade name: Darvisul.

Facing the Supreme Test

Darvisul had shown that it could protect mice against a devastating horse sickness. Now for the big question: Would Darvisul be able to check the reproduction of a whole variety of viruses, as penicillin checks the reproduction of a whole variety of bacteria? Would it, for example, attack the virus of infantile paralysis?

Unequipped to handle polio research, Lederle passed this problem along to a prominent physician heading a team of researchers. The physician worked out details of his study. He would inject mice with MM virus—a laboratory strain of polio virus that will infect mice. He would give injections up to 100 times the amount necessary to kill them. He would permit this deadly brew twenty-four hours to incubate and spread to all tissues in the mouse body. Anything wh could overcome this generalized disas would have to be good. Then he wo give the animals shots of the new dru

The long series of experiments be again, and Darvisul turned in almost actly the same results that had been tained with horse sleeping sickness. T drug could save up to 75 per cent of m infected with polio, in experiments which *all* untreated animals died.

Darvisul was almost completely n toxic. It appeared to be by all odds blandest, safest sulfa ever discovered. didn't hurt kidneys, liver, brain or b marrow. In fact, it didn't seem to h anything—except virus. But up to n the virus that Darvisul stopped had b in mice. Could the drug stop polio a child before the virus had a chance produce paralysis or cause death? Th was a ready-made test ground in wh this question might be answered.

Early last winter the Rio Gra Valley of Texas suffered a polio c break. When spring came, the dise began moving northward—to Galvest Beaumont, Houston, other Texas ci and towns. Of the lot, Houston was hardest—hard enough to have an en floor in big Jefferson Davis Hospital aside to handle the sick.

In this particular epidemic, polio leaving one out of four children v severe paralysis, killing one out of ev fourteen stricken.

Of all Houston physicians, none more interested in the disease than yo and aggressive Dr. Paul Harring Also, he was probably handling m cases of polio than any other Hous physician. He was the man Dr. S baRow was looking for when he wen Houston in June this year. He liste to the stories of the mouse work, to ports on toxicity tests. Would he be v



"To hear Mother talk about him you'd think he was Gregory Peck"

COLLIER'S WILLIAM VON RIEG



DON TOBIN

SPORTING ODDS

In a baseball game between the University of Wisconsin and Bradley University, there were Bradley men on first and third and no outs. The next batter hit a high foul to the first baseman, who tripped over a tarpaulin and fell down after making the catch. With one out, the man on third decided to score after the catch and accordingly started for home. The catcher got the ball in time but the runner managed to miss the catcher's tag. He also missed the plate and ran all the way to the backstop. The catcher could not follow him because the man on first was well on his way to third and had to be put out. That made two down. When the catcher turned to get the man who had missed home plate the untagged runner had returned to the Bradley bench and could not easily be identified, so the catcher ran down the bench and began to tag every player. As he neared the end, the man he was after jumped up and ran for home, which was being covered by the pitcher. The catcher tossed the ball to the pitcher, and the runner was officially tagged out. This crazy triple play required nearly two minutes to complete.

—Paul Farley, Milwaukee, Wis.

COLLIER'S will pay a minimum of $25 for each acceptable contribution to Sporting Odds. Address Sporting Odds, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. (Contributions cannot be returned.)

to try Darvisul on his own patients? said he would.

t the outset, one thing was readily arent. When polio virus attacks in human body, it does its greatest nage to the horn cells along the spinal l—where motor nerves root into the l itself. Once these vital connections gone, nerves can no longer trans- the messages that set muscles to k. Muscles become paralyzed in the e way that a cut telegraph wire be- es paralyzed. Once this damage is e, it is apparent that no drug can e any effect. This meant that Darvisul ld have to be given early—*before* the s had done too much damage.

ne thing was immediately apparent. drug was excreted rapidly by the eys. To keep large amounts of it in body at all times, it would have to given by vein instead of by mouth. would be dripped into a vein on a tinuous basis, day and night, for ods up to three days.

An Early Checkup on Results

his, then, was the treatment devised. this is written, it is too early to give full results from Dr. Harrington's es of patients. Many of the patients still in the hospital, and the final out- e of their cases won't be known for e time. But by now, certain things readily apparent.

arvisul often has a marked retard- effect on fever. Spinal taps add other ificant facts. In polio, spinal fluid is etimes clouded with castoff cells. number of these cells present is n taken as an index of the destruc- the virus is causing. Under Darvi- treatment, spinal fluid is often clear in a day or so.

few of those treated with Darvisul e developed paralysis. In general, have been patients who were ted early in the series, when relatively ll doses of drug were being used, or patients in whom the disease had gained real headway. Most patients who got Darvisul soon enough, and who got it in sufficiently heavy dosage, have come out of their sickness with no crippling, not even any muscle weakness. Out of sixty patients treated to date, up to this writing, there has been but the one death (mentioned earlier in this article).

This work with Darvisul is so new that it is impossible at the moment to foresee its full potentialities, but there are a number of possibilities. Laboratory work has shown that the drug has some action against the virus of influenza. It also appears to have prophylactic action against polio. Mice given the drug by mouth have resisted polio infection. This may open the way for giving children in an epidemic area a pill or so a day to help them fight off any polio virus that may enter their bodies.

Leads such as these are being checked. The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis has several Darvisul investigations under way. Research men look upon Darvisul as the first of a series of dramatic drugs which will come along in rapid succession. Popken's team now has six members, and the schedule of mouse tests has been doubled—in the search for similar but superior drugs.

In the end, it is likely that Darvisul will occupy a position much the same as the original sulfanilamide. Today sulfanilamide is not used much. It has been superseded by a series of superior, related compounds. But it was sulfanilamide which opened the way for conquest of the major bacterial diseases. Darvisul may play the same brilliant role in the virus field.

Even now it appears to be the inevitable forerunner of other drugs which will conquer colds, flu and other virus sicknesses. By opening the way into this vast unknown, Darvisul may well become a major milestone in medical research.

THE END

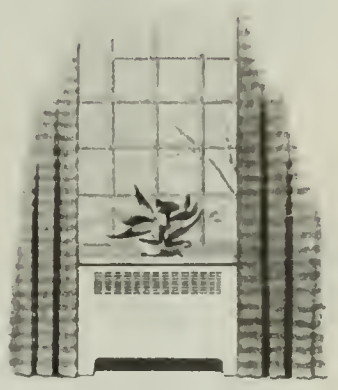
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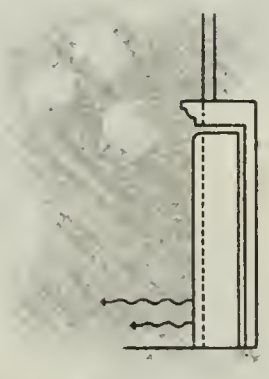
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(C2)

Second Man on the Ticket

By EDWIN LANHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



Concluding a story of love and political intrigue

The Story: CLYDE MCDONALD, scandalmongering Washington columnist, boards the GOVERNOR WILLIS G. WARBURTON Vice-Presidential campaign train, and LUCY STRAWN, the governor's secretary, learns that someone in Hydetown (the governor's boyhood home) has promised McDonald a juicy item for his column. ROY MASON, Warburton's campaign biographer, is sent by plane to Hydetown. There he meets JOHN MILLS, Warburton's boyhood chum, and HATTIE PERKINS, Warburton's old schoolteacher. Hattie is the only one in Hydetown who is not going to attend the Win With Warburton rally. And GINNY, Hattie's pretty grandniece, tells Roy that Hattie knows some secret about Warburton which she plans to tell McDonald. Roy returns to the campaign train, and learns from Warburton that when Warburton was a boy he once borrowed school funds for his personal need and that Hattie knows this. Press aide BILL EVERS says that they cannot let McDonald find this out. And though McDonald has already left the campaign train for Hydetown, Lucy, Warburton and Roy take a chance and fly secretly to Hydetown, leaving the campaign train. There Warburton talks to Hattie Perkins and gets her to promise that she will not tell McDonald—but their conversation is interrupted when they hear McDonald coming in. They leave without McDonald seeing them and since it is raining all plane flights are canceled—they are forced to hide out in a tourist camp. It seems as if Warburton will be discovered when Roy conceives the idea of driving ahead to meet Warburton's wife's train and getting the wife, RUTH, to fake an illness. This is done and Ruth stays in bed in the home of John Mills. Warburton then arrives on the scene and the story that he has rushed to the bedside of his ailing wife is generally accepted. Unfortunately, Ruth Warburton makes the mistake of appearing at the head of the stairway where Clyde McDonald can see her. Warburton knocks McDonald down, and Roy tries to smooth things over by telling McDonald that Ruth was delirious. Roy is afraid that Ginny Perkins will tell McDonald the secret that Hattie knew. So that night, in a tavern where McDonald and Lucy Strawn are also present, Roy promises Ginny that he will get her a job in Washington. Ginny tells McDonald about this, and Roy and McDonald fight. A photographer present takes a picture of Roy knocking McDonald down and Roy and Lucy are thrown out of the tavern. Back at John Mills's home Roy and Lucy are discussing the situation when Roy suddenly kisses Lucy. He has never done this before and Lucy tells him to let her go. Roy says, "No, Lucy, I'll never let you go."

I LOOKED up and saw Governor Warburton, in his dressing gown, at the head of the stairs. He grinned and said, "Well, bless you, my children." I let Lucy down to the step beside me and the Governor came on down the stairs.

Lucy was blushing violently, and my face was hot. I said, "We thought you were asleep, Governor. We didn't want to wake you."

"That's understandable," he said, still smiling. "But it happens I was listening for you to come in, Roy. We received a telegram from Bill Evers. He's flying here, and his plane gets in at a quarter to midnight. I thought perhaps you could meet him."

"Yes," I said. "Sure."

The Governor's hands rested deep in the pockets of his dressing gown and he looked tired. "How did things go, Roy?" he asked.

"Not good, Governor."

"Yes, I expected that."

Lucy said softly, "The only good thing to

Ginny was sobbing wildly. "It's my fault, Clyde, all my fault. Please forgive me. I was thoughtless and silly. Please forgive me, Clyde



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report is that Roy struck another blow for decency, Governor. He clipped Clyde."

The Governor smiled wearily. "Good for you, Roy. That's some consolation, at least. I guess it's our only consolation, isn't it?" He rubbed his knuckles in the palm of his other hand.

"Maybe we can bluff it through, Governor," I said.

He shook his head. "I'm afraid I don't have the talent for that, Roy."

"I recall you bluffed me with a ten-cent bet," I said.

"Roy," he said, "you're different. You bluff easy."

Lucy laughed, and Governor Warburton laid a friendly hand on my shoulder. "You'd better run over and pick up Bill, son," he said. "We'll all sit down together and decide what's our best course." His fingers squeezed my shoulder. "And thanks for trying."

"He definitely tried," Lucy said. "He had so much lipstick smeared on him he looked like the Dying Gladiator."

"I can still detect a trace of it," the Governor said mildly.

It was Lucy who blushed, as I took out my handkerchief and rubbed my mouth. The Governor said, "Better get on over to the airport, Roy." He turned back up the stairs.

Lucy hesitated and started to follow, but I called to her, "Aren't you coming with me?"

"Well—if you want me to."

"You bet I want you to."

We went out to the car, and when we were settled in the front seat, before I switched on the lights, I put my arm around her.

"Here, here," she said reprovingly. "We've got an errand. Let's go, Roy."

I grinned and said, "Now don't play hard to get."

It was the sort of thing a man says when his emotions are functioning and his brain is not. I had not thought it an offensive approach, but Lucy bristled and said sharply, "I know that would be contrary to your conception of me, but—"

"Now, Lucy," I said. "I—"

"After all," she went on in the same tight tone, "a girl who's been around as much as I have—"

"Honey, I didn't mean anything like that," I protested. "I—"

"Drive on," she said.

I SWITCHED on the lights, started the car and drove away. I was angry, because she had chosen to misunderstand, and we were well out on the highway before either of us spoke. Then I said, "Lucy, I thought we had a pretty good understanding of each other. I didn't expect you to take a conventional, feminine attitude with me."

"What attitude did you expect?"

"Why, the same as usual," I said. "Friendly, matter-of-fact, nonchalant. You know, sophisticated."

"Sophisticated!" Lucy said.

"Yes," I said. "Sophisticated. That's what you've led me to expect. I didn't think you'd get feminine about it."

"Roy," she said, "if you were a little *more* sophisticated you wouldn't be such an utter fool!"

Oppressive silence returned, a bitter silence. My hands clenched the steering wheel. I remembered the kiss on the stairs, and the memory seemed suspended in time, as that moment had been. I still felt her lips on mine. It had been a revelation, that kiss. It had revealed a great deal more of Lucy Strawn to me, and something more of me to myself.

"Now look," I said. "We've known each other quite a while. We've had a sort of arm's-length relationship, always sniping at each other, and I'll admit that I had you in a category. That's a fault of mine, pigeonholing people. But I had you wrong all along."

"Roy," she said quietly, "why don't you just think it all out for yourself firs and then let me know the verdict?"

"What verdict?"

"Guilty or not guilty, of course."

I decided there was no point in di cussing it further. I had offended he and I thought it better to await anothe time. She had the situation by th handle, and was cooking on a hot fire.

I DROVE on fast through the nigh watching the road, and the first gestur of amends came from Lucy, who lighte two cigarettes and passed one to m Although we exchanged no words, seemed agreed that the episode wa closed, or at least tabled.

We covered the forty miles to the ai port in considerably less than an hou and arrived before Bill's plane landed. parked the car and we went to the lunch room in the administration buildin for coffee. At the door Lucy stoppe short.

Over her shoulder I saw honey-colore hair, shoulder length. Ginny Perkins wa perched on a stool, alone at the lunc counter, stirring a cup of coffee. Sh turned her head, saw us, and her eyes g big.

"Ginny," I said, "you get around."

AN INFANT, SLEEPING

It's a cherub, it's a darling,
It's a lambkin, it's a love;
As gentle as an angel
And as peaceful as a dove:
The same
Wee tot
That yowled
And howled
And bawled
And squalled
And shrieked
And eeeeked
And woke every soul
In the whole darn' block,
Only last night,
At three o'clock!

—Ethel Jacobson

"I'm just a chauffeur," she said. "Ju chauffeuring Clyde." She slipped dov from the stool, and her eyes met Lucy for an instant, then she looked at m "Roy, may I speak to you alone?"

"Yes, of course."

Lucy said tartly, "I'll find some oth lunchroom."

"Please excuse us, Miss Strawn Ginny said. "It will only be a momen She touched my elbow and walked ahe of me out of the lunchroom. I caug up and asked, "Where's Clyde?"

"He's here somewhere, asking abo planes." She turned in the corridor a leaned against the tiled wall. "He's pret angry, Roy."

"He started it," I said.

"Roy," she said softly, "everything a terrible mess, and it's entirely my fau I don't know how to begin telling you this. Clyde has been checking the hote and now he's looking around here at t airport to see if he can find someone w saw Governor Warburton come in l night."

I kept silent. The old man in th tourist camp had sharp eyes. If Cly happened to stop in that tourist cam with a picture of the Governor to co pare with the man in cabin nine—

"I'm afraid I'm responsible for tha Ginny said. "I shouldn't have told hi I guess, but it slipped out. Honest Roy, I don't want to make trouble."

"What did you tell him, Ginny?"

"Something Aunt Hattie said. T morning she remarked that Goverr Warburton hadn't changed much sin he left Hydetown, except to put on a lit

weight, and I asked her how she knew, since she hadn't seen him for thirty years. She said something about seeing his picture in the paper, and changed the subject, but I happened to mention it to Clyde, and now he's convinced that the Governor came to Hydetown to see Aunt Hattie last night. You know, when we found you there."

"Yes, I know," I said. "That's a ridiculous notion."

"And he thinks that storm tied the Governor up," Ginny said. "He even believes Mrs. Warburton's illness is faked." She looked up at me. "How is Mrs. Warburton, Roy?"

"About the same."

"So Clyde is checking up," she went on. "Roy, I'm sorry I made such a mess of everything. Honestly, I just thought it would be fun, but it kept getting worse and worse. Now I'm caught in the middle, and I can't go through with it."

"With what?"

"With any of it," she said. "I can't take that job." She spread her hands helplessly. "Roy, I can't type a lick."

I blinked at her.

"Not even hunt and pick," Ginny said. "I never have held down any kind of job for long. I worked at the grocery store for a while, but I never could keep track of the stock and I was always making silly mistakes. Now don't laugh."

"I'm not laughing, Ginny."

"Then I did a shift at the five-and-dime store," Ginny said. "But I was forever putting stockings in the cash register and money in the paper bag. I couldn't possibly be a secretary to Governor Warburton."

"Ginny, your qualifications aren't important to us," I said. "You know what is important to us."

"I guess I'm not cut out for anything," Ginny said. "Except maybe housekeeping." She started away from the wall. "Goodness, there's Clyde. Roy, I'm going to the powder room. Slip outside and I'll meet you."

CLYDE McDONALD approached us soft-footed, his red hair bright in the tiled room. Ginny said, "Clyde, remember what you promised."

He smiled at her, said, "Okay, honey," and turned to me. "Roy, Ginny thinks I ought to forget what happened at the casino, and that's what I'm going to do. I'm not going to lose my sense of humor over you." He looked me up and down. "I outweigh you sixty pounds," he said.

"For a skinny guy, you swing a lot of weight."

"Clyde, I'm sorry about it," I said. "I lost my temper and I owe you an apology."

"I wouldn't go too far with my apologies, if I were you," he said, and the familiar curl lifted one corner of his mouth. "You'll feel different when I get through with Willie Warburton. You'll want to take that apology back."

The loud-speaker was announcing the arrival of a plane. Clyde cocked his ear. "That's my plane," he said. "Come on, Ginny."

They moved toward the apron, but I saw Ginny whisper something to him and turn away. I went back to the lunchroom, where Lucy Strawn was waiting.

"Ginny has something on her mind," I told her. "I'm meeting her outside. Lucy, you'd better go out to the plane and latch onto Bill Evers. I'll see you at the car."

"All right, Roy."

I WENT out a side entrance and walked around the building. In the shadows near the main doors I found Ginny waiting.

"Ginny, is Clyde taking that plane?"

"No, he's meeting someone."

"Who?"

"A specialist from Baltimore."

"A specialist in what?"

"Pulmonary diseases," Ginny said. "Lordy, I shouldn't have told you that."

"I see," I said. "If he expects to get his specialist in to see Mrs. Warburton, he's crazy. We pick our own specialists."

"Roy, I think he counts on being refused," she said. "He told me it was part of the story." She reached for my hand. "Roy, he'll be here pretty soon. Please listen to me. I want to be fair to him, and he expects me to tell him the story if he fails to get it out of Aunt Hattie, and of course he won't get it out of Aunt Hattie."

"Why should he expect it from you, then?" I said. "If Miss Hattie won't tell, why should you, Ginny?" I eyed her closely. "Except for a price."

She flushed, her eyes downcast. "Roy, I don't blame you for saying that. But I wonder if you have any conception how dull it can be living in a town like Hydetown. I want you to understand it. I want you to know just why it all happened this way. Please listen to me."

"I'm listening, Ginny."

"I had those jobs I told you about,"



"I was just beginning to think civilians were cute and now I've got to get all readjusted again!"

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GREAT all night

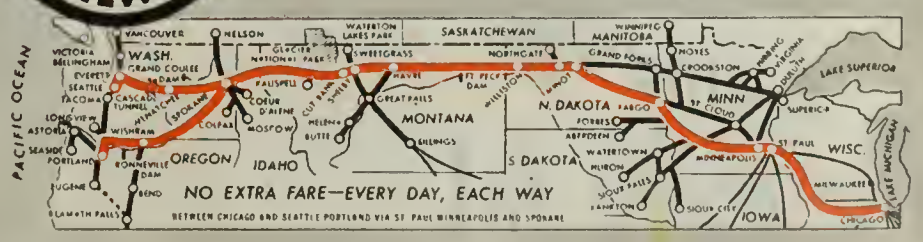


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AN OLD STORY

LOCALE	DATE	STORY
Mexico	16th Century	A white traffic line was put down the center of the road between Cuernavaca and Mexico City
North America	15th Century	The Shoshone Indians were shooting dice before the coming of Columbus
Italy	1575	A doctor in Padua diagnosed an asthmatic as an allergy case and cured him by removing his feather bed
Sumer	3000 B.C.	Metal hairpins were worn by the women
France	4th Century	Talcum powder was used as a cosmetic by Gallo-Roman women
American Colonies	1780	Meat and cheese sold for more than a dollar a pound
Persia	1300 B.C.	Bangle bracelets with dangling charms of miniature animals, bells and whistles were popular
France	1785	Benjamin Franklin received an air-mail letter (by balloon) from England
Egypt	700 B.C.	Cemetery workers staged a sit-down strike, as a protest against the tardy delivery of their wages

—W. E. Farbstein

she said, "but I couldn't hold them. A couple of times I started to get married, but with this and that, it didn't come off. I just wasn't satisfied. I guess the one thing I'm cut out for is to be a wife, Roy, but I just wasn't satisfied. I didn't want to live all my life in Hydetown. You *do* see what I mean, don't you?"

"I suppose you mean you've told Clyde the whole story," I said with resignation.

"I'm coming to that, Roy. It began innocently enough. It really did. It was just in fun. I happened to mention to Mel Fisher that Aunt Hattie knew something about Governor Warburton, and we had a talk, and I thought it would be exciting to get Clyde McDonald here and give him a big story. I had read his columns and seen his picture in the paper and I thought—well, I wanted excitement, you see, and I got it. I got entirely too much of it. Now, I'm caught in the middle and I thought I'd just come and tell you the whole thing. If I didn't it would be just plain dishonest."

"Dishonest?" I said.

"Yes," said Ginny, "dishonest. I can't take shorthand and I can't type a lick and I can't hold any kind of job, and, Roy, I don't know that story and I never did."

"You what!" I cried.

"Yes," she said dismally. "Aunt Hattie never told me. I haven't the faintest idea what it's all about, except it's something about a sheepskin coat. *You* told me that."

I stood staring at her, then I leaned against the wall of the building and laughed. Ginny watched me until I was through, without a flicker of expression in her eyes, then she said quietly, "Yes, I suppose it's funny. But now I'm caught in the middle, Roy. What is Clyde going to think of me? I brought him to Hydetown and I led him on and he expects me to tell him the whole story."

"I wouldn't worry about Clyde McDonald," I said.

"But I do, Roy. I've been unfair to Clyde, and now it's a terrible mess. It's my fault you had a fight, and he really has got black eyes, sort of. Did you notice?"

"I noticed a little lipstick on his chin," I said.

Ginny said, "Oh," and paused a moment, then whispered, "Roy, will you do something for me?"

"What do you want me to do?"

A porter was stacking luggage from the plane that had just landed. Ginny took my hand and led me deeper into the shadows.

"I want you to give me that job, Roy. I couldn't take it without telling you the truth. But if you'll give it to me I'll quit later, and you won't have to fire me. And you won't have to pay me anything. Roy, I wouldn't take a salary."

"What sort of job would that be?"

"I just want to be able to tell Clyde that I have the job," she said. "I want to tell him that I promised you not to tell the story, that I signed a contract or something. May I do that?"

I SAW Bill Evers come out of the building with Lucy, looking pale and nervous. They walked toward the car and I grinned, thinking of the news I had for them.

"Ginny, we're not putting anything in writing," I said. "You can tell him anything you like, but we're making no admissions. Why don't you simply tell Clyde the truth, the way you just told me?"

"I couldn't, Roy. What would he think of me? I simply couldn't do that."

"Do you really care what he thinks?"

She moved her shoulders slightly, and after a moment said, "Yes, I do, Roy."

"Ginny," I said, "you have my sympathy. Tell him whatever you please, and I promise to back you up. I'll do all I can for you."

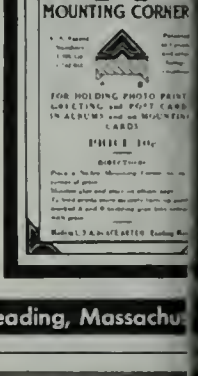
She whispered, "Thank you, Roy," raised herself on tiptoes and pressed a quick kiss on my lips. Then she squeezed my hand, turned and was gone.

I ran into the darkness, groped for the



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oor of the car, and threw it open. "It's ll fixed," I cried.

Bill Evers said, "From what Lucy tells e, it doesn't sound fixed. Hello, Roy."

"Hello," I said. "I just this minute xed it. Ginny never knew at all. Miss lattie is the only one who knows the ory, so we're in the clear."

"On that score, maybe." Bill said.

I got in behind the steering wheel and id, "Lucy, I told you Ginny was okay. told you that all along. She's just a mple, genuine small-town kid."

"Yes," said Lucy, "we saw you over ere, necking like simple genuine small-wn kids."

"That was just a friendly good-night ss."

"I've experienced your friendly good-ght kisses," Lucy said crisply. "And by e way, what makes you think you can lieve her?"

"Why shouldn't I believe her?"

"You were burned once, remember. st I heard you hated all women." She aved her hand impatiently, and her tter voice said, "Oh, drive on. Drive n, you—you public toothbrush!"

I SAW Clyde and Ginny at the entrance of the building; a tall man in a black t was with them. I put the car in gear, rned and drove at a screaming pace vay from the airport.

"Take it easy, Roy," Bill said. "You d Lucy can squabble all you like, but t when my life is involved."

"Bill, that guy with Clyde is a specialist pulmonary diseases, probably from hns Hopkins," I explained. "Clyde s imported him to examine Ruth, so I ink we'd better get there first."

"He damned sure won't examine uth," Bill said, and added after a mo-ent's pause: "But I don't like that. Roy, y in hell did you pick pneumonia? The isis doesn't come for several days, and e Governor's schedule will be in a ess."

"What disease would you prefer?" I ked sharply.

"I don't know. You should have cked another one, though."

"I didn't have a Merck's Manual ndy, Bill," I said. "Now, look here, e've worked like dogs on this thing, and looks like we have it straightened out last. Don't come here and quibble."

"Sorry," he said. "I only hope you ve got it straightened out."

"Sure we've got it straightened out."

"Don't take those corners so fast." He reached across Lucy to grab the door handle for support. "All right, maybe you have, but there are enough loose ends to worry me. If McDonald can prove the Governor left his campaign train to fly here and hush his old school-teacher up, he doesn't have to know what the dirt was. He'll hint at that. He'll make it worse than he would if he *had* heard the story."

"He won't prove the Governor left the train," I said, with less certainty. "He's got Melvin Fisher checking on the hotels, but he won't find anything. Lucy, it's fortunate the Governor ruled out a hotel last night."

"How about cabin nine, Roy?" Lucy said.

"Oh, I doubt if Fisher would check tourist camps."

"Why not?" Bill's voice rose excitedly. "Why wouldn't he?"

"We'll have to keep our fingers crossed on that," I said.

"And how about Warburton Day tomorrow?" Bill said. "What have you done about that?"

"We called it off, Bill."

"The speech and all?"

"Yes, and, Bill, you'll have to knock a few days out of the Governor's schedule somewhere."

"Somewhere?" he cried. "Where?"

"That's for you to worry about," I said. "You worry about that, and let me worry about the rest."

"I'm not sure how well you worry, Roy," he said. "You haven't had my training."

"Oh, he worries," Lucy said slurringly. "About big moral questions mostly."

"Yes, I worry," I said angrily. "What do you mean, a public toothbrush!"

"Ease up on the accelerator," said Bill. "You're not mad at that, you know. Apparently it's Lucy you're mad at. Step on *her*."

"I am stepping on her," I said. "Putting her trivial personal problems ahead of the Governor."

"What trivial problem is that?" Lucy asked stiffly.

"Me," I said. "I'm your problem."

"Lucy, do you suppose we could change seats without wrecking the car?" Bill asked. "I don't like it here in the middle."

"So I kissed a blonde," I said. "That's what it's all about. A damned handsome blonde, too. Bill, did you see her?"



COLLIER'S "Jeffrey's insanely jealous, aren't you, Jeffrey? Jeffrey!" SIDNEY HOFF

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"Keep your eyes on the road," he said. "Yes, I saw her."

"The average man kisses 32,709 times in his lifetime," I said. "What's one kiss out of 32,709?"

"Where did you get those statistics?" Bill asked, with interest.

"I read it in the paper somewhere," I said, "or maybe it was the Kinsey Report. Anyhow, I kissed Lucy once, and the hell with the other 32,708. She's the girl for me and she knows it. I wouldn't trade her for 32,000 blondes."

"The odds are precisely 32,709 to one that you'll only kiss Lucy once," said Lucy.

"I'll take a piece of that," I said.

Bill Evers chuckled. "As a matter of fact, I'll take a piece of that myself."

"Besides, it has absolutely nothing to do with your kissing a blonde or anybody else," Lucy said. "You can distribute your lifetime allotment where you please. Our dispute concerned your middle-class attitude toward women."

"Not toward women," I said. "Toward you."

"Precisely," said Lucy. "Toward me."

"Roy," Bill warned, "you're doing seventy."

"We want to get there ahead of Clyde, don't we?"

"Yes," Bill said, "but on wheels, not wings."

"The trouble with Lucy," I said, "is I haven't had a chance to tell the woman that I love her."

"If you stop the car, Roy," Bill said, "and let me drive, you can tell her."

"I won't give her that satisfaction," I said.

"Lucy, when a cautious man like Roy drives the way he's driving, it must be love," Bill said. "Take my word for it." He considered a moment. "But say, this is pretty unexpected. Last I saw of you two, relations were pretty formal. Roy, stop the car!"

I pressed my foot harder on the accelerator and the car rushed ahead; a sign with a wiggly arrow proclaimed a winding road.

"Roy, you hear me?" Bill shouted.

"What does Lucy say?" I kept my eyes on the road.

"Lucy says stop the car," said Bill.

"Good Lord!" Lucy said at last. "Stop, Roy!"

I had the good sense to brake slowly, and brought the car to a stop at the side of the road on a curve. I got out and walked around behind it, and by the time I opened the door on the other side Bill had slid under the steering wheel and Lucy had moved over. She was smiling.

"Lucy," I said. "I'm not mad at you."

"All right," she said, "I'm not mad at you, either."

"And, Lucy, I love you," I said.

"I love you, too," said Lucy.

BILL put the car in gear and started on. He sighed and said, "As I mentioned before, this is so sudden."

The car moved on into the night, and Lucy at last was in my arms. Bill watched the road and drove in silence at a farmer's Sunday pace. It was not until we entered Hydetown that he said, "Kids, I've been counting. You only have a few thousand left. Better save 'em." He tapped my shoulder. "Roy, you can postpone your trivial personal problems until later."

He drove in under the porte-cochere, and said, "Come on, you exhibitionists."

I got slowly out of the car. "Bill, you and Lucy go on in and see the Governor. I'll stay here and head Clyde off. I want to have a talk with him."

"You're not planning anything drastic, I hope," Bill said.

"No, I just want to talk to him. Man to man."

"You mean man to mouse," said Lucy. "Or mice."

A light was burning in the garage and I saw a night watch of reporters playing cards at a table. I walked around to front of the house, and down ac the lawn to the hedge that bordered street. I leaned against a cast-iron s and lighted a cigarette.

Ten minutes later I saw lights t onto the street, two blocks away. moved down to the curb and was wai there when the car stopped. Ginny driving and Clyde was in the mid Nearest me was the tall man I had s with them at the airport.

"Clyde," I said. "I want to talk you."

"I'll do the talking," Clyde said. "T is Dr. Henry McBain. My paper sent him here to examine Mrs. Warb ton, in the public interest. Do we ge to see her?"

"I have no objection," I said. "N rally we'll have to get the permissio Dr. Arnold first."

"Is Dr. Arnold the attending ph cian?" Dr. McBain asked crisply.

"Yes."

"Surely, Mr. McDonald, you had permission before you sent for me," Bain said. "I've made a long trip."

"Where is Dr. Arnold?" Clyde as

"In the house, I believe. You can to him, but first I want a word with Get out."

CLYDE gave me a long look, then out of the car. I led him away the shadows, by the hedge. I had an jective, to steer him away from c nine, and I had a plan that was p vague and depended on how things w It depended also on Ginny Perkins.

"Clyde," I said, "I'm going to do y favor. Not because I'm anxious t you any favors, but because we've enough trouble and we don't want more. I'm going to give you a chan pull your neck in."

"Is that so?" Clyde said.

"You can bring your specialist i you want to," I said. "I'll call the porters in from the garage, and they be witnesses of it. And for that ma I'll pass out prints of the photograp Ego photographer took at the casin point up the part that personal ve plays in this. I don't want to do it way, but if you force me to, I will. let me warn you that you'll be in f shock."

"The hell I will!" he said. "Ruth burton's not sick, and if you let Dr. Bain examine her, I'll prove it."

"Up there in that room," I said matically, "where you see the dim it's a question this minute whether s last through the night. If you wa force your way in there with your ported specialists, with the reporte witnesses, all right."

"That's what I intend to do," C said, but his tone had dropped.

"But first you'd better get orien I said. "I learned just a little while what's been biting you. It seems have an idea there's some old sca here in Hydetown involving the ernor. Isn't that it?"

"Oh, stop," Clyde said, his voice and sarcastic. "You're killing me!"

"Clyde," I went on, "Ginny Perki a nice kid. I hate to see you make of trouble for her."

"What do you mean by that?"

"And I hope you won't hold it ag her," I said.

"Hold what against her?"

"Her making a fool of you," I "She didn't mean to. The kid t you're wonderful. I have an idea in love with you, God help her."

"You conducting a lovelorn clinic said harshly.

"She reads your column regu Clyde," I said softly. "I suppose told you that. Did she tell you she your photograph pasted up in her too? You've been conducting a spondence courtship with her, wi even knowing it. That's why she br

u here. She wanted to meet you. Pre-
re for the big shock, Clyde. She made
e whole thing up. There never was any
ndal about Governor Warburton in
ydetown. You ask anybody in town
they ever heard any. Ginny made it
, just to get you here."

Clyde sucked in his breath, said,
ou're kidding."

"Why should I be kidding? Why do
u think she hasn't told you the story?
ie answer is she doesn't know it, be-
use there isn't any story."

I could hear his breathing in the dark-
ss. After a moment he said accusingly,
ou offered her a job in Washington
shut her up."

"To get her out of Hydetown," I said.
o get her to Washington where I could
something of her. That's why I of-
ed her a job."

"Roy, you're lying through your
th," he said.

"Clyde, she's been stalling you, and
e's afraid you'll hate her for it. She
me to me and told me the whole story,
d I promised to help her out. So go
sy on her, will you? I agreed to for-
t the whole thing. I agreed to keep
ust between the three of us, and I think
u ought to promise the same. Wait
re."

I went quickly away through the dark-
ss, crossed the beam of the headlights,
d reached Ginny's side. I whispered,
et out," and held the door open for
r.

I saw her face, pale in the darkness.
inny, I'm trying to help you out," I
ispered. "But you've got to help me,
."

"In what way, Roy?"

"Back up what I say," I told her. "Play
ng with me, and I think we can close
s whole thing off so that everyone
l be satisfied, Ginny. Will you do
t?"

"Yes, Roy, I'll do what I can."

TOOK her hand and led her toward
the hedge, where Clyde was waiting.
the night we could barely see one an-
er.

"Ginny," I said, "I told Clyde the
ole story, but he wants you to confirm
You don't know any scandal about
overnor Warburton, do you?"

Her voice said faintly, "Oh, Roy, did
u tell him that?"

"Ginny," Clyde demanded, "is this
e?"

"Roy, you shouldn't have done it!" Ginny cried. "Oh, why did you do it?"

"Answer me, Ginny," Clyde's harsh voice said.

She whispered, "Yes, Clyde, I—"

"Ginny, I told him all of it," I broke in. "I told him you made the whole thing up to get him to come to Hydetown. I think he understands."

"But I didn't make it up," Ginny said. "I only pretended I knew when I didn't know."

"But you *don't* know?" Clyde said.

Ginny said brokenly, "Clyde, I'm so sorry."

"You put me in a hell of a spot," he said.

"But I was sure Aunt Hattie would tell, Clyde," Ginny said. "I didn't know she'd change her mind. How could I know that?"

GINNY had let me down, with the customary thump. I said angrily, "Suppose you ask Miss Hattie about that, Clyde. She's already denied that she knows anything, hasn't she? You ask *her*, Clyde."

"But I didn't make anything up," Ginny protested. "Clyde, I just fudged a little." I heard her sob and in the darkness I saw the faint glow of light on her bright hair. "Honestly, I didn't make it up."

"Ginny, why lie about it?" I said. "Clyde doesn't care whether you made it up. Nobody cares." I had to force the thing now; I had to brazen it out and impeach Ginny Perkins as best I could. "No harm is done," I said. "Admit it, Ginny."

Clyde said softly, "So Ginny is a liar, is she?"

"Ginny," I said. "Tell him the truth."

It was very dark by the hedge and I could not see Clyde's face. His bulk was a slightly darker shadow in the shadows. I could barely make it out, and a slight movement of the shadow was all I saw. I never saw his big fist coming. It caught me high on the forehead and knocked me back against the hedge.

Ginny cried out as I struggled back to balance. She tried to get between us, but I shoved her aside and lunged at the biggest shadow. I missed, and staggered into the hedge.

"Stop it," Ginny said. "Stop it!"

Another blow caught my shoulder and I swung again and hit something this



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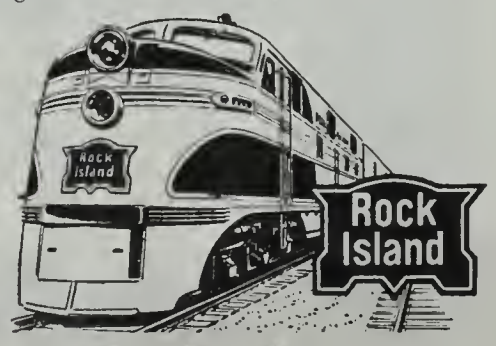
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time; my fist sank deep and I heard Clyde grunt.

"Please stop it," Ginny wailed. "Please!"

I heard Clyde say, "Get away, honey. Where is he?"

"I'm right here. Come on!" I said, and I moved a step to one side of where my voice had sounded.

"Honey, turn loose," Clyde was saying. "Turn loose of me."

"Don't fight any more," Ginny said. "Please, Clyde."

"I'm right here, Clyde," I said, and moved again.

His voice rose. "Don't hit my girl. Ginny, turn loose."

"No," Ginny said, and I heard her gasp. I saw a separation of the shadows; apparently he had pushed her aside.

I saw the bigger shadow moving again, and swung at it, then his bulk bore down on me. I was crowded against the hedge and he hit me hard on the shoulder. I could not get clear of the hedge and I tasted blood as he smashed my mouth. His whole weight was behind the blow and I went back into the hedge and fell to my knees at his feet.

"Get up," Clyde said.

I was dazed and shook my head. I mumbled, "I'm getting up," and started to push myself to my feet. He stood where he could hem me in against the hedge again and use his full advantage of sixty pounds.

"Clyde, stop it!" Ginny cried. "Don't hit him again. It's enough. Clyde, listen to me. I *did* make it up. I did. I did. I did."

Clyde stepped back a pace and his low voice said, "I'll be damned."

Ginny was sobbing wildly. "It's all my fault, Clyde. Please forgive me. I was silly and thoughtless. Please forgive me, Clyde."

I GOT slowly to my feet. My knees were weak and I swayed against the hedge. I put up my hands to protect myself, but there was no longer any movement of the shadows. I heard Clyde's deep voice murmuring uncomfortably. "It's all right, kid. It's all right. Sure I forgive you. Forget it."

I let my arms fall to my sides. I said, "Thanks, Ginny." I turned and walked unsteadily away, along by the hedge.

Dr. McBain was standing by the car, an interested spectator. He said, "Come over here and I'll take a look at the damage."

"I'm all right," I said, and went slowly across the lawn to the house. At the door I turned and looked back. The beam of the headlights shone along the street, but it was dark there by the hedge and I saw no movement. I opened the door and went into the house.

Lucy and Governor Warburton were sitting on the stairs, and Bill was leaning against the newel, talking earnestly.

"Roy!" Lucy cried. "What happ to you?"

I moved unsteadily toward them said, "It worked, Governor."

"Roy, you poor baby," Lucy's voice said. "There's blood all over y

Bill Evers whistled. "Did Clyd that? Roy, you look pretty bad."

"I'm all right," I said. "It was jus dark out there. Couldn't see a fi front of your face."

"Come with me, darling," Lucy mured. "Let me wash the blood off.

"In a minute," I said. "Gove everything is fixed. I've convinced C McDonald that Ginny invented whole thing because she was smitten his male beauty and the quality o prose, and I guess she was, at There's just a faint possibility she n be a good influence on Clyde."

"Pretty faint," said Lucy, and b dabbing at my mouth with her han chief.

"Anyhow, Clyde won't write any because he has nothing to write," I and pushed the handkerchief a "Even if he finds cabin nine, he nothing to hang the story on. Gove the incident is closed. Our worrie over and I think now I'd better go c my teeth."

"What about Warburton Day to row?" Bill Evers said. "What abou Governor's schedule? What about i two hundred and fifty straw hats sunbonnets and the big crowd to row?"

"So everybody's happy, Governc said. "Even Bill. He's back to low- worrying again."

"I'm grateful to you, Roy," Gove Warburton said simply. "I'm de grateful. I think now you'd bette Lucy make some repairs." He p my shoulder.

"This way, Roy," said Lucy. She my hand and led me through the pa She turned on the cold water at the per sink, wet her handkerchief and b dabbing at my mouth.

"That blond tramp, I'll bet she's cause of this," Lucy said fiercely a took away the bloody handkerchief rinsed it at the sink.

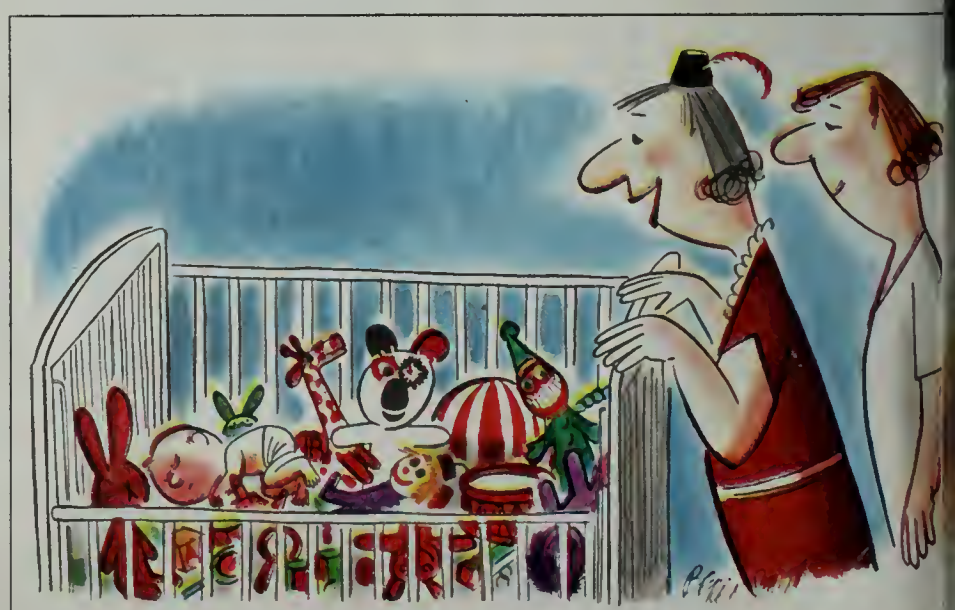
"She was the cause, all right," I

Lucy inspected my mouth. "It's too bad," she murmured sympathetic and the moist handkerchief g pressed my lips. "But, Roy," she "Some of this blood doesn't wash She glanced up at me. "In fact, it' blood. It's lipstick." Her tone wa cusing. "You've got lipstick sme all over you again!"

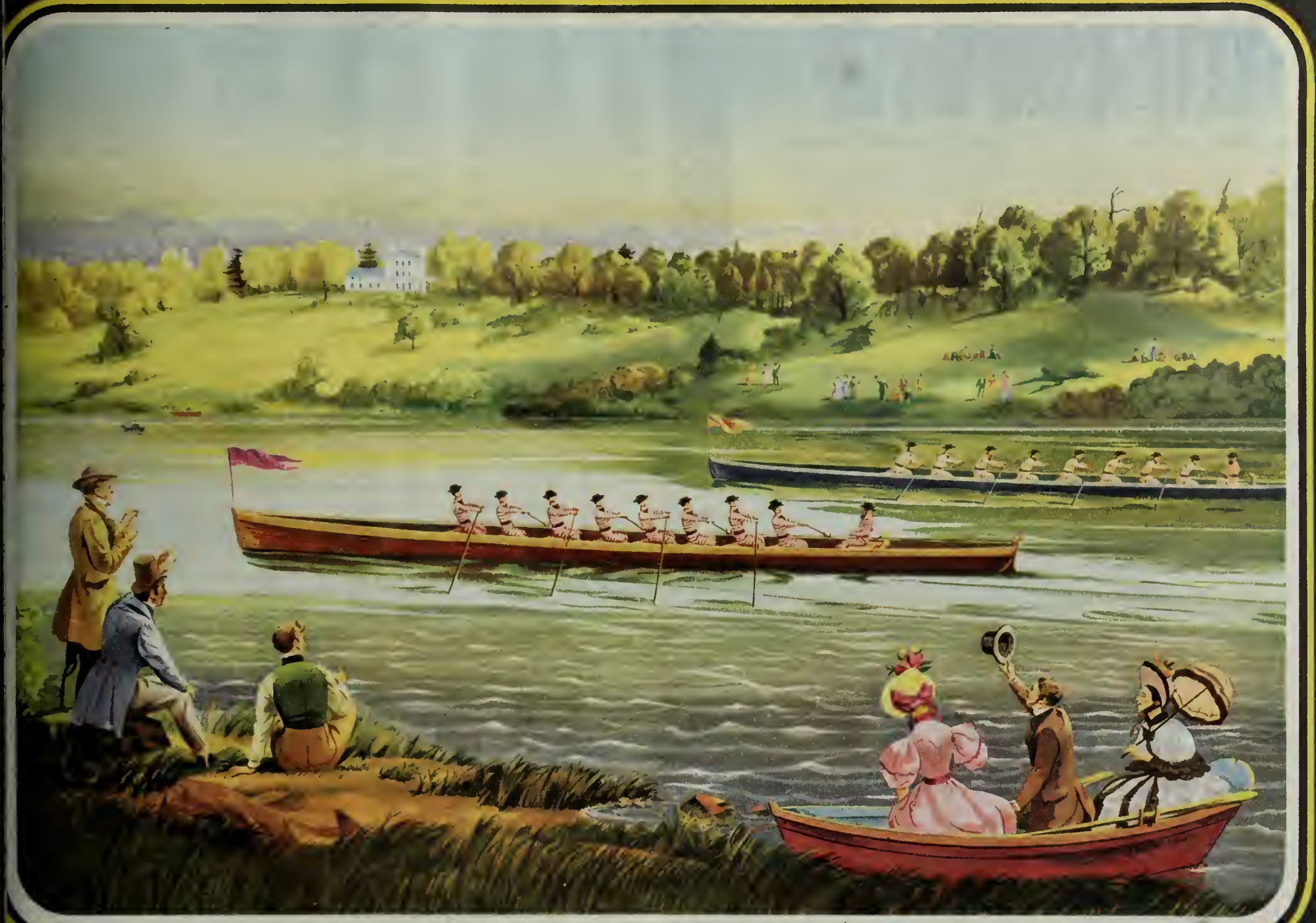
"If you look carefully," I said, "y notice it's *your* lipstick."

Lucy came near, moved with a sigh into my arms. As I kissed h heard her contented murmur, "So So it is."

THE END



COLLIER'S "Oh, I see him now" STANLEY BERENSTA



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MARRIAGE '48

Continued from page 12

second husband screwed into a ribald grin. "Yes, my sweet," his whining, teasing voice whispered, "one out of three will be divorced within the year. And with your history, my darling Lilith, I'm betting that you're the one." His voice came so close that her hands flew up to cover her ears.

The little blonde stared. "I hope I haven't said anything wrong."

Lilith shook her head.

"I was just remarking what a beautiful place this church is. You only get married once in your life, so you may as well have it nice even if you're not formal. What do you think?"

"Yes, indeed," Lilith replied absently. So you only get married once in your life, she thought. Evidently the young bride had not read the morning paper.

"Now, take this suit." Skinny hands plucked at the white skirt. "I can have it dyed and wear it a couple of years, so it really wasn't such a big extravagance, but I'd have felt terrible to be married in anything but white." Looking at Lilith's gray suit, she blushed again. "I'm awful sorry, maybe I shouldn't have said that. I didn't mean—"

"It's quite all right. I couldn't wear white anyway. This isn't my first marriage."

Still the girl believed she had been tactless and, as penance, offered admiration. "That's a beautiful outfit you got on, though."

"It's really quite old."

"Old or new, good stuff's always good. Anyway it's okay for a wedding. You've got to have something old on—something old and something new, something borrowed and something blue. I got an old bra on," she confided, "and my garters are blue and I borrowed my prayer book. What about you?"

"My gloves," Lilith said, laughing inwardly but not wanting to disappoint the little bride. "Everything else is old."

"Oh, that's a shame. You must've been in a hurry, huh?"

"Well." Lilith rose and crushed the light out of her cigarette. "The parson's waiting."

The girl lifted her white skirt. She pulled off a blue silk garter. "Here, take this. It'll be borrowed and blue both."

"Oh, no, I couldn't."

"Why not? I don't need it." She rolled her stocking deftly. "Then you'll have everything."

LACE ruffled the edges of the garter, and hearts were painted on the bows. They were ugly and in bad taste, but Lilith was reminded of the pale blue ribbons on the imported slip she had worn at her first wedding, and of the borrowed handkerchief tucked in her cuff. At the second ceremony they had been slightly drunk, but she had a borrowed raincoat over her blue dress. No, thank you, not this time, she thought, I don't want that sort of luck. But she could not rebuke faith by refusing the girl's generosity. "Bless you," she said, swinging out her hand.

"I hope it brings you good luck."

A handshake was too cold. Lilith leaned over and touched her lips to the young cheek. "Same to you, dear."

As she left she felt lighter, younger and more hopeful than when she had gone into the Bride's Boudoir. Even the chintz seemed less appalling. The blue garter was small but she would not remove it even when she was on the staircase with the door closed between her and the other bride. The slight chafing pain reminded her, not unpleasantly, of the younger girl's faith and happiness. For the first time that day she forgot the item in the morning paper, forgot fear and failure. She ran down the stairs.

Helen Wozzeck did not know wheth she would ever get her blue garter bac but she did not care. Could there be better sign of good luck than a goo deed on your wedding day?

To Helen this day was sacred. Eve moment had importance. She h awakened early and gone to the windo nervously, for recent mornings had be misty. When the sky had begun to glo promising a fair day, she had breath more freely and said aloud to h cousin's wife, "Happy is the bride t sun shines on." The family had dash through teeming rain to her oldest siste wedding, and within the year her sist was dead.

She had waited for this since she w old enough to see the neighborho brides honored in white satin, but tl reality was different from the picture her mind. She had always expected be married at home with the girls fussi around, Ma cooking a regular Poli feast, Pa getting drunk on his own wi and neighbors and friends dancing night in a hired hall. Different this formal ceremony was, but not disa pointing. No girl could ask mo glamor than was shed by the Lit Church in the Vale. The great advanta to her practical mind was that it c no more than a wedding in some gri city church. It was nonsectarian so tl people of different religions could ha the sort of ceremonies their faith c manded, and spend as much or as lit as they could afford.

GIGGLING and fluttering their t fetas, the bridesmaids return Through the open door Helen heard t tenor singing Oh Promise Me. "Lea it open," she said, loving the music.

The bridesmaids hovered, solicito questioning. Was she nervous? Wo she like a glass of cold water? Did know Bill had arrived? What sort fellow was the best man? She was gra ful for their kindness but she wished th would stop chattering. This was a n ment for quiet, for music, for dedicati A million years had passed since she w like the bridesmaids, curious and hope about each new fellow.

What if she hadn't gone down Ocean Park with the gang that night October? What if Bill hadn't been the prowling, looking for a good da partner? What if he had seen Te first, or Lydia or Mary? Bill had t her more than once that Tessie was his type, nor Lydia, nor Mary either, that he had known before he asked name that she was for him. Sh Morgan's orchestra had been playi she would never forget the music, that moment when Bill stopped still the dance floor, looked down at her the changing light and sang with music, "Eyes of blue, I love you."

She was still in the mood, dreamy slightly damp, when Mildred Wozz panted into the room to say it was alm time, Helen had better step on it. " other wedding's over. So fast yo think it was a race and they were ma ing the horses."

"Did you see the orchid?" aske bridesmaid. "A real orchid."

"You could hardly tell the bride the maid apart, except for the colo the corsages. If I'd've been her, I' worn something more appropriate," marked Mildred.

In defense of that other bride H explained, "She couldn't wear white wasn't her first wedding."

"A divorcée?" cried Mildred.

"She didn't say."

"A divorcée," repeated Mildred, joying the word. "You can't fool m know the type."

If I'd've been divorced, believe me, ouldn't have the gall-to rush right up the altar with another fellow," the nger bridesmaid said.

ut the older maid who had become rant since her own sister had been ged to leave her no-good husband come back home with the kid, re- ked gently, "It mightn't be her fault. u can't tell, her husband might've n a bum."

That's what they all say." Scorn was fat in Mildred's voice. "Marry and orce, marry and divorce. You'd think y'd never gone to church and mised to be faithful. You know t Stan read in the paper this morn- He read it to me while I was fixing kfast. Thirty-three per cent of them get hitched this year will be sepa- d by next June. That's a third of marriages."

That's no way to be talking at a ding," said the younger bridesmaid. Can I help what it said in the paper? e big shots, professors and judges, made the statement. Believe me," Mildred was cut off by a rap at the r and a voice asking how soon they ld be ready.

WAS in a dream that Helen went own the stairs, found her cousin Stan zzeck, took his arm and walked be- l the maids toward the altar and Bill. had planned to watch everything, eep her impressions as clear as snap- s in her memory, but she saw it all ugh a mist and heard nothing except e silences which she had to fill until faltering "I do." Nor did she hear music until it was an echo in her d. This was when it was all over, n she was Mrs. William V. Snyder ready to write her new name in the rch register. Abruptly she became scious of faces and flowers, voices, a in her hand. Proud to add her own he list of glamorous brides who had married in the church, she paused ead the signatures of the couple se wedding had preceded hers: ry Hancock Fowler, M.D. Lilith D. k Fowler.

ilith D. Clark Fowler had not re- ed the borrowed garter, but Helen not worried. In her souvenir box garter was as good as a pair, and her nct knew that luck does not follow od deed if the cost is counted. .

he slight chafing pain which had re- ded Lilith of the garter had ceased so she forgot that she was wearing ething both blue and borrowed. This t strange. She was always absent- ded at her weddings. But she had also her gold cigarette case behind.

e discovered the loss when they were seated at a glass-topped table in the patio of a Beverly Hills restaurant. Someone had let the management know it was to be a wedding breakfast, and the table was heaped with waxy white tropical flowers smelling like mold. Lilith's pocketbook lay in her lap and when she started groping through it, the others watched.

"What've you lost?"

Lilith shrugged and spread her metal and silk trifles on the table. "I'm such a fool," she moaned. "I've lost my cigarette case again, probably in that bridal room."

"Are you sure you haven't used it since?" asked Henry. "You've been smoking constantly."

"Your cigarettes, darling. What'll I do about it, Henry?"

"Isn't it insured?" the best man asked.

"I don't want money, I want my cigarette case. It's a keepsake."

Henry was a perfect lamb, not at all like a husband. Instead of fussing at Lilith, he told the waiter to have a bottle of champagne opened for the others while he drove Lilith through the canyon and back to the Little Church in the Vale. They found the place bristling with activity, the curb lined with new, shiny, expensive cars. Henry drove around and around while Lilith dashed up the narrow staircase to the Bride's Boudoir. On her way she caught a glimpse of the church which had been decorated with wreaths and garlands of white flowers, and two-foot white candles on the altar.

For the second time that morning she burst into the Bride's Boudoir, and for the second time found it occupied. It was absurd of her to be startled at the sight of a bride in white satin and a veil, but for a stricken second she was reminded so acutely of her own first wedding that she seemed to be looking down a tunnel of the years at her own innocent past. Of course she had been nothing like this glowing brunette.

"I'm sorry to bother you," Lilith began, "but I think I've left something behind and, if you don't mind. . . ."

"No bother at all. Perhaps we can help you find it."

"It's a cigarette case. In the excitement of getting married, I must have forgotten it."

The bride noticed Lilith's white orchid. "Were you just married?"

"This morning."

The place was simply swarming with bridesmaids in starched blue organdy with amethyst ribbons and a rather stately maid of honor in amethyst organdy with blue ribbons. One of them found Lilith's cigarette case.

"No wonder you came back for it,"



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9

she said, noting the diamond-encrusted monogram.

Lilith shrugged as if gold and diamonds were beneath her notice. "I cherish it as a keepsake, the only decent gift I ever got from my second husband." And with a second "Good luck" tossed over her shoulder at the bride she was off.

"Second husband," laughed the maid of honor. "Then this must be her third."

"It's not at all surprising out here," said the elderly woman in a clipped New England voice that showed all too plainly her opinion of everything in the West.

"Oh, Mother," wailed the bride.

"I read it in the paper this morning," the little woman said. "It's not my own opinion at all, dear. Some very learned gentlemen, scholars and jurists, have issued a report, and statistics show that in this part of the country—"

A bridesmaid who had taken off her big hat to comb luscious auburn hair interrupted. "You're wrong, Mrs. McAndrews—"

"My dear, I read it this morning. I was so nervous I couldn't sleep and I took the paper back to bed with me—"

"I read it, too. It said that out of every three marriages in Los Angeles County this year, one would end in divorce within twelve months, but it also said the records in other parts of the country are worse, and that it's almost fifty per cent—"

"Not where I come from," said Mrs. McAndrews tartly.

The bride laughed. "She doesn't mean Michigan either. Mother still thinks Detroit's the Far West."

"I'm sorry if I've been rude, girls. But when I married Carol's father, everyone in Springfield thought I'd be hunting buffaloes and shooting Indians way out west in Michigan."

"She means Springfield, Massachusetts," explained the bride, still laughing. "They'd never even heard of Los Angeles then."

"Nor of divorce," said the auburn-haired bridesmaid.

"Yes, we'd heard of it," replied Mrs. McAndrews sweetly but still with some acerbity. "But we didn't consider it respectable."

The unimportant argument had unnerved her. Now that the wedding was just a few minutes off, Mrs. McAndrews lost a portion of her self-control. As soon as she felt the tears crowding into her eyes, she walked over to the window.

CAROL followed her mother and stood with her arm about the old lady's waist. "Don't go back East, Mother. Stay with us. There's an extra room in the house and we're going to keep it for you always, and call it Mother's Room. It was Davis's idea."

Mrs. McAndrews wiped her eyes with a fine handkerchief edged in handmade lace and scented with sachet. "No, dear, you won't want a mother-in-law hovering about you the first year. You know what Daddy always said when the boys got married. 'Mother,' he said, 'it's hard enough for the first year, parents only add to young people's difficulties, let them fight it out for themselves.' That's what your Daddy said and even though he's gone, I abide by his decisions. Besides, you've got family enough now without me."

Mrs. McAndrews moved away from the window, returned to the dressing table and powdered her nose.

Carol remained at the window. The Venetian blinds had been raised, and before her she saw the fertile panorama of the valley. Above the hills the sky was decorated with letters of smoke, spelling out her bridegroom's name. She smiled tenderly as though she saw the promise of eternal happiness in the heavens, although the actual message was this:

DEPENDABLE DAVIS — BEST PRICES 4 USED CARS

She had never expected to fall in love with a man in the automobile business. Back home in Detroit the boys at dancing school or country club parties had, half of them anyway, been sons and grandsons of the industry. Even the most distinguished names in the business, names better known throughout the world than the names of presidents or princes had failed to interest her. She had dreamed of a romantic lover, distinguished for his talents, a playwright, war correspondent, or a scientist whose researches have benefited the human race. At college she had studied journalism, then biology, then dramatics. When she had persuaded her mother to come to California for the winter instead of going as usual to Miami, she had been thinking of all the writers, composers and actors in Hollywood and Beverly Hills.

The used car business sounded even more sordid than the manufacturing of automobiles. She had laughed at her mother for using a letter of introduction from her uncle (who was an auto parts jobber) to one of his customers in Los Angeles. Dependable Davis indeed! Seeing the name written in the sky and hearing it endlessly on the radio had aroused her most snobbish instincts. Nevertheless, her mother had presented the letter and Mrs. Davis Barnes, Senior, had invited them for dinner. Carol had fought with her mother about accepting the invitation and had to be bribed with a new alligator bag and shoes before she would consent to go along.

THE next day when her mother tried to fulfill the promise, Carol had forgotten all about it. For she had met Davis Barnes, Junior. Later he confessed that he had not wanted to stay home that night and meet some drip whose uncle sold auto parts in Detroit. Both of them thought this terribly funny, and were never tired of repeating the story. That they had met in this sullen fashion and fallen immediately in love seemed nothing less than destiny. And Carol changed her mind about the Dependable Davis announcements on the radio and the skywriting which now seemed as thrilling as the sight of her lover's name on the back of a book or theater marquee.

They had fallen in love before th half knew each other, so that their e gagement had been a stormy perio They had quarreled frequently, vow never to see each other again and go as long as thirty-six hours without te phoning each other. Once she had start for Detroit, but Davis had waylaid h at the airport. This made it more r mantic to think about, and she was gl they had finished with their quarrels b fore the wedding. Now that the day h come, she felt as secure as an old marri woman. "Mrs. Barnes," she kept wh pering to herself, "Mrs. Davis Barn Junior."

THERE had been much talk and to sion between the two mothers. Ea had wanted to exhibit greater love a lavishness in celebrating the weddi The only proper place for a receptio Mrs. McAndrews thought, was t bride's home, but since this was twen five hundred miles away, it would ha been impractical to make them all tra so far. As a substitute she would ha liked to hire the ballroom of the hotel which she and Carol were staying, b Mrs. Barnes insisted that this was vulg Her home was spacious, her gardens d tinguished by a number of flower sh prizes. And most of the guests would friends of the Barneses anyway. She w in the end, not because her plan w more practical but because she was clubwoman, an executive accustomed getting her own way. She agreed to Carol's mother pay for the wine, fo and flowers.

These were lavish. The house and tables laid in the gardens were decora with vines and blossoms: silver platt were heaped with lobster and chick salads, with *petit fours*, salted nuts, i and slabs of wedding cake like pav blocks. All through the afternoon guests poured in, and several times Ca caught herself greeting waiters with automatic smile and phonograp phrases, "How do you do, so nice of y to come, of course I remember you p fectly."

Davis was an island completely s rounded by floating chiffons a diamond bracelets. No wonder they w



COLLIER'S

"Veterans are so used to houses like that, we have to build 'em that way to sell!"

BANDEL LIN

Let them
e the Judges!



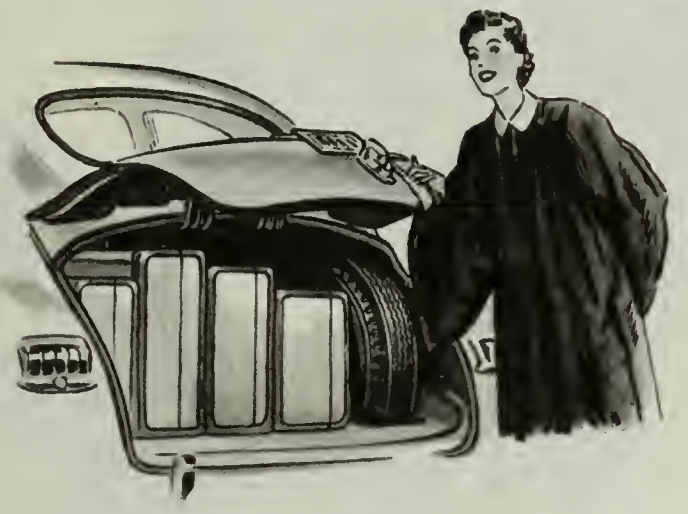
ying a new car is a big decision for a family. , in my little family, everybody has an equal e. That's why Mother and Johnnie went along me as we started out to find the one car that ld be the best car for us.



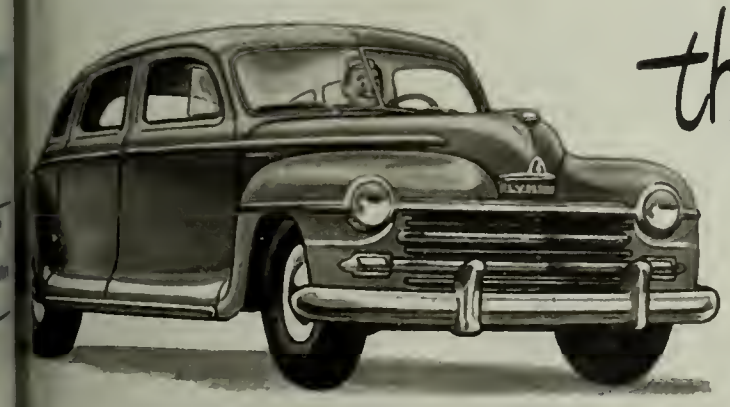
stopped first at the Plymouth dealer. That's use we know people who have Plymouths and tell us this is the greatest value car of them all. dealer showed us the new Plymouth Quality t and we had the facts and figures for accurate arisons. Then we took a ride.



"Johnnie went for the new Air Pillow Ride. 'Boy, are those Airfoam Cushions soft!' I could see that the seats were worth the slight extra cost. But all this comfort couldn't come from cushions alone. Those big Super-Cushion Tires must help, too—and they're standard equipment!



"Mother just sat back and enjoyed herself . . . kept saying, 'I feel so safe and secure.' But when we stopped, she got real practical. She saw the big luggage compartment. 'Why, the lid opens with a finger-touch,' she exclaimed. 'And it's so balanced that it *can't* fall down and crack you on the head.'



ce I do most of the driving in our family, I t say anything until I got behind the wheel. I got excited too. Why, this Plymouth was asiest-handling car I ever drove. The longer ve it, the better I liked it. After the ride, I d at Mother and I looked at Johnnie and w we had arrived at a verdict."

the Verdict



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shiped him. Even in morning coat and striped trousers, which looked more than usually ridiculous in a sunny California garden, he was debonair. His hair was the color of mahogany, his greenish eyes red-flecked. He was rather short but athletically built with good shoulders and a narrow waist.

Carol despaired of ever getting through the forest of chiffons and artificial roses, and she went instead in search of her mother. Mrs. McAndrews smiled politely as she heard a guest remark, like fifty other guests that day, "But you haven't lost a daughter, my dear, you've gained a son."

Always in the same voice Mrs. McAndrews would reply, "I've got four sons in Michigan, and only one little girl."

Carol had to get away from that, too.

AT THE other end of the garden, guests were saying, "But you haven't lost a son, Mrs. Barnes, you've gained a daughter." Mrs. Barnes' smile showed off costly dental work but was nevertheless chill. She had no other child but Davis, and her love was such that her husband had frequently to beg her to temper it with good sense. Mr. Barnes was a sane man, and he had warned Carol, "Don't, for Heaven's sake, try to be a mother to him. He's had too much mother. You'll be happier in the end if you're tough with him."

At last she caught Davis' eye. He managed to disentangle himself from the dowagers, to catch up with Carol and to lead her to the shade garden where his mother grew her prize azaleas. Even here they were unable to kiss in privacy. A group of his fraternity brothers, gathered about a table decorated with glasses and bottles of various shapes, were celebrating his marriage in a song dedicated to the honor of the University of Southern California. Like counterpoint woven into this robust chorus sounded the lament of a lonely soprano.

It was the auburn-haired bridesmai who had discarded her hat and corsag and whose amethyst ribbons and blu organdy looked as if they had bee dunked in the swimming pool. The gi was unhappy about something, but he plight did not arouse much sympathy.

Davis left Carol, seized the girl an clapped his hand over her mouth. "Look Babe, this is a wedding, no place for funeral dirge."

She bit his hand. "Every woman' wedding is another one's funeral, th funeral of her heart." She turned bitterl to Carol. "Until you came along—"

The best man took Carol's arm "Don't mind Betsy, she's had too muc champagne."

"Champagne," scoffed Betsy, pullin herself free and pouring Scotch into he glass as lavishly as if it were win "champagne's for swimming."

The others laughed. Carol could no She had not known Betsy until she m Davis' crowd. When she had asked th girl to be her bridesmaid, she had n known anything about an old love affai How tragic, she thought to have love and lost Davis. High above the peppe trees and the eucalyptus, planes dec rated the sky with his name. Signboar on every boulevard, spot announcement on the radio made it impossible to forg that he worked and dwelt here in the cit What sorrow for one who had loved him

She knew she was not to blame fo Betsy's loss but she could not keep fro thinking of the lovelorn girl. Whe Davis kissed her the bridesmaid's shado fell between them, and when he whi pered that he loved her, she seemed t hear the disconsolate song. Shadow an echo did not frighten Carol so much a they oppressed her with the tragic sens of loss. She loved Davis so much tha the idea of losing him seemed less pai ful than the thought of death. Ho could a girl who had known his love g on living without it?

(To be continued next week)

THE GLASS CORNET

Continued from page 27

to wilt. Suddenly he withdrew the spinning cylinder, swinging it in a long, downward motion into the pit beneath him. The end opened out like a sleeve without a cuff. The searing hot roller was finished, ready to be snapped from the pipe, split and flattened. Krosteson swayed a little on the platform, as if spent with the tremendous effort he had exerted. Then, with a last heave of his big shoulders, he swung the finished cylinder upward again to the guide.

But it missed, catching him off balance. Frankie gasped as the cylinder crashed against the brickwork of the blowhole. A cascade of glass shattered over the platform and into the pit. Krosteson tottered; regained his balance. The crash of glass was followed by a momentary silence. Then shouts rang out along the platforms.

"Put 'er in the hole, Ole!"

"That last bottle hundred proof?"

Krosteson stood silently, gripping the iron blowpipe until his snapper came and took it from him. He swept a hand across his forehead, and the sweat streamed to the floor. Then he walked stolidly to the ice-water barrel. If he saw Frankie standing there, he gave no sign. He drank and replaced the tin cup on the block of ice in the barrel. He stared back at the men on the platforms. Talk of the accident stopped.

"Pop told me about the cornet," Frankie said hesitantly. "I'm—I'm sorry I couldn't go yesterday."

Krosteson nodded to him then. "That's all right, Frank." He turned, glancing at his gatherer shaping the neck and shoulder of his next cylinder on the iron marver. He drew a deep breath. H reached to the hook for his towel an mopped his face and shoulders.

"Where'd you get the cornet?" Frank asked.

"Fellow in Los Angeles—" came fro the muffled depths of the towel.

"It's—it's the model, isn't it?"

"That's right," Krosteson said.

"You're still going to make the gla one for me?" Frankie asked fearfully.

"That's right," Krosteson repeated.

There was no invitation to come ov and help. No suggestion that he cou come and watch. With sinking hea Frankie knew then that yesterday h father had said something that had hu Ole's feelings more than he let on. "I going to the library to study tonight," I said with quick resentment. "I'll be b May I?"

"The door's always open." Krost son's eyes were bloodshot, yet full kindliness. He marched stiffly out to t platform over the swing hole, taking t blowpipe from his gatherer's hands. H shoved the spinning ball of glass into t glory hole for the first heat.

WHEN Frankie came into Krost son's kitchen that evening, found it looking different. It was cle and orderly. On the table in the breakfa nook there was a new multiple-jet g burner, with an array of new tips f working glass. There was a pile of gla tubing in a wide assortment of sizes a lengths. And there were tools—sug tongs with wooden ends and with cutti edges, pincers, scissors, marking co pass, punties and blowing irons, and

small marver. Set up on the tile sink was a clay melting crucible.

But most conspicuous of all was the silver cornet, suspended by two strings from the electric fixture in the breakfast nook. The cornet hung evenly, just above Krosteson's eyes when he was seated. He could reach up and measure every part of it.

"Oh—what a beauty!" Frankie exclaimed.

"The best," Krosteson nodded. "B-flat, silver-plated." He motioned for Frankie to sit across from him at the table. He rubbed his mustache thoughtfully. "Does your father know where you are?"

"He thinks I'm at the library," Frankie answered.

"You know your father doesn't approve of me," Krosteson said. "He feels I'm a bad influence on you."

"Don't worry," Frankie said. "He just doesn't understand."

"It does worry me," Krosteson replied. "Your father's right."

Across the table under the warm glow of the light, Frankie could smell, mingled with Ole's pipe smoke, the strong aroma of whisky on his breath. "Pop thinks if you didn't make so much money, you wouldn't drink so much," he said.

Krosteson smiled. "I drink because I like it. It makes the glass come to life. Sometimes," he added wryly, "even an ill wind blows good." He pointed to the cornet above him. "Do you know the parts of the horn?"

"Sure," Frankie answered quickly. "That's the mouthpiece, these are the valves, this is a slide, and that's the bell, and—"

"Good," Krosteson interrupted him. "And you know a little music, too?"

"A little. I can read notes."

"Good," Krosteson said again. He studied Frankie thoughtfully. "You will tell me about music, and I will tell you about glass. I will begin first."

He turned the cornet this way and that, talking quietly as he examined the parts, shaking his head over the problem of the valve springs, measuring the cone from the mouthpiece to the slide of the first valve, and from the slide of the third valve to the bell. He said that any glass development of the spherical form could be attained by blowing and fashioning by hand. He explained that the form given to a mass of glass before it is drawn out will be kept by the finished cane or tube, no matter how small its section might be. "This didn't come from books," he said. "I learned by heart the words of the masters I worked under."

When Krosteson paused, Frankie cried, "Please go on!"

"Glass and steel will give their names to the twentieth century," Krosteson continued. He raised a caliper, taking the outside measurement of the bell of the cornet. When Frankie looked questioningly, he said, "I will blow this long cone at the factory, all in one piece. Later it can be cut." But in a little while, with a tired gesture, he laid his tools aside. "You'd best be getting along home now, hadn't you?" he asked.

"I guess so," Frankie said, "but I don't want to."

"There will be other nights," Krosteson said.

FOR almost a month, nightly, on his way to the library Frankie stopped for an hour or so with Krosteson. He seldom stayed longer, and was always careful to be home by nine o'clock. The cornet now, he guessed, was almost half finished. Whenever he thought of it, a deep excitement spread all through him. Maybe there would be notes from a glass cornet more beautiful than anybody ever heard before. He'd be the first one ever to blow them. He could hardly wait for Ole to begin joining the many sections of the instrument.

But Krosteson did not hurry. "Making a cornet is no different than making scientific apparatus," he said one night. "It takes time." He went on to explain the special properties of the soft glass tubing, telling why its working qualities and appearance did not change with heating in the flame. "It is the addition of feldspar up to ten per cent that cuts down devitrification and makes the glass workable," he said.

Frankie sat, face in hands, elbows on the table, listening raptly, yet fearfully.

"Remember now: sodium—potassium—calcium—aluminum—silicate—" Krosteson enumerated haltingly, "with a little manganese dioxide to take the green out." His breath was heavy with whisky, his face flushed.

Frankie could not put away the alarming thoughts. Krosteson had been losing more and more cylinders at the factory. The men in his gang were dissatisfied. They predicted Krosteson would fall into the swing hole if he didn't sober up. Whenever he went to the factory to watch, Frankie heard their talk, but there was nothing he could do. He bit his lip and kept silent, watching the glass tremble in Krosteson's hands.

As the days passed, while Frankie's enthusiasm for the glass cornet mounted, Krosteson's gradually diminished. In the evenings Frankie often found his friend sitting idly, staring at the beautifully fashioned parts flashing in the light of the flame. Sometimes he would be



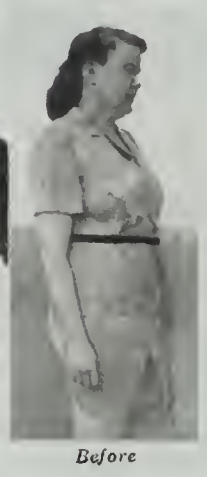
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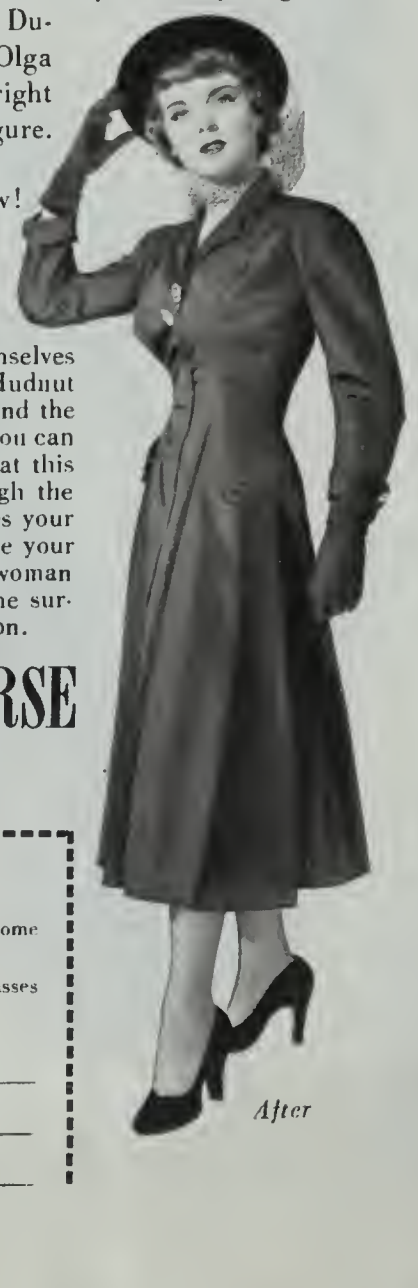
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grinding in a fitting, silently and interminably turning the pieces. The piston cylinders were finished and the piston valves were in process of cutting and grinding from glass rod. Their fit in the cylinders was perfect. With a very light oil, Krosteson predicted, the valves with their thin steel springs would work like magic. But as one by one the mechanical problems were met and surmounted Frankie saw the gloom about his friend deepen.

He saw it in the unkempt condition of the house, in Krosteson's almost rock-like taciturnity, in the watery redness of his eyes, and in the frequency of his trips to the bedroom. He would rise from the table, and without explanation go away. Frankie would hear a drawer opened, and in a few minutes slide shut again.

When Krosteson returned, the odor of whisky would be stronger. Sometimes he would say what he was going to do next. But more often he would silently pick up the piece he had laid down and go on working.

With all his might Frankie endeavored to encourage him. He demonstrated the perfect cornet form, and explained the placing of the lips to the mouthpiece in the perfect embouchure. He wrote out the scales and explained about the sharps and flats. While Krosteson watched him, he strode up and down the kitchen, right elbow down, left arm vertical, performing miracles of double tonguing and tonsil shifting. He did imaginary swells, breaks and runs. He crescendoed and fortissimoed. And he soloed in the greatest Cornet Concert Band ever assembled in the whole world. Scraps of glass crackled under his shoes on the linoleum as he paced up and down. Krosteson watched him with melancholy eyes and shook his head.

IT WAS only a little while later, in the late spring, that the worst trouble came. Krosteson lost his contract. He was still in the glass factory, but another blower was put on the "big hole." The management notice said Ole Krosteson was now acting as "consultant." But everybody knew he was finished.

At supper one night, Mr. Williams was glossing over the items in the paper. Frankie listened in distracted silence.

"Frankie, you've got to eat more," his mother said. "Can't you hold your head up without resting it on your hands?"

"I don't feel like holding it up," Frankie said.

"You should see him at school," Esther informed them. "All he does is dope around."

Mr. Williams drummed his fingers on the cloth. "I'm told you're spending a lot of time hanging around the glass factory again. I thought I told you to stay away from there."

"I can't," Frankie said.

His father frowned. "A glass factory is no place for a boy to be spending his time. Give me one good reason—"

"A glass cornet," Esther said.

Frankie glared at her and rose from the table.

"So it's that again!" Mr. Williams frowned. "I thought that was all over and done with."

Frankie clenched his hands at his sides. "Ole Krosteson had it almost finished!" he cried. "Then he got fired. He hasn't touched it since—not for three whole weeks! I hope you're all satisfied!" He rushed out.

"Come back here," his father called, "and ask permission before you leave the table!"

But Frankie didn't stop, and he didn't care if he never came back. He sped in the direction of Krosteson's house. For days he had been battling against the dark premonition that something terrible was about to happen to the cornet. Krosteson had been vague and preoccupied, saying only that he worked on it sometimes late at night. Many tim when Frankie had stopped by in the ev nings, he had found him sleeping. Oth times the house was dark. Now the d termination to rescue the glass corn from his friend's possession ove whelmed him. It had been brewing his mind for days. With his fathe words, the decision had come instan neously.

Running his bicycle along the pore he leaped up the steps. Flinging hims into the house, he cried, "It's me, Ole Frankie!"

There was no time for Krosteson put down the pint bottle in his rig hand nor the glass cornet in his left.

"Don't break it!" Frankie crie "Please don't break it!" He put out l hand protectingly to the long, beautifu tapered cone of the horn. "I thought y might break it," he said trembling.

THE light over the sink flashed in t crystal flare of the bell as Krostes drew the cornet slightly aside. He h been leaning back, his elbows resting the drainboard. He straightened no and as he turned, Frankie saw that t mouthpiece was ground and fitted. T water key, with its chamois-covered p and thin wire spring, was on. Krostes fluttered the pistons with his fingers, a the coiled steel springs inside the shini cylinders danced up and down. "So y thought I broke it," he said.

The hollows in Krosteson's chee seemed suddenly to grow deeper. Fo full minute, perhaps, he stood motio less. Then he lifted the bottle and drai The liquid gurgled in his throat. coughed and wiped his mouth with t back of his hand. He said impassive "There is no angle at the bottom of t mouth cup where it curves into the bo The length of the tubing and the prop tions are exact, but"—and now he look directly into Frankie's eyes—"it m break like a bubble. It could sound l a fish horn."

"Is it—finished?" Frankie gasped.

"I was going to take hydrofluoric a and etch your name in scrollwork on bell," Krosteson said slowly.

"Yours, too?" Frankie said. "Ple —yours, too."

Krosteson walked unsteadily to the ble, picking up the polishing cham and slowly began rubbing the inst ment. "We'll see," he said. "Perhaps initial."

As Krosteson applied resinous pa to the bell for the etching, Frankie ticed other things in the room for first time. Two wickerwork suitcases in the corner by the cupboard. Acr them was flung an overcoat, and Kro son's black derby rested atop the he

Frankie was sure now that Ole l been going to break the cornet and tl leave. He thought frantically: *He co —he might—still do it!* In his pa he struggled against snatching the inst ment from Krosteson's hands and da ing from the house.

"This will take a long time," Kro son was saying. "The acid must eat in think you had best go home."

Frankie saw the beads of perspirat on his friend's forehead. Filled with f and apprehension he came slowly to table. He put out his hand. The qu gesture brought his fingers to the sl ing pistons. But as they touched glass, something inside him was relea It happened as sharply as the splitting a hot cylinder at the touch of a thumb. He withdrew his hand and eyes met Krosteson's steadfastly.

"I'm sorry I was afraid," he said. long—until tomorrow." Without wai for his friend to answer, he turned marched stiffly out of the room. It the same dignified way that Kroste walked when he marched out to the p form over the swing hole at the g factory. . . .

Frankie spent the night in a tortur

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See the New Bendix Washer do an EXTRA job no other washer can do! *It even puts in its own soap!*

Free gifts . . . and a free show, too!

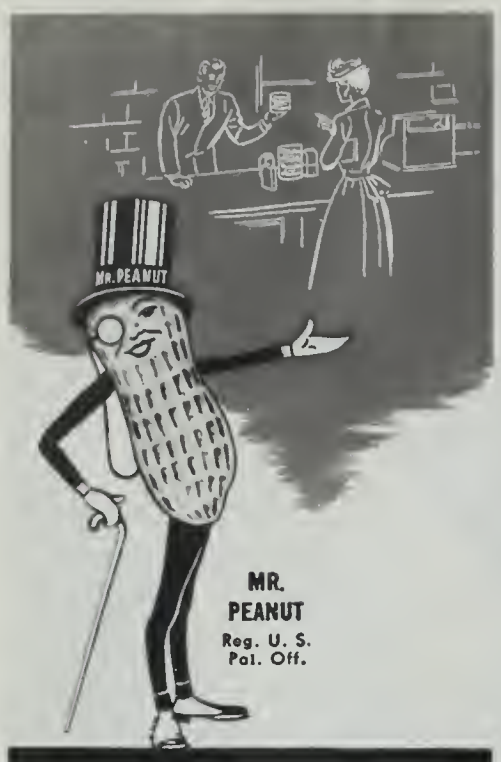
You'll be amazed to see this great new work-saving invention in action! It's the Automatic Soap Injector, and the Bendix is the only washer which has it.

Hard to believe, but this "mechanical brain" actually measures out the exact amount of soap and puts it in the washer at exactly the right time! So now the Bendix Washer can soap, soak, wash, rinse 3 times and damp-dry the wash—even when you're not home! Better see for yourself—today!

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BEND
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...S for Ward



If you want the most delicious Salted Peanuts - say "PLANTERS"



If you'd like to find out how good salted peanuts can really be, just say "PLANTERS" at your favorite food store. You can use them scores of ways. For parties and motor trips—for salads and cookies—they're tops. Just the finest Virginia peanuts—tested by the electric eye—then toasted and salted as only Planters—the world's peanut experts for over 40 years—know how to do. Keep several cans handy always. They're Planterrific!





Also say PLANTERS for a different Peanut Butter—smoother and richer in true peanut flavor.

•

These PLANTERS products are also made in Toronto, and sold everywhere in Canada.

In Half-Pound Cans



Street_____

City_____

region between sleep and terror. It was the blaze of heat from the glass furnace lighting up Krosteson as he swayed drunkenly on the platform over the swing hole that frightened him awake. There were voices in the kitchen.

"Let him sleep a little longer," his mother was saying.

"If he does, he'll be late for school," his father said. "After his behavior last night, I ought to punish him."

Esther said, "I'd like to see what would happen to me if I sneaked in a window."

FRANKIE leaped from the bed, hauling on his clothes. He ran from the bathroom, his hair and face still wet. "I don't want any breakfast," he cried. "I've got to find out something."

"Hold on here!" His father caught him by the pants.

"Ole nearly fell in the swing hole!" Frankie cried, struggling. "I've got to find out."

"You wake up!" His father's hand, whacking him soundly, brought him to a standstill. "Sit down and eat."



"Why, honey, if I forgot to kiss you goodby when I went to work this morning, it was purely an oversight! There's nothing I'd rather do, honey, than kiss you goodby—you know that!"

COLLIER'S — LEW FOLLETTE

The doorbell rang once, and then again. Mr. Williams demanded irritably, "Why is there a bunch of kids always here before we finish breakfast?"

"I'll go." Esther dashed up. "Can't people have friends?"

When Ole Krosteson stood in the kitchen door, Frankie leaped to his feet. His father sat speechless, wiping his mouth nervously with his napkin.

"It's—Mr. Krosteson," Esther gulped.

He wore a stiff high collar and a dark suit. He stood uncomfortably, with heavy dignity, grasping the hard brim of his derby hat. Cradled in one arm were two packages wrapped in newspapers. "I only stopped to leave these for Frank," he said. He held out the parcels stiffly. "I am going away." For a moment he looked at them almost humbly. "And I wanted to say goodby."

"Gosh!" Frankie cried, taking the packages from him. "Gosh all hemlock!" He didn't have to get the feeling of the tubing under the papers to know that Ole had brought the cornets, both of them.

"Look! Look!" he cried, tearing away the papers. He laid the glass cornet tenderly side by side with the silver one on the table.

"Oh!" Esther gasped. "It's—it's beautiful!"

Unable to speak, Frankie pointed to his name etched on the bell, and to the faint initials, "O.K.," so tiny they were almost invisible among the scrollwork.

"Say!" Mr. Williams exclaimed in admiration. "That's a wonderful piece of work you've done there, Ole."

"I told your boy I'd make him one," Krosteson said. "He had his heart set on it."

"But—the silver one, too?" Frankie heard his own voice crack upward.

"For practice," Krosteson said. "With the other one it's a question. You understand."

"Ole, I'd like to pay you for this silver one," Mr. Williams said. "The glass one is between you and the boy, but I'd like to—well—I don't feel right—"

Frankie saw Krosteson take the full measure of his father. "You can do me a big favor if you will take care of a few things I left in my house," he said gently. "The rent is paid. Maybe the boy would like the tools I used to make the horn." He sighed. "I am leaving suddenly."

"Where you headed for?" Mr. Williams asked.

"Lovell. There's a good factory there. They have wanted me to come." Ole Krosteson rubbed the crown of his derby quietly. "I think it's time now for me to go."

"We'll take care of your house," Mrs. Williams said.

Frankie pressed the mouthpiece of the glass cornet to his lips twice and put it down again. He held the instrument lovingly against his breast. He wanted desperately to tell Ole Krosteson of the joy he felt, yet in front of everybody, he couldn't.

"Blow it," Krosteson said. And Frankie saw that his friend's eyes were wet.

He moved to the door, the glass cornet to his lips, the bell tilted up a little. Outside on the porch he poised himself, right elbow down, left arm vertical, tube steady.

KROSTESON stood beside him. The others crowded quietly around him. He took a deep breath. The kids passing on their way to school stopped to watch. Krosteson nodded. A long look passed between them.

He had only his practice on the bugle to guide him. Closing his eyes, he blew the bugle call, as he had blown it a hundred times in the eucalyptus tree row and on the oil derricks.

The notes sprang from the bell with startling clarity. Excitedly then, unable to take his lips away, he played separate notes, pressing first one piston down, and then another, working on the combinations, blowing notes diminuendo, crescendo and sustained. Sometimes they spluttered and missed, sometimes they went good. Cheers and boos and handclapping came from the sidewalk. He blew until he was drained of wind and sound, until he wilted over the glass valves.

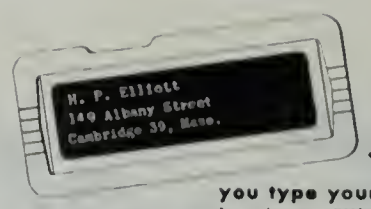
"Is good," Krosteson said softly. "Blow again." He turned his back on them and marched to his car at the curb. The wicker suitcases were piled in back. The starter ground loudly and a cloud of smoke billowed from the exhaust.

"I didn't thank him!" Frankie cried, tearing the horn from his lips. "I've got to thank him!"

"Play that bugle call again!" his father commanded. "He understands. Play it loud!"

He pressed the horn to his lips again and blew with all his might as the car at the curb shot forward. But his wind was exhausted. He held the cornet clutched against his chest and looked at his father helplessly. He saw his father start to speak, then change his mind. Together, silently, they watched Krosteson's car disappear from sight. And in that instant, Frankie knew his father finally understood about the cornet, and about a lot of things he had been sort of wrong on until now.

THE END



firs

you type your address in these Elliott Addr Cards with any standa typewriter.



Then you file these sten ciled Address Cards in these cabinets where they serve you just like any regular index cards—125 cards in each drawer.

When you want to ad dress Circulars, State ments, Notices, Bills etc., you slide the Ad dress Cards into this $45 Elliott Addressing Mach ine—one drawerful at a time. Each press of the handle prints a *different* address because each card pushes the next one to printing position.

Elliott addresses look exactly like typewriting and each Elliott Address Card is guaranteed for 10,000 perfect addresses. If your office supply dealer does not have this Elliott Addresserette, write to

The Elliott Addressing Machine Company 149 Albany St., Dept. 9-A, Cambridge 39, Mass.











THE WORLD'S BIGGEST STORE

Continued from page 19

runs of refrigerators, washing machines and other goods in which the only change from the regular models is the use of the Macy label. Macy's drug compounds sometimes sell for as little as a fourth of the cost of other similar merchandise.

As the world's largest retailing importers, Macy's operates a foreign organization with offices or representatives in sixteen cities all over the world. Their job is to line up merchandise for Macy buyers and those of certain other stores. Macy foreign offices frequently turn up minor miracles of their own, as when the expanded U.S. Army, threatened by a general outbreak of winter head colds, suddenly discovered itself virtually without handkerchiefs. Macy's cabled its Belfast office, and a million linen handkerchiefs were woven to strict specifications, stitched and sent on their way to sniffling selectees within three weeks.

New Modes in Japanese Pottery

Macy's foreign offices have made important contributions to trade. In Japan a Macy's man is credited with initiating the vast crockery industry there by teaching the Japs how to make dishes Macy's would buy. In Czechoslovakia a luncheon tablecloth and matching napkin industry was established at Macy's behest following World War I. When the tablecloth business languished Macy's switched the Czechs to profitable rug weaving.

When the war began, most of Macy's European offices were engulfed by Hitler but not before faithful Macy employees had buried records and equipment that stayed underground for the duration. Though it could do no business, a proud and ancient Macy's employee defied the Nazis and kept the Paris office open during the entire German occupation. A French vintner was loading 37 cases of wine ordered by Macy's when he heard the Nazi guns outside the city. He took the wine to his farm and holed it up behind a false wall in his cellar. At war's end the wine was unearthed and shipped to Macy's with an explanatory letter of apology for the four years' delay.

"I'll bet Macy's thought the whole 37 cases were lost," the vintner happily said.

When Macy buyers scurried back to Europe after the war they had to sleep in bombed-out houses, and forage for gasoline and food while they sniffed the air for bargains.

Macy men were the first postwar commercial travelers into Hungary, Austria and Poland, and in Communist-fringe countries they are now subject to the harassing tactics of the Soviets. Recently a Macy man, operating in a Communist-dominated Central European country, was required to go to Paris. In his absence his apartment was confiscated, a disaster of appalling proportions in some bombed-out cities. It seemed certain he would spend the next year in a cave.

But Macy men are tough and resourceful. This one composed a blistering telegram to the Communist mayor of his city, denouncing that official boldly and demanding the return of the apartment. Although his case seemed hopeless, he nevertheless insisted that an immediate answer be sent to Macy's Paris cable address. The response was prompt and apologetic. The mayor was sorry such a mistake had been made. The malefactor would be punished; when the injured party returned home his apartment would be ready. The Macy man was happy but aghast until he looked again at the message. Macy's Paris cable address is *Red Star*.

Though Macy's probably gets one of the lowest proportions of customer complaints of any United States store, the total volume (260,000 a year) and variety are unmatched anywhere. Macy's candidly acknowledges its errors and even takes full-page newspaper ads humbly to admit its shame. Invariably the ads get a sympathetic response: "Dear Macy's, You're not as bad as you say . . ."

Some mix-ups stem from complaints. A New Jersey householder ordered a flagpole. When it failed to arrive he canceled his order. Then he had one erected on his front yard by a local contractor. Notified of the cancellation a Macy delivery man arrived on the scene in the householder's absence, resolutely dug up the flagpole and carted it to Macy's. During the war a group of enterprising G.I.s, stuck on a by-passed Pacific atoll, ordered a set of technical books from Macy's. When they eagerly opened the package it contained several dozen pantie-and-bra sets, and no books.

There are a few Macy customers who are immune to just ordinary snafu. To them everything happens. The harrowing record of one of these, Author Frederic Van de Water, goes back 12 years. From his farm in Vermont Mr. Van de Water ordered a fruit basket for a friend. Macy's delivered it and then, for no discoverable reason, demanded the friend return it. When Mr. Van de Water wanted to surprise a relative with an anniversary gift, Macy's telephoned the relative to consult about the present, thereby reducing the essential element of surprise.

The store consistently refused to ship wine to him in Vermont, maintaining, despite his protests, that it was against the law, which it wasn't. One Christmas it sent books he ordered for a friend to him instead, carefully enclosing the cards he had written. Ultimately the friend got two sets of books and two sets of cards. A birthday gift for his brother was not delivered. Several defective glasses were in one order. When he sent them back, Mr. Van de Water was given others of a completely different style.

After these misadventures Macy's realized something had to be done. A special clerk was appointed to handle Mr. Van de Water's business. A supply of envelopes addressed to this clerk was printed and labeled *Important!* These were forwarded to Mr. Van de Water with a long and appealing letter explaining that everything would be different now. He was greatly moved. Then he looked at the special envelopes. They were printed upside down.

A Pinch Hitter for Santa Claus

Macy's will go to some lengths to rectify an error. Once a Californian wrote to order a Christmas gift for his grandchild in Boston. Instead it was sent to the Californian, who telephoned the store from Los Angeles on Christmas Eve in something of a pet. A personnel canvass turned up a Macy executive who was going to Boston for the holidays. The gift was duplicated and the executive delivered it personally, beating Santa Claus by a hair.

For years no single store had touched Macy's sales volume. Last year it exceeded $170,000,000. But not long ago Marshall Field in Chicago threw Macy executives into a tizzy by advertising itself as the world's largest. Marshall Field claimed 2,046,000 square feet. Macy's figures showed 2,012,000 square feet, a measly, humiliating 34,000 feet less. So Macy's sent surveyors to the four corners of the store to measure every inch.

While the publicity department held its breath they measured and remeasured interminably. Finally they brought in the news. With recent improvements in





AH-H-H!
...COMFORT!

...and here's the secret of buying comfort in shoes!

9 OUT OF 10 MEN who've switched to Ward Hill Shoes say Ward Hill Shoes... *Fit better ...Feel more comfortable...Break in more easily...* than the other brands they've worn previously.*

HERE ARE 3 PRACTICAL TIPS FOR GETTING SHOE COMFORT!

1. Wear the same weight sock you wear regularly, when you try on shoes.
2. Let your salesman help you decide your size. Don't rush.
3. Choose a shoe styled for *comfort*...like Ward Hill.

Write for name of your nearest store!
KNIPE BROS., INC., WARD HILL, MASSACHUSETTS
For over 60 years makers of fine shoes for men

(Treat yourself today to . . .)





Styled by
WILLIAM LEON KNIPE
No. 6339
on the
Commodore Last
Moderately Priced

*Results of a two-year survey conducted for Word Hill Shoes

KINSEY

That Noble, *Noble* Flavor!



Unexcelled because it's unhurried*

. . . blended with 56 years of experience and skill. Today . . . try Kinsey *Gold*, so rich and full-bodied . . . or Kinsey *Silver*, so light and mellow . . . and see for yourself how really smooth and delicious fine whiskey can be.

**Both 86.8 proof. The straight whiskies in both these products are 5 years or more old. Kinsey Gold: 35% straight whiskey, 65% choice grain neutral spirits. Kinsey Silver: 27½% straight whiskey, 72½% choice grain neutral spirits.*

and planned, Macy's had 2,132,000 square feet! A diplomatic note was then dispatched to Marshall Field's suggesting the impropriety of exaggerated claims on the size of their Chicago store.

Macy's spends $3,000,000 a year on advertising and promotion—some of which is humorous, much of which is penitent, and all of it sells. Sometimes Macy's ads create minor riots and at least fifty times a year the store's reserve police must be called out to hold eager customers in check. To give everybody a chance, lines are formed. It is not unusual, as was the case during a bathing-suit sale this summer when 10,000 buyers stormed the store, for a block-long line to continue from morning until night.

Macy's unusual advertising policies are as old as the store. When Founder Macy had hardly more than two shoestrings to his name he was challenging all comers in bold ads. During the first year advertising cost $2,800, proportionately twice as much as is spent today.

The Pixie Touch in Copy Writing

Some of today's Macy ads read like the work of pixies, a calculated and effective style perfected in the early 1920s by Poet-Author Margaret Fishback, then a Macy copy writer. One tiny and typical Fishback ad offered a cake tester two feet long. "This cake tester will come in handy," she wrote, "the next time you bake a cake two feet high."

The ad pulled 2,200 mail orders, 1,700 telephone orders and a total of 19,000 sales from as far away as Alaska. The store's stock of 350 cake testers was sold in a few minutes; the rest of the orders had to be filled at double the cost, resulting in a loss on every sale. But Macy's loved it. A new advertising style was being born.

Now Macy's advertising stunts range from a flying trip to St. Louis for several planeloads of cotton cloth—with advertising copy prepared on the flight home—to spending $2,000 to explain a mistake made in engraving initials on a child's silver cup.

The store was started in 1858 by a one-time sailor, Rowland H. Macy, who picked as his first top employee-executive a woman, Margaret Getchell. Today, women predominate on the executive staff. Today, also, Macy's in New York is only one unit of R. H. Macy and Company, Inc. This firm does a $300,000,000-plus annual volume of business. It includes stores in four cities besides New York with 14 branches operating [illegible] building, and New York's radio station WOR.

Macy's loves to rescue a customer in distress and during the war appointed comely blond personal shopper Vic[illegible] Adams—whose business name is Bet[illegible] Mason—to solve problems of men in the armed forces throughout the world. Men bound overseas entrusted her with long lists of complicated gift instructions, sentimental notes to go with gifts and enough cash to cover anniversaries for the duration.

At the peak of the war Miss Mason received 100 orders a day from overseas. Cruisers and battleships pulling into New York gave orphan parties and Macy's shoppers would turn up on 24 hours' notice with several hundred presents purchased (not always from Macy's) and wrapped. The crew of the U.S.S. Argonne sent its entire $8,730 Christmas list in 104 typewritten pages to Miss Mason. Scores of overseas weddings were outfitted. Notified Wednesday of a Bermuda wedding Saturday, Macy's got the bride's outfit there on time.

Never for a moment does Macy's stop selling. Nowhere is this more evident than among the scores of telephone operators who do Macy's phone business. Customers who call up to buy a couple of sheets or some bath salts are inspired to order kiddy cars and fancy groceries as well. Easiest to sell, say crack operators, are people who call up with complaints. One man, who called up in a blind fury because instead of the bedroom set he had ordered Macy's had delivered an infant's toilet seat, found himself the possessor of half a dozen shirts and a year's supply of underwear.

Macy's has been criticized for retaining as its symbol the famed red star which is also the insigne of the Red Army. Macy's picked it in 1862. The Red Army adopted it in 1918, with only a variation—a superimposed hammer and sickle in gold. But as the emblem of a highly successful capitalistic enterprise Macy's thinks it causes the Red Army more embarrassment than the Communists do the store.

"Anyhow," an executive remarked recently, "the red star belongs to Macy's. We used it first, and we think we'll have it last."

THE END



COLLIER'S "He thought his first thought today, dear" ROY WILLIAMS

LATEST WORD In Shaving Speed And Comfort



These Ultra-Modern GILLETTE One-Piece Razors

Combine Instant Blade Changing With Extra Shaving Ease And Double-Edge Economy

FOR out-of-this-world shaving luxury and convenience, get acquainted with the improved Gillette One-Piece Razor and remarkable new Gillette Dispenser. Packed with exclusive features that add up to the fastest and easiest shaves of your life, this great new shaving combination outmodes and outperforms all others.

The razor's notched positioning bar makes blade changing a cinch. Twist . . . the razor opens. Zip . . . it's loaded. Twist again . . . and you're all set to skim off whiskers 1-2-3! The Gillette One-Piece Razor is a top-quality instrument, precision-built to give you years of trouble-free shaving satisfaction. It can't jam or clog . . . never scrapes or pulls. There's nothing to take apart or fit together and you don't have to be a locksmith to put in a new blade.

Cleaning is simple. Just loosen the holder, rinse and shake . . . the blade stays in, of course. And, don't forget, Gillette Blades give you *two* super-keen shaving edges for double economy. That's the story, men. So, for *extra* speed and convenience plus *extra* comfort and economy, get an ultra-modern Gillette One-Piece Razor Set.

Gillette Safety Razor Company, Boston.

(All prices apply in United States only)

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Greatest Shaving Value Ever Offered

IMPROVED Gillette Super-Speed One-Piece Razor and Dispenser With 10 Gillette Blue Blades.

REGULAR $1.50 VALUE

$1.00

See Your Nearest Retailer.



IMPROVED Gillette Aristocrat One-Piece Razor, Gold-Plated, And 10-Blade Dispenser in Rich Traveling Case..... $3.79



IMPROVED Gillette Milord One-Piece Razor, Gold-Plated, And 10-Blade Dispenser in Case..... $2.75

look SHARP! feel SHARP! be SHARP! use Gillette Blue Blades WITH THE *SHARPEST* EDGES EVER HONED



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TELLS HOW TO KEEP PROSPECTS Reminded!



Mail coupon for this amazing booklet . . . a sales force of more than 50 "constant reminders" that work for you getting the business and letting you take the orders.



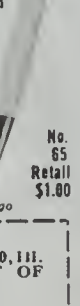
Give One Hand Operation
"AUTOPOINT" KNIFE

Press selector button forward to choice of three blade lengths. No wobbly blade. In varied colors, barrel and rounded end in two contrasting colors. Constant reminder of YOU, carrying your name, slogan or trademark.

No. 400 Retail $1.00

Pocket-Level Style
"AUTOPOINT" PENCIL

In modern, pocket-level style with rocker-action clip, trim in silvonite finish. Opaque pyroxylin barrel in white or yellow—shows up your name, slogan or trademark beautifully. Finger grip in choice of colors. Delivers years of trouble-free writing. A proved sales producer. Mail coupon.



Autopoint
BETTER PENCILS
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"Autopoint" is a trademark of Autopoint Company, Chicago

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Dept. C-9188, 1801 Foster Avenue, Chicago 40, Ill.
Please send me your FREE BOOKLET OF "Autopoint" Business Gifts.
☐ "Autopoint" One Hand Operation Imprinted Knife. ☐ "Autopoint" Pocket-Level Style Imprinted Pencil.
Name .....
Company Name .....
Street Address .....
City ..... *Zone* ... *State* .....

HOW THE REDS SNATCHED HENRY WALLACE

Continued from page 15

capitalism had a place in the world. All this was done in the hope of expediting and increasing Lend-Lease shipments to Russia.

Stachel raised the question of whether Wallace was to be backed "at all costs." He argued that further clarification was essential, and that action should be postponed until the orders from Moscow could be more clearly interpreted. The comrades were also concerned about Wallace's reported association with Nicholas Roerich, the so-called Guru. The Guru; letters were already being talked about in Washington, and we had received complete reports of Wallace's mystical adventures from our excellent sources of information at the capital. The Communist leaders, to my knowledge, had had certain underground relationships with Nicholas Roerich, and they were of the opinion that any admiration of his occult powers was a sign of irresponsibility.

Assurances of Soviet Support

After a few hours this worried group of comrades adjourned, and another meeting was called for three days later. Meanwhile Stachel and Bittelman were to obtain from Hans Berger a clarification of the Kremlin directive.

At this second meeting, held in a hall near the Twelfth Street headquarters, there were present all who had attended the earlier session. In addition, there were Gil Green, then head of the New York State Communist Organization, and Roy Hudson, then head of the party's labor division. Stachel and Bittelman reported that the party need have no further doubts about Wallace; that Berger had said that he was to be supported to the limit and at all costs. It was at this meeting that Bittelman made the statement that the Soviet Union would support Wallace. "For us," he said, "this is decisive."

Bittelman's statement settled everything. Immediately every man present became an enthusiastic Wallaceite. Earl Browder led off with a brief speech urging full and unrestrained support for the Iowan. He was followed by Robert Minor in a similar vein. Minor, who had always said that he would stand or fall with Browder, and who finally fell with him when Browder was deposed as party secretary, took occasion to hail Browder as "the greatest Marxist in the Western Hemisphere," a description that Bittelman greeted with a sly and prophetic smile. Other speakers pointed out that Wallace had "ever been a sincere friend of the Soviet Union."

As far as I know, Wallace was not told that he had been adopted as the darling of the comrades. Later the Communists had their moments of concern, for Wallace soon became, in his own eyes at least, considerably more than a mere successor to Roosevelt. A constant stream of reports on what Wallace was doing and thinking poured into Communist National Headquarters.

One report, transmitted to our Board by Eugene Dennis, said, "Wallace blows hot and cold; when Senator Kilgore, for example, has seen him, he is one way, but when our members get to him he is our way." Actually, the Communists didn't care two whoops about Wallace's views on the domestic situation. Their only real concern was that he should never falter in his support of Russia's foreign policy.

Nearly all of the public sentiment which developed in favor of Wallace during the few weeks prior to the Democratic Convention of 1944 was fomented and organized by the Communists, working under direct orders from Moscow.

Both before the Hitler-Stalin pact and in the period which followed Pearl Harbor, when the Russians were greeting the capitalistic Americans as brothers-in-arms, the party had been very busy. We had strengthened our position in many labor unions, and had gained a controlling voice in several. We had formed a large number of front organizations, and had infiltrated law and other professional groups and community associations. We had gained a foothold in Democratic party organizations in almost every state, and were particularly strong in Ohio and New York, and in California, too, where yeoman service had been performed by the Hollywood party unit of movie actors, writers, producers and directors. Wallace was our front man, whether he knew it or not.

From all of these organizations came a flood of demands to the Democrats, inspired by the Communist members, for Wallace as Roosevelt's running mate. *The Daily Worker,* source of directives to Communists operating inside other groups, gave impetus to the drive. Earl Browder told me that one editorial alone, published on July 12, 1944, had caused 20,000 letters to be written in two days to Democratic politicians, all demanding the nomination of Wallace.

Every Communist in the country recognized this editorial directive as an urgent order to get to work. They immediately began to stimulate their neighbors, associates and fellow workers to write or wire on Wallace's behalf. Nor were the farmers and the people of the small towns neglected. The rural campaign was placed under the direction of an underground agent of the Soviet Union who had been ordered deported in 1936, but was still here eight years later because Russia, where he was born, had refused to accept him. They did not work or write as Communists, mind you. Just as Americans—loyal Americans.

Minority Rule by Deceit

The Communist system of "stirring up" or "mobilizing" the people is one of the most effective methods of minority control of public opinion ever developed. Under the persuasion of Communist agents, thousands of American men and women raised their voices on behalf of issues to which, if they knew the truth, they would be opposed. I worked for the party in Chicago for three years, and we used this technique constantly. I saw clearly how it operated to deceive the American people and, as William Z. Foster, head of the American Communist party, said, "to frighten cowardly politicians."

Every Communist district leader in the United States receives *The Daily Worker* by air mail. He reads it with great care and attention. If he finds an editorial which embodies a command, such as the "suggestion" which I have already mentioned, he immediately calls his staff together, including the comrades in charge of trade unions, professions, and so on. Forthwith they flood Washington with wires and letters. Postcards are prepared on mimeographing machines for those who do not write easily.

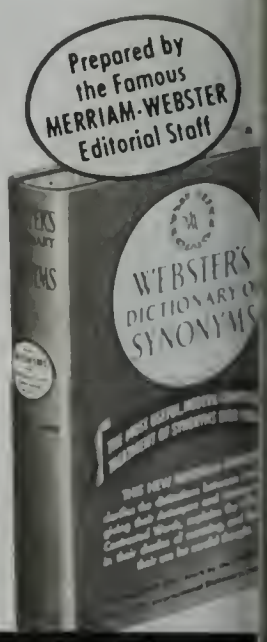
The Communists explained away the defeat of Wallace by stating they had been mainly interested in Roosevelt's reelection. They were not dissatisfied with what they had accomplished. And they at once let Wallace know that they had supported him to the limit of their strength. This they did by editorials and articles in *The Daily Worker* and

USE THE *Right* WORD IN THE *Right* PLACE

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er publications. These were called to llace's attention by Communists and ow travelers close to him. None re- rted that he showed any displeasure.

When the confirmation of Wallace as cretary of Commerce was before the nate early in 1945, the Communist ganization went all out for him to an n greater extent than it had before. It was during this campaign that Alex- der Trachtenberg told a meeting of National Board that "we are taking llace into custody." A few days er Trachtenberg made this statement, o Washington comrades who held high itions in the government told us that d progress was being made in winning llace's confidence.

Twice during the year that followed llace's confirmation as Secretary of mmerce, the Soviet Union gave evi- nce of its high regard for him. In ril, 1945, Jacques Duclos, General retary of the French Communist ty and known in secret Communist les as "the voice of Moscow to the st," published his famous article cking Earl Browder, which resulted Browder losing his job as General retary of the American party.

n denouncing Browder for taking o complacent view of "the trusts," clos praised Wallace thus: "It is wn that the former Vice-President of United States, Henry Wallace, has ounced their evil doings and their national policy."

he second public assurance that scow had not changed its mind about lace was in the nature of a rebuke he American comrades. In Septem- 1946, during a speech at Madison ure Garden, Wallace remarked that hought the Soviet Union should try understand" the United States. He promptly booed, to his great be- erment.

n its issue of September 15th, *The y Worker* sharply criticized Wallace. the next day, September 16th, the sian newspaper *Pravda* praised Wal- for having detected and opposed erica's "imperialistic designs." On ember 17th, several Soviet leaders gized Wallace over the radio.

n the 19th of September, William Z. er spoke highly of Wallace at a meet- n Madison Square Garden, and the munist audience became wildly en- iastic. Throughout the evening every mention of Wallace's name was wildly cheered. And at the plenum of the National Committee, held in December, American Communist leaders beat their breasts in groveling apology for the "incorrect and harmful" editorial in *The Daily Worker*. Eugene Dennis said with great feeling that it was "a serious error" and "an unpardonable mistake."

This was the nearest that Wallace ever came to having trouble with the Communists: since then there have been no signs of a rift.

The first official mention of a third party was made by William Z. Foster at a secret meeting of the National Committee on June 18-20, 1945. At that time Foster said the party's goal was a Farmer-Labor party, although the expression was deleted from his published remarks.

Soon after the Potsdam Conference, the Communists came into the open with their plans, and Wallace's ambitions and Communist schemes began gradually to coincide. In December, 1946, an editorial in *Political Affairs* urged the creation of "a people's party which will include the Communists." This editorial singled out Wallace as one who had "contributed a great deal toward checking the G.O.P. advance."

On December 29, 1947, Wallace announced that he would run for President as an independent candidate.

Another voice from the Soviet Union now began to be heard in behalf of Wallace. *The New Times*, published in Moscow as a weekly supplement to the newspaper *Trud*, is circulated in this country in a well-prepared English translation. Copies go to every member of *The Daily Worker* staff, and to every leading Communist. They search it eagerly and thoroughly for directives. They found an important one in the issue of January 21, 1948—a leading article praising Wallace, advocating his election as President and proclaiming the Progressive Citizens of America to be the sole remaining "progressive political organization in the United States."

The Progressive Citizens of America was Communist controlled from the beginning, and several prominent citizens who had been induced to join resigned as soon as they found what they had got into. The National Citizens Political Action Committee and the Independent Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions, which merged to form the P.C.A., were likewise Communist line organizations. In fact, the Independent Committee was conceived in my office at *The Daily Worker*. The work of organization was largely done by fellow travelers, and the party didn't appear at all.

Every American who has read the newspapers or listened to the radio should know what happened at the nominating convention of the Progressive party in Philadelphia last July, when the job of "taking Wallace into custody" was completed. The Wallace campaign has been a masterpiece of Communist chicanery and shenanigans. Through it all has moved with stately tread the figure of Henry Wallace, his graying hair tousled, his speeches and public statements filled with confusion, misinformation and pious platitudes. He is securely confident that he is destined to be the leader of America. And even an occasional Communist will tell you, wonderingly, that he hasn't the slightest idea he is being used. I know. I helped to take Henry into custody.

This is the first of a series of articles on the activities of the Communist party of the United States. The second article will appear in an early issue.

OUNCE OF PREVENTION



NECESSARY EVILS

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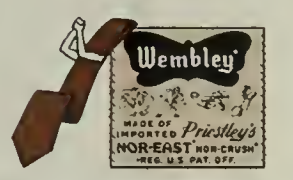
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Collier's
SHORT SHORT

Duffy Takes A Hand

By JEROME BRONDFIEL

DUFFY, the doorman at Eight Eighty One, touched his cap respectfully as Mrs. Roland Gardner approached. "I'd like to talk to you for a moment, Duffy," she said.

"Yes, ma'am," Duffy answered politely. A tall man, he inclined his head slightly as she spoke.

"I have a request to make of you," she began. "It may surprise you, but it's important, and I want you to treat it with strictest confidence—"

"Of course, ma'am."

She shifted the mink scarf on her shoulder. "I'm afraid Ginny has been seeing too much of a certain young man. I've taken steps to put an end to the situation but it's going to take a little time. I'm quite sure you know who I mean."

"I believe I do, ma'am."

"Good. Now, whenever possible I want to know when she is seeing him. I don't think he'll be calling for her but he'll probably be bringing her home. That's where you come in, Duffy. I want you to let me know whenever you see him here." She flashed a quick, frozen smile. "I'm going to count on you, Duffy."

"I understand, ma'am," he said easily.

"That's fine." She stepped into the foyer.

Duffy resumed his post, watching the cars and the taxis stream past on Park Avenue. He wasn't the least bit surprised. After twenty-five years on the job there was little he didn't know about the eddying human currents of Eight Eighty One, nor was there anything that could startle him. It wasn't the first time someone had dragged him into a personal intrigue.

Usually Duffy could roll with the punch but this time he felt it where it hurt. He lifted his cap and ran his fingers contemplatively through his curly gray hair. A wonderful kid. Ginny Gardner. He wondered how someone like Mrs. Roland Gardner rated a daughter like that.

Duffy could remember when they'd brought her home from the hospital twenty years ago. He'd watched her grow—take her first steps—ride off to Central Park on her first bike. He'd given her pennies for her bank. Yes, there'd even been a time when he'd spanked her for sticking chewing gum all over the elevator.

She'd grown up fast, all right, and first thing he knew she was introducing him to friends from finishing school, and to her dates. Duffy liked to imagine he could see outright affection in her lovely blue eyes when she'd present him as "one of the swellest guys in the world," or her "favorite Dutch uncle."

The night she made her debut she had planted a kiss on his cheek as she swept out, a vision in white and ice blue. His Ginny—and now her mother was doing her best to keep her from being happy. Not only that but she expected him to help—

Knowing Laura Gardner, Duffy could understand why young Tom Kellogg wasn't very eligible as a prospective son-in-law. He had no family pedigree, no money, no entree to the better circles. And a middle-rung job with an air line, so far as Laura Gardner was concerned, wasn't an acceptable substitute for any of them.

But they were wonderful kids, those two, and Duffy got a great kick out of watching them walk over to Madison or Lexington for a bus or subway on their way to the movies or theater. (Balcony seats.) Seldom a cab. Once in a while he was able to borrow his brother's venerable convertible for something special like a drive in the country.

No, Duffy wouldn't worry about them making a go of it. A burning resentment began to build up within him as he considered Laura Gardner's request. It was all wrong, shamefully wrong, and he wished he could somehow take a silent hand in protest.

Two weeks later, shortly after noon on a Saturday, she approached him again. "Anything, Duffy?"

He shook his head. "Nothing, ma'am."

"She's been seeing him. I know she has."

"Perhaps they've been meeting someplace."

"Quite likely." She opened her purse. "You'll report to me, however," she said, handing him a folded bill.

With his infallible manners he did not look at it, putting it immediately into his pocket. "Of course, ma'am. Thank you."

After she had stepped into her taxi Duffy took a look at the twice-folded bill. It was a twenty. He smiled faintly. She really wanted to be sure of his co-operation.

IT WAS perhaps a half hour later when Duffy saw the convertible pull around the corner and park at the end of the building. Tom Kellogg was alone. Then Duffy saw Ginny coming out of the building. She had a large suitcase in one hand and a hatbox in the other. Duffy sprang forward to help her, but she smiled and shook her head, and Duffy immediately realized why.

"I'll get 'em, Duffy," Tom was saying as he got out of the car.

"So—" Duffy said, looking at them sharply.

"We're eloping, Duffy," Ginny said simply, "but you haven't seen us at all." Then with a quick shake of her head she said, "You don't think it's wrong, do you?"

"You're asking me?" Duffy said softly.

She nodded. Tom had slipped his hand through her arm, as though he wanted to get going.

Duffy didn't have to think very long or hard. "It's wonderful," he said. "You can't miss."

She gave a tiny chirp of delight and Kellog grinned. "Thanks, Duffy," she said.

"You won't have any trouble?" he blurted.

"Trouble?" Her voice rose on the word. "Getting married—or with Mother?"

"Both, now that you mention it."

"I think I'm old enough and wise enough t know what I'm doing," she said. "And we don need a waiting period where we're going to be mar ried." She looked up at Tom. "We're sorry Mother is hurt by this but there'll be nothing sh can do about it. Nothing." There was a finalit about it that told Duffy all he needed to know.

"Bless you both," he said. And then, in a bur of inspiration that left him tingling slightly, Duff thought of something. "Ginny, darling," he sai "I'd feel very proud and pleased if"—he smile broadly—"if you'll let me be the first to give you wedding present."

"Oh, Duffy," she began. But he'd already reache for the twenty-dollar bill. "Get something real ni —something you'll have around for a long time t remember me, sorta." He took her hand ar pressed the folded bill into it. For one bad secor Duffy thought she might refuse it, but she was tc genuinely decent and considerate.

"Thanks, so much, Duffy," she said softly. "It so sweet of you."

Then they were gone and Duffy watched the c travel south on Park. Before it got out of sight l began to smile to himself. So Laura Gardn wanted him to turn them in, did she? Slipped hi a twenty to make sure. Duffy chuckled as h began to look forward to the whopping big lie he be telling. ★★

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Duffy could understand why young Tom Kellogg wasn't very eligible as a prospective son-in-law

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THE WEDDING PRESENT

Continued from page 17

have been, too, because the farm he's on—not that anyone ever farmed it—is called Baviaansfontein—baboon spring.

"The spring's just near his hut, that's where he gets his water. The farm behind is called Baviaansberg. Baboon Mountain is a good name for it, too, because most of it is in the vertical plane and fine for baboons and rock rabbits, and a few klipspringer and the like. A wild place, indeed, but beautiful with protea shrubs and ferns, with flowers and wild birds."

"Birds," Mr. Herbert said, "birds."

"Some people like them," the third man said.

"I do," Herbert said. "A nice plump partridge, now that takes some beating." He made a little tight, round gesture in front of his stomach to describe a partridge's breast, and said, "And hung just right. Not too high and not too fresh. An' brown with a strip of bacon over it, and nice fresh water cress and mashed potato."

THE barman said, "Baboons, nothing but talk of baboons in here now. Baboons, bavians, *bobbejaans*—English, *Afrikaans*—it's the same every night and I'm sick of it. Just because a man goes to live in the berg."

"There's lots of men living in caves in Table Mountain. Bergies, they call 'em. And women too." Mr. Herbert turned to the third man. "My name's 'Erbert," he said.

"And mine is Clarke," said the other.

"Clarke? Any relation—?"

"Yes. That's why I'm here. I'm his uncle."

"Very tragic," I said. "I mean it must be terrible for the family."

"I don't know," Mr. Clarke said. "I really don't know. It might be worse, you know. No real harm in it, after all—"

"Harm," Herbert snorted, "maybe there is no harm in it, but if he was my nephew—"

"You're from these parts yourself?" Mr. Clarke inquired.

"Me?" said Mr. Herbert. "Certainly not. I couldn't live in a dead-and-alive hole like this. No lights, no pictures, no young ladies. No," he said, "I come through here once every six weeks. I'm a traveler, I am, a salesman." He produced cards and handed them around. "Keep them," he said. "Mr. Alfred Herbert. Representing Steeger and Company, 52 Bond Street, Cape Town. Old firm. Soft goods. Nothing but the best. 'Bestest and softest,' that's what I say—soft goods for soft limbs—and I like the business. Plenty of young ladies, my line," he said. "Plenty; and they like the things I've got to sell." He held invisible panties up in front of his paunch and simpered.

Mr. Clarke said, "He might have gone to prison, for instance—been a criminal, or taken to drink, or got some girl into trouble. No," he said, "that's what I told his mother. It might be much worse. It's just a revulsion from people. He wants to be alone. Pamela understands it."

"Who's she?" I said.

"Girl he's engaged to. Beautiful girl, beautiful."

"Well if I was engaged to a beautiful girl—" Mr. Herbert said.

"Quite, Mr. Herbert," Clarke said. "Quite. But then it takes all sorts to make a world, does it not?"

"Not monkey lovers, it doesn't," Herbert said. "And give me another brandy, Willy."

"I'm a journalist, Mr. Clarke," I said. "I wonder if you'd tell me—"

"We don't want any more publicity," he said.

"All right," I said. "Off the record. then. I'm interested—curious—and c osity is the basis of knowledge—it boils down to curiosity in the end. how did it all begin, Mr. Clarke? I m was there anything in his childhood-

"That is what we have all been thi ing about. Things that might exp it."

"And?"

"And there are certain factors wh seem to add up. I'm even responsible it, anyway, which is why I've come talk to him. Not an easy job."

"Talk to him?" I said. "Where?"

"Here. He comes here every Fri for provisions. And so I said I'd co and bring Pam."

"Where is she?" Herbert said. like to see her."

"Out in the car. Ladies aren't allo at the bar in South Africa, you kno

"You were saying it was your fau I said.

"Only in a way," Mr. Clarke s "But when he was about six I was Namaqualand and just as I was on way back I met a Boer with a b baboon. 'Want to buy the *klein b bejaan?*' he said. And I said, 'No, w would I do with it?' And he said, 'F for the kids, Mister,' and then I thou of Nobby. He always expected me bring him something strange, whe went on a trip."

"So you called him Nobby even w he was a kid," Herbert said.

"We were all called Nobby," Clarke said. "His dad, me and my o brother. All Clarkes seem to be. V confusing sometimes."

"See?" Herbert said to me. "Just w I said, like redheads being called Re America."

"Yes," I said.

MR. CLARKE went on, "I thou Nobby'd like him. Mad about mals, he was. So I bought him for bob. Well, he did like him. They wer thick as thieves, those two, never each other. Find 'em in bed toge unless they were watched. Frighte his mother out of her life—"

"Treacherous, eh?" Mr. Herbert s

"Treacherous? Certainly not, Herbert. But the baboon would him climbing. Led him up the big tree at the back of the house and two of them sat there, sixty foot up, their arms about each other, and El that's my sister-in-law, his mother—w and wrung her hands. 'All your fa she said and I said, 'Don't let him you're frightened. Make him nerv

" 'Frightened, you silly fool,' she and then she slapped my face. nerves. Very nervous women are al their children."

"Bachelor," I said.

"Yes," he said. "Anyway when did come down—and they only c because they were hungry—Nobby 'It's nice up there, swaying and loo out over the hills.' His mother cov her face with her hands and begat cry. He wanted us all to come up him and Bobby—that was the babo name—and see how nice it was. what was I saying?"

"About what his mother wanted w they did come down."

"Oh, yes, she wanted Bobby sho said, 'You couldn't do that,' and hi ther agreed with me. 'You see,' I 'if you did that it would be murde the boy and he'd never forgive us.'

" 'He's only six,' his mother said, just a little boy, he'd forget.'

" 'That's just it,' I said, 'he's a Kill that baboon,' I said, 'and you'l something in your son.'

" 'Then what shall I do?'

" 'Tell him it's all right. That it

onderful up there but that you don't heights. And ask him not to go too But you'll never keep those two on ground.'

o she did what we said, and they promised. There was a sort of arement between Ella and Nobby and baboon not to go too high—only as as the roof, and that was bad gh. Of course, afterward he joined Alpine Club and became quite well vn as a climber. So there you have he said. "The baboon's my fault, because of him he learnt to like oing; and because he liked climbing being high up, he grew to love re—the birds and the flowers, the and the rock rabbits. There's only nimal he doesn't like," Clarke said. What's that?" I asked.

Dogs," he said.

omething wrong with a man who not like dogs," Herbert said.

Why doesn't he?" I said. "Bitten as ld?"

No," Mr. Clarke said. "He says they oo slavish, for one thing. That they t real animals; been selected by for too long. And they chase things. oesn't like things to be chased."

Had a wonderful ratter once," Her- said. "Fox terrier called Tiger. white with a spot over one eye. ybody said, well, why didn't you im Spot? And I said no originality that's why. I'm an original, I am—"

Nobby's all right," the barman inter- d, "even if he is a little touched in ead. So might anybody be, after he's done and what's been done to But I'm sick of baboons. Today y, yesterday it was the trap man."

Who's he?" Herbert asked.

Man who's been making traps to baboons for the farmers round t. Quite an argument, there was, t them being humane or not."

hope he doesn't come tonight," Mr. e said. "Might be trouble. Nobby's st traps and all that."

told him not to come," the barman "I said, 'The baboon man's ng'—that's what we call Nobby. es to fetch his groceries, so you'd r not be around. Might be trouble.' e were my very words. And he 'Baboon man, who's he? Like to him.' So I told him the story and e said was, 'Must be crackers, that r—nuts.' And I said, 'Most of us is about something—fishing, or golf ls—'"

"Girls," Herbert said. "Mad about the girlies, that's me. And they're mad about me."

"That's right," the barman said. "Always letters from girls waiting for him here."

"Waiting for me everywhere," Mr. Herbert said. He turned as the door opened.

"Scented," the barman said. "That's how I know. I smell 'em." He looked up at the newcomer and said, "Well, gentlemen, there he is."

THE man came up to the bar, and the barman said to him, "I thought I told you not to come. We don't want trouble here and this is Mr. Nobby's night. We like him in these parts and don't want 'im upset."

"Very kind of you," Mr. Clarke said.

"Nothing at all," the barman said. "We like him and he likes us."

"And the baboon?" Mr. Herbert said.

"Likes everybody," the barman said.

"That shows 'e's off 'is 'ead," Herbert said. "Proves it."

"My name's Fenton," the stranger said, looking from Herbert to Clarke. "I'm here trapping baboons. I've invented a simple trap. I put one up for a farmer and he pays me for doing it and gives me a reward for the first ten baboons I catch. That's as well as the government reward."

"What sort of trap is it?" Mr. Clarke asked.

"Just a strong wire cage with two or more compartments, each six by six by four. I bait it with oranges or mealies."

"We call that corn in the States," Herbert said, "and very nice it is, too—green, with plenty of butter and salt."

"When they eat the bait," Fenton went on, "the door falls and they're caught."

"Then what do you do?"

"Shoot 'em with a two two."

"Must be fun," Herbert said.

"The argument," Fenton went on, "was that it was cruel because they might be left to starve in the trap. But if you leave them overnight the other baboons will clear out, and you won't catch another for weeks. And shooting them that way seems better to me than wounding them at long range."

"Quite," Mr. Clarke said. "It does seem better. But on the other hand I believe in living and letting things live."

"Not vermin," Mr. Herbert said.

"Who defines vermin?" Clarke said. "Does God say these animals are vermin



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and those are not? It's a dangerous thing to define vermin, Mr. Herbert. You see, people get the habit of judging first animals and then their own kind. According to the way some people see it, Jews and Negroes are vermin. According to others, rich men, gentlemen—even businessmen like yourself—are vermin. You see what I mean, I trust. It's just the point of view."

Herbert snorted, "And what's that got to do with a pack of monkeys except that they're Communists, too, just like I said?"

WHILE he was talking, a tall thin man who looked like a gypsy had come in and stood staring around. That's Nobby, I'll bet, I thought.

Only the barman and I saw him. The bar faced the door and I had turned to look back for a moment without knowing why. He was a striking-looking boy of about twenty-four, dark with black eyes; very sunburned and thin, but not thin from lack of food—it was just that there was no fat on him. He had come in softly like a cat: One minute he had not been there, and the next he was.

Fenton said, "Well, it's none of my affair. They're classified as vermin and a reward is paid on them, and farmers want to get rid of them so I trap 'em and sell my traps. It's my way of making a living and it keeps me in the open air. It's a nice life; bit of sport and change."

"Nice girlies on the farms," Herbert said. "Corn-fed, as they say in the States, fine big girls."

"I wish they paid on size, though," Fenton said. "I got a big one today. One of the biggest I've ever seen. Old male, he was, and he looked me right in the eyes when I shot him. Wasn't more than five yards away from him."

No one else had seen young Nobby yet. I looked at him quickly. He was standing still and he was quite pale and his black eyes looked bigger and blacker. They made two holes in his skull. As I looked, he took hold of himself and came forward.

"Evening," he said. "You shot a big baboon, did you, Mr.—?"

"Fenton's the name."

"Mr. Fenton?"

"Yes I did. One of the biggest I've ever killed. Hard to get the big ones, you know. They're wily. But this one, why you'd have thought he was tame."

"Did you notice, by any chance, if he had lost the outside finger—the little finger—of his left hand?"

"Funny you should ask that," Fenton said, "because he had. Had he caused you any trouble?"

"No more trouble than one's friends usually cause one, Mr. Fenton," Nobby said. His face was white now under the tan. "Trouble, for instance, when you hear they have been murdered."

"What are you talking about?"

"You shot my friend, Fenton. That was Bobby, my friend. He lost that finger rescuing his wife when she was trapped by a big *perlemoen* and drowning. And you only caught him because his baby had got into your damn' trap and he was trying to get him out when the door fell behind him. The little chap was too light to spring it. But Bobby knew what it was all right, and that's how you got him."

"Well, I'm damned," Fenton said. "And I certainly never guessed he belonged to anyone."

"He didn't," Nobby said. "He wasn't my baboon."

"Then what's the trouble if he wasn't yours? I thought you said he was tame."

"He was," Nobby said.

"But he wasn't yours. I mean he didn't belong to you."

"He didn't belong to anyone. He was wild."

"Then you've got no case," Fenton said. "I mean if he'd belonged to you—was a tame one—it would be different. But he was just a wild one, belonged to no one."

"So something has to belong to someone?"

"Certainly, it has."

"An animal, a baboon, or a buck, or even a tree, has no rights of its own, eh? It can't be free. It has to have a contract of some kind before it has legal status and the right to live."

"You're crazy," Fenton said. "I don't understand what you're talking about. But just to put things right I'll give you the reward. I don't want any trouble." He put his hand in his pocket.

Nobby was getting a queer look in his eyes and his lip was twitching, so that I pushed in front of Fenton and said, "I'm very interested in all this, Mr. Clarke. I wonder if you'd tell me how it all began. I mean your association with the baboons."

"Drink this," his uncle said and pushed a whisky and soda into his hand.

"Highball," Herbert said. "Nothing like a highball—that's what we called them in the States– bourbon, rye—"

"Began," Nobby said vaguely. "It began when I was at the cottage. I went there when I got out of the Army. Very nervous state I was in, like lots of the chaps. You know, had to be alone. The war was a terrible thing," he said. "Terrible. The fires and flying through the night, and the loss of your friends and then shot down and a prisoner. Trapped," he said, "caged like an animal. So when I got out I went to our cottage by the sea. It was winter and no one was living near by. It's very isolated anyway, but in winter it's practically cut off after every big rain.

"Anyway, there I was all alone with some books and things. I read, I did a bit of painting, collected shells—I have a fine collection of shells—and watched the baboons. A big troop near there and in the evening if the tide was low they'd be down among the rocks getting shellfish—winkles, clams, limpets and the like. The *strandloopers,* I called them. Like children they were, scampering over the rocks, looking in the pools, and the baby baboons splashing each other like kids.

"Well, that's the way it was.

"THEN one night it was bright moonlight—I had been for a walk and just turned in when I heard screaming down by the sea. Terrible screams of horror they were, and terror. Like a woman," he said. "Frightful. I put on some clothes and ran to the sea. As I ran some big baboons passed me running my way. Baboons, I thought, that's what it is. One of them's in trouble and the big boys are going down to see. That's what I called the big old males—the big boys. There were five of them and one extra—the big leader—six in all.

"They passed me, naturally, and when I got there they were squatted on the rocks round two baboons that were in the water. One had its hand caught by a shell—like a damn' big round limpet—it had been trying to get off a rock. The other one of the big boys—the sixth—was trying to help it. His left hand was bleeding badly by now—that's when he lost his finger. Then he put it up to his mouth and sucked it.

"So it's a female, I thought, and her mate. That accounted for the other males coming. When he'd failed to rescue her himself he'd called them down from the cliffs where they lived more than a mile away. Very rarely do baboons leave their sleeping places at night, but of course it was nearly as light as day with the big round moon cutting a wide silver path across the ocean. But the tide was coming in and it wouldn't be long before the baboon was drowned, unless someone did something, so I shouted, 'It's all right, Bobby, I'll get her out for you.' "

"He always called them Bobby," Mr. Clarke said, "I mean, after that first one



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got him. He called him Bobby be-
se it was short for *bobbejaan*."
'I always call them that," Nobby
d. "I mean when I see one I say,
ere goes a Bobby.' Somehow I al-
ys felt I might come across him again
day. But anyway I said, 'It's okay,
bby, it's okay, don't you worry.' But
was worrying—barking and cough-
. almost wringing his bloody hands.
was wet, too—soaked, and trembling.
st have been in the water pulling at
a long time. He'd even smashed one
is teeth biting at the shell. You know
things—conical shell nearly a foot
oss, very pretty inside, all colors,
en, pink, blue, mother-of-pearl—
t's why they call them *perlemoen*."
Abalone," I said. "Abalone, they
them in America. Get 'em on the
st Coast, make nice ash trays and
gs." I wanted Herbert to know that
been in America too.
That's it," he said, "same thing, I
pose. But a man can get caught by
n. The whole thing is just one great
cle clinging to the rock. You've got
catch them unawares to get them
se. They're very good to eat. But
one was aware, all right. There it
clamped on the bobby's wrist and
was pulling and struggling. She ha
ped screaming now I had come, but
pulled and every now and then a
e would come and lap at her.
The water was well over her belly by
and a big wave, if one came in,
ld have gone over her head. Lucky
as calm, but you get big waves here
etimes even when it's calm. They
come up for no reason. Anyway,
asn't far to the cottage, so I ran back.
ran I wondered what I'd got I could
I didn't have many tools. Just the
tools with a hammer among them,
ily. And that's what I brought back,
hammer and two tire levers.
When I got to the rocks again the
baboon was beside her again with
arms around her. I wondered if he
ld let me near. I wondered if she
ld bite. As I came up he coughed,
ving his big dogteeth about the size
great Dane's. I said, 'It's okay,
by, it's okay,' but I wasn't so sure.
even if he didn't go for me, she
ht bite me. The other baboons on
rocks came nearer till they were all
d me. The biggest one of all, the
f baboon leader, was nearest to me.
other five were a little behind. They
big too, but not as big as the leader,
was enormous; but all were very
old-dog baboons—old men.

"When I went nearer still they all barked and then the leader gave a louder bark. Like an order, almost, and they were still and silent watching me in the moonlight. Except for the husband—he was muttering, growling, making little choking noises which were meant to console and encourage her.

"It all came back to me then," he said. "I recognized what he was saying. He was saying in baboon language, it was okay. I began to talk to him the way I talked to Bobby when I was a kid. Instead of saying okay in English I said it in baboon. That's what Mother always called it. 'That child will talk baboon,' she'd say. Anyway as soon as I did the other baboons all barked. I barked back at them and then they all closed in. I wasn't at all afraid because they were talking as they came, and I talked back.

"THEY said, *What is it all about? What are you going to do?* I said, *I'm going to fix it up, I'm going to get her out.* I raised the hammer for them to see. The husband put out his hand to touch it. I let him. Then I tapped the shell so that they could see what I was going to do. I was afraid that when I raised the hammer they might think I was going to hit her on the head. So I raised it again and brought it slowly down onto the shell. They all watched. Their heads went up as I raised the hammer again, and followed it down—like people watching the ball at a tennis match. Then I gave the shell a big crack. It took three to break it.

"I was standing in the water beside the trapped baboon while I worked. She flinched like a man when I struck, but said nothing, did not even struggle. But she could feel the *perlemoen* weakening its hold, because after the second blow she talked. She said, *That's better. That's good.* And the men talked. They said, *Stay quiet. He'll get you out.* Then I used the tire lever, and in another minute she was free.

"I took the *perlemoen* home with me. Eat it, I thought. Eat it for lunch tomorrow; and it wasn't till afterward I thought any of it at all odd. I mean funny that I'd got out of bed to rescue a baboon trapped by a shell and had been talking baboon to them the way I'd talked to Bobby when I was a kid. I'd thought he and I just had a way of getting on together, understanding the sounds we made to each other, but he'd taught me baboon talk. Not advanced, of course. Not the way I know it now. But baby baboon talk, which may be



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why the baboon I rescued was not afraid of me. Bit of luck, hey? She couldn't believe a man who talked like a baby baboon could do her harm. And he was the same, Bobby was—her husband. After a bit I could do anything with him."

"He certainly didn't seem afraid," Fenton, the trap man, said. "Cheeky. A cheeky one, he is, I thought. Looked right at me till I put up the two two and then he covered his face with his hands. That's when I noticed his finger had gone."

The man did not know when to keep his mouth shut. Put your foot in properly, you have, I thought.

"And then you shot him," Nobby said, "in a cage. Shot my friend where he couldn't do anything. Outside and without a gun you'd have been afraid of him. He could have killed you. Just torn you to pieces. But you had him behind wire, so you could torture him."

"—Only took two shots—"

"Torture him the way men torture each other now, and murder each other." Nobby was trembling with rage and moving forward very quietly.

I don't even know if anyone else noticed him moving. But I'm a very observant man and while he spoke he had come two feet nearer to Fenton. I noticed, too, that his uncle had left the bar. Nice time to go, I thought. Wish I'd gone too. There's going to be trouble.

"Two shots," Nobby said. "There was another friend of mine. An American pilot, and they took six to kill him, but they were just using him as a target. They said he'd attempted to escape so they let him run. More sporting as it were. And he's only one. No end to it all—shooting, killing. So one more won't matter, will it, Mr.—?"

"Fenton."

"—Mr. Fenton? Not one more. Because I'm going to kill you. I'm going to tear you to little pieces like Bobby would've done."

He lowered his body by bending his knees. His hands hung low. If he hadn't been a man I'd have said he was going to spring. I believe he was going to spring. All that climbing with the baboons had changed his muscular development, brought new muscles—muscles that are almost atrophied in man—back into play.

BUT as he crouched a girl stepped in front of him. She was a little thing not more than five feet high with greeny-gray eyes and brown hair; brown face too; brown as a gypsy she was. He straightened up when he saw her. Mr. Clarke was back too. So you fetched the dame, I thought. Pretty intelligent of you, Mr. Clarke, I thought, because the boy's going crackers. Something was just going to snap when she came in and took the tension off.

"A good thing you got her, Mr. Clarke," I said.

He said, "Yes, Pam understands him. I wish he'd marry her."

"She—you mean she wants to marry him?" Herbert asked. "Why, he's nuts. A pretty little thing like that—"

"No gentleness, no peace, Pam," Nobby said, "no rest, no quiet, just cages and traps and murder!"

The barman said, "Ladies aren't allowed here. I could lose my license. No ladies. That's the law."

"Then get a policeman," Herbert said. "If it wasn't for 'er you'd need one, to my way of thinking, to pick up the corpse. Pretty corpse Mr. Fenton would have made."

"Come with me," Pam said. She took Nobby by the arm.

"With you?" Nobby said. "Not to town. I couldn't do that. My friend," he said, "they'll need me more than ever now—to get them out of the traps, to break the traps, to—" His voice rose.

"Who said to town, Nobby?" the girl broke in. "We'll go to the shack brought my things. I'm coming u the shack with you."

"With the baboons all round? won't be afraid?"

"When a woman marries, Nobby husband's friends are her friends."

"Baboons," Herbert said. "A girl her—why anybody—Baboons. . . ."

The girl said, "Come, Nobby." put out her hand. He took it.

"I'll bring the stuff," his uncle He picked up the box of groceries.

I got hold of half a bag of me He bought a bag each week but div it into two parts to make it easie handle on the mountain path. I pretty proud at the way I managed the flat. We came back for the re the stuff.

Herbert said, "She's going with h

"Yes," I said.

He said, "I thought maybe it was a trick to let Fenton get away. Sc the daylights out of him, young N did."

"No," I said. "She's going, isn't s I asked Mr. Clarke.

"Yes," he said, "and she'll save Wonderful girl, that—"

"To the bloody monkeys," He said. "That girl. Why," he said, " they aren't even married."

PAM had come back into the bar. barman said again, "Ladies a allowed in the bar."

"I know," Pam said. Then she tu to Herbert and said, "You're quite about us not being married, Mr. Her but we will be. Tomorrow. Would like to come to the wedding?"

"I could be a witness," Herbert

"You could indeed," Clarke said, and me."

"And me," I said, "I want to co

"Of course," Pam said.

Herbert picked up his suitcase. "ents," he said, "presents." He op the case. "Silk," he said. He hel things up against himself. "Silk, said again, "nothing but the be Steegers. And I tell you what I'l I'll give her the bloody samples, t what I'll do. Silk to wear on 'er 'c moon with the baboons in the m tain—"

"Thank you, Mr. Herbert," Pam

"And I can kiss the bride?"

"Of course," she said, "everyone k the bride." She put up her face.

He kissed her and she said, "N says they'll be waiting for us."

"Who will?" Herbert said.

"The baboons, Mr. Herbert. He they come to help carry things up the car."

"Well, I'm damned," Herbert "Do you believe that, Mr. Clarke?"

"I don't know," Clarke said. not natural, but he has a way with mals."

"And girls," Herbert said. "Fa girl going—"

"The mealies are for them," Pam "It's been a bad year, you know, dry, and even a bag a week doesn very far among so many."

"I'll make the arrangements," Clarke said.

"Yes," she said, "please do." she smiled at us all and said, "G night." She said a special good nig the barman and he said, "Good Miss," and added, "But ladies allowed in here, you know."

She said, "I know and I'm going."

She said good night and smiled I've never seen a girl look so happ

"She's 'appy," Herbert said.

"Going to the baboons," I *"Straight up the uphill path"*—wh thought pretty good. But they we too busy thinking their own tho to notice. Thinking about tomo no doubt. I was. And about th boons coming down to meet the

THE END



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IN THIS DAY AND AGE

THE WORLD IS at the moment more than commonly grim. Political problems, particularly world political problems, are exceedingly difficult. The Russians are disagreeable and threatening. Some of our own people, Henry Agard Wallace, for instance, seems to be much more of a dupe of the Communists than you would expect a healthy Iowa boy to have turned out to be.

We can't, however, blame all of our troubles on the Russians or the chuckleheaded Americans who try to kiss the Communists into submission. Many other types are making mischief after their own fashion.

Many like to fish in troubled waters. Many hope to profit by muddying the waters. There are hell-raisers North and hell-raisers South who hope to get something for themselves out of embittering race relations. There are selfish arrogant men in business, in labor unions, even some in farm organizations, willing to make any amount of trouble for others in order to get mean advantages for themselves.

Collier's thinks the time has come to heed the normal rather than the abnormal. Collier's thinks that the American people have no problems that cannot be solved by patience, intelligence, good will and courage. Collier's thinks that instead of being on the verge of catastrophe the United States and all the world may be at the beginning of one of the truly golden ages of mankind. In cherishing these beliefs we do not think we are ignoring reality or committing the fallacy of wishful thinking.

In this editorial Collier's restates for this new era and a new generation its faith in the enduring American principles that made the United States the promised land to so many millions of immigrants and that offers hope now more than ever to the oppressed around the world.—Ed.

The number one fact is that for the first time in history Americans, in particular, and the world in general, know how to produce enough so that honest, industrious, reasonable people everywhere can earn for themselves the essentials of a good life. There is no settled spot on the globe at which it is not now possible, granted peace, for busy intelligent men and women to sustain themselves decently.

This has not always been true. It is emphatically now true, and very especially in the United States, that the means exist whereby we can produce and distribute enough so that all races and classes may live decently and well and develop whatever capacities they possess.

Collier's thinks to live at such a time of infinite promise is a very great privilege for citizens and institutions, including magazines. Collier's looks forward to aiding all that it can in making available these new opportunities for a good life for all.

Moreover, we don't despair about peace. We know that one nation can inflict war on other nations or upon the world if it pleases. We know that a few fanatic men in Moscow can or could attack the United States or any European country. We hope Russia will not embark upon any such adventure.

We are sure that great skill, great patience, great good will must be used if we are not to blunder into war. We think that the chances are good that our leaders will have the wisdom and the character so to manage our affairs that war will be avoided and a peace of good will gradually won.

Collier's aims to aid in every sound measure to preserve the peace and to safeguard the free life that is the crowning glory of mankind. So in spite of the tumult and confusion of the day, Collier's looks ahead to that better time we hope not far away when the energies of all, their imagination, and their skill will be used to create more and more good things to feed the bodies and souls of men.

Such is our faith. Such is our purpose. . . . W.L.C.

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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3. BASIC ALGEBRA
Short cuts for many industrial and technical jobs; formulas, etc.

4. ADVANCED ALGEBRA
Solution of practical problems by use of simultaneous equations, graphs, etc.

5. PLANE GEOMETRY
How to measure angles, areas, distances, etc.

6. CONIC SECTIONS
Using parabola to determine path of shell, design of auto headlights, etc.

7. SOLID GEOMETRY
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8. TRIGONOMETRY
How to calculate distance; use of theodolites, sextants, Vernier scale.

9. LOGARITHMS AND SLIDE RULE
How to use log tables in performing shortcut operations in engineering and military problems; how the slide-rule makes math problems simple.

10. THE CALCULUS
How it solves problems that can be solved in no other way; application to military, industrial problems.

11. DIFFERENTIAL EQUATIONS
How to determine rate of disintegrations of radio-active substances; how to project rate of population increase or decrease, etc.

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Measurement of lengths and angles; explanation of torque, density, specific gravity, tolerances, etc.

PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS

13. STRUCTURAL ENGINEERING
Steps required to produce a finished structure; stresses and strains, equilibrium, momentum, etc.

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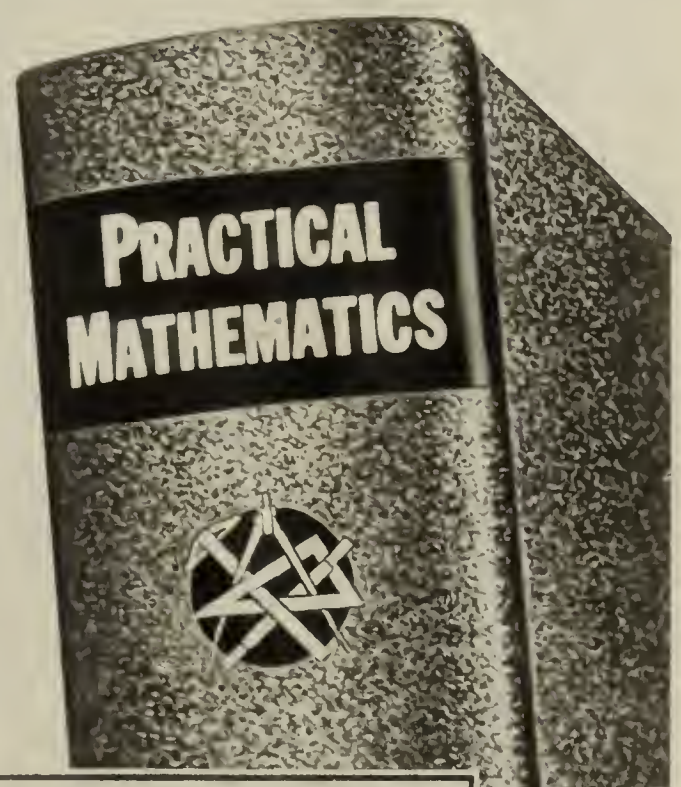
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Those enterprising and highly entertaining gentlemen have cooked up as saucy (and as neatly naughty) a dish as one could hope to find. Basically, "No Minor Vices" poses the question, "Can an artist's model be a model wife at the same time?" Although zephyr-light and zany, it packs more wisdom into its reels than a dozen weighty tomes on Marriage, Men and Morality.

As for its stars, there's dashing Dana Andrews as The Husband (a very attractive husband, jealous and very much in love); there's the good-looking new star, Louis Jourdan as The Lover (tempestuous, uninhibited and very much in love -maybe). And then, there's the alluring young wife turned model. She is Lilli Palmer (beautiful, bewitching and very much in love—but definitely). Lilli you may remember was the girl in "Body and Soul" who contributed so unstintingly of both. In "No Minor Vices" she turns in, if you'll pardon the expression, an equally well-rounded performance.

Loud mention should also be made of the gifted supporting cast headed by lovely Jane Wyatt. She plays a nurse (very much in love, too). And there's a live lobster affectionately called Jabberwock. Even he (or she) has oodles of personality.

For a whipperdoo of a scenario that brims over with freshness and originality our movie *magnum cum laude* goes to Arnold Manoff. And, as far as we're concerned, for his super-skillful direction and production, famous Lewis Milestone can stay right there at the head of the class.

Having said all this, we feel that you have a fairish idea of the way we feel about "No Minor Vices" which is simply: Please don't miss it.

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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The Week's Mail

MONUMENTAL RUINS

DEAR SIR: I just happened to pick up June 12th Collier's and read the art Saint-Lô Fights Another Battle by Stan Frank. Mr. Frank states that Saint was 90 per cent destroyed and anot town is being erected on the site. As I r I wondered if Mr. Frank had ever visi Cassino, on the Rapido River in Italy.

This town was so destroyed the tow people are building a new town across river from the ruins. And I believe the town is being left as is as a sort of memorial for the countless G.I.s who d there: American, British, British Terr rial Troops, Italian and Poles attac to the British army.

At this writing I don't think we helping the people of Cassino rebuild t town.

Maybe it's wrong to say things like but I think places like Saint-Lô, Cassi San Pietro and other towns should publicized more so certain people woul be thinking of wars all the time.

RICHARD J. HADL, Roselle, N.

PHILADELPHIA

SIR: Please thank Mr. Dickson Hartw for his very fine article. It's one of best. I'm only sorry he did not go f ther. He could have. I'm also sorry he rather Arnold Cain did not take m pictures of our lovely (?) city ruins.

KENNETH M. CARROLL, Philadelphia,

. . . Dickson Hartwell's article is very t in all respects but one: the depriving women of the jobs for matrons and the moving of the beds from the firehouse. has, since his article, been proved t they were very necessary after dozens

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ONE OF THE MOST spectacular tight-rope performances on record was that given recently by a nineteen-year-old acrobat, Sigwart Bach of Germany, on a wire 490 feet long stretched between two Alpine peaks near Oberammergau. Without a safety net beneath him, Bach crossed and recrossed this wire which spanned a ravine 9,000 feet deep.

ONE OF OUR PREVIOUS Nature Boys was Joe Knowles, who, on August 4, 1913, walked into the dense Maine woods—alone, unarmed, unequipped and practically naked—for a Boston newspaper that hoped its circulation would be increased by his stories of survival. During the eight weeks, his adventures, scratched on birch bark and left in the forks of trees for reporters, did attract so many new readers that one envious competitor attacked Joe with a malicious story which caused much comment before he proved it untrue. It contended that all his experiences were fabrications, pointing out as an example that, contrary to Joe's claim, his bearskin robe had not come from a bear he had trapped, because it contained four bullet holes.



AN INCREDIBLE CASE of obstinacy was disclosed recently by an elderly man at the funeral of his brother with whom he had shared, from early manhood, a small one-room cabin near Canisteo, New York. Following a quarrel, they had divided the room in half with a chalk line and neither had crossed the line nor spoken a word to the other since that day—62 years ago.

ON THE MORNING of Decemb 9, 1943, the dismembered body of man named John Jump was found a railroad track near Fort Valle Georgia. To those who came to t scene, it appeared that the victi probably in a drunken stupor, h fallen in front of an onrushing trai But the man had been killed at hon by his wife in a murder so carefu planned that she had even spent ma hours learning how a body should placed beside the rails to simula death by accident. The case mig have been recorded as such had n the lady made a slight last-minu mistake. Of the three tracks on th right of way, she happened to sele the one over which no train had r for eight months.



THE ONLY AMERICANS wh are allowed to have more than o legal wife at a time are Indians b longing to certain tribes. They ha not yet banned polygamy, and Co gress, having recognized the sove eignty of their chiefs in tribal affai has not felt justified in changing th age-old domestic customs.

OF THE SOME 20 different pu poses for which animals use th tails, the one most important to raci greyhounds and race horses is as rudder when rounding turns. F instance, Mick the Miller owed h reputation as the greatest racing gre hound of all time to his perfect ta while the colt Coron—son of the 19 English Derby winner Coronach owed his failure to win any of t numerous races he ran to the fact th he had no tail at all.



DE ZA

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FRANKIE FOOLISH *is tempting fate*

. . . walking on the *right* side of highways always is *wrong,* especially at *night.* Most fatal traffic accidents occur after dark — according to the National Safety Council. Teach children to walk on the *left,* facing traffic — and at night, *wear or carry something white!* Drivers can help, too . . . SLOW DOWN AT SUNDOWN.





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The Week's Work

BACK after a refresher foreign correspondent's flight on which he covered Greece, Palestine, Italy, France, Holland, Norway and Germany, Quentin Reynolds reports that he found the Israelis the toughest fighters he's ever seen: "Their battle cry is 'Either Palestine or the Mediterranean!' And they point into the sea!"

Toughest Europeans, says Reynolds, are the Norwegians: "Their rations make an English meal look like a dinner at the Ritz. They live on fish, and export everything so they can buy the military necessities that will enable them to hold out for a while for the British and Americans should Der Russian Tag arrive."

In Paris, Quent met Europe's hardest-working man: Averell Harriman. "He works day and night to make ERP click," Reynolds enthuses. "He's made Europe realize democracy is more than a theory: that ERP is to be used as vitamins, not as a sleeping pill. That it is a greater weapon than the A-bomb."

One Sunday morning at ten in Rome, Quent was granted a special audience with the Pope. "He spoke in English—he speaks a dozen or so languages," Quent says. "and he lived up to everything I've ever heard of him. He is the greatest man I ever interviewed!"

To gather Rainbow Route to Berlin, a Collier's exclusive about the air lift (p. 12), Reynolds deposited his portly hulk among the coal and flour sacks of the C-47s he rode four times.

"No, I don't know if there will be a war," Mr. R. said in reply to our question, a popular one nowadays. "Only the radio commentators know that!"



Howard Whitman demonstrating How To Keep Out of Trouble—Page 28

DEAR Week's Work: Regarding my story, It Happened to a Dog (p. 16), when I was a tot, I acquired one half a dog in trade with my brother for one half a runt pig. It was a squally-voiced fox hound name of Rum, and more gun-shy than a rabbit. It turned out I owned the hungry half of Rum, just as I had owned the eating end of the pig. Deciding one half a dog is worse than none, I made my brother sole owner of Rum for 25 cents. He promptly sold Rum for $5 . . .

After owning a succession of bird dogs, beagles and grotesque coonhounds, I went to Columbia U., about 20 miles from home. My beagles & Co. waited impatiently all week for the last Friday class, so we could ramble through the New Jersey covers all week end.

At Columbia, rowing seemed to the only outdoors activity you co do sitting down, and not be scra bling with a bunch of guys for little object like a football, so I row like sixty, for four years. We had g luck.

Ten years later the South Carol doctor who removed my appendix kept bird dogs and foxhounds), t me I still had good stomach musc —proving, I believe, that rowing good for dog lovers.

College over, Corey Ford—a bi dog and beagle keeper, too—agr with me about the importance matching wits with fish. So we w to Alaska for five summers to ba trout and grayling and write about

My kennelful of dogs dwindled one pointer during the war bu gained a swell wife (she likes do and also a son, who at one year ye "Whoa!" at the pointer. As soon he learns to say, "Charge," a "Fetch" and "Tallyho," we are go to get some more bird dogs, a beagles, and a foxhound or two.

Alastair MacB

CAMERON SHIPP, starting three-parter on the life of t charming skitterwit, Billie Bu (p. 18), is another Columbia U. m completing a cycle. He'd gone up that Great, Gray Pile of Learn from a North Carolina hamlet, giv out to his family how he esteemed ucation. "Fact is," Shipp confesses wanted to get to New York to see Ziegfeld Follies a Billie Burke. I acc plished both objecti so thoroughly I got the dean's list— probation one."

Columbia ship Shipp into the wo as a writer, and in t he began to hit C lier's with a lot hard-boiled stuff readers will reme ber. But through years he kept the fla for Miss Burke bu ing fiercely. "I'd to know Miss Bu very well years ago," he reveals. finally met her—Collier's introduc us. Ah! these wasted middle em years—"

This week's cover: Drawi Teacher: Startled at the blackboar petite, freckled eight-year-old Ca Nugent, who lives in Hollywood a goes to school a block from M-G-M studios. Mead-Madd made the shot. Though this is Car debut as a cover girl, she has been several movies and takes her work stride. Papa and Mama Nugent d allow her career to interfere with health and normal kiddy-isms. . . .

TED SHAN

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Of Mice and Molly

By JOHN BAILEY

Bill was the type that loves all dumb creatures. That probably accounts for his sentimental attitude toward Gwendolyn—a girl who wasn't noticeably smart

A SMALL, brown, businesslike mouse came up the steps of the Sea View Inn, crossed the porch within a foot of the young man seated in the rocker, paused at the front door, cleared his throat, and went on in.

With a feeble cry the young man rose vertically about six inches.

Captain Pritchett, slumped down in the next rocker, clucked sympathetically.

"Nerves?" he inquired.

"Mouse," muttered the young man jerkily. "Porch. Cleared throat. Went in house."

"An auditory illusion," said the captain, soothingly. "Not uncommon if one is feeling below par mentally. It was I who cleared my throat."

"Oh."

"As to that mouse," continued the captain, "you may have noticed a sort of unfurtiveness? A kind of mouselike insouciance?"

"I did," shuddered the young man. "A cool customer. Acted as if he lived here."

"He does," said the captain. "He and his sisters. They not only live here, but they enjoy the full status of regular boarders, with all privileges. Some people," he mused, "would say that we have mice. But it would be more exact to say that we have mice *stopping* here. They are loved and respected by all. Perhaps you would care to hear the story?"

"What story?"

"The story I am about to tell you," explained the captain.

The young man said that, aside from not hearing the story, nothing would please him more.

I will begin (said Captain Pritchett) with the moment Bill Schuyler stepped into the lobby of the Sea View Inn.

Tall, well built, with a tanned face and pleasant blue eyes, Bill was as nice a young man as you would care to meet. No *(Continued on page 91)*

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN



"Ah!" I said. "Then suppose we have a small one apiece." "Oh, we mustn't," said Molly. We had a small one apiece

Rainbow Route To Berlin

By QUENTIN REYNOLDS

The boys who fly for LeMay Coal & Feed Co. have written a saga of salesmanship for democracy. The Air Force calls it an air lift. Berliners call it the Miracle of the Flour and the Coal

THEY'LL be talking about this one fifty years from now. It will become a legend in Air Force circles, just as the supply line over the Hump during the war years has already become a legend. They'll be talking of how a handful of American and British planes kept two and a half million people of Berlin alive during the summer of 1948. They'll be telling how we beat the Russians without firing a shot, in the hottest cold war ever fought between nations.

The greatest air-supply operation in history began with a phone call on the morning of June 27, 1948. General Lucius Clay in Berlin was calling General Curtis E. LeMay in Wiesbaden. It was a short and rather unhappy conversation, and a great many things were left unsaid by both men. Clay told LeMay that Berlin would have to be fed by air and that he, LeMay, would be in charge of the operation.

Neither man mentioned the fine four-laned *Autobahn* that stretched from Frankfurt right across the Russian zone almost to Berlin. Neither mentioned the railroad which the Russians had closed to make "necessary repairs." LeMay didn't say, "Why in hell can't we run an armed convoy down the *Autobahn?* For God's sake, how much more are we going to take from these jokers? If they're asking for it, let's find out now. We've got a few Jugs here to give the convoy cover." He didn't say that; he just chewed savagely on his unlighted cigar, thinking perhaps of his group of P-47 Thunderbolts resting impotently at its base. These P-47s are never anything but "Jugs" to Air Force men.

General Clay didn't say, "I've tried to sell that to Washington but got nowhere. They're afraid of an incident. We got to do it their way, by air." He didn't say that messages had been flying between him and the State Department for the past two days, and that Secretary of State Marshall had decided not to risk any armed conflict with the Russians. Clay just gave LeMay some terse orders, and, being a soldier, LeMay choked a little and said calmly, "Right, General! You get me the planes. We'll do our part from this end."

Well, that's how it began. Things moved fast during the next few hours. Clay phoned Washington and told Marshall that LeMay would need a lot of C-54s. Marshall, General Omar Bradley and General Hoyt Vandenberg went into an immediate huddle.

Within a few moments, teletype messages were flying to Hawaii, to Alaska, to Texas, to Panama.

Because of the time difference, it was only ten in the morning at Bergstrom Field down in Austin, Texas, where the 48th Troop Carrier Squadron was based. An hour before this a C-54 had landed from Guam, and Lieutenant Colonel Forrest Coon, pilot of the ship, had climbed happily down from the cockpit. He'd been away two and a half years, in the Philippines and on Guam, and now at last he was home.

It was a hot day and he joined a group of the pilots who were cavorting in the pool. Coon had a long leave coming and he'd go home and get acquainted with his family again.

His thoughts were interrupted by an order over the loud-speaker: "All personnel report immediately to Operations."

Announcement Makes Fliers Happy

A few moments later, Coon and the others were listening to Colonel Raphael Baez telling them that they would be off for Berlin immediately. The whole squadron would go. That meant 48 officers and 88 enlisted men. The fliers smiled. Even Coon was happy. Germany? Brother, this might be it!

The 54th Troop Carrier Squadron was at its home base, Elmendorf Field, Anchorage, Alaska, that Sunday morning. This outfit has flown more bad-weather missions than perhaps any other in the Air Force. When Colonel Thomas Mosely received the message to get his boys to the Rhein-Main airport at Frankfurt he, too, acted quickly.

Lieutenant Colonel James Samouce, the squadron leader, and his 41 officers and 169 enlisted men heard the news with joy. Germany! They wouldn't need their snowshoes, standard equipment for Alaska-based planes, but they brought them along anyhow. (And hung them on the wall of their Operations room at Rhein-Main.) Within ten hours the squadron was on its way.

Hickam Field, base for the 19th Troop Carrier Squadron, is at Honolulu. When Colonel Davidson, C. O. at Hickam, received the order from Washington that morning, one of his aircraft was at Brisbane, Australia. He told his squadron leader, Major S. Cresswell, to hurry to Frankfurt with his eleven planes and their ground crews.

Before the last plane had left, a teletype message had reached Lieutenant Michael Pashkevich and his crew in Brisbane, where they had just landed with a load of supplies. In usual cryptic Air Force terminology the message merely read: *Return Hickam immediately.* Pashkevich and his crew of nine climbed right back into their big ship and headed for Hickam. They were there only long enough to have their motors checked and they too joined the migration to Germany.

American Army planes kept streaming into Frankfurt. They came from Westover Field in Massachusetts, from Albrook Field in Panama, and LeMay, chewing on his unlighted cigar, put them right to work. The boys found it a lot tougher than they had expeeted. They hadn't known that the C-54s would be lifting ten tons and that the two-engined C-47s would be carting 8,000 pounds of coal and flour. This overloading is called a "calculated risk" in Air Force language. No commercial plane would be allowed to leave an airport carrying such loads. But this was an emergency operation, and the rules of war were applicd.

The boys hadn't known that many of

At the end of the rainbow lies Tempelhof Airport, fogged with rain

them would be flying 140 hours a month and they hadn't known about Tempelhof, the Berlin airport. Tempelhof was designed for the use of relatively short-range planes, like the Junkers. The runways had to be lengthened; new strips had to be built, but the chief disadvantage of Tempelhof is the rows of two-story houses which surround the field.

During the first month of Operation Vittles, there were only seven really good days for flying. Most of the time it was done by instrument. Bringing heavily loaded planes into Tempelhof under a 200-foot ceiling takes a lot of careful and expert guidance, and those houses around the field add to the hazards. The boys hadn't known about the YAKs and the PE-2s which the Russians have been flying in the "corridor" every day just to make life more difficult for them. You never can know when a speedy YAK will streak out of a cloud almost to brush wings with you.

But the air lift was established, and the people of Berlin have not starved. More important in many ways is the fact that the thin line of aircraft landing or taking off every three minutes has enabled the United States to maintain its foreign policy.

It has cost us one and a half million dollars a week to support the life line. This has been the price of retaining our dignity as a nation. The Russians have done everything (short of shooting) to make us leave Berlin. General Clay declared last July that the Soviets could never get us out by anything but an act of war. The Russians thought the blockade of Berlin would eliminate us. With England and France, we were committed to feeding the people of the Berlin western sectors. If we had not been able to do this we would have had no alternative but to leave.

The air lift has also made it possible for us to retain the spiritual leadership of the Western nations in Europe. Had we left Berlin, the Communists in western Europe would have chortled gleefully and would have capitalized on our weakness. Had we left Berlin, thousands in Greece, fearing that Russian domination in Europe was inevitable, would have flocked to the standard of Markos. Had we left Berlin, Togliatti in Italy, an eloquent and persuasive man, might well have doubled the already substantial strength of his Communist party overnight, and Communists in France would have been given new strength.

As a political weapon, the air lift has been tremendously effective. Even the Russians have found no answer to it. They ridiculed it in their German-language newspapers in Berlin, but the citizens of the capital looked aloft and, seeing flour and coal coming to them on wings, laughed at the efforts of the Soviet propagandists. Only history can decide how vitally important in political terms the air lift will have been.

Suppose we consider it in human terms. We'll ride from Wiesbaden to Berlin with the LeMay Coal & Feed Company (delivery guaranteed). The briefing room in the Operations building at the airfield reminds you of briefing rooms you saw during the war. The same pilots are there, lugging the same parachutes, wearing the same overalls and peaked caps. There is the same rather grim tone to their talk; two of their buddies in a C-47 died when they cracked into a hill the night before.

"Take Number Five," the briefing officer says to dark-haired young Lieutenant Gerald Kercher of Cass City, Michigan. Kercher is our pilot, and Lieutenant Cloyd Pearce is the copilot. We climb into a bus and are driven to the fifth plane in line. It has been loaded. Large boxes of powdered milk and dozens of flour-filled sacks are lashed to the floor inside. The manifest is lying on top of one of the boxes.

Kercher looks at it and blinks. "Eight thousand pounds," he says to Pearce. "Think this old crate can lift that much?"

"That's your problem, chum," the copilot says cheerfully.

They take their places, and Kercher puts me in the navigator's seat. Ahead of us the other planes have started their engines.

Through earphones you hear the control tower: "Number One take off at 1700 hours. Others follow three-minute intervals."

Now our propellers are whirling, and the plane shakes and seems to snarl in protest. The first C-47 roars down the runway and then rises heavily. The others follow and now it's our turn. Gerry Kercher looks back, grins and yells, "Hang on," and then he bends over the throttle.

We start to roll. Gerry isn't sitting back relaxed. The skin is tight on the back of his neck. The plane gathers momentum slowly. It creaks and groans with the effort. We're halfway down the runway now, and the plane feels as logy as a sackful of wet wheat. I feel I want to lift it by main force, and after what seems an eternity, it lurches a bit and we're airborne.



Two Yank pilots pick up instructions for the Berlin run in the briefing room at Rhein-Main

The pilot still isn't relaxed. He won't be until he gets over those hills at Fulda. Slowly, agonizingly the plane climbs and then, after some five minutes, Gerry raises his head and sits back. The copilot leaves his seat and comes to the navigator's niche.

"Sit up with the skipper," he says. "You can see something up there."

Kercher offers me a cigarette and grins when I take the copilot's seat. His grin fades as he points to a hill on our left.

"That's what Smith and Williams ran into last night," he says simply, and then he turns his head away from the hill. "Both of them had over 2,000 hours in twin-engine jobs," he adds.

We gain height slowly. The plane three minutes ahead of us, unseen, would be flying at 5,000 feet. We would maintain an altitude of 5,500 feet. The ship following us would be 500 feet below us, and if it maintained its speed, would be three minutes behind us. This staggering of altitudes did not eliminate the possibility of collision, but it minimized the danger.

Ahead of us are dark, ugly-looking clouds. A commercial plane would have risen 2,000 feet to avoid flying through them, but we have to stay on course.

We enter the low-pressure area, and immediately it seems as though we are being pelted by thousands of pebbles.

"Hail!" Gerry yells. "Look at them bounce off the wings; they're big as walnuts."

For an hour we fly through hail and rain and huge masses of thick, angry clouds. This is routine, but careful Gerry is constantly calling the weather ship, which is above us somewhere giving reports at different positions and altitudes.

Finally we emerge into clear, sunlit air. Pearce leans over my shoulder to get a better look.

"I make that Dessau down there," he tells Gerry.

Kercher nods and says, "Take a look at those Russkies."

We are over the Russian zone now, and below is the huge airport outside of Dessau.

"All fighters," Gerry mutters excitedly. "Count 'em."

We count them. There are 78 Russian planes on the field. No one knows how many YAKs and jets the Russians have in Germany but they have plenty. You never fly over an air strip in the Soviet zone without seeing at least 30 planes.

We have been flying nearly two hours now, when Gerry begins that peculiar form of double-talk intelligible only to pilots and control-tower operatives.

"Calling Tempelhof tower," he drones. "Easy 234 calling for landing instructions. Am five miles southwest of field. Altitude five thousand. Victor Flight Roger. Over."

"Easy" meant that an eastbound C-47 was calling. "Big Easy" would have meant an eastbound C-54 (the 54s are the bigger planes). Victor Flight Roger (VFR) was another way of saying that the pilot would not need to make an instrument landing. He would follow visual flight rules.

Within a few seconds the answers came through the earphones: "Okay, Easy 234. Landing on grass to east parallel to Runway 27. Call on base leg. Over."

We circled Tempelhof and landed. We were no sooner out of the aircraft than a truck moved alongside. Six men stepped into the plane, and the unloading began.

Kercher and Pearce had time to hurry into the snack bar at Tempelhof for a milk shake before the loud-speaker told them it was time for the return trip. They said goodby to me casually and headed for their aircraft. Usually the pilots make two round trips a day, but quite often they have to make three. By the end of July the strain began to tell a bit, and LeMay impressed his headquarters staff into action. The latter became the week-end pilots, to give the regular fliers some rest.

General LeMay, who can fly anything with wings, made a dozen trips himself, flying either a C-47 or a C-54. Even the public relations officers and the adjutants and the staff of the bases in both Wiesbaden and Rhein-Main took over the controls on week ends.

The air lift began in June. By August 1st, the Russians had stopped ridiculing the effort. By that date, 43,224 tons of food and fuel had been flown into Berlin. There had been 8,368 flights, and the planes had covered 5,000,000 miles with only two fatal accidents.

The air lift has rejuvenated Berlin. The policy of the Western nations had been to teach the people democracy, but the truth is that Germans hadn't been taking very well to the teaching. They had watched the Russians take one positive aggressive step after another and they had watched the Western nations hesitate. They had begun to wonder whether "democracy" wasn't just another word for "appeasement." Then at long last, they saw democracy at work. All day and all night they heard the drone of engines. They saw trucks tearing out of Tempelhof filled with supplies for the hospitals or with food and coal which were being hurried to warehouses and then delivered to the ration shops. The Americans had stopped making speeches; they were actually defying the Russians.

The air lift became the *(Continued on page 44)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HENRY GRANT COMPTON



Death Had Strange Hands

By CHARLES B. CHILD

"Lipstick," said Inspector Chafik, "is notoriously dangerous."

It can record a lover's kiss—or a murderer's fingerprints

A TALL, gaunt sergeant of the Baghdad Criminal Investigation Department entered the garden cinema of the Al-Rashid during the second showing of the main feature, which was a detective film. He searched for, and found, a neat little man, touched him on the shoulder, and said in Arabic, "Sir, permit me to disturb you."

"I hear you, Abdullah. But you interrupt my concentration on the truly baffling problem of this animated corpse."

"Sir, I regret, but there has been—"

Inspector Chafik rose reluctantly.

"I shall never know the true story," he sighed, with a final glance at the film. "Well, Abdullah?"

"Sir, we have a corpse. The wife of Dr. Ibrahim Fadan of the Royal Hospital."

The Inspector followed his assistant to the waiting car. "Give me your report," he said, as they raced through the creamy moonlight.

"I have only the telephone report of the *Mufawwadh* of the police post at the north gate, sir. He states he was called to the house of Dr. Fadan by the resident servant, who returned from an evening's outing to find his mistress dead. Death was by strangulation."

"And the husband?"

"They are searching for him. I understand the woman was of French birth."

Inspector Chafik extracted a card from the filing



"There is no justice," the man muttered. "He sent me away for nothing. I, Hassan, who served him faithfully for many years"

cabinet of his brain. "Naomi, nee Bousset," he quoted. "Born Paris, 1922. She met and married Ibrahim Fadan, in Beirut, in 1946. Fadan is a great surgeon, a man blessed with healing hands." Chafik shrugged and added softly, "I know other things, but they are indiscreet."

The car wheeled into the driveway of a house set back behind fine shade trees. It was convenient to the hospital where Dr. Fadan was resident surgeon. A trooper of the suburban patrol mounted guard at the door, and when the Inspector entered he was greeted by the local station officer.

The *Mufawwadh* said, "Since I telephoned, the husband has been traced. He is at the hospital, engaged in a delicate operation."

Chafik answered, "He can help the living while I investigate the dead."

HE WENT to the bedroom of Naomi Fadan and stopped in the doorway with hands folded behind his back, his thin face expressionless. The room was large. Windows opened on the Tigris. The river breeze stirred the curtains and also gave movement to the dark hair of the woman, whose body was flung carelessly across the bed.

She had been pretty. Chafik could understand why the doctor, a middle-aged bachelor had been attracted to somebody so young and colorful; but he wondered why she had bound herself to a man much older, and of different race.

When he went nearer he saw faint, reddish smudges on the ivory nightdress. Another one on the left cheek stood out with startling clarity, showing the whorls and looped ridges of an obvious thumbprint. There were lesser marks on the throat.

The woman's mouth and chin were smeared with lipstick, and Chafik said, "The killer stopped the victim's cries with a hand. Hence the fingerprints so generously distributed."

Sergeant Abdullah ventured, "Sir, if he had strangled her with unsmeared hands we would have found nothing. Fingers do not leave decipherable marks on flesh. This lipstick will hang him."

"Lipstick is notoriously dangerous," commented the Inspector, dryly. He looked again at the mark on the parchment cheek. "But one does not attach such a seal to a document of crime." Chafik stroked his cheek reflectively and went on:

"I have no affection for fingerprints. Their design resembles a maze such as the one I wander in now." He nodded to Corporal Yacoub of the Fingerprint Bureau, who was waiting with his apparatus, and turned from the corpse.

The Inspector wandered around the room, touching things absent-mindedly, leaving his assistants to their duties. It was his custom to keep his mind inactive until supplied with facts.

He was idly examining a portrait hung above the bed, when Abdullah called him. The sergeant had been searching a bureau crammed with old letters and hoarded bills and had arranged them in neat piles.

"There are letters which may be of interest, sir," he said. "They are, I venture to suggest, in the French language, but posted in Baghdad."

Chafik took the letters and glanced at the signatures. "Maurice," he announced. "And here on an envelope the full name—Maurice Lebrun."

"It is a French name, sir?"

"Lebrun, Maurice," Chafik said. "Age, twenty-seven. Place of birth, Paris. Came to Baghdad as cipher clerk to the French Legation in December, 1947. Lives at the Semiramis Hotel. A constant visitor to this house."

ABDULLAH pressed the palms of his hands together. "Madame was also young. I am informed the French are a passionate people."

"Your thoughts are impure," interrupted Chafik. He selected a letter and began to read with fluent ease. When he had finished he murmured, "But you are partly right. This Frenchman is passionate. It appears Madame confessed affection for Lebrun, but virtuously rejected him as lover. He begs her to come to him. He says she owes nothing to her husband, who is more interested in horses than in his young and beautiful wife—"

The Inspector stopped and turned to the picture on the wall, an oil painting by a well-known Baghdad artist, and an excellent likeness of Dr. Fadan on horseback. He was a man of frail appearance, his features finely drawn, his mouth rather too wide. But he sat the obviously spirited horse with authority, his hands iron on the reins.

"A strange picture to put above the bed of one's wife!" said Chafik. "But Fadan is a cripple—"

He continued reading Lebrun's letters. Although the correspondence was one-sided, the story unfolded was clear. The young people, Parisians brought together in a strange city, had found too much in common; but Naomi Fadan, with the marital loyalty of the bourgeois Frenchwoman, had rejected the appeals of her countryman.

The young man put himself at the feet of his mistress with the subtle obeisance of the Latin. He undermined her with tenderness; deployed the artillery of passion; launched massed frontal attacks.

The final letter, which was a week old, held Chafik's attention. He read it twice, the second time with judicial caution. Lebrun announced his impending departure for Paris, stating he had been recalled. He wrote, "Come to the city you love with the man you love. Do not choose death . . ."

Chafik placed the letters in his portfolio. His thoughts shaped an intricate pattern, and he said, "He may mean death of joy, the death of happiness. But what a singularly unfortunate word!" Hearing himself speak, he went to the window to hide embarrassment.

Below was the moonlit drive, partly hidden by the fanlike branches of a giant pride of India tree. A man came suddenly into view. He walked with a dragging motion of one leg.

Inspector Chafik drew back his head and said to Sergeant Abdullah, "Dr. Fadan has returned. There is no easy way to break the news to him. I must be brutal. When he sees me the news will announce itself. I carry the odor of death." . . .

Dr. Ibrahim Fadan stood in the study, leaning on the desk to take weight off his withered leg. He was gray with fatigue.

He said, "I do not understand. My wife was alone when I left. She had been unwell for some days and I made her go to bed before I went to the hospital." He raised his dark, tortured eyes to Inspector Chafik and asked, "Who did this thing?"

"My investigation has hardly begun."

"But you have some clue?"

"There are clues. But a pile of loose threads is not a Kirman rug. The weaver must make the design. There are questions to ask."

The doctor lowered himself to a chair. He picked up a silver statuette of a horse from the desk and fondled it. "The shock of your news is anesthetizing," he said. "I am ready for you, Inspector."

"First, at what time did you go to the hospital?"

"At nine o'clock—"

"The servant had left?"

"It was his free evening. He left at seven—"

"The operation you have just performed was an emergency?"

"No, Inspector. It was arranged several days ago. I operate at night because it is cooler."

Chafik lowered his head. "Forgive my clumsy indiscretion," he went on. "Did Madame expect a visitor?"

Dr. Fadan straightened in the chair. "What visitor?" he asked harshly.

"I speak of a young man who often comes to this house."

"So you know. The soil of Baghdad is indeed fertile for police eyes and ears." He made a gesture. "Forgive me. But I cannot answer your question justly. This Frenchman ruined my marriage."

Chafik thought of the letters in his portfolio. "You are sure?"

"What else?" demanded Fadan bitterly. "You can see I am a cripple." He struck the shortened leg with his fist. "Lebrun was young, handsome."

"Madame married you," Chafik said.

"Pity sometimes wears a cloak of love." Dr. Fadan rose, limped to the fireplace, and began rearranging the trophy cups and photographs of horses which littered the mantelshelf. "I let the Frenchman come to the house because my wife was lonely for Paris. I thought she would be cheered. When I realized what had happened . . ."

"I understand." The Inspector made an awkward movement. "But you forbade Lebrun the house?"

"Since last week. That is why my wife was unwell."

"Has he visited her secretly?"

Fadan shrugged. "My spare time has been devoted to my stables at Hinadi. I discharged the groom on Sunday, and installed another the following day. It was very late when I returned home. My ill luck with grooms continued," he added. "The new man died."

"Died?"

"A heart ailment. He was an old Bedouin from one of the Beni Sakr tribes, an excellent man with horses. I found him dead when I went to the stables Tuesday evening. He was buried yesterday. I was obliged to take back the old groom as a temporary measure—but this is unimportant to you, Inspector. I mention it to show why I have been absent from the house most of the week, and therefore cannot know if Lebrun made clandestine visits."

"I will question the servant."

"He was my wife's, not mine."

"What kind of man is this Lebrun?"

"Excitable. I would not care to thwart him. Inspector, is it possible—"

THE telephone began to ring. Fadan took it, then passed the instrument to Chafik. "It is a man named Yacoub."

The Inspector said to Corporal Yacoub of the Fingerprint Bureau, who was speaking from headquarters, "What have you?"

The excited voice of the expert answered, "I have classified the prints found on the lady and compared them with our records. The result will astonish you—"

"I am disciplined against astonishment. It is a weakness."

"Sir, I was led to the records of foreigners resident in Baghdad. The fingerprints were made by a cipher clerk of the French legation. One named Maurice Lebrun—"

Inspector Chafik made no reply. The stub of his cigarette burned lower. He was roused by the scorching of his own flesh and, as he put the blistered finger to his mouth, he reflected that his discipline had been faulty. . . .

The report which reached the desk of H. J. Ellsworth, the next day, was a summary of hard facts, written with the detachment of a judge. Ellsworth, a former Chief Inspector of Scotland Yard, now adviser to the Iraqui government on police matters, and director of the C.I.D., read it with approval, and then glanced at Chafik, who was perched on the edge of a chair.

"A messy case," Ellsworth said. "Have you traced Lebrun?"

"No, sir. His room at the Semiramis has not been occupied since Monday. There should be nothing unusual about this because he is often away from Baghdad on *(Continued on page 86)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER



By ALASTAIR MACBAIN

GIRLS who grow up around dogs and horses learn to handle themselves. You see it in the way they walk and use their hands, in the way they hold their shoulders and carry their heads. Maybe it's a sort of animal gracefulness they have. Whatever you call it, a girl doesn't have to be pretty to catch attention if she has that all-important quality. Nancy Hames had more than her share of it. In addition, her face was right up to standard: She had dark, deep-set eyes, perfect teeth and a clean, nicely chiseled jaw.

I first met Nancy one afternoon while I was running a big-going English setter pup in the pine woods back of the farm. She swung her little Tennessee walking mare alongside my shuffle-footing mule, introduced herself as Tom Shelton's niece, and asked if she could tag along. Even though I was old enough to be her grandfather I got a kick out of having an attractive girl ride up unexpectedly in the middle of the woods. I told her I'd be glad of her company.

During the ride, she told me that she and her mother had been living with Tom since her father died. I knew that was like Tom—he was strong for kin.

When I took my pup to our local spring trial, Nancy invited herself along. On the way over she confided that she was going to keep her eye open for a promising youngster; she wanted a shooting dog of her own. She claimed that a good field-trial dog is merely a classy shooting dog putting on a show. In that case, I said, there would be plenty of handlers at the trial who would claim to have exactly what she wanted.

My pup was braced with a rangy go-devil setter named Scooter, belonging to young Dave Storrie. I guessed all we would see would be a dog race because my pup had ambition and leg enough without another

Naturally enough, it was the renegade bird dog who removed the bone of contention

It Happened to a Dog

of the same kind egging him on. I was wrong. Dave's dog ran like an all-ager. He could handle birds, and he was exceptionally good-looking for a setter bred on field trials. As good-looking for a dog as Dave was for a man, in fact. Nancy thought so, too. I introduced Dave to her, and then I didn't see her again all day until it was time to head home.

She was quite excited. Dave Storrie knew her Uncle Tom, she said, and though he wouldn't sell Scooter, he had an even better-looking, bigger-going dog—a brother of Scooter's—that was for sale. She was going to see him next day. I wondered if the "him" she was interested in was Dave or the dog.

WHEN I met Dave a couple of nights later at a church fish fry supper, he seemed pleased with himself. At last, he gloated, he had gotten even with old Tom Shelton. He hated to do it, he said, because Nancy seemed regular and was easy to look at, but he knew well that Tom had sent her to buy the dog for him. Tom wouldn't try to make a deal himself, Dave was positive, ever since the time he pulled a fast one on Dave, claiming he wanted a "gentleman's shooting dog" for a friend. Cheap. Dave sold him one for a hundred dollars. Before long Tom was bragging about having resold the dog for five hundred. Old Tom knew all along what he was going to get for that dog, Dave claimed. He swore then to get even. Now, Tom had played right into his hand.

It sounded reasonable. Tom is one of the last of the old-time dog breakers and dog traders, and he has a reputation for being crafty. I asked Dave what dog he sold Nancy. He reached in his pocket and brought out a sheaf of receipted damage claims.

"'I didn't lie to her, I swear," he said. "I answered every question she asked, absolutely honestly. By now, though," he grinned, "I guess she knows she didn't ask the right questions."

The claims added up to a lot of history for such a young dog. They showed that Buster, black-tan-and-white setter dog, owned by David Storrie, had killed twelve shotes, a calf, several dozen chickens, a ram and a pet raccoon. Dave had paid the claimants two hundred and twenty dollars.

Buster was the most promising pup he had ever owned, Dave explained. A real horizon buster—that was how he came by his name. But he was too smart to train. He learned early to get lost; he stayed away for days at a time; when he came home finally it was always on the end of a rope with an irate farmer on the other end, demanding to be paid before he would relinquish the dog. Dave told me solemnly that he felt Providence had made him keep Buster just so he could unload him on Tom Shelton.

The smug look left Dave's face suddenly. Nancy Hames and her mother had arrived at the fish fry. Dave mumbled something about not liking fish much anyway, and started to ease out of the church. Just then Nancy saw us and walked over, beaming. If Dave could have found a small enough mouse hole I think he would have crawled down it. He grinned sheepishly and turned redder than turkey wattles.

"I hoped you'd be here," Nancy said graciously.

Dave bluffed well. "Why, ma'am, I was hoping the same about you."

"I want to thank you for letting me have Buster," Nancy said. "He's a magnificent dog. And a real challenge. I only hope I can train him without ruining him. He's got so much spirit."

Dave glanced at me and swallowed. "You're not figuring on training him yourself?"

"Why not?" Nancy's chin *(Continued on page 64)*



Nancy walked ahead of the dog as the judges watched. She flailed the bushes and fired a blank and the birds burst out. Buster was steady to shot and wing

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES LOCKHART

Billie Burke—Her Story

For years we've been reading this type of article. Some of them very good. Some have made us yawn. But here's the job we've been waiting for. Here's sheer delight, beautifully and skillfully written. If you don't agree—well, you need a rest or a doctor or something.—Ed.

By BILLIE BURKE as told to CAMERON SHIPP

PART 1 OF THREE PARTS

I COULD hear John Drew harrumphing through his dressing-room door at the Empire Theater, giving forth with those highly bred horsy noises which the Drew-Barrymore clan have so aristocratically made their hallmark.

I stood outside, in my new leghorn hat with the lilacs on it, with my hair fluffed out behind, and my little lilac-checked dress. With me was my new friend, Mr. Drew's niece, Ethel Barrymore, who had been sent to soothe the great man over the embarrassment of meeting a new leading lady with the impossible—absolutely unheard of—name of Billie Burke.

I have always been called Billie Burke, except for those eighteen improbable, glittering years when I was also Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr. I find it a perfectly adequate name. It's an especially nice name for the skitter-witted ladies I play on the screen today, and it suits me, too, because I might as well confess here and now that I am not always saner than I seem.

We could hear Mr. Drew through the dressing-room door, as I was saying. Among his mutterings was the complaint that Charles Frohman would do anything so dreadful, absurd, and outrageous to him as give him a new leading lady named Billie Burke. A chorus-girl name. Bound to be a bouncing British blonde with buck teeth.

Ethel grinned at me and I grinned back, unconcerned. Why, it didn't mean a thing. I was only 21. I had come over from London to play a season in the provinces. I was fluffing my hair and preparing a theatrical smile for Mr. Drew when Ethel suddenly threw open the door.

"Uncle Jack," she said, in that wonderful, throaty voice of hers, "Uncle Jack, here is the little girl you are afraid of."

Uncle Jack turned and fixed me with his famous glare. You know, I believe it's a fact that the Drews and the Barrymores were born with built-in glares and sound effects, which they can switch on and off, like the Signal Corps. Mr. Drew glared. Then he opened his eyes wide. He said, "Why, come here, my dear child." And that was that.

I thought I had better explain about my name in the beginning because so many persons have asked me how I got it. Let me introduce myself properly: My whole name is Mary William Ethelbert Appleton Burke, I was born the year before the Statue of Liberty arrived from France, I have been an actress for fifty years, since Victoria was queen of England. And how do *you* do?

I acquired my full name, which certainly sounds as if it ought to wear a lorgnette, through a bit of ecclesiastical connivance with a British curate when I was twelve years old. This was the Reverend Samuel Kishborn, rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster. He was a kind man and also a dazzlingly handsome man, so naturally I wanted to please him. I told him the story of my father, who was born in Youngstown, Ohio, in 1848, and who was a clown with Barnum & Bailey's circus. His name was Billy Burke.

Billy Burke was a handsome clown. I am tempted to say a "pretty clown," because he had a round, open, generous face with sparkling blue eyes, always shining, and beautiful bright red hair. He did not wear tramp clothes or make himself up to look ridiculous. Instead, he was impeccably costumed in white, with a gorgeous white ruff around his neck, a chalk-white face, and a widely smiling pink mouth.

Billy Burke was a singing clown. He sang in a strong, high baritone such songs as "Brannigan's Band," "Dance with the Girl with the Hole in Her Stocking," and "Clara Nolan's Ball." And when he sang, the trapeze artists sat carefully listening on their wires, the roustabouts gathered around the ring, and the brass band muted its harsh blare. And, oh! how the girls listened to that man sing! He had the same effect that Sinatra and Bing have on the impressionable female today, and he was ever so much prettier.

Billy came to Pittsburgh with P. T. Barnum in 1883 and sang his funny songs. I am told that he was witty and clever with satirical pantomime. All the girls thought he was perfectly wonderful and he was invited to many parties. One of the young women who was smitten by Billy was a widow, a girl named Blanche Hedkinson from New Orleans, who had four children, by her first marriage and who, as I remember so well, had a very firm chin and inelastic will power.

I don't know too much about their courtship. They met at a party given by Mr. J. A. Bailey, Barnum's partner, and when the circus left town Blanche Hedkinson went with it, as Mrs. Billy Burke, wife of the singing clown. Blanche came from a family with aristocratic pretensions, the kind with a Southern accent, so you know how *they* reacted. Marrying a clown was unthinkable and they never spoke to her again.

I was born in Washington in 1885, so in spite of my London background, I am as thoroughly American as you can get, without a Cherokee or an Ojibway in the family woodpile.

We still have the telegram that Billy Burke, who was on tour, sent the day I was born. He said to my mother: "I don't care whether it's a boy or a girl, but does it have red hair?"

Mr. Bailey, who adored my father, was almost as excited as his chief clown. He wired from New York: "I will make you a firm offer of one million dollars cash for the *(Continued on page 73)*



Beautiful Billie when she was wowing them in "Love Watches." This is from her album



Mr. Billy Burke, handsome singing clown, abetted his daughter's rebellion against a stage career



Billie's beloved manager, Cha… Frohman, lost with the Lusita…

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY RICHARD C. MILLER

In her West Los Angeles home, Miss Burke today lives among mementos of her glittering Ziegfeld years



ark Twain was a frequent dressing-room visitor. 'e redheads must stick together," he would say



The magnetic Anna Held, toast of New York, was Billie's predecessor as Mrs. Ziegfeld



Caruso's golden voice won many hearts, but not that of Billie, his "leetle red mouse"



In the most utter submission of her life, she said, "I love you. I would die without you"

WINNER OF THIS WEEK'S $1,000 FICTION AWARD

Collier's ☆ STAR STORY

the Tree of Heaven

In that endless summer came a misery against which she had no defense. In that summer she watched the death of love

By ELIZABETH ENRIGHT

THE tree was the reason for taking the apartment; or so Barbara liked to declare, forgetting or ignoring the fact that at the time it had been the only apartment she could find that she could afford.

She was a small-town girl, homesick and romantic. The city frightened her at first and when she had walked into the ringing bare front room of that apartment she had felt inordinately pleased at seeing branches beyond the filmed gray glass. Yellow leaves were dropping there, one or two at a time, random and drifting, a sad but inevitable statement of nature. In that manufactured background it seemed a good reminder of earth's healthy and relentless course. Barbara went to the window and, looking down, saw that the tree sprang in all its lofty strength from a space that was hardly more than a crack beside the front steps.

In a mute unpretentious way it seemed to be asserting that given an inch it is a positive virtue to take an ell. She was naturally pleased by this advice and pleasurably saddened, too, by the sight of the sailing leaves which brought to her mind the last scene of Tristan and the last scene of Cyrano and many other bittersweet leave-takings. Also, not incongruously, it reminded her of her parents' ugly but cozy house in Davenport, and fall days and school and the cracked enthusiastic voices of the male adolescents who had so suddenly changed from well-known children into thrilling strangers—

"It's nice having a tree to look at," she had said, turning to the landlady.

"Those trees, they're just like weeds," the landlady said gloomily. "I get exhausted just sweeping up the leaves." She was a pale, oyster-colored woman, squeezed and wrung out like a cloth. One could not imagine her laughing at a joke or putting her arms around anything.

But the landlady was of no importance.

"I think I'll take the place," Barbara said.

Having passed, all her life, through the stuffed comfortable rooms of her parents' house as blind and oblivious as a minnow among weeds, she now became house-proud and exacting. She and the painters quarreled and contended and came to an agreement about the blue for the walls. She haunted secondhand stores and bargain basements and among the clutter in her pocketbook there were always rags and tags of fabric samples.

She bought a sofa that she could not afford and some prints and a Chinese figure, and when the place was finished she felt a continuing pride and astonishment since this was the first entirely creative product of her life. Before the paint had lost its smell she brought her new friends in to admire the place; girls from the office for small dinners or cups of tea. She loved their screams of praise and envy which made her feel generous and favored. They confirmed the deep hidden suspicion that after all she *was* favored, endowed, blessed beyond the average in some mysterious way.

"Look!" she would say, going to the window and drawing up the blind. "It's too dark to see well, but right out there I've got a tree. Honestly, in New York City, a real tree!"

The last leaf had fallen long ago. The ailanthus branches with their bare blunt twigs looked like the antlers of reindeer. Peering out at them through her own reflection, Barbara regarded the tree as she did any piece of good fortune at that time: as a reward. A reward for what? she sometimes wondered carelessly. For being a pretty girl, ambitious, twenty-two years old? These seemed reasons enough.

The autumn had passed quickly and the city no longer frightened her. In the evening when she came home it seemed with all its spangling lights and deeps of shadow to be a labyrinth of mystery and promises, holding marvels for those who would explore it fearlessly— She even begrudged the brief Christmas holiday with her parents in Davenport and returned eagerly as soon as she could.

THE hard grind of winter began in earnest. The tree beyond the window vibrated to the north wind, and perched among the twigs sparrows were spaced like soiled and weather-beaten fruit. When Barbara went to work she walked with her head bent and with tears of cold in her eyes as the garbage men bowled ash cans across her path, like great trolls down from the mountain. She was wildly happy, for by this time she was in love, and nothing at all seemed ugly to her, neither the ash cans nor the frozen filth in the gutter nor the chapped calves of the bobby-soxers on the subway stairs.

Sometimes her happiness caused her to walk sedately as though she carried within her a spirit level that must be kept even at all costs, and sometimes it caused her to run the length of the block and spring from the curb with a hoydenish leap. The traffic cop smiled at her and so did the old woman selling pretzels and so did other blurred or elderly passers-by, as though by looking at her and signaling their benevolence they might share in her grace and joy—

She was glad that the winter was bitter because then she could have a fire in the old arched fireplace—another reward—and when Hugh, the one she loved, came in the evening they had a simmering, snapping accompaniment to their talk, and the walls of the room seemed to tremble and move under the many alternations of light, recalling to the deepest part of the mind that fire which always burned at the heart of magic.

When the time came for him to leave she used to go down the stairs with him and out to the front steps. Above them the bare silent tree was spread like a skeleton hand and above that—they always looked up—were the sparse city stars, or the moon rolling through rough clouds.

"You'll be cold," Hugh would say to her. "Go on in now like a good girl," and all the time he would be holding her close to him, his arms around her, and she, pressed to his coat, could feel right through it the large tranquil rhythm of his heart— Such a heartbeat could belong only to a man of strength and loyalty, she used to think, a man able to love lastingly and in many ways. It was a comforting yet lonely sound: the sound of another life walking its own path.

"Not yet," Barbara would say, and he would open his coat and fold it around her, and she could hear the heartbeat better and she was not cold at all. It was hard for them to say goodby, they lingered and lingered, cold though it was, and sometimes she would say, "Oh, come back in again!" and he would come— Nearly always when he got back to his place he would telephone and she, yawning, half asleep, warm in her bed, would talk with him, the two of them in the huge humming night city bound to each other by the small thread of their discourse and the intimate strength of their feeling for each other.

A city is a wonderful place to be in love in, Barbara used to think. Nobody notices or questions, no words of advice are offered and no confidences demanded. There are a hundred playgrounds for lovers and a thousand meeting places; the huge mumbling tide of other people only emphasizes the delectable solitude of the two—

"In the spring we'll go to the country on Sundays," Hugh said. "Take a ferry or a bus to somewhere or other and spend the whole day. A rural landscape should become you."

"We'll take a picnic basket," Barbara agreed happily; she was already planning its contents. Beyond this febrile, entrancing period she looked forward to a long life with Hugh in which she would cook good meals and make a pretty place for them to live in. They would eat and sleep and work and play together and out of their fused passion would grow fine children who would be sensible and beautiful and loved. They would have no dissensions, no worries (except the usual ones about measles and money and broken bones) and their lives would at last be so woven together with mutual experience and fortune that never, never could they be disentangled.

"Children do better in the country," Barbara said, apparently irrelevantly, *(Continued on page 80)*

ILLUSTRATED BY PIOTR DIMITRI

Inside Sports

Collier's SPORTS

By BILL FAY

THE CARDINALS MAY NOT COP THE NATIONAL LEAGUE GRID TITLE BUT THEY HAVE A BIG ATTRACTION IN ELMER ANGSMAN



Angsman takes a pass from center. Davis of the Bears calls him football's fastest starter

ELMER ANGSMAN, the Chicago Cardinal halfback, bulled through the Philadelphia Eagles for a first down in the fourth quarter of the National League championship play-off last December. When the referee reclaimed the ball, Angsman and the Philadelphia tackler were sprawled on the frozen ground, headgear to headgear and cheek to cheek.

"Get this bum off me," Angsman complained. "He's trying to fog my glasses."

"What do you want me to do?" the referee inquired. "Penalize him half the distance to the goal line for breathing hard?"

There is no penalty in the football code for tacklers who make passes at halfbacks who wear contact-lens glasses. "That breathing trick never works," Angsman admitted later. "My contact lenses don't cloud up. Ordinarily, I wouldn't have minded, but that Philly tackler was chewing tobacco."

Angsman scored twice on 70-yard runs as the Cardinals whipped the Eagles. Even Elmer's severest critic—Fred Davis, the Bears' All League tackle—admits that Elmer is a hard man to meet on the line of scrimmage.

"There may be faster straightaway runners," Davis says, "but Angsman has the fastest start and that's what makes a back go places from the T formation—acceleration. Maybe this will give you an idea of Elmer's speed. He plays about four yards back of the line. Paul Christman, the Cards' quarterback, crouches behind center—so close he can bend forward and touch the ball. Well, once last year Angsman started so fast he was through the line before Christman had a chance to turn and hand him the ball. I came busting through from defensive tackle and Christman almost handed the ball to me. It all happened in the time you can count 'one—two.' "

Despite Angsman's speed and Charley Trippi's broken-field elusiveness, the Cardinals are not expected to retain their title. They haven't added much to their 1947 strength, and the possible loss of Marshall Goldberg (he may retire) at defensive halfback will hurt.

The Chicago Bears—stronger statistically than the Cards last year—have acquired Johnny Lujack, George Connor and Bobby Layne. They should win the Western Division title. The New York Giants loom strongest in the East.

Although heavy off-season trading was supposed to bring the top-heavy All America Conference into competitive balance, the Cleveland Browns shouldn't have much trouble capturing their third straight championship. The Browns' coach, Paul Brown, could give trading lessons to Branch Rickey and Joe Stalin. Brown did not contribute much muscle to the cause of All America solidarity. However, the New York Yankees, the Browns' loyal opposition, did trade off some prime football stock to weaker clubs—notably, a guard named Barwegan to Baltimore. If anything happens to Spec Sanders or Buddy Young, the Yankees may surrender their Eastern Division crown to (of all people!) the Brooklyn Dodgers.

But the sight to behold in pro football this semester should be Angsman of the Cardinals, the man who takes out his teeth and puts in his eyes before the opening kickoff. (Notre Dame provided Angsman with some gorgeous dentures after a Navy guard had strolled across his chin three years ago.) To complete the disguise, Elmer wears a steel splint contraption on his left hand.

WALKER'S FATEFUL FOUL

Richie Ashburn will not have to make any long speeches at the various winter banquets sponsored by local chapters of the Baseball Writers' Association of America in New York, Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia. When the time comes to accept all those plaques engraved ROOKIE OF THE YEAR, Richie can explain his startling center-field success with the Phils in nine words: "Gentlemen, I owe it all to a foul ball."

The foul was struck by Harry Walker (then National League batting champion) during a March exhibition game against the Cardinals. Walker deflected the ball so that it hit his left instep—and he went to a St. Petersburg hospital.

Manager Ben Chapman asked Coach Benny Bengough for a replacement. Bengough, who was directing the Phils' B squad, said: "Best I can do is that Ashburn kid. Hit pretty well for Utica in Class B, and we're moving him up to Toronto. Fastest thing you ever saw but awful green—and he's only 20 years old."

"We'll use him for a week," Chapman decided. So Ashburn went to center field for a week and stayed there all season.

Walker's unlucky swing changed the baseball fortunes of five men.

It canceled Ashburn's railroad reservation for Toronto, and eventually put Richie in the National League's starting line-up for the All Star game.

It demoted Walker from batting champion to utility outfielder and pinch hitter.

It brought about the release of veteran outfielder Roy Cullenbine, who had expected to assist Al Flair at first base.

And it set up the trade which sent shortstop Ralph La Pointe to the Cardinals for first baseman Dick Sisler (with Cullenbine gone, the Phils had to trade for first-base protection).

Of course, Ashburn would have come up to the big leagues eventually, foul ball or no foul ball. He's the fastest man going down the line to first base since Lloyd Waner. After *(Continued on page 54*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

Chez Fleurette

By EDWIN RUTT

Collier's SHORT SHORT

PAPA PEREGEAUX was strolling the boulevards, on sprightly, if aging, feet. The springtime sun of Paris, mellow and not too warm, glinted blindingly off certain portions of the imposing Peregeaux person. For, aside from the frock coat, striped trousers and highly polished black shoes, Papa Peregeaux walked shoulder-deep in precious stones and metals.

A pearl stickpin adorned his dove-gray Ascot. The soft gleam of true gold arose from studs securing his shirt front. On one finger a mammoth diamond sparkled. Above these expensive accouterments Papa Peregeaux's eyes, blue and twinkly, gazed upon his beloved Paris with benignity.

Many saw him and thought, some a trifle enviously: There goes a man of substance. A banker or an industrialist, no doubt. And among the many who looked upon Papa Peregeaux was Fleurette.

Fleurette was small, chic, beautiful. And she happened to arrive at a street corner simultaneously with Papa Peregeaux. She said to herself, "Ah, what have we here? This could be interesting."

Papa Peregeaux looked down. His twinkly eyes met the huge violet eyes of Fleurette, until she looked embarrassedly away. But, going away, the violet eyes seemed to linger over the pearl stickpin, the studs, and, lastly, that monumental diamond.

The traffic halted, and Papa Peregeaux began crossing the street. But Fleurette was quicker. Fleurette got ahead of him. Near the opposite curb she surreptitiously unclasped her handbag.

That particular Parisian sidewalk was providentially deserted. Fleurette took advantage of this. The handbag slid from beneath her arm.

Compact, lipstick, loose change, bill purse, cigarette case, cigarette holder and other feminine paraphernalia fell out. Some of the change and a small circular cardboard box rolled into the gutter.

Papa Peregeaux had halted upon her heels.

He surveyed the ruin with dismay. After which he lifted his hat. "Tsk, tsk," he exclaimed. "This is most distressing. Permit me, Mademoiselle—"

"Monsieur is kind," Fleurette murmured.

With gallant disregard for his knife-edge trouser creases, Papa Peregeaux bent. He collected the errant impedimenta, handling each item almost reverently. For a second, indeed, he reverenced the little circular box. But finally he arose and made her an Old World bow. "*Voilà*, Mademoiselle!"

"Oh, Monsieur! How can I thank you?"

"Perhaps," he ventured, "by accompanying one old enough to be your grandfather to yonder café? For an *apéritif?* Not, *certainement*, that a lady of your station habitually tolerates the society of strange men."

Fluent old party, thought Fleurette. But aloud: "*Mais oui*, Monsieur, at any other time. Now, however, I am hurrying home. To receive an important telephone call."

Papa Peregeaux looked disappointed, crushed even. And Fleurette took instant pity on him. "However—" she began, but stopped. "No, I cannot. It would appear too forward."

"Not, my dear, to me," Papa Peregeaux assured her.

"We-e-ll," Fleurette said slowly. "I was about to make a rather bold suggestion. That you come for coffee to my little apartment, but a step from here in the Faubourg Saint-Germain."

Papa Peregeaux's eyes lighted. "But how charming! We shall walk and get acquainted. Now I am no one except Old Papa Peregeaux. And you?"

She took his arm, prettily. "You may call me Fleurette."

"With your permission," he said, "I shall call you 'Fleurette, my pet.' My age—" . . .

The apartment in the Faubourg Saint-Germain was small, cozy even. But Papa Peregeaux raised bushy white brows slightly. The place had not the fastidiousness of Fleurette herself. Nor had it a lived-in look. The furnishings were plain, utilitarian.

Yet there were touches. Like those exquisite silver candlesticks on the mantelpiece, the old hand-wrought snuffbox, that one really good print. He toyed, rather fancifully, with the idea that these were heirlooms and that Fleurette sprang from some great but impoverished family.

Fleurette, twisting a gold bracelet on her wrist, interrupted his reverie. "You will have coffee, Papa Peregeaux?"

"*Mais oui*, Fleurette, my pet. If it is no great trouble."

"Poof!" Fleurette disappeared into her kitchen.

Left alone Papa Peregeaux reconnoitered discreetly. He peeped into a tiny bedroom, into a tinier bath. But he was sitting on the couch when Fleurette returned with the coffee.

Papa Peregeaux took a tentative sip, then set the cup down. Fleurette, watching him, pouted. "You do not like my coffee, Papa Peregeaux?"

He protested, violently. "On the contrary, it is nectar. But such coffee should never—ah, I exceed the prerogatives of a guest."

Fleurette was quick to comprehend. "No, no! It is I who am an indifferent hostess. You wish cognac with it, *naturellement*."

She clattered away. Papa Peregeaux waited, strangely restless. Especially his hands were restless.

Fleurette brought cognac. Papa Peregeaux drank then of both beverages, deeply and with enjoyment. Fleurette took only coffee.

"And now, my pet"—he drained the cognac glass—"you shall—*mon Dieu*, is something amiss?"

She had put a hand to her head. And she was looking at him queerly, a kind of mist over her eyes. "I—I do not know. I feel sleepy, a little faint." Then, suddenly the eyes hardened with comprehension. "Why, you—you—"

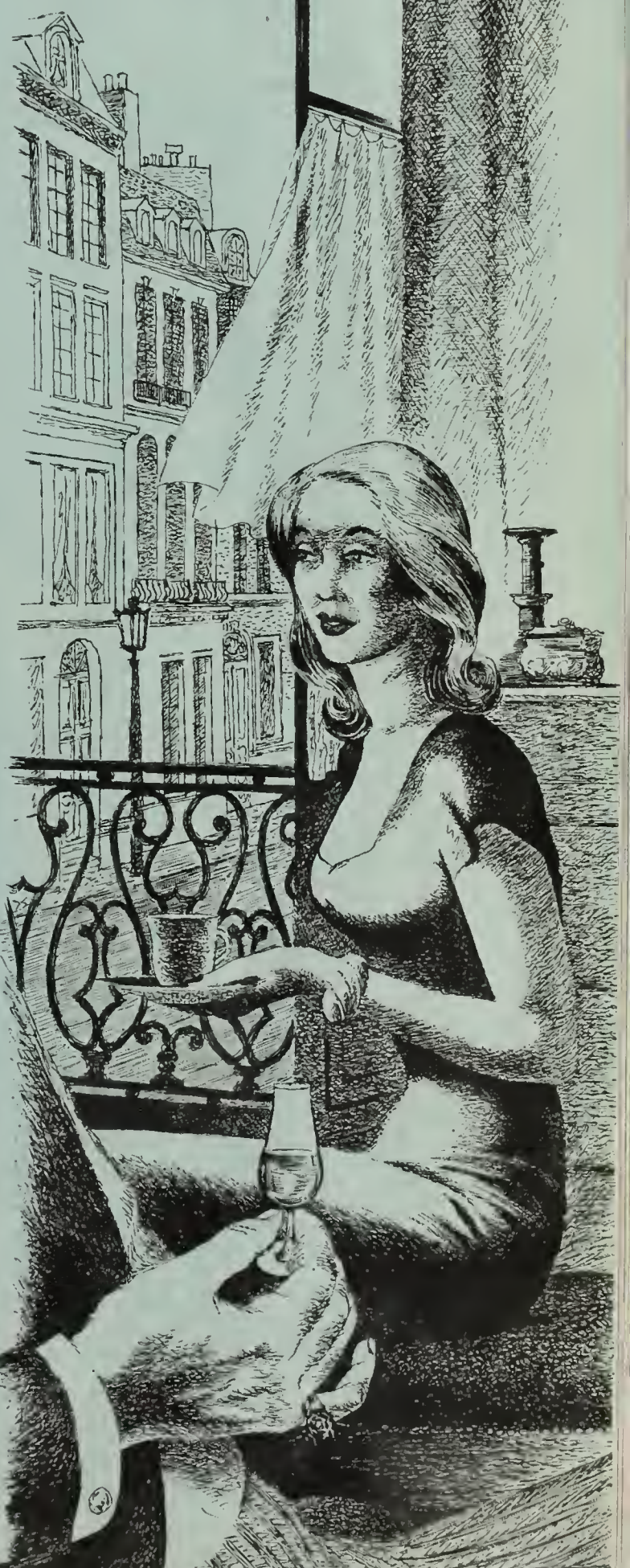
Abruptly she ceased. Her head dropped.

FLEURETTE awoke. For a moment she lay blinking, aware only of a tumultuous headache and a parched throat. Then, dizzily, she sat up and the room with its familiar objects took shape. But some objects were no longer present. Notably her silver candlesticks. And where the snuffbox had been there was a sheet of paper. Fleurette reached it on uncertain feet.

> "Do not reproach yourself, Fleurette, my pet. In our allied racket (an Americanism I deplore) Seniority is paramount. And I, Peregeaux, have Seniority, another way of saying: 'Peregeaux is Experienced—Peregeaux is Wise.'
>
> "Your racket (vulgar term) is luring elderly gentlemen to your various temporary addresses. I felt it instinctively, *chérie*, when your eyes avariciously caressed my modest personal adornments on the street. I suspected more strongly while retrieving the small, round box. An apothecary's box and labeled. *Tiens*, what a powerful opiate! Had 'Old Papa Peregeaux' not switched coffee cups as you procured his cognac who knows what vacant lot he might have awakened in—deposited there doubtless by some taxi driver of your acquaintance? But I became truly convinced when, knowing your concern about a telephone call, I apprehended no telephone in your charming ménage. These are errors on your part, Fleurette. But take courage! With Seniority, you will master your profession.
>
> "My racket (loathsome word)? Ah, merely to array myself fittingly and appear to succumb to *your* racket.
>
> "Au revoir,
> "Peregeaux
>
> "P.S. Your excellent pigskin suitcase will be of inestimable aid in removing bulkier items, which might otherwise excite the curiosity of such as concierges and gendarmes. P."

Then, indeed, did Fleurette fly into a rage—as fine a rage as ever has been seen, in the Faubourg Saint-Germain. ★★★

Papa Peregeaux drank deeply of both. Fleurette had only coffee



ILLUSTRATED BY ERIC MULVANEY

Marriage '48

By VERA CASPARY

Continuing the dramatic story of three modern wives

The Story: LILITH CLARK, an interior decorator, is being married to DR. HENRY FOWLER who has insisted that they be married in the Little Church in the Vale. Lilith has been married twice before. On their way there she recalls an item she has read in the morning papers: One out of every three marriages in 1948 is doomed to fail within a year's time. They arrive late at the Little Church and Lilith goes immediately to the Bride's Boudoir. Another girl is there, HELEN WOZZECK. Helen is being married for the first time to BILL SNYDER and she lends Lilith a blue garter to fulfill the sentimental requirement. After her marriage, Lilith is at the wedding breakfast when she discovers that she has left her cigarette case in the Bride's Boudoir. Henry drives her back and at the church Lilith encounters CAROL MCANDREWS who is being married to DAVIS BARNES, JR., son of DEPENDABLE DAVIS, the used-car king. The reception after Carol's wedding is held at the home of MR. AND MRS. BARNES, SR., and the champagne flows too well. A tipsy bridesmaid accuses Davis of jilting her. Carol had not known about this before and she feels a little frightened, and thinks: How could a girl who has known Davis' love go on living without it?

PART 2 OF FIVE PARTS

NO MATTER how alarming the statistics, how dire the prophecies, how gloomy the warnings, people go right on getting married. Divorce? Certainly it's frequent, but not in our family. Danger? Plenty of it for other people. Of the three couples married that morning in the Little Church in the Vale, the only ones to give a second thought to the doleful newspaper item were the Fowlers—Lilith and Henry.

To such people as Helen and Bill Snyder, divorce was merely an item in the newspapers. They were Catholics, and it was not common in their world.

In the world of the young Barneses, divorce was as prevalent as stomach ulcers. But these two felt that they were different, theirs was romance, pure and untouched. Theirs was truly a love match.

The fact that Davis had been in love before she met him did not alarm Carol. With his charm and ardor it was inevitable. And Carol had herself, in the years between the paper-doll weddings and her own, been in love too.

To exorcise the ghost of Davis' old love, Carol decided to make him talk. "Tell me about Betsy," she said as they drove through the hills toward Carmel where his parents, in order to match her mother's generosity with food, wine and flowers, had engaged a bungalow for the honeymoon.

Davis laughed. "Can I help it if she thinks she's in love with me?"

"Did you ever—I mean—"

"She meant nothing to me, I swear it."

"You called her Babe."

This startled Davis. Babe was his name for every attractive woman. "Jealous, huh?"

"Certainly. I'm the jealous type."

"You should've warned me. If there's anything I loathe it's a jealous woman."

"Want to turn back?" she teased. "While there's still time."

"Time for what?"

"Annulment. Before the marriage is consummated, you know."

Davis' right hand left the wheel and found her left hand. "Don't kid me, Babe. I'm a sensitive character."

Davis drove at eighty, speeding around curves, sliding down the steep hills, passing trucks on the upgrade. She forgot her fear of losing love in the larger, more immediate fear of losing life. But she did not speak aloud of the danger for he disliked nothing more than being told to drive carefully.

It was Carol who noticed the siren, but when she warned him, it was too late. "Now don't tell me you were only doing fifty," the cop said. "It happens I got a speedometer on my bike and it also happens I can read. Got a license?"

Although Davis had been in trouble with the police and had once lost his license, he was not alarmed. "You wouldn't stop a man on his wedding night, would you, Officer?"

"That's a new one," the cop said.

"Don't you believe me?"

"Your license, please."

Davis whistled The Wedding March as he searched his wallet.

"Hey, this is no driver's license," the cop declared.

"You asked for my license, sir," Davis answered jauntily, "and since we'd been talking about my wedding, I supposed you meant my marriage license. Now . . ."

The cop laughed.

"What do you think of the bride? Pretty, isn't she? Can you blame me for hurrying?" From the seat of the car and from Carol's skirt, Davis had scooped up some grains of rice. "If you'd like additional proof, Officer," he said and dropped the rice into the policeman's palm.

What can you do about a man like that? The cop enjoyed his insouciance.

"Well, good luck to you, ma'am. And if you want to enjoy your married life, see that your husband keeps down to forty on these curves. Good luck," and he mounted his motorcycle.

For the next few miles Davis kept down to forty, Carol felt so safe and happy that she forgot everything that had troubled her, the farewell to her mother, the disgruntled bridesmaid. Abruptly the car jerked to a stop.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Why are you stopping?"

Davis got out and ran around to open the door for her. "Come on," he said, extending his hand.

"But why? What's wrong?"

"We're staying here tonight."

"Here?" She saw that he had pulled up in the driveway of a roadside hotel. "But we're not there yet, we're still miles and miles away."

"Too many miles." He took both of her hands and urged her out gently. "I've been waiting for you so long, Babe, I don't want to wait any longer."

The dry warmth of his hands, the ardor of his voice sent a flash of electric excitement through her. The inn was built in the Spanish colonial style, its balconies twined with honeysuckle. "Come along, Babe," he whispered, still clinging to her hand, and as she followed him through a series of arched doors and through a long tunnel-like corridor, she knew that nothing in her life had matched her love for him, and that from this moment and forever after, nothing else in her life could matter.

IT WAS very different with Helen. She had not had a modern education. What she had learned of life in the slums of a mining town had not been romantic. No one had ever told her about the birds and the bees. She was a "good girl" and, therefore, innocent, but she knew that on her wedding night her popular-song and motion-picture concept of love would have to be surrendered.

Just the same she was frightened, so frightened that the very earth had become unsteady. Everything moved. The waves of the Pacific rolled high upon the beach and fell back again, the stars danced overhead, and the chains of neon lights swayed against the darkness. She was dizzy, made sick by the wine or the wedding dinner or the motion of the car.

Bill looked grim, himself, as if he had had too much wine or chicken or spaghetti. But he had hardly eaten; Helen had noticed this particularly and remarked upon it. They had ordered the

(Continued on page 30)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY FREDMAN

It looked innocent enough. Why shouldn't Davis lean close to Lilith to light her cigarette?

Oil Below The Rio Grande

By FRANK GERVASI

America needs the oil in Mexico's undeveloped fields for hemispheric safety. Mexico needs U.S. dollars. But between the two countries lies many a political barrier for the co-operative Alemán Administration to hurdle

UNDER the malarious jungles of Mexico's Gulf coast, lies a patrimony in petroleum. As yet, no one can tell exactly how large it is. But it is known to be big enough to make poverty-burdened Mexico potentially one of the most prosperous countries in the world. And, more important, big enough to ensure the security of the whole Western Hemisphere in wartime.

One expert, a Brooklyn Irishman named John Slattery, who has spent 23 of his 50 years studying Mexican oil fields, has estimated Mexico's oil hoard at anywhere from 5,000,000,000 to 50,000,000,000 barrels. These deposits, lying beneath the Mexican portion of what oilmen call the Reynosa Formation which begins in Texas, represent from two to possibly 20 times the total new reserves of 2,750,000,000 barrels proved in the entire United States in 1947.

Defense Secretary James Forrestal and others en trusted with the security of the Americas have bee desperately seeking a petroleum source clos enough to be defended. They know that if the col war boils, distant sources in the Middle East woul fall to the logical enemy—Russia.

War may never come. The battle for oil has be gun, however. Russia dominates the Rumania wells, and is seeking new fields in Iran. America i pushing development of Arabian deposits. But bot time and distances work against the United State in the oil contest between West and East.

The drilling of exploratory wells and erection o refineries in Mexico would require from two to fiv years, oilmen have estimated. It would also requir money. Oil development is a risky and expensiv business. According to Slattery it would cost $150, 000,000 to drill 1,000 exploratory wells in Mexico An additional $100,000,000 would be needed fo refineries and pipe lines.

There isn't that kind of money in Mexico. An if there were, Mexican capitalists would not risk it They are the kind of sure-thing bettors who insist, banker friend told me, on a 15, 20 or 50 per cent re turn on any investment. They would not tak chances on drilling and not finding oil.

American capital is the only possible source o the huge stake required to tap the reservoirs o Mexican oil. But United States companies remem ber March 18, 1938. On that day General Lázar Cárdenas, then President, threw foreign petroleun firms out on their collective derricks. American valued their holdings at $200,000,000. They wer eventually paid $40,000,000.

Until Mexico creates a political, labor and lega climate favorable to American investments, Mexi co's petroleum will remain rock-bound in wha geologists call "the cretaceous tertiary contact. Can this change of climate be induced? Principally the answer rests with Mexico's darkly handsom President Miguel Alemán—in his ability to over come the difficulties created by those groups wh oppose American participation in Mexico's eco nomic development; in his ability to put an imme diate end to the corruption which threatens t wreck his administration.

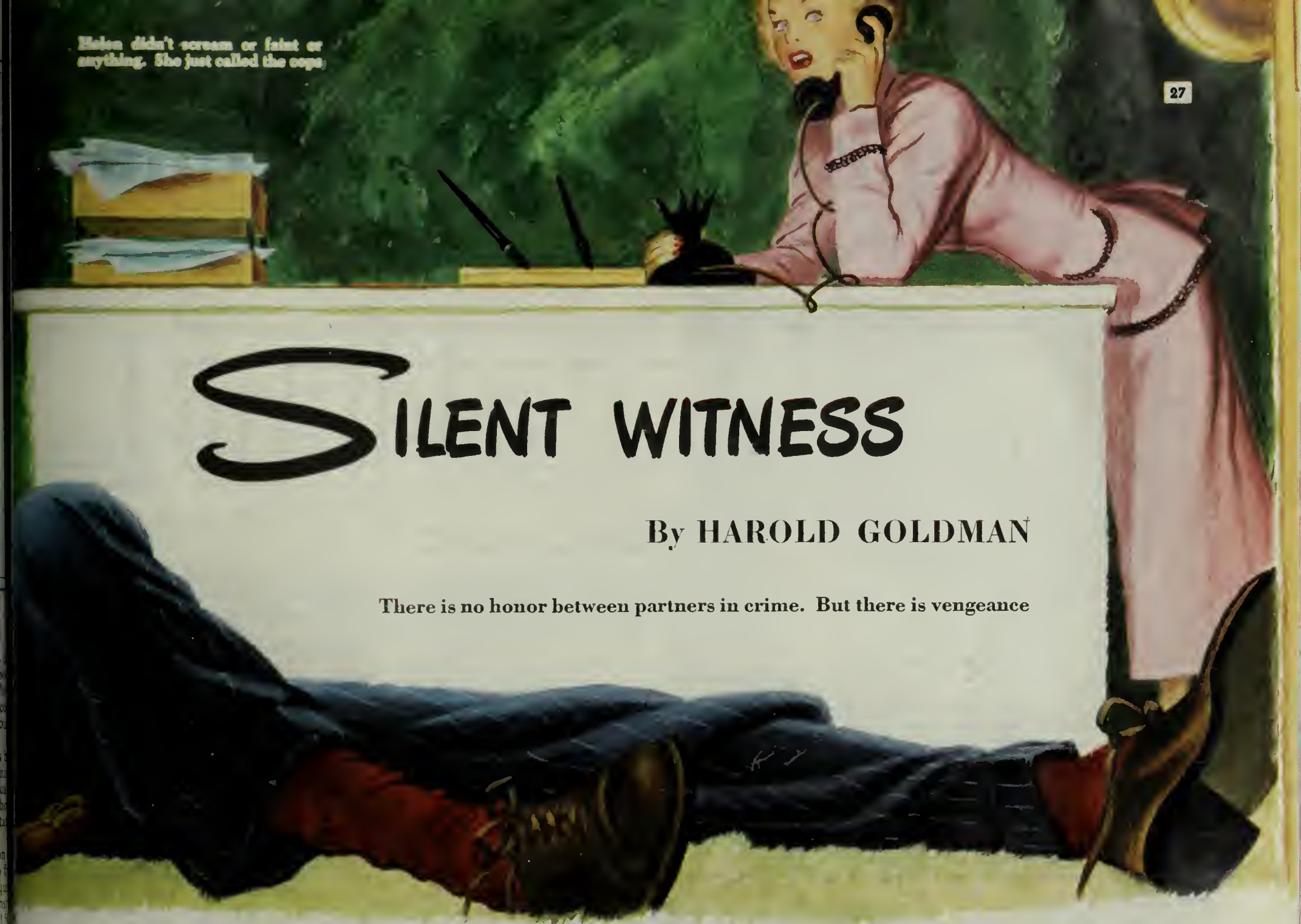
If Alemán were a dictator there would be n question of the availability of an oil supply hand to American war plants. But Alemán is not a dic tator. He is an honestly elected President, whos most immediate trouble, although not his bigges is lack of money.

One way of encouraging United States oil mone to flow back into the country would be for Mexic to agree officially that "expropriation must be fo lowed by prompt and adequate compensation. This idea was incorporated in a resolution pr sented by Secretary of State Marshall at the recer Pan-American Conference in Bogotá. Mexic promptly objected. *(Continued on page 5*



The future has a grim look to this worker and the Mexican oil industry as a whole. Without U.S. capital and know-how, production is faltering south of the Rio Grande. But the Yanqui operator is not welcome

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY FRITZ HENLE



SILENT WITNESS

By HAROLD GOLDMAN

There is no honor between partners in crime. But there is vengeance

I THOUGHT I'd better make the call from the office of the telephone company. I had to call exactly at three and there were a lot of booths there, so it wouldn't be likely I'd have any trouble. It seemed better than using some obscure shop where you might just possibly be noticed and remembered. Besides, the telephone office was less than half a block from my own business building, and a lot depended on my getting there fast after I'd made the phone call to Larry Blakelock.

I closed the door of the phone booth and looked at my watch. It was set to the same second as Al's, who was sitting in my home about five miles away in Brentwood Heights, waiting to do his part. He would be asking the operator for the same number at exactly this time, so that there'd be a record of a call from my house.

I waited until exactly three. My throat was really in bad shape, my voice little more than a rasp. I'd had an ugly laryngitis for a week or more and I hadn't been to the office in all that time. It was a genuine case all right, but Dr. Winters couldn't understand why I didn't seem to respond to his treatments and medications. I could understand it fine, because I was pouring them into the sink as fast as I got them and smoking enough cigarettes to keep my vocal cords good and angry. As a matter of fact, it was the loss of my voice in the first place that gave me the idea.

I dialed my own office number, knowing that Blakelock was sure to be there at that time. Helen answered from the switchboard in the outer office.

"How are you feeling, Mr. Jarvis?" she asked.

"Not bad, but I'm still in bed. Winters won't let me up until we get rid of the inflammation. Is Mr. Blakelock in?"

I gave him the same thing I'd said to Helen.

"Take it easy," he warned. "You sound terrible."

"Just the voice," I said. "What's happening?"

He gave me a quick review of things at the office, new orders and shipments—but naturally, only the straight stuff. We were always careful over the telephone. I put in an occasional comment, asked a question or two. I knew Helen would be listening in from the switchboard. It wasn't only that this was her usual practice, but Blakelock and I had had some pretty healthy rows during the past month which she had overheard—although she didn't know what they were about—and I figured she'd be curious as to whether there'd be another blow-off right now. That was fine for me. I wanted her to hear every word. There must never be any doubt in her mind that it was actually I who was on the other end of the phone. After all, she'd be the only one who'd be able to swear to it.

I suddenly interrupted. "Hold it, Larry," I said. "There's someone at the door. It may be the medicine and I'm alone. Call me back in fifteen minutes, will you? I want you to do something for me."

I hung up fast, looked out to be sure there was no one I knew around, and walked round to the alley behind the firehouse that led to the service entrance in the rear of my office building. I had parked my car there in the first place. No, not my car. I'd left that home. It was Al's little coupé—just to show you I wasn't taking any chances.

There wasn't a soul around—there never was, in that rear alley—as I went up the back stairs to my office. The corridor was clear as I walked to the door of my own private office, softly unlocked it with my key and went in.

The door between my office and Larry's was closed as usual. There was small chance he would come in for any reason. I sat at the desk and waited, my ear close to the wall to listen to the call he'd make any moment now to my home.

It couldn't have been more than a few seconds but it seemed a long wait. I wasn't lashing myself into a fury or anything like that. I didn't need to get up my courage suddenly for something I'd had in the front of my mind for so long. In fact, I wasn't furious at all. But I was scared—scared of what he might do unless I kept him from doing it. He should have made up his mind before we first went into partnership that this wasn't for him, that he wanted to play it straight and aboveboard.

We were the West Coast agency for a big drug firm in Kansas City, specializing in vitamin products, and we were doing a good job on sales and distribution. But that didn't mean a thing. It was just a front for what happened after we'd monkeyed with some of the little capsules, so that they weren't exactly vitamin products any more when we got through with them. Al—the fellow who was sitting up at my house right now waiting for the call—got the stuff right from the harbor at San Pedro, and Larry and I had our own contacts for disposing of it. It was smooth and easy and, so far, there hadn't been a whiff of anything that might interfere with our own notion of free enterprise. Larry'd picked a fine time to get religion over it. I wouldn't have minded his getting out and leaving it all with me. I didn't specially need him anyway. But I didn't like his eyes when we talked about it. He didn't threaten or anything. But I was getting too nervous about him really to enjoy my six separate bank accounts

I could hear him in the next room, busy at his desk at one thing or another, and then I heard him buzz Helen on the phone and say, "Get Mr. Jarvis at his home, will you? I promised to call him back." *(Continued on page 57)*

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL MILROY

How to Keep Out of Trouble

By HOWARD WHITMAN

Hermits and saints may skip this one. It's for the rest of us mortals, who sometimes find we "can't get along with" our mothers-in-law, bosses or other frictional characters

THREE years ago some of the best brains at Harvard University harnessed themselves to a new course dealing with the primary ill of all human existence: that ubiquitous ole debbil called *trouble*. How do people get into trouble? Once in it, how do they get out of it? Now—after much cogitation, experimentation and research—the Harvard seers have come up with some, though certainly not all, of the answers.

"Trouble" is just any everyday human problem which has been fouled up. The recipe is an easy one. Take two or more human beings, add a cupful of day-to-day experience, spice with human emotions, add a pinch of high tension, mix well and—there you have it.

Problems will always be with us. Problems are life, and life problems. The staff of the Human Relations experiment at Harvard College, realizing this, have concentrated on the methods of dealing with problems. Problems won't hurt us so long as we cope with them. It is only the problems we foul up which get us into jams.

Harvard College's program has been directed by Professor Wallace Brett Donham, former dean of the university's famed Graduate School of Business Administration. At his elbow have been researchers and instructors trained during two decades by the eminent George Elton Mayo, retired Professor of Industrial Research. Nineteen deans and professors from Colgate, the University of Kansas, Ohio University, Texas Christian, the University of Washington, and Worcester Polytechnic Institute have aided in the experiment.

It has been called simply Human Relations.

I strode across the elm-shaded lawn of Harvard's famous Yard into aged and cavernous Sever Hall, where a Human Relations class was in progress. Here Harvard men and Radcliffe girls were grouped around a U-shaped table. They were taking apart the Case of Julia Damon.

Like the dozens of other "cases" which make up the grist of the course, the Case of Julia Damon (disguised by fictitious names and places) was a painstaking record of a real-life situation.

Dilemma for a Housemistress

Julia Damon was housemistress of a dormitory at Myer College for Girls. Her relationship with two seniors, "Tex" Farner and Faith Gantling, had long been skirting the edges of trouble. Now, just two weeks before comprehensive exams, the girls had come in late and signed the night book "on time." Reporting them might stop their graduation. Letting it pass might strengthen their rebelliousness. What should Miss Damon do?

The students went back three and four years into a carefully recorded case history. Tex, they discovered, had been extremely worried about her mother, who was suffering from angina. She was under pressure from her brothers to "make good" in college. A chemistry exam had almost thrown her. Both girls had been abandoned by the chums of their freshman year. Like a snarled ball of yarn, the case took considerable untangling.

The student who had said, "Miss Damon *must* report the girls!" realized how much he had missed of what his professor called the "total situation."

And the student who had urged, "Let it pass," realized he, too, was wrong.

"What Tex and Faith really need is *help*," one student finally summed it up. Reporting or not reporting the girls was virtually immaterial. Miss Damon had a chance to counsel with them, help them see their own problems, help them become happier, less rebellious young women. That, the class decided, was what Miss Damon should do. That is what they thought *they* should do, given a comparable situation.

Every case in the course is similarly analyzed until what Harvardites call "the total situation" is laid open.

The Jinny Stover Case is searched for the reasons why nine-year-old Jinny refused to go to school.

The Case of the Seiton Family is sifted for the strange motivations which made each member try to please the others, while in reality nobody was pleasing anyone.

Why do human beings behave as they do? What forces are pushing them?

Whether in the home-town neighborhood or in the halls of the United Nations the art of getting along with others is becoming the prime art of our time. Says Donham, "We must all live with ourselves, with other individuals—and the process of learning how is slow and painful."

What can Harvard offer to you and me? What capsules of wisdom have come out of the searching years?

First, beware of logic. "Emotions are never logical and can almost never be changed by reasoned argument," Donham declares. "Anyone who has tried to argue the logical merits of a situation with an upset wife or child, particularly when he is himself upset, should know this."

One Harvard student almost disrupted the class by throwing "harpoons of logic," as lecturer Joseph C. Bailey put it, into every case that came along. He apparently confused men with machines, thought all you needed to do was push buttons, shift gears, grease up the axles. He had charted his entire career in cold logic. Two plus two would always equal four.

Eventually he discovered that where human beings are involved two plus two can equal five, fourteen, five million or zero.

Sentiments and emotions are the big sways in life. That's what Cardinal Newman meant when he said man is not a reasoning animal, but a feeling, seeing, hearing, acting animal.

The Professor's Unexpected Answer

One logical young law student jumped up in the Human Relations class and said, "If this is how people behave, I must change nearly all my concepts of the world!"

"Yes," was Donham's quiet reply. "Quite so."

The illogic of human behavior applies to the large arenas as well as the small. In a 1947 report Donham wrote:

"We tried to make students realize, for example, that Secretary Marshall on his recent trip to Russia faced the same necessity they themselves are meeting in the simpler cases . . . that he must understand not only the logical implications of facts as they concern people with whom he deals and as they concern us for whom he is acting, but also the prejudices, sentiments and emotions which enter into his problems—his and our own emotions as well as theirs."

Perhaps you and I can profit, too, in trying to understand a daughter who wants to smoke before she's old enough, a boss who is overexacting, a neighbor who wakes us up with his lawn mower, a wife who nags, a husband who picks fights, or a thousand and one human relationships where logic isn't the answer. Let's ask ourselves, "What emotions are involved?" Then let's go on from there.

Another thing they've learned to disdain at Harvard is the pat answer, the snap judgment.

"One student gave the entire 'answer' to a case in two minutes," relates Miss Frances G. Mulhearn, one of the Human Relations researchers. "He was trying to play God. That's something we just don't do." (And of course the student was wrong.)

The course also stresses the "equilibrium" in human relations. We are warned against being elephants in china shops. Since every human relationship is a delicate balance of dozens of factors, we must realize, Harvard tells us, that "if we change one of the factors, we may change many—perhaps all—of the factors."

The idea is to make our improvements so as not to break up the equilibrium, and to find out what improvements the people in the situation are themselves capable of making. As Donham points out, "It is quite a different thing to push a man gently and to punch him in the face"—though the hand may be used in both gestures. It's the timing that makes the big difference.

Donham's colleague in the Harvard experiments, Professor George F. F. Lombard, reminds us that "people get mad when you try to change them." Try changing your mother-in-law and see just what Lombard means. Instead of kicking over the apple-cart of a human relationship, why not give up the idea of "controlling the other fellow, and try controlling yourself *in relation to* the other fellow?" he suggests.

Often human relationships shipwreck on the rocks of *meaning*. Many a *(Continued on page 59)*

For three years, Professor Wallace Brett Donham of Harvard and associates from other universities did research for their pioneer course in Human Relations—the art of getting along with people.

Here are ten simple rules for keeping out, or getting out, of trouble, distilled for all of us mortals from the rich mash of the professors' collective experiences:

1. Learn all about a problem before trying to solve it. Listen a lot. Talk a little.

2. See the *total situation*. Don't act on just a part of it.

3. Don't be deceived by *logic*. Most problems are full of emotion. Emotions aren't "logical."

4. Watch the meaning of words. Look behind words to get their full impact.

5. No moral judgments, please. Until you have diagnosed a problem don't leap to conclusions about what's *right* and what's *wrong*.

6. Imagine yourself in the other fellow's shoes. See how the problem looks from where he sits.

7. When a problem gets you down, get away from it. Put it in the back of your mind for a week. When you approach it again the solution may be obvious.

8. Ask yourself, "What are the forces acting upon the other fellow? Why does he behave as he does?"

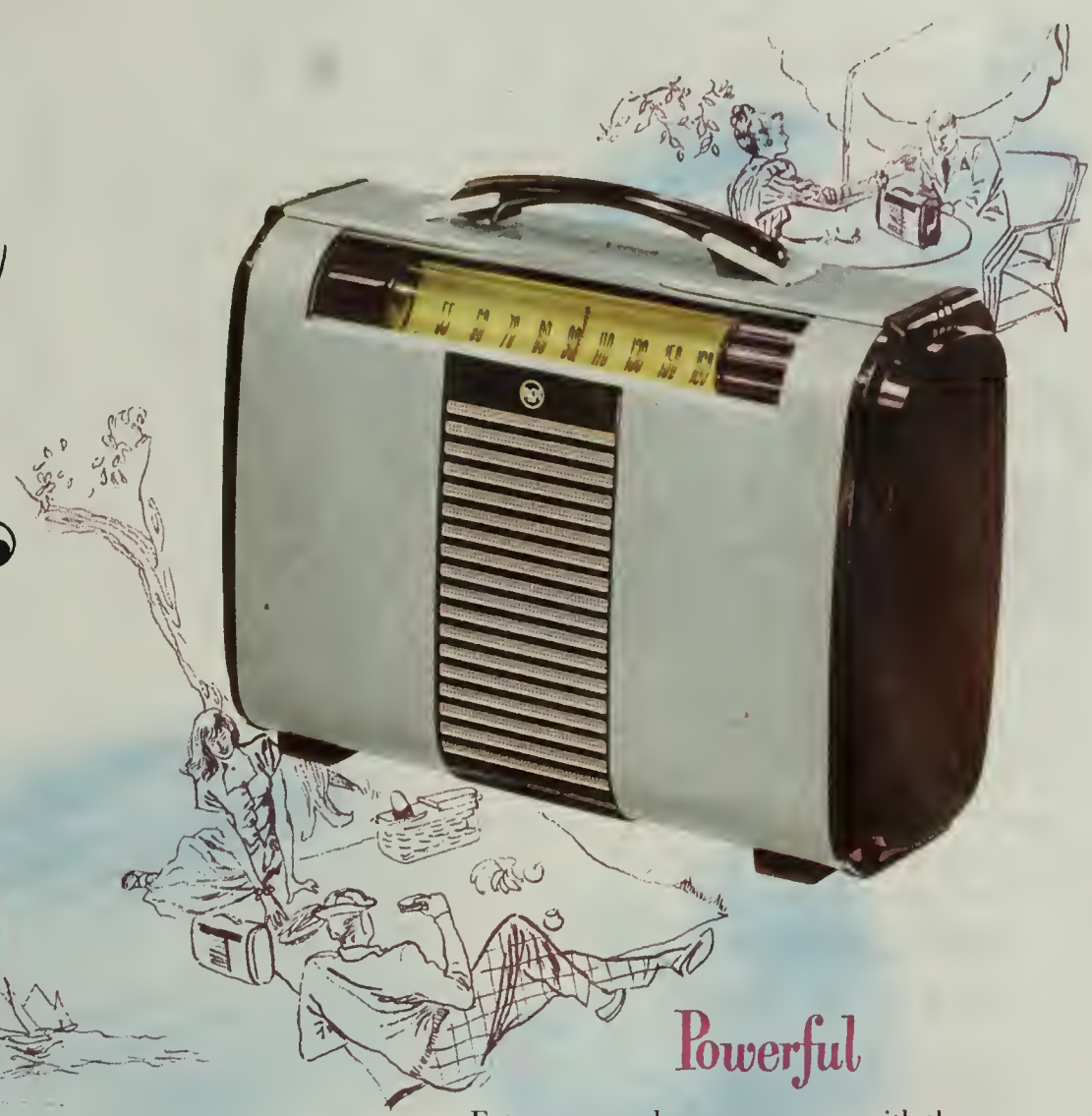
9. *Diagnosis* must come before *action*. Use the doctor's approach. Don't prescribe until you're sure what is wrong.

10. Easy does it. Quick solutions are often the quick route to trouble. Take your time.

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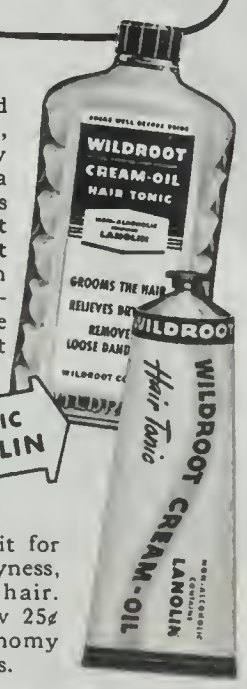
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MARRIAGE '48

Continued from page 24

wonderful two-dollar dinner at their favorite Italian restaurant. Their guests, Stan and Mildred Wozzeck, Helen's bridesmaids, the best man and a couple of other friends, had packed away food as if they hadn't seen a good meal in ten years. And the wine! The younger bridesmaid had said the most awful things, and Mildred Wozzeck laughed so loud that everybody in the restaurant turned to stare at her. In the end, when they were walking out she had nudged Helen's arm and told her not to be scared, just to take it easy, there was nothing to be afraid of.

"This looks like a nice place," Bill had said, and Helen, jerked out of her trance, had noticed that he had stopped the car beside a neon sign that turned his face quite pink. Midway Hotel, it said, Exclusive Cabins.

BILL jumped out of the car and went into the cabin that had a blue neon Office beside its door. She hoped the Vacancy sign was a mistake.

Through the window she saw shadows move. Bill was probably writing their names in the register, Mr. and Mrs. William V. Snyder. The V stood for Vito. His mother had been Italian. From her he had got his sleek good looks, his liquid eyes, the graceful body. He reminded Helen of Mexican songs, of the people in holy pictures. This love of the Latin ran through her blond family. Two sisters and a brother had married brunets. She thought of Bill's body tanned by the sun as he lay on her pale-blue beach towel. The ice in her veins melted and she felt alive again, eager to touch Bill's hands and to feel his lips on her mouth.

He did not speak as he got back into the car and started the motor. Helen decided the rosy sign had been a mistake, that the manager of the cabins had forgotten to turn it off when the last cabin was rented.

He drove a few feet, brought the car to rest under a roof beside one of the cabins. "Well, this is it." His voice was gruff, his lips rigid, and only the muscles of his cheeks seemed to move. Out of the trunk compartment he took their bags, his own old and battered with the number of his Marine company stenciled on the side, and hers, a shining new one of airplane cloth bound in maroon leather.

It was a very nice cabin, really de luxe, with cream-colored Monterey furniture, Mexican-looking rugs, candlewick bedspreads in a tasteful shade of brown, and on the wall her very favorite picture of a little Mexican boy squatting under a giant cactus.

Bill locked the door. Then he unlocked it again and looked out at the road. "How about a cup of coffee before we turn in?"

"Would you care for one?"

"I asked you."

"Not unless you do."

They heard the cars on the highway, the sea and a new record in the juke box. Bill pulled down the shades. He tried to appear unconcerned but his jerky movements showed that he was nervous. Helen was afraid she had made him angry again by refusing to have coffee.

"Well, if you don't feel like going out—" he left the sentence unfinished. With a jerk he loosened his good brown tie, and in the same angry way, he took off his coat and threw it across a chair.

Helen sat on the edge of the bed, shivering and trying to think of something nice to say to him. Presently, because Bill expected it, she began to undress. As she started to take off her stockings she noticed that she had only one garter on. This reminded her of the classy bride, Mrs. Henry Fowler, and she wondered how it would feel to be as casual about getting married as about eating in a new restaurant or moving to a different house.

Bill started on his shoelaces. He was having a bad time. After much tugging and jerking one of them opened, but the other was tied in a hopeless knot. It was clear that he hated himself for his clumsiness, but that he would not give in. He kept tugging and jerking, stamping his other foot on the bare floor between the Mexican rugs. Helen came over and looked at it, saw that the knot would never be untied, and shook her head.

This angered him still more. He turned his back on her, muttered a curse that might have been against women or shoelaces. All at once she felt sorry for him. Her own fear was lost in the greater emotion, sympathy for big clumsy creatures who strut their strength before women and pretend to be brave, but who are transformed by fear into silly, swaggering children. She was his wife, wasn't she, married to him in church that morning? Why was he so scared?

With a little skipping step she hurried to the new suitcase, took out plastic-handled scissors and returned to the chair where Bill sat sulking over a shoelace and punishing the floor with his other foot. Kneeling beside him, she cut the lace. "I can tie it in the morning, so you can use it till you get a new pair."

He did not look at her face but at her small hand resting on his knee. He laid his hand upon it, the dark flesh on the pale, the strength on the softness. "Hello," Bill said.

"Hello, yourself."

"Gee, we're married," he cried as if he had just happened to think of it. And he put his arms around her.

ECSTASY, Lilith thought, ecstasy is an ordinary thing, but intimacy is the soul of marriage. Careless couples destroy intimacy, foul it up with selfishness and discourtesy but wise husbands and clever wives cultivate intimacy as a fine art.

Lilith was lying, as she indulged in these exquisite abstractions, on her wide and comfortable couch in her handsome living room. She had on a negligee that was no less sophisticated for being pink and a single gold leather mule. The other mule stood on the coffee table along with her silver service, Royal Doulton cup and plates and the remains of a midnight snack. Her bare foot rested on Henry's lap.

Lilith moved on the couch, her negligee fell open and she saw a reddish ring circling her thigh just above the knee. She sat up to examine it, and Henry looked at it.

"What's that?"

"A scar, the scar of superstition. I'm probably marked for life because I married you today."

"What does that mean?"

She told him about the pale young girl she had met in the Bride's Boudoir, and the garter which had been loaned her for luck.

"And because you forgot to return it our marriage is destined for bad luck?" he teased.

Lilith pouted prettily. "It was stupid of me to forget. If only I had some way of finding her name and address, I could send it back."

"That's easy enough. All you have to do is look at the church register."

Lilith clapped her hands, looking up at him archly. "I knew I'd married a genius."

Lilith went on, "I met another bride too. When I went back for my cigarette case, she was up there getting ready for the grand entrance. Real lace and all that. You know what she reminded me of? Myself at my own first wedding."

As soon as she had said it, she was sorry. Henry was scowling. Over the champagne that morning she had promised him not to talk any more about her other weddings, her experiences and her husbands.

To cover up her mistake she chattered, "Just think, three of us married in the morning. Such different brides, too."

"Different grooms, also," commented Henry, smiling at the female tendency to believe that only women are sensitive.

"How different marriage will be for each of us. Nothing in common but a wedding day, but probably we're all starting out with the same hope of living happily forever after. If you believed in astrology, it'd make you stop and think."

"I don't believe in astrology but I do

ALFRED by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



"It's not the two-dollar fine that is crushing Alfred's spirit. It's the humiliation of standing in line with the other lawbreakers"

COLLIER'S



ONLY IN A MILKY WAY...

From the moment you take your first luscious bite, you know that only in a Milky Way can you find this rare taste thrill. For, in every luscious bite of a Milky Way the thick, milk chocolate coating . . . the golden layer of smooth, creamy caramel . . . and the soft, chocolate nougat center, richly flavored with real malted milk, all melt together in your mouth . . . to give you that rare taste blend you will find only in a Milky Way.

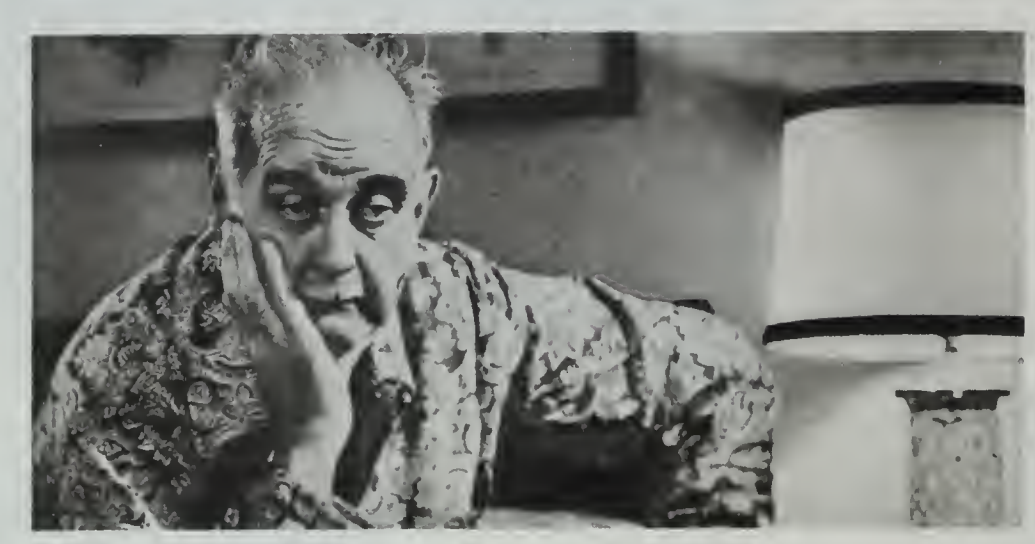
When you crave good candy, eat a



Milky Way

Men like this will say

"HOORAY!"



So will all the many people kept awake, made nervous or jittery by the caffein in regular coffee! For . . .

THE NEW IMPROVED

SANKA COFFEE

—the "drink-it-and-sleep" coffee—now has a new, marvelous flavor to delight lovers of fine coffee! It has a truly wonderful taste—yet it's still 97% caffein-free.



FINER FLAVOR in Sanka Coffee is due to a brand-new flavor-saving process . . . a miracle method of taking the caffein out of the coffee.

Try Sanka Coffee today. See for yourself what a great flavor-improvement has been made. Sanka comes in two forms: Ground for drip or percolator; Instant Sanka, made instantly in the cup. Products of General Foods.



still stop and think," he said. "Three marriages in a morning. That gives us a two-thirds chance."

So he had read the morning papers, too. His remark was a dead giveaway, evidence that he had also shown qualms. Why shouldn't he? How else could a man feel, marrying a woman who had twice failed? Damn all statistics! The surface of their intimacy was unruffled, but the depths had been disturbed.

To console herself she looked hard at Henry's profile, dark against the glow of the lamp. His face, like his character, was firm. He came from a tough people, Puritan stock and Quakers, rocklike in will power and endurance. "You're so good-looking," she said.

Henry smiled and turned toward her. Among the jutting rocks of his features were his eyes, blue as flowers. And the twist of a humorous mouth. "Now don't start that again, my girl."

"And cute, awfully cute."

"Is that any way to talk to an obstetrician?"

She fell back upon the cushions relaxed again and cozy. "You can be as obstetrical as you like, darling," she told him, "just so you don't bring any babies tonight."

As if it had taken a cue from her remark, the telephone rang. Henry ran for it. Lilith looked at the old French clock on the mantel. At this hour the call could only be for Henry.

"Are you going out tonight?" she demanded.

"I don't know."

"If you do—"

He took the phone from the cradle, but instead of answering, held his hand over the mouthpiece. "You'll what?"

THE air of judgment, of righteous interrogation made her defiant. She loathed men when they became masters. "I'll leave," she cried, not bothered by the illogic, not even remembering that this was her house and that if anyone left, the apartment and the furnishings and all the fine antiques were her property.

"Aren't you being a little premature? According to statistics, we've got a year anyway." And he turned from her coolly to talk into the phone.

She beat the sofa with angry fists. There it was again, that damned statistic, the specter at the wedding feast. And suddenly, as she looked up, she saw Henry smiling down at her childish fury. She hoped he would not notice that she was trembling.

He had been trained to observe the symptoms of weakness. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Someone walkin on your grave?"

"On my marriage license, someor with heavy boots and sharp nails," sh said. Abruptly then, before Henry coul tell her whether he meant to stay or g she flung herself at him, tucked herse into his embrace, crying, "Oh, darlin let's stay happy. Let's stay as happy a we are tonight, Henry." . . .

In August there was a sudden wave confinements. Among Henry's patien were women who had the poor taste bear their babies prematurely while otl ers, who seemed to have dallied wi theirs, chose the same or succeedir nights for labor. It made a mess of tl Fowlers' social life and kept Henry o at all hours. This made Lilith increa ingly resentful of his work.

One evening a quarrel was interrupte It was not important at the start, mere one of those Mr. and Mrs. argumer about a dress. They were to go to a do tors' party the following night, and Lili had suddenly decided that she had not ing to wear. So she had bought a ne dress and had to model it for Hen complete with sandals and long glov and earrings. When he saw her in Henry gave out a shrill and vulgar wh tle.

"You mean it's cut too low?"

"That crowd is pretty conservative

"I don't see why doctors should shocked by the human body. They' studied anatomy."

"I wish you'd wear something el The black."

She pouted. The black was stuf Moreover, she had worn it at l month's dinner. "Why not, Henry? Gi the boys a treat. I'm sure they'll love i

"Their wives won't."

"I'm not dressing for a lot of docto wives. I loathe doctors' wives."

"What do you think *you* are?"

"I dress to fascinate you, darling."

There was no doubt of the fascinati Henry had an eye for her slim waist, a preciated the glint of the bare tann shoulders and the roundness of h breasts. Said he, "That sort of fasci tion ought to be reserved for the bo doir."

"What a prig you are!"

Henry nodded, admitting to a deg of conservatism, and asked her to w a more modest gown. Lilith pouted a argued. She knew that she was be childish and illogical but she was afr to give in, lest her independence be l

In the midst of their argument ca the inevitable summons.

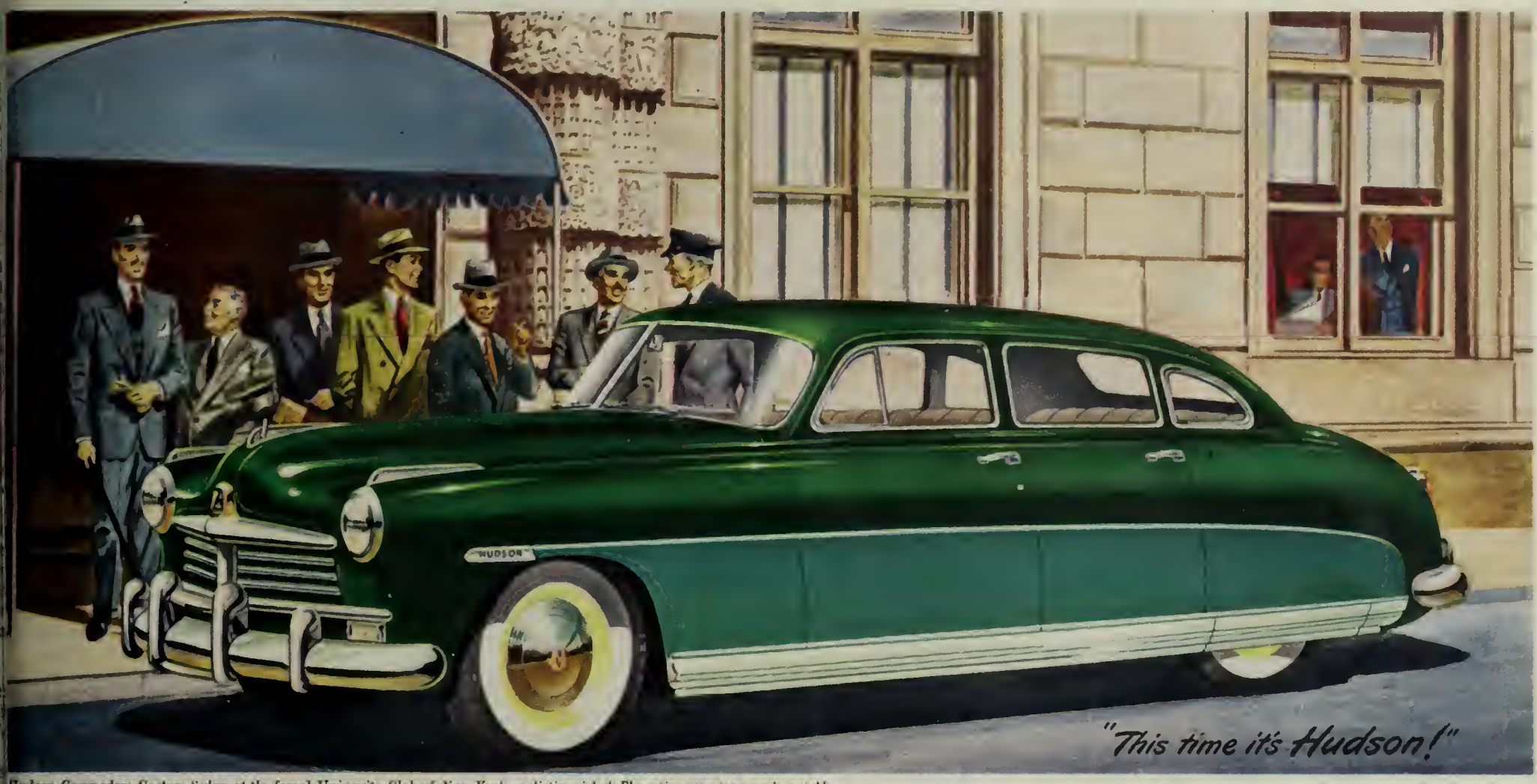
When she saw Henry putting or clean shirt and knotting his tie as if



"Mr. Warren in Civics Class says tipping is un-American"

COLLIER'S

PERRY BARLOW



Hudson Commodore Custom Sedan at the famed University Club of New York, a distinguished Florentine structure made notable by the shields of the nation's great colleges and universities which are carved into its exterior stone. Painted from a photograph.

"Gentlemen...be seated!"

In the beautiful New Hudson — the only car you step down into — you get *more* head room and *roomier* seats than in any other mass-produced automobile built today!

IF YOU'VE as much as looked inside a gorgeous New Hudson, you know that *all* of the gentlemen above are not only going to be seated, but seated in comfort and luxury that sets a new standard for the motor-car world!

For Hudson—the lowest-built, most streamlined car on the highway—has *more* head room and *roomier* seats than in any mass-produced car built today! This astonishing roominess is achieved by a new design principle, the key to which is a recessed floor. Hudson is the only car you step *down* into! Space under the floor between frame members that is usually wasted is thus brought into the car and made available for passenger use. This permits Hudson to move full-height seats down to harmonize with the new, lower top.

Hudson's new design provides other opportunities for increased roominess. Seats extend the full width of the body, for instance, because they are positioned completely ahead of the rear wheels.

And the gentlemen above are in for even more pleasant discoveries—just as you will be when you really get acquainted with this amazing motor car. For example, experience everywhere has shown that the lower to the ground a car can be built, the more stability it will have, the safer it will be; and Hudson has the *lowest center of gravity* in any American stock car—yet road clearance is ample!

As a result, this car has a hug-the-road way of going on curves, in cross-winds and on every conceivable kind of road. You sense this delightful conformity to the road the minute you begin to ride, and this stability, plus the protection of riding encircled by the sturdy box-section steel girders of Hudson's Monobilt body-and-frame*, gives you a grand feeling of safe well-being!

Still another thrilling thing about the New Hudson ride is the restful quiet with which this car glides along. The engineering in this beautiful automobile is so advanced that the usual motoring noises are reduced or controlled *practically to the vanishing point!*

Will you accept this as our invitation to look into and ride the exciting New Hudson? The nearest Hudson dealer will welcome your visit, and he will supply you with a copy of a new booklet, "The Importance of Stepping Down," which explains all of the many advantages in Hudson's new design principle. Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit 14.

*Trade-mark and patents pending



Interior, Commodore Custom Sedan for six or more passengers—typical of the luxury and roominess in all New Hudson models.

Hudson Drive-Master Transmission—you are invited to try automatic gear shifting in forward speeds as provided by Hudson's Drive-Master Transmission—by far the easiest of all ways to drive. You can accelerate as long and as fast as you like in pick-up gear, then lift your toe momentarily, and you're in high. The shift into high comes *only* when you are ready! Button control on the instrument panel provides instant change to conventional driving if ever desired. Drive-Master Transmission is available on all New Hudsons at slight extra cost.

The only car you step down into

Hudson

Eight body styles in Super Series and Commodore Custom Series. Your choice, 121 h.p. all-new Super-Six or 128 h.p. masterful Super-Eight engine. Super-Cushion tires. Ten rich body colors. Two special colors or five two-tone combinations—white sidewall tires—at extra cost.



"Hey, buddy—no changing clothes in MY cab!"



HARRY: Who, me? I didn't do anything!

DRIVER: Don't gimme that! You step into the hack wearin' a nifty shirt, and now you're wearin' a nifty *sports* shirt! Whatcha tryin' to do? Make me lose my license?

HARRY: But, honest, Cabbie—*it's the same shirt.* It's a two-way shirt. Called the Arrow* Doubler.

DRIVER: Two-way stretches I've heard of. Two-way shirts? Nah!

HARRY: It's true. Y'see, I'm starting my vacation today, so I'm wearing the Arrow Doubler. In the office, I wear it with a tie. *It's a business shirt!* In the cab, I take off the tie. *It's a sports shirt!*

DRIVER: Look, Bub. I admit it's a handsome sports shirt. It's cool-lookin'. It's comfy-lookin'. But I don't see where it's a *dress* shirt—

HARRY: Look. LOOK. I'll *prove* it to you. I'll put *on* the tie. It's just like every Arrow Shirt, see. Swell collar, swell fit. And *Sanforized,** too—shrinkage less'n one per cent. LOOK!

DRIVER: Say! You're right! It's the same



shirt—only *different.* Arrow Doubler, huh? I'll have to—oh, oh!

COP: PULL OVER TO THE SIDE! Why don't you look where you're driving, Hackie! You been on a one-way street for ten minutes!

DRIVER: Holy *smoke!* Two-way shirts—one-way street—what a DAY! *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

*Arrow, Sanforized: Registered Trade-marks.

See the Arrow Doubler at your dealer's $3.95

ARROW SHIRTS

rage meant nothing to him, she went completely fishwife. Dr. Fowler coddled his patients needlessly, she shrilled; this woman had summoned him merely to satisfy a selfish whim, she shouted.

Henry picked up his little black bag. "You'll probably be asleep when I get back."

"I shan't sleep a wink. I never do when you're out."

"You can take a pill," he said. "Just one, no more."

Blocking the door with her body, she demanded, "What time will you be back?"

"How can I say?"

"I warn you—" she began.

"Again?" His voice sounded frozen.

"I'll bolt the door. You won't be able to get in."

Without another word, he pushed past her, gently brushed her aside and walked out. She made a noisy business of bolting the door. There was no sign that Henry had heard, and when he backed his car out of the garage, he did not look up to see whether she was at the window. After a time she laid out an elaborate two-deck game of solitaire. At two in the morning, before she went to bed, she took off the bolt.

When she woke, at nine, he had not come home. She called the hospital but was told that Dr. Fowler was with his patient and could not be disturbed. All day she waited for some word, but Henry neither returned home nor tried to reach her by telephone.

The blue silk garter which had been lent her for luck on her wedding day and which she had not yet returned to its owner had been put away in an old satin Valentine box along with some discarded costume jewelry, unstrung beads and mateless earrings. Lilith had not forgotten the little bride who had offered her "something borrowed and something blue" but she did not often think about her.

ON THE other hand, Helen Wozzeck Snyder recalled every detail of the meeting which had been one of the most significant moments of the most memorable day in her life. Twice Helen had read in the newspapers about the bridegroom whose wedding had preceded hers in the Little Church in the Vale, for Dr. Henry Fowler had been obstetrician in attendance at the birth of movie stars' babies.

Naturally, Helen believed that Mrs. Henry Fowler dwelt in a state of unceasing ecstasy. Had she heard about Lilith's problems, Helen would have gone right on believing in the bliss of the Fowlers.

Helen's problem was much simpler. She wanted a home. This was a normal desire, and in normal times easy of achievement. Now she and Bill were living, through the grace of her cousin Stan Wozzeck, in the parlor of the Wozzeck bungalow in Inglewood. Helen and Bill considered themselves lucky to be paying forty dollars a month for the parlor when so many newly married couples were sleeping in reconditioned hencoops.

The Wozzeck house, like so many dwellings in Los Angeles, single or multiple, bungalow or mansion, was made of tar paper, chicken wire and thin plaster. Through the walls Helen and Bill could hear, like a radio that is never turned off, the ceaseless lament of Stan's wife.

To have heard Mildred go on about the loss of her parlor, one would think she had descended to life in a cave after years of luxury in marble halls. She was constantly bewailing the invasion of her home and never thinking about the forty a month which she and Stan paid on their mortgage and which allowed them to live in the other four rooms rent-free. Eight years before, she and Stan had paid five hundred dollars down, and because of this had become as holy as a landlord who owns blocks of apartments.

The sad part of it was that Helen and Bill had more money in their joint bank accounts than Stan and Mildred had put into the house, and were together earning almost a hundred a week. This was solid money and certainly not the income of people who have to beg favors. But what could they get nowadays for a five- or six-hundred-dollar deposit? Not even a hencoop! And the problem of renting was even more insoluble. Day after day, when they had finished work, they drove around in Bill's old jalopy, looking at "investments" which turned out to be sand lots without even foundations or basements on them; or worse, run-down twenty-dollar apartments at seventy-five, besides a two- or three-hundred-dollar bonus to the landlord or agent.

MILDRED'S petulant voice and the wailing of her year-old child, spoiled beyond belief, woke Helen each morning at half past six.

"I could kick her teeth in," Helen would say, greeting the dawn in cheery fashion. "What's she got to kick about, I'd like to know. Forty a month for this steam roller."

"Sh-sh, they'll hear you," Bill warned.

Helen groaned and buried her face in the pillow. The kitchen was a card table set up in the corner and fitted out with a few ten-cent-store pots, a set of plastic dishes, and an electric plate upon which they boiled water for their coffee.

Sleep, once the cheapest of Helen's activities, had now become so precious that she counted the hours of slumber like a miser his gold. Overtired and restless, she lay rigid on the hard couch, afraid to turn lest she disturb Bill. And he, although loving and considerate about most things, thought Helen's complaints no more than female cussedness.

"What do you mean, you can't sleep? I just wish you could see a picture of yourself pounding that pillow. I never in my life seen a woman so crazy about sleeping in the morning."

"How many women have you seen sleeping in the morning?" she'd inquire tartly.

"Gosh, what a sour-puss your wife's getting to be," she remarked when finally she had got herself alive enough to hear her voice.

"If we could only find a place of our own to live in, I guess everything'd be all right between us," she would explain, hooking her bra with one hand and with the other slipping slices of bakery bread into the toaster.

"What's wrong between us?" Bill inquired as he put his razor back into his suitcase and hunted in the cedar chest for a tie.

"We'd have a place to keep our things, and I could give you a hot cereal in the morning."

Bill was always ready first. By the time the toast was brown and the coffee ready, he was able to sit down and eat comfortably at the card table. Helen hopped around like a one-legged sparrow, dressing and putting things away, trying to eat her breakfast and get the room tidy all at the same time. The strain was too great.

"What's getting to be the matter with me?" Helen cried, and when she saw herself in the mirror set upon the console radio which she used as a dressing table she was appalled by her appearance. Her cheeks were sunken, her eyes surrounded by violet circles, and her hair, in spite of a twelve-dollar permanent, as straight and pale as pulled taffy.

"Maybe you ought to quit work," Bill said. "It's getting too much for you, having a job and getting used to married life at the same time." Sometimes at night when he was most in love with her, he saw shadows fall across her pinched little face.

"But we want a home of our own, don't we? And with prices nowadays how'll we ever manage to get somethin' nice?"



FORECASTING...

A feeling that's mutual

FROM ALLOWAY TO ALBUQUERQUE

Here in Alloway, Robbie Burns, Scotland's immortal poet, was born. Another famous Scottish native is Johnnie Walker... product of Scotland's misty climate and clear spring water that impart such distinctive bouquet and flavour to this superb Scotch.

West or east, discriminating tastes are quick to agree on their favourite drinking companion. It's Johnnie Walker, of course! Here's a Scotch of unchallenged superiority... smoothly perfect, perfectly mellow—and preferred *everywhere.*





ASK, FOR AND GIVE SCOTLAND'S FAVOURITE SON—

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

RED LABEL • BLACK LABEL

Both 86.8 proof



CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y. *Sole Importer*



To comfort her, Bill took her in his arms.

Helen had the breakfast things to clear up while Bill had to go through the awful ritual of closing the couch-bed. It had a mechanical contrivance, which, according to the salesman who had demonstrated it to Mildred, a child could close with the tip of a finger. Bill Snyder, ex-Marine, had to fight it out with both hands. This was always accompanied by such shouting and swearing that Helen feared God's fury and the neighbors. . . .

On the other side of the wall Mildred Wozzeck listened nervously. "If that big lummox had any brains in his head he could close it like that." She snapped her fingers.

"Mind your own business," Stan told her.

"I suppose I'm to stand here like deaf and dumb and see my good furniture ruined."

"If you didn't look, you wouldn't see so much," roared Stan.

Gathering her wrapper around her, Mildred went through the hall to the parlor door. A landlady in ermine could not have knocked more arrogantly. "I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to be a little more quiet. The baby's had a bad night."

"You're telling us?" said Helen.

Mildred strode coolly into their room, their home and, by virtue of the forty a month, their castle. She sneered openly at the manner in which Bill had restored the cushions to the couch.

"I'd thank you, Mildred, to leave us have a little privacy in the morning."

"It happens to be my house and you might as well know, it don't set too well having relatives all over the place."

"We may be relatives, but we pay our rent," Helen reminded her.

These female encounters distressed Bill. He did not like seeing his young wife coarsen and turn sour. "Come on, kid, we'll be late again. Last time you fought with her, you got docked—remember?"

AS THEY rushed out to the jalopy which they had to keep parked on the street at night, Mildred summoned her husband. "Some family you got," she screamed, as if Stan were deaf and half a mile away. "Where was your cousin brought up? In a barn?"

"Can't you quit pushing her around, just for one day maybe? Helen's just a kid."

"Me push her around? Did you hear what she said to me?" Mildred strolled to the improvised dressing table, examined a scratch in the walnut veneer and tried Helen's new pancake make-up on her swarthy skin. "I'm not going to stand it in my home much longer, I'm telling you. They got to find a place of their own and quick."

"That's what you always say," jeered Stan.

"This time I mean it." . . .

As their old jalopy made its way through the jungle of Los Angeles traffic, the young Snyders were discussing the same topic. Fighting about it, in fact. Bill had again warned Helen against being fresh to Mildred.

"What am I supposed to do, get down and kiss her feet every morning because we're paying her forty a month?" snapped Helen.

"You can try to get along with people. If it weren't for her and Stan—"

"Yes, I know, we'd be sleeping in the gutter."

Bill gave up the argument. Helen sulked, resenting his criticism.

After a while Bill said, "We got to find a place. If they ask for a bonus, so what? We only live once." This was a sign of weakening. Until now they had been firm in their resolution not to pay out good money for the bonuses demanded by racketeering real-estate agents and greedy landlords. Their savings, accumulated with great effort and laid aside by their combined will power, had been intended for investment; as down payment on a home of their own.

Every cent out of their bank accounts was like blood dripping from Helen's body. "I guess we'll have to, but then we'll have to make more and try to save more, too. With the furniture to buy and all, where'll we be if we pay out a bonus? There's nothing I hate like starting out in debt."

TO a couple like the young Davis Barneses, the housing problem was one of those unfortunate things you read about in the newspapers. Carol had been invited by her mother-in-law to a number of club meetings and forums on the subject, but she was too busy with one small house to concern herself with a problem that both houses of Congress had been unable to solve.

The seven-room bungalow had been given Carol and young Davis by his parents, and her mother, not to be surpassed in generosity, had written out a check for the furnishings. To a girl of Helen Snyder's sort, such gifts would have seemed manna from heaven. Carol accepted them with gratitude, but as less than miraculous.

After much deliberation she had decided to do her house in mixed antiques. Modernistic decoration had become vulgar, she decided, and straight early American eliché.

The elder Mrs. Barnes raised plucked eyebrows at the effort and time it was taking Carol to complete the furnishings of her house. She could never understand, Mrs. Barnes said, why a girl with plenty of money to spend should not shop respectably at the department stores.

In spite of this Carol went on undaunted, going out every day to poke about in the antique shops. For a long time she had avoided Hollywood and Beverly Hills which, she had been told by her new friends in Pasadena, were costly and inferior sucker salons for tourists and motion picture parvenus. But at last, because she was tired of the nagging and desperate for a dining table, she gave up her prejudices.

There were so many shops on the Sunset Strip that she parked her car and walked on the deserted sidewalks. The day was unbearable, the sun like a blunt instrument.

She was about to give up for the day when she saw dimly, through half-drawn Venetian blinds, the curve of a mahogany leg. The shop looked cool and inviting, and she thought she might ask for a drink of water while she looked at the table.

A blond young woman strode forward to greet her. "Good afternoon," she said in a voice that Carol classified as Eastern finishing school.

"That's a rather interesting table," remarked Carol warily.

"Our pride and joy," said the dealer.

"English?" asked Carol.

"No, American, but in the early Empire manner which is in my opinion—" The sentence, left unfinished, was accompanied by a shrug that suggested omniscience. "Look at that cabinetwork. And the grain of the wood. Many dealers would pass this off as authentic Phyfe, but we don't do that sort of thing."

"When I'm fond of a dog, I don't give a hang about the pedigree," Carol said.

"But this has a pedigree. We got it from the family for whom it was originally made. One of the great houses of North Carolina."

"Is that included in the price?"

"I'm not sure the table's for sale."

"Really?" said Carol.

"That's not just sales talk," the dealer said. "My partner, Mrs. Clark—Fowler, I mean, she's been remarried recently, would like it for herself."

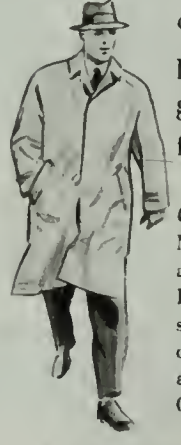
"You mean it's not for sale? Definitely?"



Topcoat Smartness

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Scenting profit, Margery Sears showed indecision. "It's hard to tell. I'll ask her, if you'd like."

She went up a flight of stairs at the back of the shop and crossed a balcony. She found Lilith with her ear glued to the telephone. "Left the hospital!" she cried. "No! But when? What time? Try to locate him. And tell him to ring me back. At once."

Lilith slammed the instrument back on the cradle. "Do you know Henry left the hospital at two o'clock and hasn't called me yet?"

"What did I tell you about marrying a doctor?"

"Of course," said Lilith, "it was a terribly difficult case, and—"

"The next time it happens, let me know," laughed Margery. "I'll fix up a date for you."

"Thanks," snapped Lilith, "but you know I don't go out with other women's husbands."

This was Margery's cue for changing the subject. "What about the Durham table? Want to sell it? I think I've got a deal on."

"I don't know. I might want it for our house."

"Well, we sell or don't we?"

"Will she pay eight hundred?"

"You brigand," laughed Margery.

"If the customer wants it enough, she ought to pay."

IT WAS, really, a very good table although not nearly so valuable as Margery's conversation with Carol had inferred. Lilith had paid two hundred and fifty dollars for it at an auction in Durham, and they had also spent about seventy-five dollars for shipping and repairs.

Lilith started down the stairs. There was nothing she liked better than a sharp duel with a rich customer.

"You've got the real connoisseur's eyes," she said, facing Carol across the mahogany. "Very few people really know how good that table is."

Carol offered a frank smile. "You look so familiar. Haven't I met you somewhere?"

"Maybe you've been in the shop before," replied Lilith.

"No, I've never been in here."

"At the Antiques Show?" ventured Lilith.

"No, I've never been at one in California. I only came here last winter, on a visit, and I met my husband and we were married—"

As clearly as if it were a room she had planned for a customer, Lilith saw the Bride's Boudoir again, complete to the patterns of carpet and drapes. "The fifth of June," she squealed, and drew out her gold cigarette case. "Smoke?" she said, offering it.

Immediately the scene returned to Carol's mind. What she remembered was that this woman had confessed that she had that morning taken a third husband. In the circumstances she could not bring herself to ask whether the marriage was flourishing.

Lilith had no such qualms. "How you doing? Happy?"

"Blissful," said Carol, and forcing the question, inquired, "and you?"

"I wouldn't exchange him for a ton of diamonds," answered Lilith.

"It's a great coincidence, our meeting like this."

There was nothing coincidental about it. In her business Lilith was likely to meet everyone who could pay a hundred dollars for an old vegetable dish. But she was well disposed toward Carol now, and when asked the price of the table, hesitated before breaking the bad news.

"It's pretty expensive."

"I know," Carol answered, "but I've looked at hundreds of tables and I've just got to have this one."

Lilith drummed on the table. She was weakening.

"How much?" Carol repeated.

Lilith pretended to be unaware of Margery's dark glances. "Six fifty."

"Oh!" exclaimed Carol. "I thought it'd be at least eight hundred."

Margery collapsed into a Regency chair.

"There's only one thing," Carol said. "I want the table, but I'd like my husband to see it first."

"We have another customer who's interested in it," Margery said eagerly. "She might be in tonight to look at it."

"I'll ask my husband to dash right over," Carol offered.

She called the used-car lot, interrupting Davis in a transaction that also involved an antique. He was trying to persuade a customer that eight hundred dollars was not too much to pay for a rare old '36-model car.

"What do you think I am, a playboy?" he asked her brusquely. "If you like it, buy it. You know it'll be all right with me. I'm in the midst of a deal, Babe."

"When it's finished, Davis, will you come over, please?" Carol begged. "It's not much out of your way and you could stop on the way home."

"Okay," said Davis. "I'll be there about half past five. What's the address?"

He meant to leave the used-car lot



"Hmm—your former employer gave you a very nice letter of recommendation—but how about your work?"

COLLIER'S SIDNEY HOFF

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OUTSTANDING

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For this sleek Schick is new *through and through.* It's new in styling — new to look at, a pleasure to hold. It's new in stopping and starting — the handy finger switch snaps on and off in a flash. Even the Stay-On Whisk-Its are new — stronger, sturdier, blended into the shaver.

And brother, is it packed with *power!* ⅓ more power — power that zips Schick's V-16 Shearing Heads through thick and thin, through rough patches and soft fuzz, from cheek to cheek.

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After shaving with this all-new Schick just once, you'll say they're understating! Your dealer awaits you with open arms and a brand-new Schick!

★ ★ ★



THERE'S A LOT THAT'S NEW IN THE COLONEL, TOO!

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promptly and arrive at the antique shop as he had promised, at half past five. Another deal detained him, this time with a '48-model customer who was trying to make a good thing for himself on the sale of a new convertible. To convince the character that his demands were unreasonable, Davis suggested cocktails in a near-by bar. It was almost six when he started.

Margery was alone in the shop. Lilith had gone up to her apartment to bathe and change just in case Henry should turn up and insist, in spite of the sleepless night, that they go to the doctors' dinner.

Margery had been phoning around, trying to get herself a date. It was one of those dull periods when all of her best friends were out of town, or their wives at home. She was locking the front door when Davis came along.

"I'm so sorry to be late," he said, offering his most engaging smile, "but I was detained by business."

"Advertising business?" she asked.

"Guess again."

"It's selling something. Something that costs more than it's worth."

"What makes you say that?"

"I smell the sales stimulation. You don't have to ply the customer with whisky when you're selling an honest chocolate bar. What business is it, Mr. Barnes?"

"My first name's Davis. Does that mean anything to you?"

"Dependable Davis," she shrieked. "I'm without a car at present, and need a new one. What about it?"

"I'd be happy to demonstrate a few models."

"And ply me with whisky?"

"Depends upon your resistance."

Margery turned from his bold glance. "This is the piece your wife wanted."

"Is it a good buy?"

Like the good saleswoman she was, Margery showed off the merchandise. Davis appreciated her efforts.

It was just good luck that he happened to be driving in her direction. In a city where public transportation is so bad that many people do not even know it exists, it is common enough to ask for a lift.

His car was open. She had to tie on a scarf. While she was gone he waited in the dusky shop. Suddenly the place was ablaze with lights. Lilith had turned them on as she came down from the apartment.

"And I thought I'd find antiques in this shop," cried Davis in delight.

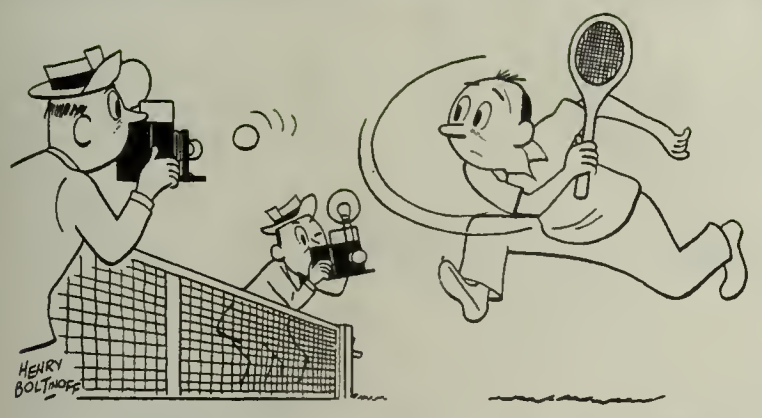
"Hello, there," said Lilith breezily. She was not unaccustomed to finding strange men waiting in the shop for Margery at this hour. "I'm Lilith Fowler, Margery's partner. She oughtn't have left you in the dark."

Her entrance had been dramatic, and she could see fire kindling in the young man's eyes. The salve of masculine admiration was balm for her hurt pride. After waiting all day for Henry's call, she had become contrite and decided that her display of temper had offended him, and that she would make up for it by wearing the black dinner dress. But when she had discovered, through the operator at the doctors' exchange, that Henry had left the hospital at two o'clock her anger had sparked up again.

At six o'clock he had still not called. Just to show him that he could not treat her in that offhand manner, she had changed her mind again, and put on the strapless gown.

AT THE same moment Henry Fowler was in his car at the corner of their street, and fuming because a traffic light delayed his home-coming.

The past twenty hours had been difficult. He had delivered a healthy boy to a happy mother, and had been about to leave the hospital when an emergency case had been brought in. His colleagues often said that Henry Fowler was overconscientious, that he took the loss of a child harder than the parents. Intimacy with the beginning and the end of life always made him impatient of trifles, and when at last he had been able to leave the patient, he had been loath to go straight home to Lilith's fussing. This did not indicate a flaw in his love, but merely distaste for the frills and adorn-



HENRY BOLTINOFF

SPORTING ODDS

New Mexico's tennis champion, Dale Dillinger, won the set point of a match with Arizona's champion without hitting the ball with his racket. It wasn't a case of a double fault on the serve. The Arizona player's serve was good. But it came high into the teeth of a strong Arizona wind, and Dillinger rushed up and swung at it as the photographers tripped their shutters. The ball went back over the net, dropped low, the Arizona man missed it—and Dillinger had won the set and match.

The developed photographs showed, however, that Dillinger had missed the ball by at least two feet. It had been blown back over the net after the first high bounce.

—Jack Halliburton, Austin, Texas

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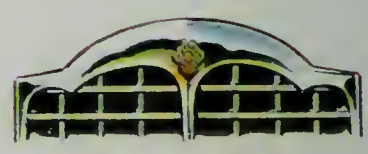
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ASK THE MAN
WHO OWNS ONE



130-HP EIGHT

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ments which, at other times, made women, and particularly Lilith, attractive to him.

He had driven from the hospital to a cliff on the beach, parked his car and listened to the broadcast of a Mahler symphony while he added up the blessings and subtracted the shortcomings of life with Lilith. In many ways he was better suited than she to domesticity. He was steadier, in better control of himself, and newer to marriage; therefore, less apprehensive of failure. On the other side of the ledger were her charms, the warmth and sparkle, and the wealth of energy she gave to love and old furniture, cocktail parties and quarrels.

WHEN he had first met Lilith, he had seen her as a woman whose courage and independence made her unique. Now, knowing her so well, he understood that she resembled her sex in frailty. The garments of independence had been her protection against a fundamental fear of experience. With her other husbands she had played at marriage, charmingly no doubt, but without ever getting close to reality. This time, she was even more timid because failure would destroy her self-confidence.

Moved by compassion and nourished by three hamburgers, he started eagerly toward his home and the wife who needed him. Let her wear the strapless gown, he decided. Give the old doctors a treat; let their women whisper. There was scarcely a member of the local medical association who would not envy Henry Fowler his dashing wife.

As the lights turned green and he turned the corner, Henry was surprised to see the lights still burning in the antique shop. He parked at the curb, leaped out, dashed across the sidewalk—and paused. The tableau beyond the plate glass was innocent enough, and there was no reason why a good-looking young man should not lean close, in a simple courtesy, to light a woman's cigarette, nor why he should not enjoy the sight of her smooth, tanned shoulders. Nor was there reason why the woman should not laugh at his jokes or compliments.

The bare shoulders would not ordinarily have annoyed Henry. His magnanimity had been prepared. Nor would the young man's admiration have irked him excessively. But the combination sent a chill through him, and instead of rushing into the shop to greet Lilith, he turned and walked slowly toward the other entrance. . . .

Twenty minutes later, after a blithe farewell to Margery and Davis, Lilith came upstairs. Twilight falls like a rock in Los Angeles and the apartment, which had been bright when she left, was now all shadow. She moved around restlessly.

After a few minutes of waltzing without music, she picked up the telephone. "Well, have you located Dr. Fowler yet?" she asked the girl at the doctors' exchange. "Where can he possibly be?"

"Right here," said Henry.

Lilith squealed.

Henry was stretched on the sofa like an untidy corpse, his coat off, his shirt open, his shoelaces dangling.

"Call off the dogs, we've located him," she told the operator and hung up. "When did you get in?" she demanded, staring down at him.

"Fifteen or twenty minutes ago."

"Why didn't you let me know? I've been worrying myself sick."

"I didn't want to disturb your tête-à-tête."

"Are you crazy?"

"Your boy friend's good-looking."

"Why, Henry Fowler!" Her voice hit high C and cracked. "You're a jealous fiend. Just because I happen to be talking to a man in the shop! And you, gone for twenty hours without even letting me know that you were alive. And here I am, waiting—waiting—"

"But not lonely," commented Henry.

"What am I supposed to do, play solitaire for twenty hours straight? If you think I'm going to sit and twiddle my thumbs day and night, you're very much mistaken. I'm not that sort of woman—"

Her stridency echoed in the quiet room. Henry had not even bothered to defend himself. In order to show him that she could play the game with equal passivity, she walked to the great window and looked down upon the glittering cobweb spun by lights across the city.

Silence lengthened. At last Lilith said, "You've no reason to be jealous. I never saw this man before. He was waiting for Margery and I just happened to—"

A gentle snore was Henry's answer.

LILITH did not know whether to laugh or cry. In the mirror she saw herself beautifully dressed for a man whose eyes were closed. She was tempted to wake him and urge him to dress for the party, but as she returned to the couch, she saw his pallid, exhausted face. His hand drooped over the edge. She moved it to a more comfortable position, adjusted the pillows and covered his legs with the afghan.

On a chair in the hall her gold purse and her cloak lay ready. Below the window stretched the city, all color and invitation. Last night she had been alone. Her dress was beautiful and provocative. She walked quickly to the door, did not pause there nor look back but hurried out, taking care that the click of the lock and the creak of the hinges should not wake her husband.

(To be continued next week)



"I insisted she get it. She thought it was an extravagance"

"George nearly blew a fuse when I told him I'd bought it"

COLLIER'S

DAVE GERARD



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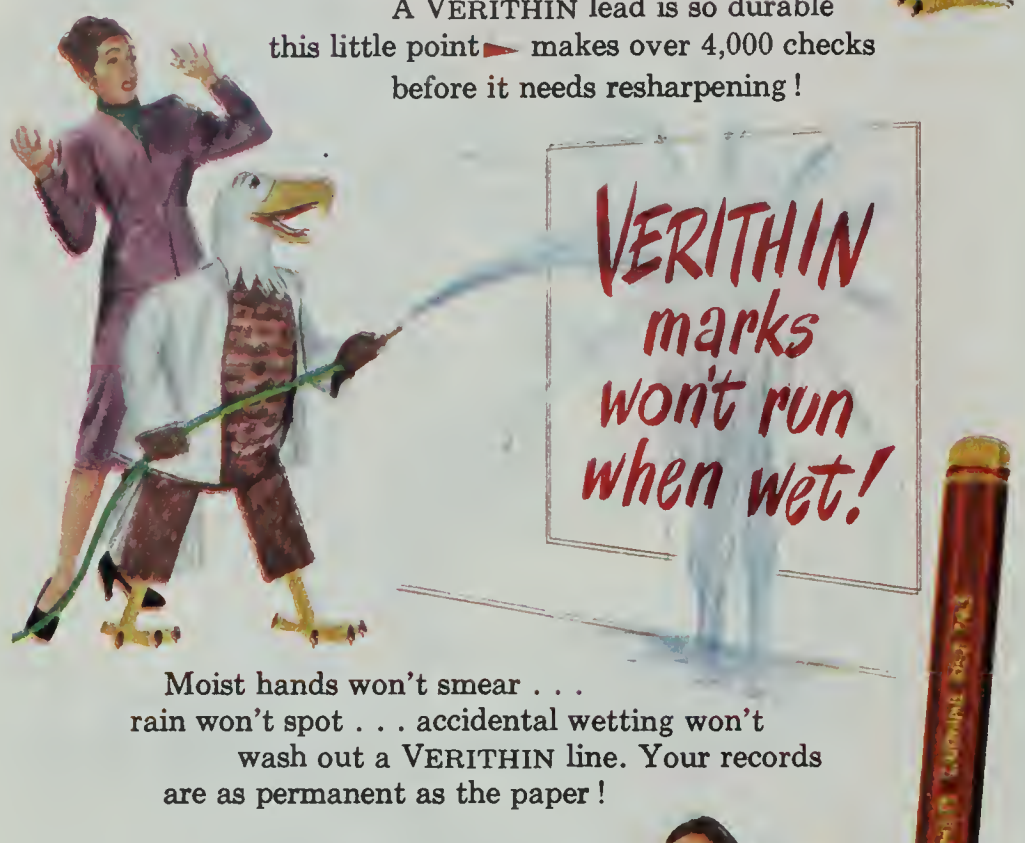
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Bloodhounds Are My Babies

By DR. LEON F. WHITNEY as told to KYLE CRICHTON

Dr. Leon F. Whitney, noted biologist, veterinarian and student of genetics and eugenics, is a well-known authority on dogs. Bloodhounds have always fascinated him, and at his home in Orange, Connecticut, he has a large number of them which he lends to the state police when they are looking for a criminal or a missing person. His book, Bloodhounds and How to Train Them, is a standard work on the subject.

Dr. Whitney is perhaps best known to the scientific world for his studies of cancer in dogs. He is also the founder of the Leon F. Whitney collection of dogs in the Peabody Museum at Yale University.

THE bloodhound is a flop-eared, morose-looking animal that has the purely contemplative countenance of a senator and the inquisitiveness of a village spinster. He got a bad reputation back in the days of Uncle Tom and has been trying ever since to live it down. There is a feeling that bloodhounds are useless in these days of motorcars, gasoline odors and scientific crime detection.

But listen to what happened in the town of Piermont, New York, in July of this year: The citizenry was engaged in a frenzied hunt for Mrs. Margaret Guzma, who had been shopping on a Friday morning and was reported missing by her husband at 10:45 that night. Next day the Boy Scouts and fire department were combing the woods, an emergency squad was dragging a creek that ran through the Guzma property and every able-bodied man in town was engaged in a chase that combined hallooing, bushwhacking and strenuous exploration.

Late Saturday, local authorities called Chief Walter Liebert of the Clarkstown police, who has a kennel of prize-winning bloodhounds. None of his experienced trackers was available, so he brought along his fourteen-month-old puppy, Spotter of Little Brook. He took the dog into Mrs. Guzma's bedroom, held some of her clothes to his nose and turned him out the back door on a leash. With Captain Liebert gasping along behind, Spotter headed straight up a hill behind the house. He traveled at a lope, crossed the Erie Railroad tracks and came upon Mrs. Guzma sitting on a rock near a clump of trees, dazed but alive. The trail was thirty hours old and the rescue took twelve minutes!

No self-respecting bloodhound would consider this much of a feat but it had happened close to New York City, with the resultant publicity. My interest in the case arises from the fact that I have been breeding bloodhounds for thirty years and Spotter was the son of one of my best trailers, Operator of White Isle. The news stories about Spotter made a mistake, a common one in view of old legends about bloodhounds. T said he had bayed vigorously on find Mrs. Guzma but that is wrong beca the dogs I now breed are mute trail They may squeal a bit when the t gets hot but that is the extent of th excitement.

The old bloodhounds were hea gangling and loud-voiced. When we u to start out on a criminal hunt, hounds made so much racket the wh county would turn out to get in our w It was embarrassing for the handlers bad for the dogs when the curiosity se ers trampled what would otherwise fresh trails. By persistent experiment breeding and a careful selection, we veloped the mute trailer, of which th had always been a few among the blo hounds. Penitentiaries still use the o trailers—the baying, tonguing type—e cause they get on the trail early and wardens—traveling usually by cars—keep in touch with the hunt by the n of the hounds.

The test of a great bloodhound is ability to take up an old trail and down his quarry. The greatest of bloodhounds, Nick Carter, handled the late Captain V. G. Mullikin of I ington, Kentucky, provided evidence 650 convictions. To solve one case took up a trail 105 hours old and down a man who immediately confes Red Trailer, a hound I trained, twelve different trails that were ove hours old. All the captures resulte fines or convictions.

Old Sappho Trails a Killer

The New York State Police (Troop stationed at Hawthorne Barracks, White Plains, always have several of dogs, handled by Sergeant W. W. Horton. One of their finest cases volved a murder at Port Jefferson Long Island. There were no clues, there was one suspect. The police cured a sock belonging to this man started Old Sappho on the trail. She mute trailer and one of our "stre lined" hounds, weighing around pounds (in contrast to the 125 pounc the old-type dog).

What followed was baffling eve Sergeant Horton. Sappho started ning in a ditch that bordered a high There were no footprints and no that anybody had come that Sappho bounded along among the r and weeds, with Horton close be holding the leash on her harness. followed this peculiar trail for miles, turned into a driveway, smell an old automobile that had no jumped out, trailed into the house

The flop-eared sleuthhound is not as pessimistic as he looks. He'll tackle the toughest search with the slightest clues. He's streamlined now, and voiceless, and he's living down the reputation he got in the days of Uncle Tom



KYLE CRICHTON

identified the man who owned the sock. The man confessed.

Sappho's strange trailing is explained by the fact that the man had come all the way in the automobile; his feet had never touched the ground till he reached the house. The scent had evidently escaped from the car to the weeds bordering the road. Don't ask me how Old Sappho did it. I've been training bloodhounds all these years and their achievements still baffle me.

Most spectacular of all was the work of Sergeant Horton and Sappho on the prison break at Sing Sing on July 15, 1941. Charles McGale, Joseph Riordon and John Waters had made a run for it by killing John Hartye, a guard, getting the keys and fighting their way out of prison. In a running gun battle through the streets of Ossining, James Fagan, a local policeman, was killed and John Waters was shot. McGale and Riordon got away and the greatest man hunt in New York history followed. The territory around the prison was in a state of terror because McGale and Riordon had shown they were desperate killers.

On the west shore of the Hudson an empty rowboat was found. Officers brought it back to the Ossining side in the belief that it might have been the means of the men's escape, and Horton and Sappho went on the job. They recrossed the river and the scent was taken up with alacrity on the other side. This was the Palisades Interstate Park, a section known for its wild and rough beauty. Sappho was running the trail with eagerness when the wind shifted. The dog raised her head and then started up a hill toward an old stone quarry. Horton was working with Lieutenant Frank Carlson of the Ossining police. They tied up Sappho and started to throw rocks into the quarry, yelling at the top of their lungs to simulate a crowd.

"Come on out!" yelled Horton. "We've got you covered!"

McGale and Riordon came out with their hands in the air and were easy captives.

Some years ago we were called to help find a boy who had been lost on the New Haven marshes. He had disappeared while out clamming with his father and uncle. For four days they had searched for the boy, dragging the marshes and calling hopelessly to attract his attention. In their desperation they had consulted a clairvoyant, who had assured them the boy was alive and would be found behind a white garage.

We decided that the dogs might be taken along the edge of the marshes, downwind, and if they smelled the boy they could locate him. Trailing conditions were beautiful. Scent seems to cling to water and to heavy damp night air. We kept one dog with us and sent the other across a small inlet in a boat. Then, simultaneously, we gave each dog one of the boy's shoes to smell, close to the water. Before we realized what was happening our dogs were both swimming. The trail ended not over ten seconds later.

I said to the anguished father, "There is your boy."

The body was found at the mouth of the inlet, exactly where the dogs indicated it was.

Hunt for Lost Baby at Night

One night I was asked to try to find a lost baby. It was after midnight. Hundreds of searchers were scouring the countryside. I asked the police to call the searchers back and ask them to stand in a lot behind the house and watch our progress.

The dogs were started from the baby's playsuit, which she had left on the ground. They dragged us through a barberry field and we thought they were headed for the baby. But they turned, ran through the crowd of curious people and then into the baby's house. Faithful, my old faithful, ran from room to room and then came out again and trailed to the baby's playsuit. Then he went directly to a swamp where we found the baby—naked and alive.

How could the hounds smell a baby's scent a quarter of a mile away when it was mixed with all those other human odors? I don't know and nobody knows, but if these dogs couldn't unscramble odors they'd be of little use.

When I jog along holding the rein which leads from a bloodhound's harness, I am constantly filled with awe and admiration. I can't imagine how a bloodhound can walk along a dirt path over which dozens of people have been tramping and follow the trail of a person who has gone that way three days before. Bloodhounds are never fooled by the fresher human tracks but follow the scent they have been given. If they lose it by a shift in the wind, they retrace their steps until they find it and take up from there.

The bloodhound is a kind and affectionate animal that has an appealing charm as a puppy but becomes increasingly less attractive as a pet as it matures. The weight of the long ears and the loose skin about the head pulls down the lids of the eyes and gives the hound a dissolute look it doesn't deserve. But at its specialty of trailing, no other dog remotely approaches it. The bloodhound asks only one thing: If you need his services, call him within a reasonable time so that the trail is fresh. Then nothing can keep him from locating his objective. ★★★

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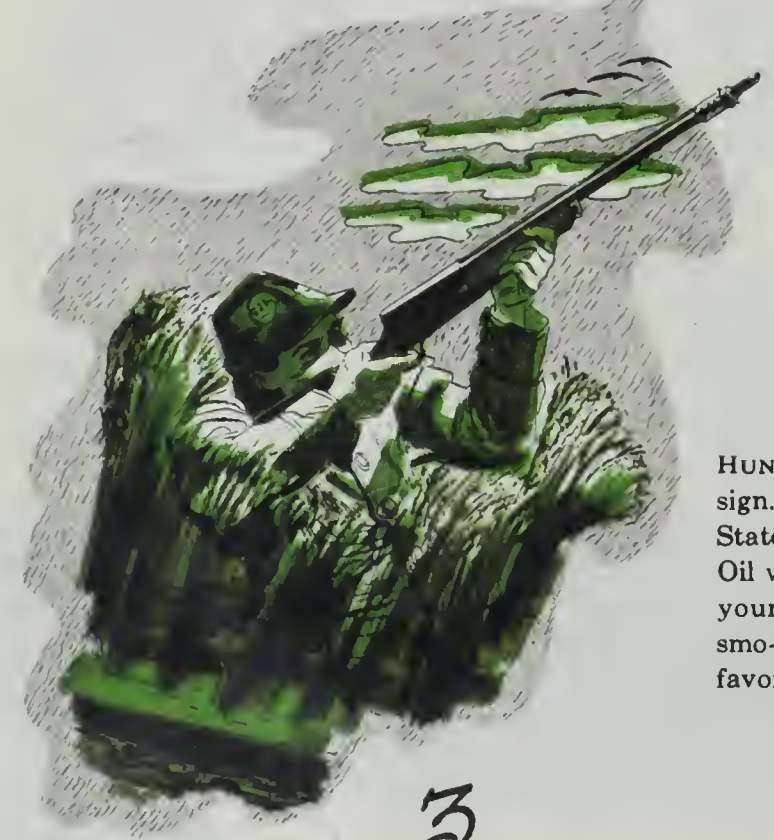


Signs to watch for this autumn



1.

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HUNTING is a sure sign. And Quaker State *Cold-Test* Motor Oil will help keep your car running smo-o-othly to your favorite hunting spot.

3

HERE'S THE FAMILIAR green-and-white sign it's especially important to watch for. Stop at the first one you see and change to Quaker State *Cold-Test* Motor Oil *now*. It's refined with the utmost care and exactness from 100% pure Pennsylvania grade crude oil—for quick cold-weather starts and trouble-free driving.





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RAINBOW ROUTE TO BERLIN

Continued from page 13

chief topic of conversation in Berlin. On July 25th a C-47 crashed a short distance from Tempelhof, and Lieutenants Charles King and Robert Stuber were killed. The Russian press screamed that the overloaded planes were presenting a grave threat to the lives of the people of Berlin. Other planes would crash, they said, and Berliners would be killed. This line of reasoning aroused the people to furious anger and resentment. They held a spontaneous memorial service for the two dead pilots.

Each day the crowds increased at Tempelhof until there were often 10,000 men, women and children on Berlinerstrasse, bordering the field. They climbed trees; they scaled the walls of ruined houses; they stood on the roofs of parked cars and trucks. They cheered as the planes roared overhead and they brought presents for the fliers.

I saw an MP stop four kids trying to slip into Tempelhof. Each carried an armful of flowers. They said they wanted to give these to the pilots. So the MP looked the other way, and the four kids scrambled inside looking for the pilots.

Women brought Meissen ware and treasured pieces of silver, and some brought lucky charms they had knitted. These people were getting their first lesson in democracy, and it meant more to them than all the lectures, radio talks and editorials they had been exposed to since the Western nations took over their Berlin sectors.

At Gatow, the airport in the British sector, the same scenes were being enacted. Here the four-engined Yorks were landing, and you noticed that practically every R.A.F. pilot wore one of the small, knitted amulets given him by Berlin school children. Out at Lake Havel, where the huge Sunderlands landed, the shores were always crowded with people who cheered when the big ships hit the water.

The Berlin newspapers kept what amounted to a box score which told the previous day's haul. You'd go to the snack bar at Tempelhof for breakfast, and your waitress would beam and say, "We broke the record yesterday. Five hundred and seventy American and British planes came to Berlin."

For the first time since the end of the war, priests and ministers found their churches filled with people who had come to give thanks for the miracle of the flour and the coal. The air lift has done more than keep the people of Berlin alive. It has given them something they hadn't had before: courage to face the horribly uncertain future.

It must be remembered that there are very few men in Berlin between the ages of twenty and forty. A great portion of the able-bodied male population was killed during the battle for the German capital. When the Soviets took over they rounded up most of the rest and sent them to Russia to rebuild the cities the German army had ruined. These never came back. So today Berlin is pretty much a city of women and children, old men and amputees. The two months during which Russia had Berlin to itself (June and July, 1945) instilled a great terror into the hearts of the surviving Berliners. The success of the air lift has, to a great extent, dissipated this terror. The people now believe that Clay meant it when he said we would never leave Berlin short of an act of war.

Hundreds of Berlin women carry capsules of cyanide with them, ready for use if the Russians again gain control of the city. One of these, who works as a cook for the family of an American military government official in Berlin, came to him one day, when the air lift had been operating more than two months. She handed him the capsule.

"I know now I'll never need to use it," she said.

Then she smiled.

THE END



"You realize, of course, that this means codfish cakes, omelettes, macaroni and salads until next Wednesday"

COLLIER'S — BARNEY TOBEY



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GOOD SPORTSMAN? Is he always ready to help out when things go wrong, yet never grabs the credit when they turn out right? Reward him for being so wonderful by giving him a trustworthy Hamilton like the ERIC (below).

ONLY IN AMERICA *can you find "Elinvar Extra." It's the amazing product of 15 years of painstaking Hamilton research, resulting in a hairspring that defies rust, magnetism and temperature changes . . . all enemies of fine watch performance. This is another example of how American research plus American craftsmanship and precision machines team up to produce that miracle of accurate timekeeping—a fine, jeweled Hamilton Watch.*

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● TOP: Style 6150. Fortune's smart wing tip style in "Black Cherry." Husky ribbed sole

● RIGHT: Style 6132 Ghillie tie Moxford in "Black Cherry" with thick brown rubber sole

● LEFT: Style 6110. Handsome classic plain toe blucher in "Black Cherry." Ribbed sole.

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

nen had been overcome in two recent ad fires. Too, he does not maybe under-tand the price it was necessary to pay to et one of the jobs. Your husband must ave been killed in the performance of his luties, not just die an ordinary death. Then he city pays them the huge sum of $25-a-nonth pension until they are 65 and eligi-le for one of their own.

CLAIRE JONES, West Philadelphia, Pa.

EAGER BEAVER SQUADRON

DEAR SIR: Ryder of the Comic Page by ames Poling (Aug. 14th) is excellent but Mr. 'oling left out something very important. During World War II a destroyer squadron as called the "Little Beaver Squadron" amed after Mr. Harman's famous Little eaver. Each ship (eight in all) had an in-igne of the Little Beaver on the sides. It as the most famous destroyer squadron in he Pacific, having been awarded the Presi-ential Unit Citation in 1945.

MARTIN FOLEY, Orangeburg, N. Y.

. . I note that Mr. Poling declares that Harman ran away to join up but at fifteen e best he could do was the National Guard . . a few months spent guarding the Kan-s City waterworks." It happens that even National Guard divisions were in ombat as compared with only seven Regu-rs; that the Guard divisions took more risoners, suffered more casualties and fa-lities than did the Regulars. A National uard division broke the Hindenburg line, d was awarded more decorations for ravery than was any other division.

MAJ. GEN. JAMES E. EDMONDS, N.G.U.S.—Inac., Milford, Ohio

ollier's has always saluted the National uard. Mr. Poling merely implied that a d of fifteen fitted best in that section of e Guard which did home duty.

M. A. IGNORAMUS

EAR EDITOR: I would appreciate an ex-anation of what seems to me to be an in-nsistency in Alan Jenkins' short, short, he Emir's Fountain Pen (July 24th). 'ould Cambridge University actually nor an apparent illiterate, such as the mir Mahmoud, with a master of arts de-ee?

JOSEPHINE LOWNDES, Long Island City, N. Y.

seems that people who find themselves ing on top of the world's richest oil lds have many elaborate honors con-rred upon them.

HOPKINS

HE EDITOR: I have been reading The Se-et Papers of Harry L. Hopkins. This story ould be titled The Shameful Record of e Warmongers—or America's War Crimi-ls Confess. This social worker (Hopkins) d Socialist party member was given im-rtant diplomatic duties involving the lives millions, with absolutely no experience diplomacy. He was a loyal New Deal g; that was his sole qualification. It is azing that our government survived the ntinuous onslaughts of these criminals.

BEN H. THAYER, Seligman, Mo.

. I feel that The Secret Papers of Harry L. pkins are a significant source of material World War II.

DR. HERBERT MILLINGTON, Chairman, Social and Political Sciences, New York, N. Y.

OLLIER'S CRUTCH TO THE LAME

EAR SIR: I cannot begin to tell you how ich we enjoyed Traveling Companion, by eanor Harris (July 17th). In fact, we won-red *why* American Express was never itten up before. Most Americans look on it as a sort of fairy godmother when veling abroad, as it certainly comes to e's aid in the weirdest cases.

I personally liked it so that I mailed away seventeen copies of the July 17th issue, mostly to Americans overseas.

M. M. MARSHALL, New York, N. Y.

NO HOPE FOR CROSBY

DEAR SIR: Ted Shane's hilarity on the Crosby-Hope golfing (Road to the 19th Hole, Aug. 14th) reminds me of the time Hope and Crosby were playing a round at Lakeside. Hope made about nine wild swings, hitting the earth all around the golf ball. There were two ants there. One said, "Get up on the ball before this guy kills you!"

Another time Hope went to a golf match and explained Crosby couldn't be there because one of his horses was dying and Crosby finally wanted to see one of his horses finish.

In talking about Crosby's golf game, Hope said that "Bing is in the 70s" and shoots a fair score for a man of that age.

Hope told about the bad day Crosby had on the green. The caddie kept looking at his watch.

Bing said, "You got someplace to go? You keep looking at your watch."

The caddie replied, "This isn't my watch, it's a compass!"

JAY SCOTT, New York, N. Y.

HOW TO ADOPT A DP

DEAR SIR: I have just finished reading your article Unwanted (July 17th), and am writing to make inquiry regarding the procedure to follow to contact the proper authority, with a view toward sponsoring a displaced family.

Further, is it possible for me as a responsible citizen, having available and suitable housing and the willingness to provide a guarantee of occupation, to obtain an immigration visa for one of these families?

W. H. WARMINGTON, Minneapolis, Minn.

Write to the DP Commission, set up under the recent law, at Washington, D. C.

BELGIAN BONER

DEAR EDITOR: Referring to the article Royalty Under Wraps (July 24th): The son of King Leopold and Princess de Rethy cannot claim the throne. Besides, his name is Alexandre and not Louis Napoleon. The author probably meant Prince Baudouin, the son of King Leopold and Queen Astrid.

The royal widower remarried six years or so after the queen's fatal accident, but his first son is the only heir of the throne.

LUCIEN DELBROUCK, Belgium

PROPHECY

DEAR SIR: In your issue of July 9th, 1938, you published a cartoon and article that was prophetic. The cartoon was Hitler and Mussolini dancing, they formed the head of Stalin. Why don't you publish it and the article again?

MRS. BESSE KRIGER, Saint Cloud, Fla.

Here's the cartoon. The article is too long for The Week's Mail.



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Jockey Shorts for active sports; Jockey Midway for everyday wear; Jockey Bellin for dress-up wear; Jockey Long for cold days; Jockey Over-Knee protects tender skin, trouser press.



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Confessions of a Railroad Cop

By LT. JAMES R. THOMPSON

The retired chief of New York's Pennsylvania Station police has a tale of cops and robbers to tell. It's a story hidden in the crowds of any big railroad depot. The game is serious and the stakes are high—your suitcase, your pocketbook, or even your life

HAVEN'T I seen you somewhere before? If your travels have ever brought you to New York's Pennsylvania Station, the chances are I saw you there. It was my job—I retired last month—to make sure you got safely in or out of the big city.

During my 38 years as private cop at the world's biggest and busiest railroad terminus, some two billion passengers—or about the number of people living on this planet—passed through the gates under the watchful eyes of the Station Police Force.

As chief, I've guarded most of the celebrities passing through, including all the Presidents since Taft. I've also kept close tab on two generations of pickpockets, con men and thugs, and dodged a bullet or a brass knuckle now and then. But most of my scares came from peaceful, law-abiding citizens like yourself.

Every weekday afternoon Penn Station teeters on the brink of riot. Between 5:00 P.M. and 7:00 P.M. a cloudburst of tired humanity twice the size of the population of Topeka, Kansas, swirls into an underground area at Penn Station no bigger than a baseball diamond, and spills through the floodgates of the Long Island Rail Road to be pumped out by train through tunnels far below the East River.

With the tunnels blocked for as little as 10 minutes and nothing to cut off the pressure of crowds pouring in through 28 station entrances, panic is never farther away than the first woman's scream.

That nightmare has never materialized simply because the New York City police and the railroad force under my command have acted promptly according to prearranged plan the five or six times such emergencies have arisen. The last time it happened was the Big Snow on December 26, 1947. The first rush-hour trains cleared the tunnel and stalled on the other side. *(Continued on page 70)*



Lt. James Thompson standing with a gateman in the Pennsylvania Station. Much of his time, over a 38-year period, was spent in similar spots guarding celebrities and looking for elusive crooks

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY LEO CHOPLIN

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David Dietz Says—

Noted science editor and lecturer. Author of "Atomic Energy in the Coming Era."



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OIL BELOW THE RIO GRANDE

Continued from page 26

When delegate Antonio Carillo Flores countered Marshall's proposal with the statement that "if foreigners don't wish to make investments in Mexico in conformity with our legal requirements, no one obliges them to invest," he was playing politics. He was talking back at Uncle Sam to satisfy nationalistic industrialists like José Domingo Lavin; to please Cárdenas, living godhead of the Mexican Revolution, irreverently known behind his bulky back as El Trompudo for his trumpet-shaped mouth; and to gain the support of labor leaders like Vicente Lombardo Toledano.

Tariff Protects Inferior Goods

The first group, the nationalistic war-made industrialists, are a new but powerful source of opposition to *"el imperialismo yanqui."* They blocked all efforts to negotiate a new Mexican-American trade treaty by demanding high tariffs on all U.S. products which also were made in Mexico. One of the leaders of the industrial cabal made steel furniture, inferior in quality to the American product and a lot more expensive. He wanted protection, and was willing to wreck the trade treaty to save his own industry. Others of his ilk looked for tariff protection of uneconomic chemical plants, paper mills and engine factories.

The second opposing force Alemán has to contend with is the vast, unseen power of Cárdenas. After Alemán, Cárdenas is undoubtedly the most powerful man in Mexico. He is a big restless Indian, who wanders from town to town within a radius of several hundred miles of his home in Jiquilpan, in the state of Michoacán. At fifty-three he looks forty and is as tough as burrohide.

Cárdenas' power derives from his unique place in Mexican revolutionary history. In 1914, when only 19, he joined Pancho Villa and Emiliano Zapata, echoing their cry of *tierra y libertad*, land and liberty. He was a general by 1924, and an honest one. While commanding troops policing Tampico, he refused $5,000, the customary *mordida*, or bite, of the local oil profits offered the protector of the petroleum plants.

"The oil," he told his would-be corrupter, "belongs to the people." This was to become, in 1938, the theme of his Expropriation Law.

Cárdenas had a Socialist plan for government ownership and control of natural resources, the breakup of large estates into communal farms known as *ejidos* and the organization of a strong labor movement. And when Cárdenas succeeded General Abelardo Rodriguez in 1934 he put his plan into operation.

Non-Communist himself, but decidedly left-wing, Cárdenas permitted every conceivable kind of political activity. He reorganized the old national revolutionary party into the PRM—Partido de la Revolución Mexicana. This was the party later headed by Avila Camacho and subsequently by Miguel Alemán, who changed its name to PRI, or Partido de la Revolución Institucional. The PRI is almost as much Cárdenas' party as it is the party of its titular chief, Alemán. To some 11,000,000 Indians—to whom Spanish is almost a foreign tongue to be learned only as a means of communication with the rest of Mexico's 12,000,000 mestizos and Europeans—Cárdenas is almost what Mahatma Ghandi was to India.

Alemán may change the law permitting American firms to help Mexico help itself to the wealth lying locked in its limestone and sand. But only when he is sure that Cárdenas will not lead or support another revolution.

The third powerful anti-American force is the labor leader, Vicente Lombardo Toledano. A sworn enemy of Yankee imperialism, he seems to have no allergy to the Russian variety. As head of the CTAL, the Confederación de Trabajadores de America Latina, he walked the Kremlin's anti-American chalk line in Latin-American affairs.

Toledano has been busy organizing a Popular party, with his small Workers' and Peasants' Union as a nucleus. Until Alemán can assess the strength of the move, he must play his cards carefully. A showdown is coming, and Alemán has a trump card—industrialization.

For decades Mexican politicians and labor leaders, Toledano loudest of all, have pleaded for industrialization as the cure for their country's abysmal poverty. Mexico, they said, could not go on being an exporter of cheap raw materials, an importer of expensive manufactured goods, and a heavy borrower of the dollars to make up the difference.

Industrialization is one of the planks in Toledano's Popular party platform. Will Alemán be able to convince him that development of Mexico's oil resources would achieve the ends Toledano desires—more Diesel-drawn trains and trucks for the country's feeble transportation system, more oil-fired power plants to supplement its few hydro-electric ones, more factories and jobs?

Toledano is not the big shot he once was. Within a month after taking office Alemán broke an illegal strike by the petroleum workers' union against Petróleos Mexicanos, the government's oil monopoly. Confederación de Trabajadores Mexicanos, a Mexican equivalent of the C.I.O., founded and headed by Toledano, refused to join the petroleum workers in a general strike.

In the split which followed, Toledano's personal power was reduced to leadership of the Alianza de Obreros y Campesinos de Mexico, a union of some 5,000 to 10,000 left-wing workers and peasants. He allegedly has loyal followers among the country's 60,000 railroad workers, 80,000 mining and metallurgical workers and the 25,000 petroleum workers. But the Mexican worker is sick of labor bosses.

No Benefit from High Wages

The Mexican worker is North America's hungriest man. Wages have gone up 128 per cent since 1939. But the cost of living has gone up 213 per cent. He has a far tougher time buying enough corn meal and beans, his main items of diet, than he did 10 years ago. The benefits which were to have resulted from nationalization of petroleum and the railroads, and the creation of communal farms from the lands of the big estates have not materialized.

The idea behind expropriation of the oil companies was to keep the profits inside the country to build factories, schools and hospitals, and to make other much-needed improvements. But all the profits went into the pockets of some revolutionary generals who built mansions costing up to $150,000 on salaries of less than $2,500 a year, or into the hands of crooked politicians and of corrupt union leaders.

It has been a dismal decade. Pemex, the petroleum monopoly, employed 13,000 workers in 1937, one year before expropriation. The total pay roll was $11,500,000. Today, with production down to nearly a quarter of what it was, the company employs 24,500. The pay roll has swollen to $43,000,000.

The record of the railroads under nationalization is similar. With only 8,000 miles of track the Mexican government employs 55,000 workers and is annually

obliged to meet (out of taxes) a deficit of approximately $24,000,000.

Usurers and racketeers of all kinds have moved in on the communal farmers. Once constantly in hock to their landowners, they are now no less oppressed by moneylenders who charge them as much as one per cent a day for loans. They pledge their crops as security and by harvest time often find themselves without crops and dead broke. They borrow $100 and pay back $220.

Mexico is in the grip of inflation. Alemán's government has tried to control it by imposing an embargo on American automobiles, radios, cigarettes, lingerie and clothing—in all, some 125 items. This is in order to preserve the country's relatively small ($260,000,000) supply of United States currency. The embargo, put into effect in July, 1947, has been violated by as corrupt and well-organized a clique of *grandes ladrones* (big robbers) in and out of government as Mexico "has ever had in its long history of corruption," to quote a highly placed and honest Mexican official.

Mexico City's streets are filled with 1948 and even 1949 model American cars, the shop windows glitter with the forbidden radios and refrigerators, and the fine ladies of the capital's society are decked out in smart models from Fifth Avenue. The "fee" for getting a black-market car is $400, a refrigerator $100, and a radio from $50 to $100.

Graft in a Sale of Prefabs

An American manufacturer of prefabricated houses sold 3,200 units to a Mexican firm. Before the deal was closed the American company's representative in Mexico City told me he was obliged to cut in a Mexican "intermediary" to the tune of $200 per unit.

Because a pledge to clean out corruption was one of his most appealing campaign promises, Alemán is on the spot. The names of the guilty ones are on everyone's lips.

"Only a thorough house cleaning," one honest Mexican official admitted, "can save the regime."

Alemán has remained personally popular. The animosity is directed principally at the *grandes ladrones*, only a few of whom hold government posts.

Alemán is aware that corruption is his —and America's—most immediately dangerous enemy in Mexico. On whether or not the youthful President (he is only 46) cures or at least arrests it, depends the safety of his administration and, ultimately, the security of the Western Hemisphere.

According to some observers, Alemán's most effective ally, if and when he moves to throw out the money grabbers, might turn out to be Toledano. Toledano told me in an interview that he is "neither a Marxist nor a Communist" but a democrat.

"The Popular party will insist the country be rid of corruption," he said. "It will name names and cite instances. It will be risky, but we are willing to risk our skins for our democratic objectives."

Perhaps Toledano—a handsome, voluble, dynamic man who has been a scholar, professor and social worker all his life—sees that the time has come to place the vital interests of Mexico above the exigencies of the Kremlin's objectives.

And certainly there is nothing of more vital interest to Mexico today than oil. Mexican oil production has decreased from the 200,000,000 barrel a year pre-expropriation high, to a bare 56,000,000 barrels in 1947, a total achieved only by forcing existing wells to their limits. Mexico's richest wells, those in the Poza Rica area, are beginning to yield salt water instead of oil. According to oilmen who ought to know, the Mexican petroleum industry faces disaster.

Mexico has only four oil fields. In addition to the Poza Rica wells, there are the North Fields just west of Tampico, the South Fields below them and above Túxpam, and the Isthmian wells below Poza Rica. All are in the last stages of depletion. Under government management the Mexican oil industry made feeble efforts to find new fields. In the twenties, American companies drilled 800 exploratory wells a year. In 1947 Pemex drilled 20, while in Texas in the same year 9,000 wells were drilled.

Mexico's inability to finance adequate exploration of her undeveloped oil areas may prove disastrous, experts say, in the very near future. If its present wells go to salt, as is indicated by the diminishing output in recent months, Mexico will be obliged to cut its railroad schedules in half, close hundreds of factories now dependent on oil for power, and store its automobiles and trucks. The shortage is already making itself felt.

Mexico still exports oil, a fact about which Senator Antonio Bermudez, the able director of Pemex, likes to brag. But it doesn't export much. Mexico produced, by straining the wells' capacity somewhat, 56,000,000 barrels in 1947, but it consumed 49,000,000. By 1950, oilmen estimate, Mexico will become a heavy importer of oil and thus put what may be the breaking strain on its already enfeebled economy.

Mexico is obliged to import $35,000,000 worth of food yearly from the U.S. This accounts for a large slice of its unfavorable trade balance of approximately $200,000,000 a year. If Mexico must add a multimillion-dollar oil bill to its already enormous food account, it could crack up economically as badly, some of our economists say, as China.

Making the Good Neighbor Policy a two-way street would be a small price for Mexico to pay, in the face of such an alternative.

THE END



"You're right, lady—the speed limit in New York is 50 m.p.h. Too bad you happen to be in New Jersey!"

COLLIER'S — DON TOBIN



Earl A. Peterson

Cars are Mr. Petersan's business. He's serviced, overhauled, and rebuilt them for 23 years at his shap—65 Green St., Jamaica Plain P. O., Bostan, Mass.

"Me?...
I use Macmillan Oil
in my own car...
Have been for over 10 years.
There's nothing like Macmillan Ring-Free Oil
for keeping motors clean and running smooth.
I'll say it pays to use Macmillan *regularly*."

You're right, Mr. Peterson! There's no oil in America like Macmillan Ring-Free. The patented, exclusive Macmillan refining process guarantees fast lubrication, carbon removal, and cleaner motors.

Thousands of service station and garage men—experts—throughout the nation use Macmillan Ring-Free Oil in their own cars. They know what a difference it makes. Take their tip—use Macmillan *regularly*.

ASK FOR MACMILLAN OIL



ROBERT W. MARSHALL,
Roslindale, Mass., switched to Calvert because it makes better mixed drinks.



"ANDY" ANDERSON,
Dallas, Texas, switched to Calvert because he likes a milder drink.



RALPH T. HORGAN,
New York, N. Y., switched to Calvert because it makes a mellower Manhattan.



RICHARD S. REED,
Spokane, Wash., switched to Calvert because it's so much smoother.



HERMAN SPARBER,
University City, Mo., switched tn Calvert for better mixed drinks.



WALTER F. DOUGLAS,
Centerdale, R. I., switched to Calvert because Calvert suits his moderate taste.



EMMETT R. KILCOYNE,
New Orleans, La., switched to Calvert because it's smoother, better tasting.

Looks like *everybody's* Switching



WILLIAM ELEGY,
Denver, Colo., switched to Calvert because his friends all preferred its flavor.



GENE C. COX,
Mt. Vernon, Ill., switched to Calvert because he can trust Calvert's top quality.



ALBERT FARBER,
Oakland, Calif., switched to Calvert because it's better blended.



ROBERT P. MURPHY,
Detroit, Mich., switched to Calvert because its quality has never changed.



AL ABELL,
Baltimore, Md., switched tn Calvert because Calvert always tastes better.



ALBERT F. GALLANT,
Jamaica Plain, Mass., has switched to Calvert because it's always smoother.



BEN CHUSTZ,
Baton Rouge, La., switched to Calvert years ago, will never switch again.



EMERY S. GREEN,
Cleveland, Ohio, switched to Calvert because it makes a smoother highball.



ARMAND M. FALLON,
Cranston, R. I., switched to Calvert because it's milder in cocktails or "neat."



JAMES V. MARASCUILO,
St. Paul, Minn., switched to Calvert because it *really does* taste better.



JOHNNIE BROCK,
St. Louis, Mo., switched to Calvert because it makes a finer "dry" Manhattan.



CARLTON KINKEL,
Milwaukee, Wisc., switched to Calvert because Calvert adds *quality* to a drink.



STANLEY J. SMITH,
Reno, Nev., switched to Calvert because it *actually is* a smoother blend.



RUBIN BUITEKANT,
Ridgefield, N. J., switched to Calvert because it makes a finer Old Fashioned.



EDGAR C. BROWN,
Detroit, Mich., switched to Calvert because it's always the best whiskey buy.



JOHN F. GRAHAM,
Montclair, N. J., switched to Calvert after comparing it with costlier braods.



WILLIAM C. KELLY,
Baltimore, Md., switched to Calvert because he likes his whiskey light.



HUGH D. COLEMAN,
San Diego, Calif., switched to Calvert because his guests prefer it, too.



JOHN F. ASZKLER,
Lackawanna, N. Y., switched to Calvert because it tastes better.



EDWARD ELNISKY,
Wilson, Conn., switched to Calvert because there's a value bonus in every bottle.



JOHN SCANLON,
Detroit, Mich., switched to Calvert because it always pleases his guests.



ANTHONY M. VIGNALO,
St. Paul, Minn., switched to Calvert because it's a mellower blend.



LARRY VINCENT,
Covington, Ky., switched to Calvert because it really does taste better.



WILLIAM A. RUBEN,
Philadelphia, Penna., switched to Calvert because it tastes better.



WILLIAM J. TEHOY,
Chicago, Ill., switched to Calvert knowing he can count on Calvert quality.



J. V. MARTIN,
Orlando, Fla., switched to Calvert when his friends recommended it.



TIMOTHY P. SEXTON,
Indianapolis, Ind., switched to Calvert because no other blend can match it.



AL T. HAMMEL,
Champaign, Ill., switched to Calvert because its taste is uniformly mellower.





WALTER C. GREBE,
St. Louis, Mo., switched to Calvert because no other [e]quals it for flavor.



ROBERT ROBSON,
Dallas, Texas, switched to Calvert because it's today's best whiskey value.



DONALD B. SINAIKO,
Madison, Wisc., switched to Calvert because it *really is* a mellower blend.



JOE MAY,
New York, N. Y. did *not* switch—like thousands, he's bought Calvert for years!



JOHN MARTIN,
Hartford, Conn., switched to Calvert to please his friends—and himself.



KEMP READ,
New Bedford, Mass., switched to Calvert because it's mellower.







E F. DUNN,
..., switched to its mellower, ...der taste.



A
Atla... ed t... has ...



JOHN H. WRIGHT,
Ft. Worth, Texas, switched to Calvert because it makes a lighter highball.



CHARLES JAMES,
Drexel Hill, Penna., switched to Calvert because it makes a milder cocktail.



OWEN MARRON,
Jersey City, N. J., switched to Calvert because it's a better tasting drink.



RUSSELL WILLIS,
Nashville, Tenn., switched to Calvert because he prefers its richer flavor.



V. F. BROW...
Denver, Colo., sw... Calvert because ... its clean, fresh tas...





...FAK,
...switched ...se it's so ...drink.



FRED E. GRUBER,
Teaneck, N. J., switched to Calvert because it makes *any* drink more palatable.



NOEL WESLEY,
New York, N. Y., switched to Calvert because he's found it *really is* smoother.



EDWARD MANN,
...V. Los Angeles, Calif., ...witched to Calvert because it's always uniform.



WILLIAM E. EMP...
Miami Beach, Fla., ...ed to Calvert bec... the smoothest blen...



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CLEAR HEADS CHOOSE

Calvert Reserve

BECAUSE IT'S

SMOOTHER, MELLOWER...TASTES BETTER

Choice Blended Whiskey—86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutrol Spirits . . . Colvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

Patricia Wolcott's smile wins leading role in Little Theater play!



Patricia Wolcott, Young Matron, made Little Theater history in Scarsdale, N. Y. recently when she was awarded the leading role in the Fort Hill Players' production, "Years Ago."

A newcomer to the amateur stage, Patricia stole the show during tryouts for the part of the beautiful heroine...scored an instant hit on opening night. But her favorite role is wife and mother. And her smile, so dazzling behind the footlights, sparkles in this real-life role, too. It's a Pepsodent Smile! "I've always depended on Pepsodent Tooth Paste to keep my teeth bright," Patricia says. "Besides, I love its taste!"

The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!



ANOTHER FINE LEVER BROTHERS PRODUCT

Patricia Wolcott knows it, people all over America agree—the smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile! Pepsodent with Irium is their 3-to-1 favorite for brighter smiles.

Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste—families from coast to coast recently compared delicious New Pepsodent with the tooth paste they were using at home. By an average of 3 to 1, they said New Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried. *For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!*

INSIDE SPORTS

Continued from page 22

Richie hit safely in 23 consecutive games (breaking the National League rookie mark of 22 set by Johnny Mize in 1936) an outfield contemporary remarked: "Ashburn has a .400 average, but he doesn't bat .400. He runs .300 and bats .100. If I could beat out as many bunts and rollers as he does, I'd bat .600."

Richie is strictly an old-fashioned ball-player. He chokes the bat and pokes and slices for singles instead of swinging for the fences. On the bases, he slides head first instead of feet first. "Feet first," he explains, "the infielder just puts his glove on the bag and lets you slide into the ball. Head first, he has to tag my hand and that's hard to do because I can hook from either side. Course, I don't go head first into home plate. Used to be a catcher myself and I know how hard those shin guards are."

Ashburn grew up in Tilden, Nebraska, and was the state's outstanding American Legion player in 1944. The Phils sent him to Utica, New York, in 1945. Manager Eddie Sawyer watched him beat out a bunt, then confiscated his catcher's mitt. Sawyer pointed to center field and said, "Scat!"

The Army drafted Ashburn for Alaska duty in '46, but Richie returned to Utica last year, batted .362 and led the league in stolen bases. Sawyer—the fellow who made Richie a center fielder—was rewarded for such managerial sagacity last July. The Phils signed Eddie as Chapman's replacement.

Sawyer was a stranger to the majors, but he knew everything about Ashburn. Eddie was talking to Bill Meyer, the Pittsburgh manager, the morning after Ashburn bunted the Pirates out of a tight game.

"There's one consolation," Meyer remarked. "He isn't twins."

"That's what you think," Sawyer replied. "He is, but her name is Dona."

▸ RACE-TRACK MELODY

It was not a good violin and the man in the wrinkled suit played it very badly. Yet every morning at 11 o'clock when the man in the wrinkled suit fiddled in the courtyard of the large New York apartment building, windows opened and dollar bills fluttered to the pavement. The music-loving tenants wrapped their offerings in white paper and the man in the wrinkled suit had no trouble following the currency in its erratic descent.

Now there lived in the building an excellent violinist who collected only union scale and was envious of the daily good fortune enjoyed by the man in the wrinkled suit. At 10 o'clock one morning, the union-scale violinist stepped into the courtyard and played Carmen Fantasy. It was strictly Isaac Stern, but the windows remained shut. Financially, the performance was a flop.

Promptly at 11 o'clock, the man in the wrinkled suit appeared. He scraped half a dozen notes. Windows banged open. The downpour of dollar bills commenced. Piqued and curious, the union-scale violinist retrieved one of the offerings—a piece of notebook paper twisted around six dollar bills. There was a signature and the notation: "Bright Jewel across."

▸ COMFORT ON THE FAIRWAY

Ellery Rausch and Clarence Gerberich were supposed to quit playing golf three years ago—doctors' orders. Instead, they bought a secondhand automobile seat, welded it onto the front of a motor scooter, and they've been playing ever since—on their golf scooter built for two.

Ellery and Clarence loll comfortably up front, holding their clubs while a rear-drive caddie steers them down th fairway. "What you spend on gas, yo save on shoes," Clarence points out.

The Rausch-Gerberich model stimu lated golf-scooter production at Aurora Illinois, country club. Eleven othe members now own scooters. There i even a superscooter which accommo dates a foursome and a refrigerato

Recently, the super scooter tarried at trap near the 16th green. Pedestrians o the 17th tee heard somebody say: "Hol my beer for me, will you, Harry?" Ther was a pause . . . the pitch onto the gree . . . another pause . . . "Thanks, Harry.

Jack Murray, an air-line pilot, made major contribution to the advancemen of scooter golf when he attached a te strainer to a sawed-off mop handl Murray uses the handmade scooper upper on the practice fairway. Afte smacking 50 balls, he hops on his scoote and retrieves on the run.

What with 11 scooters operative an numerous others in production, Auror is scarcely the quiet, restful little cours Dutch Harrison envisions as the perfe retreat for a tournament-weary pr Dutch, an easygoing pro, likes thos little towns down in Arkansas. Dutc



"What a wonderful age this is. We could fly from New York to Chicago in the time we've been waiting for our bus!"

COLLIER'S — GLENN R. BERNHARDT

talked Jimmy Demaret into a week hibernation a while back, but t Arkansas solitude bothered Jimm Finally, on Saturday night, he sai "Isn't there someplace we can go for little excitement, Dutch?"

"Why, sure," Harrison replied. "W can go down to the barbership a watch a few haircuts."

▸ WHO'S QUITTING?

Despite Governor Dewey's popular in the Presidential polls, Mr. Truman somewhat encouraged by a report fr his former campaign manager, Bob Ha negan. At the All Star Game in St. Lou Hannegan (who resigned from Truma Cabinet to become owner of the Car nals) overheard two American Leag fans talking.

"Well," the first fan said, "we've w 10 outta 14 from the National Leag but we're mighty weak this time. W Williams and Newhouser hurt, thi don't look so good."

"Yeah," the second fan agreed. "Th National Leaguers are in a spot like Republicans. If they don't win this ye they might as well quit."

The American League won, 5 to 2.

THE END

See the Underground Fairyland

Carlsbad Caverns *via* Santa Fe



Santa Fe is the only railroad to Carlsbad for Carlsbad Caverns National Park.

Daily Pullman service direct to Carlsbad, New Mexico, from Chicago and Los Angeles

Carlsbad Caverns, in the Guadalupe Mountains of southeastern New Mexico, rank with the Grand Canyon as one of the two or three great natural wonders of the world

But like trying to describe the Grand Canyon, it is impossible to picture in words the silent grandeur of Carlsbad Caverns—where sunlight has never reached since the dawn of time.

Formations frozen in stone

Fantastic formations frozen in stone, such as Rock of Ages, Chinese Temple, and Lady at the Organ, meet the eye at every turn.

The ceiling has disappeared under millions of stalactite pendants. Grotesque stalagmites, weighing many tons each, rise from the floor. And the tremendous size of this underground fairyland (temperature, 56° the year 'round) is almost unbelievable.

For instance, the "Big Room" alone is 4,500 feet long, 625 feet wide, 300 feet from floor to ceiling. No photograph yet taken reveals more than an infinitesimal part of its glories.

The way to see it

Plan to visit Carlsbad Caverns via Santa Fe this fall or winter, so you can enjoy an unhurried exploration of *all* parts of the floodlighted Caverns open to the public. U. S. National Park Rangers will be your guides.

Santa Fe provides daily Pullman service from both Chicago and Los Angeles direct to Carlsbad, New Mexico, where motor coaches meet the train for the 27-mile ride to and from the entrance to the Caverns.

Let us send you an illustrated brochure that gives full details on how conveniently you can include this world-famous underground fairyland in your trip to or from California via Santa Fe. Just mail the coupon.

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Chicago 4, Illinois

Please send me your illustrated brochure, "Carlsbad Caverns," and tell me how easily I can visit this wonderland on my next trip to or from California.

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When Ice went on Wheels Better Food went on Tables

In 1878, a new kind of train sped out of St. Louis. Its cars were loaded with barrels of Budweiser kept cold and fresh by ice-filled compartments. Thus, the brewing industry had its first refrigerator cars—and Budweiser had begun its journey toward 'round-the-world fame. Later, in the 80's, the refrigerator car made it possible for all parts of America to have fresh meat, fruits, vegetables and other good things of life.

Today, the delicious foods from far and near that make your table inviting need one thing to highlight their flavors. Golden, bubbling Budweiser brings out the fine flavor of food without losing its own distinctive taste. Every sip tells you why it is something more than beer—a tradition in hospitality.



Budweiser

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ANHEUSER-BUSCH . . . SAINT LOUIS

SILENT WITNESS

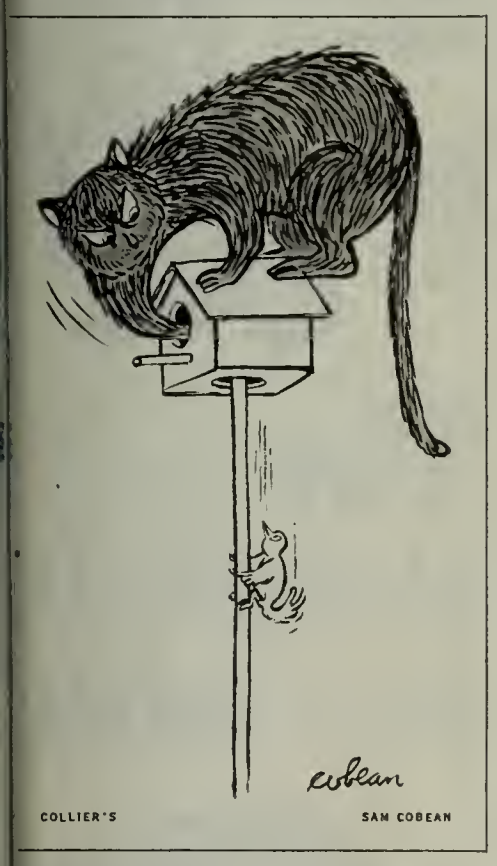
Continued from page 27

I almost had to grin at the situation. Al had practiced doing the hoarse whisper so that no one on earth could have told the difference. There wasn't much of a trick to it. And Helen was getting the number, so she'd swear it was I who answered the phone when she called me back.

I heard him say, "Okay, Dave. What did you want me to do?"

And Al would be croaking, "Look, I can't find my keys—the ones with the identification tag. I've looked all over. It's the bunch with my office key and the one for the vault and a duplicate ignition for the car. I may have left them in my office. Run in and take a look, will you? I'll hang on. Maybe the top drawer on the left . . ."

I was standing just behind the door as he entered. He heard the sound as I pushed it closed, and swung around toward me. That look on his face when he saw me, I'll never forget. It was almost comic, until it froze into something else. I'll never forget that either, along with a lot of other things that happened in the next few seconds. I had my hands on his windpipe, my knee in his stomach as he lay on the floor, his eyes bulging



ut and a bloody froth oozing out of the orners of his mouth. . . .

We stayed like that until the last convulsive tremor was out of him and my ngers were pressing into soft, inert, unesisting flesh. There hadn't been a sound nd he hadn't been out of his office long nough to make Helen wonder. I got up, ook the keys out of my pocket and put iem in the desk drawer.

I was down the back stairs and into the ar in a few seconds, driving out toward rentwood Heights. I didn't use the main oulevard, so it was a lot longer going irough the off streets. But there was no pecial hurry now. If a call came, Al ould continue to use the voice, and I new I had plenty of time to get home efore the police would be giving me a ttle visit to find out what I knew and hether I heard anything funny over the lephone when I was supposed to be lking to him from five miles away.

I left the car out in front and let myself to the house. Al rose nervously as I ime in but I told him to keep his shirt n. He certainly had nothing to be nervus about. Neither of us had. I asked m if there'd been any calls since that ne, and he said no. He had called back after he'd hung on for a long while, just as I had told him to, but he kept getting a busy, which meant that the phone was still off the hook or that Helen was already in contact with the police. Everything was so perfectly logical, I almost believed it myself.

"All right," I said. "Beat it. They can be here any minute now. And don't telephone. I'll call you."

He got up, shuffling a little. "How—how did everything come off?"

"Fine, thanks," I said. "Make it fast."

I watched him through the window as he started his car and drove off. Then I went into the bedroom, got out of my clothes and into pajamas and bathrobe and crawled into bed with a book.

IT WAS a long wait. I figured they'd be around in about twenty minutes, but it must have been a good two hours. They got the full story from Helen, about the calls and the keys and everything—God bless her for listening in! She had waited about five minutes at the phone, then gone into Larry's office and through to mine. She didn't scream or faint or anything. Just called the police.

I could see them through the window as they came up the walk, three of them. One, a tall, gaunt fellow, paused a moment to put his hand on the hood of my car which was parked in the driveway. I had to smile. If I had used it, the radiator might still have been warm. That was another reason I'd taken Al's car. I got up and opened the door in answer to their ring.

"I'm Inspector Manning," the tall one said. "Sorry to bother you, Mr. Jarvis, when you're sick."

"Come in," I said. "Is anything wrong?"

I brought them into the bedroom, apologizing for its appearance and for my condition as I lay back on the bed and drew the robe over me.

"This is more or less routine," Manning said as he took in the room, "but there was a bit of an accident at your office this afternoon and we thought you might be able to help us a little."

"What kind of an accident?" I asked.

"That's a pretty bad throat you've got there," Manning said.

"It'll be all right," I said. "Maybe another few days—"

"That's what Dr. Winters told us."

I looked at him sharply. "Dr. Winters? I don't understand. Why did you—?"

"Another routine check," he said. "All in relation to the—accident."

"I wish you'd let me know what you're getting at," I said gravely.

"Blakelock was throttled by a homicidal maniac."

"Larry? Murdered?"

He nodded. "In your office. There was something about keys—"

"My God!" I said. "I told him to look—and then I waited and waited—"

"Tell it from the beginning," Manning said. "Your office girl might have missed something and we'd like to get started."

I sat down and gave myself a few seconds as if to get it all together. It was only natural with a shock like that. Then I gave him the whole story in sequence.

For a minute, I almost wished it didn't make such complete, impregnable sense. There wasn't a hole in it big enough for an electron. By the time I'd finished, my voice was really little more than a faint whisper.

Manning was looking at me. "By the way, Mr. Jarvis, I should have introduced you before." He indicated the other two men. "Sergeant Burke—and this is Dr. Braddock."

"Dr. Braddock?" I said slowly.

"Take a look at this throat, Doc,"



Straight from a laundry research laboratory comes this fact: *The hotter the water, the whiter the wash.*

And now you can *get* hotter water! Get it *faster, cleaner, cheaper,* too. Because *now you can get a Ruud,* the Gas water heater with the Monel* tank and the new Ruud Temperature Dial.

Designed to keep pace with today's automatic washers, Ruud water heaters bring you all the hot water you want, hot as you want it. Ask your Gas Company, Plumber or Dealer to show you Ruud-Monel. 99.1% of owners say they'd recommend it to friends. Write for free literature and special report on laundering temperatures.

1. Get HOTTER Water! With Ruud's new Temperature Dial, you just *dial* the temperature you need—down when you want it down—up when you want it up . . . all the way up to 180 degrees for whiter white washes on wash day!

2. Get it FASTER! Ruud heats with Gas—any type, including LP-gas. That means quick heating, no waiting!



3. Get it CLEANER! Ruud's tank is *solid Monel.* It can't rust, even at the highest temperatures . . . always sends you hot water that's *sparkling-clean!*

4. Get it CHEAPER! Ruud's thrift-design saves you money. So does Gas, the economy fuel. So does your long-lasting Monel tank. Pocket your savings year after year!

ALL THE HOT WATER YOU CAN USE! Ample supplies for *every* household use, all around the clock, every day in the year. And you'll have it—*when you want it*—*with* RUUD-MONEL!

NOW YOU CAN Get a RUUD GAS Water Heater with a Rustproof MONEL Tank

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PORTIS HATS, CHICAGO 10, ILL.

Manning said. "Maybe there's something you can do."

So they weren't even trusting Winters! That was all right with me. Even better this way. But the thing I couldn't understand was why they were digging so deep. I knew they were coming out to ask questions. After all, I was the last one who spoke to him alive—or that's what they thought. Or didn't they? The way they were going at it looked like they were trying to crack an alibi, to find one thing, one little discrepancy. Why were they pushing *me?* Why were they on *my* tail?

THE doctor set the lamp to reflect the light into my throat from the circular mirror he had slipped over one eye. I gave him a nice big ahhh as he held my tongue down with a depressor. He looked a long time. Then, "It's a beauty, all right—membranes swollen and badly inflamed."

"I'm doing everything I can," I whispered. "It's lasting a long time."

"Yes, it is, isn't it?" Manning said. Then he got up suddenly. "By the way, could I use your bathroom a minute?"

"Second door on your left," I said, indicating the hall.

I knew he was going in there to look things over. For some reason, in spite of all the evidence, he still wasn't buying the laryngitis theme. Maybe because that's what cemented it all together so nicely. But again, I was safe. He'd find the empty bottles of gargle lined up on the glass shelf over the basin—even the big one they delivered this morning—I sat up sharply. That had gone down the drain, too! I had done it automatically. Maybe that was a mistake! The date—today's date—would be on the label. That was a lot of gargle to be used up in a few hours! But the chances were that he wouldn't notice.

I watched his face when he came back. I couldn't detect a thing. It seemed more blank than thoughtful.

"We won't keep you much longer," he said. "Just a couple more questions. Did you hear anything odd or suspicious when you talked to him on the phone the second time?"

"Not a thing," I said.

"Do you know anyone who might have had a reason for doing it?"

"No," I answered. "He was well liked by almost everybody. Oh, he'd have an argument with a customer occasionally."

"Business arguments?"

"Mostly," I said.

"Just what kind of a business are you in, Mr. Jarvis?" He threw it away as if it meant absolutely nothing and I didn't like that.

"We've got the Coast agency for a big house handling vitamin products."

There was a pause, a couple of beats too long. Then he said, "Just vitamins?"

"Just vitamins," I answered.

Manning said, "I see." He fumbled in his pocket for a cigarette. "Smoke bother you?" he asked.

No, the smoke didn't bother me, but something else did. Someone had talked. Larry. I was pretty sure of it. Probably while I was away sick. I didn't get to him in time. He must have given them the whole set-up, probably in an anonymous letter, and alibi or no alibi, they were following the green line. But I was in the clear on that part of it. Motive isn't enough when a guy's five miles away. And after all, maybe those beats were only in my mind. Maybe it was just an innocent question. . . .

"How did you two get on?" Manning was asking. "Any—unpleasantness?"

He knew about that anyway from Helen so I keyed it right. "We had battles I guess—but nothing serious."

"I see," Manning said again. He took a long draw on his cigarette. "That leaves us pretty much in the dark—for a few days."

I looked at him curiously. "For a few days?" I repeated.

He nodded. "Time is always of the utmost importance. Most criminals are apprehended within the first twenty-four hours. If you don't get them by then, they've got the statistics on their side." He shrugged. "In a few days—when we'll know definitely—"

"I don't think I understand," I said.

He smiled a little. "In every crime of this kind, there are two witnesses—the fellow who did it and the fellow who got it. The first one won't talk and the second one can't."

"I still don't see . . ." I started.

"That's what usually makes it so tough," he went on. "But in this case, you got kind of a break. Only thing is, we've got to wait until he's conscious. Might take another day or two." He turned to Sergeant Burke. "Call St. Luke's," he said.

Burke went to the phone on the night table and gave a number to the operator. The sweat lay across my stomach like a wet sheet and I could feel the drops starting to gather on my forehead and trickle down in front of my ears. But Manning wasn't looking at me.

"You said—you said he was dead." My voice was almost inaudible, but he heard it.

"No," he said, rubbing his chin. "He was attacked and throttled. Awfully close, I grant you, but we got a Pulmotor fast from the fire department and then rushed him to the hospital."

Yes, it could have been fast, all right. The firehouse was right next door.

The man at the phone was talking: "St. Luke's? Room 702, please. I want to talk to Sergeant Denby."

"Sorry I misled you," Manning was saying. He smiled apologetically. "We do it that way sometimes to watch the reactions."

The man at the phone said, "Hello, Denby? This is Burke. How is it?" There was a little pause. Then, "Good . . . I'll tell Manning. He's with me now. . . . Well, sure, but he'll be able to write, won't he?" He hung up and turned to Manning. "Still unconscious—maybe for another day or so—but out of danger."

"Fine," Manning said.

"He won't be able to talk for a while," Burke went on. "The vocal cords are badly lacerated. But the moment he snaps out of it, they'll give him a pencil and paper."

Manning turned to me. "Funny, isn't it? Both of you having voice trouble at the same time." Then he got up, crushed the cigarette into an ash tray and stood facing me.

"Well, do you want to wait until he writes it or will you talk now? Might help you a lot in a case like this. And we've got a whiz at dictation in the Central Office."

He helped me into my clothes.

I LOOKED at the typewritten sheets the police secretary handed me and turned through them rapidly.

"Seems to be all there," I said. "What do I do now? Just sign it?"

"Sign it is all," Manning said.

I took up the pen and signed *David Jarvis* along the bottom of the last sheet.

Inspector Manning picked up the papers and read the first few lines aloud: "I thought I'd better make the call from the office of the telephone company. I had called exactly at three and there were a lot of booths there. . . ."

He folded the sheets carefully and put them in his inside pocket. Then, he looked down at me. "It was very neat, all right. Very neat."

I looked up at him. "It would have been the perfect crime if I'd only killed him."

Inspector Manning paused for the fraction of an instant.

"It was the perfect crime, all right," he said. "You did kill him."

THE END

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HOW TO KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE

Continued from page 28

husband and wife who speak perfectly good English actually do not speak the same language. For this reason *semantics,* the science of meaning, plays a prominent role in the new course. What do words really mean? If a man says, "Let's be fair about this thing," just what does he mean? Is his notion of fairness the same as yours?

"If we are going to get along with nations like Russia, we must understand her and not be annoyed by words used," Donham told one of his classes. "We should realize that other nations are equally irritated by words used by us."

Diplomat Balks at a Definition

Shortly before George C. Marshall became Secretary of State, Professor Donham met with a State Department official and asked him, "Why do you use the word *democracy* so much?"

"Oh, that's a very important word," the diplomat replied.

"The Russians use it quite a bit, too," Donham pointed out.

"Yes, indeed. A very important word," the diplomat affirmed.

"But do you think *democracy* means the same thing to Stalin that it does to us?" Donham asked.

"Well—" the diplomat demurred. He didn't answer the question. He simply repeated: "We've got to use *democracy*. It's a very important word."

Donham reminded the uneasy statesman that so long as democracy meant one thing to our State Department and something entirely different to Stalin, its use "simply concealed disagreement behind a surface façade of agreement."

Donham was glad to see that when Secretary Marshall stepped in, one of the first things he did was to define democracy so that no one in the world could have any doubt about just what it meant to the U.S.A.

Another leaf we might pluck from the Harvard book is the "concept of the total situation." Many a human has turned a simple problem into a towering difficulty by working on part of the situation instead of all of it.

Donham tells of a man who was terribly injured in a plane crash and found himself in a hospital with seven specialists going to work on different parts of his body. They strapped him and drained him and braced him and injected him and drugged him, until the poor man was more miserable than when he had been dragged from the wreckage.

He called in all his specialists at once and said, "Each one of you is a great doctor. But each of you is working on the part of me he knows about, without considering *all of me.* Not one of you is really interested in *me.*"

He then hired a general practitioner who was able to keep the specialists working in relation to the *total situation.*

Trouble lies in ambush ready to pounce on any of us who plays only part of a situation when he should play all of it. Mr. A, for example, refused to allow his wife's sister to come to their house. Strictly speaking, he was right. She was a shrew. But—the rest of the situation was this: Mr. A's wife was very fond of her sister. She got terribly upset over the conflict, and her relationship with her husband became dull and spiritless. The whole marriage was soured.

Mr. A, of course, was the loser. Far better to have surveyed the *total situation* and tried to improve his relationship with his wife's sister, or simply steeled himself to the fact that shrews exist, and thank goodness his wife wasn't like her sister.

But conversely, the Harvard savants tell us, problem situations can be turned to our own advantage if we keep an eye peeled for the extra bits and pieces that make up the total situation. Professor Donham tells his classes this story:

"In a poker game two players early showed their playing to be superior to that of the others present. As the game progressed, one began to win more consistently than the other. Afterward, when the winner was asked how he accounted for his success, he replied, 'Simple. Every time my opponent had a good hand, his Adam's apple moved up and down rapidly.' "

He was simply playing the total situation! In the bedrock business of solving a problem, Harvard has a good deal more than theory to offer. Just what should we do when trouble comes our way?

There are two steps to take, Harvard tells us. Take them, one at a time.

The first step is *diagnosis.* "We must start clinically, as a doctor does," Donham advises. "Our job is to gather all the facts on the threatening situation. We must do a lot of 'creative listening.'

"We have found, experimentally," Donham reports, "that if you can get a



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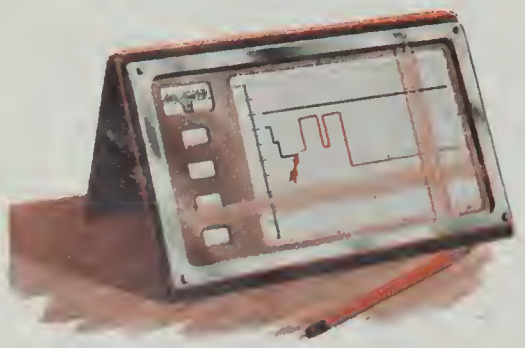
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man talking freely, getting things off his chest, it helps him in all sorts of ways—it relieves tensions, brings them out in the open. You discover that something has been bottled up, and unless you get it out in the open it continues to bother."

We must avoid moral judgments. Just size up the situation as it *is*. Never mind the *rights* and *wrongs*, because until the diagnosis is complete we haven't the slightest scientific basis for calling anything *right* or *wrong*.

The second step is *action*. Human Relations does not sit back on its professorial posterior and simply reflect. It acts firmly and decisively.

Professor Donham and his group never allow students to go into the action phase until they have spent a solid first semester on diagnosis. The professors want to "destroy the habit of looking for simple, predetermined answers to complex human problems." They deplore our all-too-native habit of "acting without thought."

Donham thinks it would be a good idea if we went around business offices and took down all those stern little signs which say, "Do it now!" He vastly prefers the signs which the International Business Machines Corporation has sprinkled through its buildings. They simply say, "Think."

Another pitfall of the action stage is sweeping generalizations, threats, ukases and the like. Donham tells his students, "Try not to stick your neck out by saying that the next time something happens, such and such a penalty will be imposed. It is an awfully hard thing to live down. Keep some loopholes for yourself and you will save yourself a lot of trouble."

Time is the vital factor in the action stage. Use all the time available, Donham counsels. When a lawyer has a problem he may have a month, or even a year, before any action is necessary. He would be foolish to cast the die in 24 hours and waste all the rest of this time.

A Lesson in Creative Loafing

Professor Donham, in his vastly productive seventy-one years, has avoided a good deal of trouble by what he calls "creative loafing." He likes to put his problems in the back of his mind and go off to his cliff-top home on Cape Cod and forget about them. Weeks later, after letting his eyes rove over the sand dunes of Bassing Harbor and drinking in the tart air of Pleasant Bay, he returns to work.

"The problems I put in the hopper when I went away are sifted and clear when I get back," says he.

Donham attributes the phenomenon to the two kinds of thinking human beings do. One is *concentrated*. When we're on top of a problem we concentrate on it, and the more we do that the more we see the problem and the less we see of the world around it. The second kind of thinking is *syncretistic*, to use George Elton Mayo's term. Here we relate the problem to everything around it. We begin to see the forest as well as the trees.

Action often comes as the self-propelled result of accurate diagnosis. The Harvard researchers warn us not to keep saying to ourselves, "What shall I do?" Rather they would have us say, "What is the problem? What are the facts?"

As Donham tells his students, "Keep your minds elastic. Facts develop in ways that should make you want to change your techniques and change your action . . . Life is like that."

Harvard got into the Human Relations business by having just that kind of elastic mind. The plunge was made by George Elton Mayo, who recently retired from his professorship at the Harvard Business School. Mayo went to the Hawthorne Works of the Western Electric Company, in Chicago, in the late 1920s to conduct research on the productivity of workers. He was struck by the inescapable fact that productivity had little to do with lighting, air, lavatories, lunch rooms, etc., but a whale of a lot to do with workers' *attitudes*.

So in 1928 and 1929 Mayo plunged into what he called "the twilight zone where things are never quite what they seem." He and his team interviewed 21,000 workers, spending half an hour or more with each. Surface appearances were shucked off like husks of corn. One worker admitted she disliked a supervisor because he reminded her of a stepfather she despised. Another said his speed of work had nothing to do with the management; it was governed solely by his co-workers. "I don't want them to call me a rate-buster if I work too fast, or a chiseler if I work too slow," he declared.

The Harvard Business School, under Dean Donham, became extremely human-relations conscious after Mayo's discoveries. Donham put a good deal of the theory into a book, Education for Responsible Living, in 1944, and found that one of his most avid readers wa Harvard's President James Bryant Co nant. Conant challenged him to put th theory into practice by starting a Hu man Relations course at Harvard, an Donham launched the three-year-old ex periment at the college in 1945, integrat ing it with the long-run research at th Business School.

Harvard considers it a roaring succes and hopes to continue the course on widening scale. Donham himself goes t Colgate University this fall to aid in similar Human Relations program ther

After thousands of years of lovin and hating one another, of building gre works in peace and pulverizing them i war, the human race is finally gettin down to fundamentals. *How to get alon with people. How to keep out of troubl* These, many wise men believe, are th keys to tomorrow.

THE END

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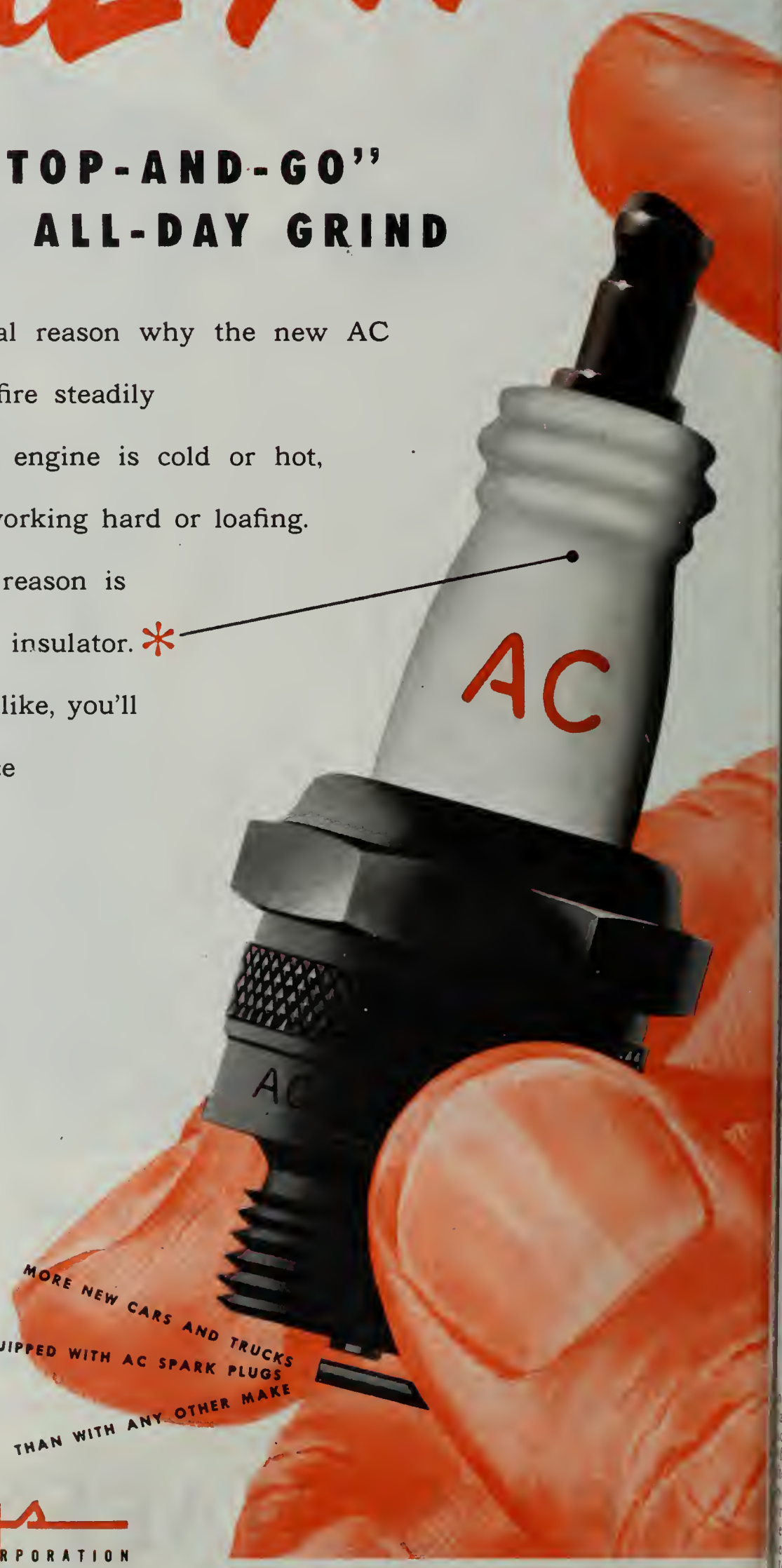
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Look Who's Talking!

By GURNEY WILLIAMS

YOU'LL pardon me if I seem to go around talking to myself, enunciating words as though addressing a backward child, making Donald Duck noises and nursing a split lip. Most of my friends understand this because they know I recently bought a wire recorder and began to invent new uses for the gadget.



1

Just to fill you in, a wire recorder is about the size of a table radio and has a small hand microphone through which sound is magnetically recorded on very fine wire. These sounds, unfortunately, may be kept indefinitely or played back any number of times; or, happily, they may be erased and the wire used again.

One of the first things I did with this arresting device was hide it in the bookcase and secretly record a cocktail party conversation. This experiment showed (1) there is nothing scintillating about small talk, (2) guests won't believe they said what they said, (3) no conversational



3

gem is ever heard by anyone until it has been repeated six times (after which nobody cares) and (4) this type of recording, played back twelve hours after the last guest has extricated his car from your hedge, is the best deterrent for overindulgence since the invention of gin and orange juice.

This test also proved that playing back cocktail talk without editing it can be hazardous. A lady guest confidentially told my hidden microphone her husband was a hopeless jerk while the hopeless jerk was out in the pantry getting her



5

another lemon phosphate. I unwittingly played back the remark and the husband showed such signs of irritation that his wife's eyes wouldn't focus for some hours afterward. Later I found out how to erase certain words and phrases from recordings, a procedure which has since averted seven other divorces and at least twenty-two fist fights.

Interviewing guests in the manner of an inquiring radio reporter keeps you on safer ground but takes some ingenuity. Handed a microphone and asked to say something, the average citizen blurts:

"What shall I say? Ha, ha, ha. Uhhh—are you recording this, yak, yak. Well, I don't know *what* to talk about, ha, ha. Oh, shut it off and let me hear what it sounds like! Duh!"

To avoid this—as well as the danger of the glib type who would rather drool into the mike for twenty-five minutes than leave glass rings on the piano—you should be prepared with stock questions such as: "What is your name, won't you speak a little louder and why don't you go home?" That's how I got the cut lip.

But probably the most insidious of all possibilities for the recorder is the so-called Wire Network by which I keep in touch with friends and fellow wire enthusiasts from coast to coast. Since be-



2

coming entangled in this web I have given up music, photography, playing ball with my young son and keeping the house in repair.

Spools of wire come by mail from all directions—and go in all directions. Dinner is ready, the dog has to be let out. I haven't written a check for the groceries, the boiler has burst. No matter. I've got to finish this half-hour program for Harry, 500 miles away, who has virtually wrecked his own



4

family life trying to entertain me with personal insults, trick sound effects and his favorite records (all of which I have in my own collection). Incidentally, this hobby settles once and for all the question of who talks the most, male or female. I have yet to hear a spool of recording wire on which more than 10% of the recording has been made by a female.

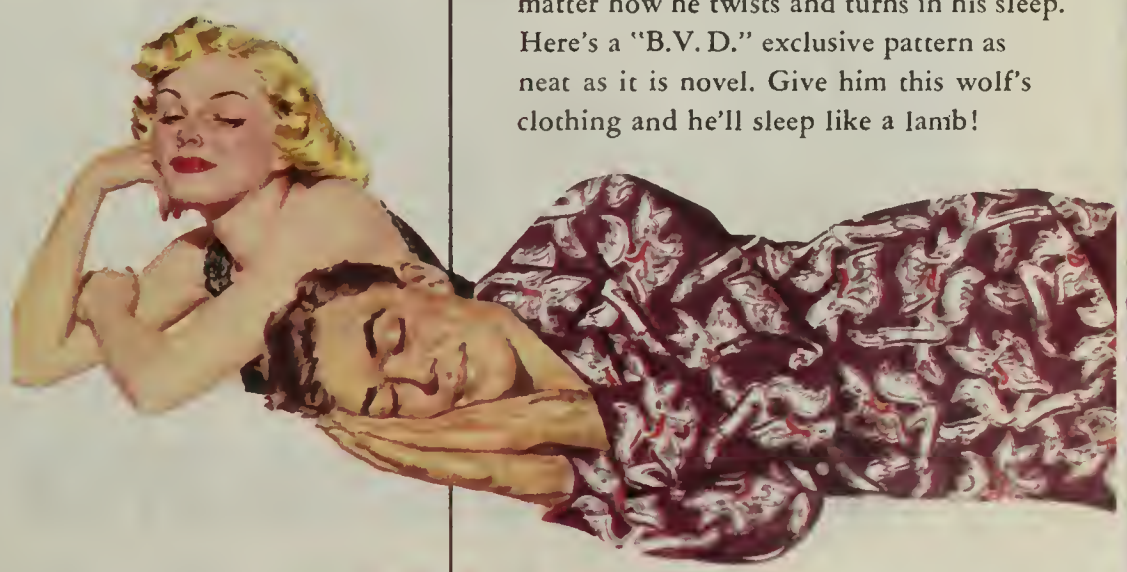
Having recorded speeches, sermons, symphonies, the cockpit noises of a DC-6, weddings and the screeches of birds at 4:00 A.M., I wish I could quit, but it's got me. My wife says if she rushed into one of my talking sessions with the news that the attic was afire, I'd undoubtedly drag the recorder out to the front porch and capture the thunderous arrival of the firemen. I probably would. Mrs. W. ought to be able to get the small fry and the insurance papers out of the house without *my* help. ★★★

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IT HAPPENED TO A DOG

Continued from page 17

came out an inch. "Why do you think I bought him?"

Dave fidgeted. "He's a lot of dog for a girl . . ."

"Don't you think," Nancy suggested, "that might depend on the girl?"

Dave nudged me with his toe. I urged that we get some food while it was hot. On the way to a table I whispered to Dave, "I can't tell whether she's giving you the business or not."

"Guess not," Dave said. "Damned if I don't think she likes that crazy dog." He looked at me forlornly. "I've got to buy him back."

THAT'S what Dave thought. But Nancy wouldn't be budged. First, Dave said he'd made a mistake, he really needed Buster to run in the quail dog stakes. He didn't have any other dog with enough go. Nancy said she was planning on running Buster in those stakes herself.

Then Dave said the dog needed bigger country to run in. He would take him to Canada with the rest of his string next week. Nancy asked how about that setter that won at Grand Junction a couple of years ago. He was trained and conditioned in the South, wasn't he? Then, gradually, Dave began to reveal Buster's history, and his reason for selling him to Nancy. He offered to take a loss if she would sell Buster back to him. Nancy smiled and shook her head. She knew she had Dave over a barrel, and she was enjoying it.

"Are you afraid I'll make a winner of one you spoiled?" she teased. She winked at me. "Buster is just a big sissy. All he needs is intelligent handling."

Dave was caught in his own bear trap. All he could do was squirm. And from the way he looked at Nancy I guessed he would do most anything to get on the right side of her. I didn't blame him; if I had been twenty years younger I'd have done handsprings myself to catch her attention.

All the rest of that week, while he got ready to leave for the Canadian prairies with his bunch of field trial prospects, Dave tried to get Buster away from Nancy. But Nancy said she was counting on Buster to keep her company through the summer when all the interesting people would be away. Dave blushed like a little boy. He asked me, confidentially, to keep an eye on Buster and try to keep Nancy from taking chances with him.

Nancy drove into my yard a couple of evenings later. Dave was there; he had come to say goodby before he left for the prairies. Buster was on the front seat of the car beside Nancy, looking as guileless as an old redbone hound. Nancy got him out and posed him: she didn't even have a lead on him. She spoke affectionately to him, gently pushed his head around straight when he turned it, stood behind him with just the tips of her fingers under his tail. She put on an act of showing the dog off to me, but it was obviously Dave she wanted to be impressed by Buster's new tractability. I asked to see him move. Nancy placed a slip lead on his neck and clucked to him. He took two steps toward the shrubbery and froze in a high-headed, dramatic point.

"What's in there?" Nancy whispered.

There was no need to answer. From the blueberry hedge a mother guinea hen, followed by a dozen quarter-grown chicks, scurried across the driveway. Buster jumped. Nancy held tight to the lead, but it might have been a thread for all the effect it had. The guineas took to the air like partridges with Buster grabbing for their tail feathers. Nancy's calls only spurred him on. The guineas cleared the fence beside the barn; Buster drove straight into it. It would have broken the neck of any ordinary dog, but it just added to Buster's determination to eliminate that family of guineas. He shook himself, and started past the barn at a purposeful gallop. I saw tears in Nancy's eyes.

"He won't get away," I assured her. "There's fence all around the yard."

"You don't know Buster," Nancy said. "He can climb out of a well. He'll kill every head of stock on the place before you can say, 'Great Day in the Morning.'"

We all ran after him. At the end of the barn there was a gate with bars spaced just far enough apart for a small dog to squeeze between. Buster was squeezing when we got there, struggling to spread the bars. He got through just as I dived for him. Luckily, the slip lead was still on him; it caught on a bolt in the gate and tightened. Immediately, he calmed down. You would have thought he had no other interest but Nancy and me. He wagged his tail and grinned at us. I knew then what Dave meant when he said Buster was too smart to train.

Dave did a good job of restraining himself; there wasn't a trace of a grin showing on his face. He just looked at his watch and said, "Time for me to be on my way. See you in a couple of months."

Nancy scowled as she watched his car go down the driveway. She looked long at Buster. "This boy's education will really start tomorrow," she stated. She spoke softly and deliberately, through clenched teeth. I was glad I wasn't Buster. But I was glad too that I wasn't the one who had tackled the job of making a biddable bird dog of that grinning too wise renegade.

I FOUND out that summer how cunning and patient a determined woman can be. It looked like a one-sided contest. Each move Nancy made was solved by Buster in one lesson. He would co-operate so well Nancy was sure he was bending her way. Then, as soon as she relaxed, he would give her the slip and go off on a killing spree. She admitted she would have to start further back in his education.

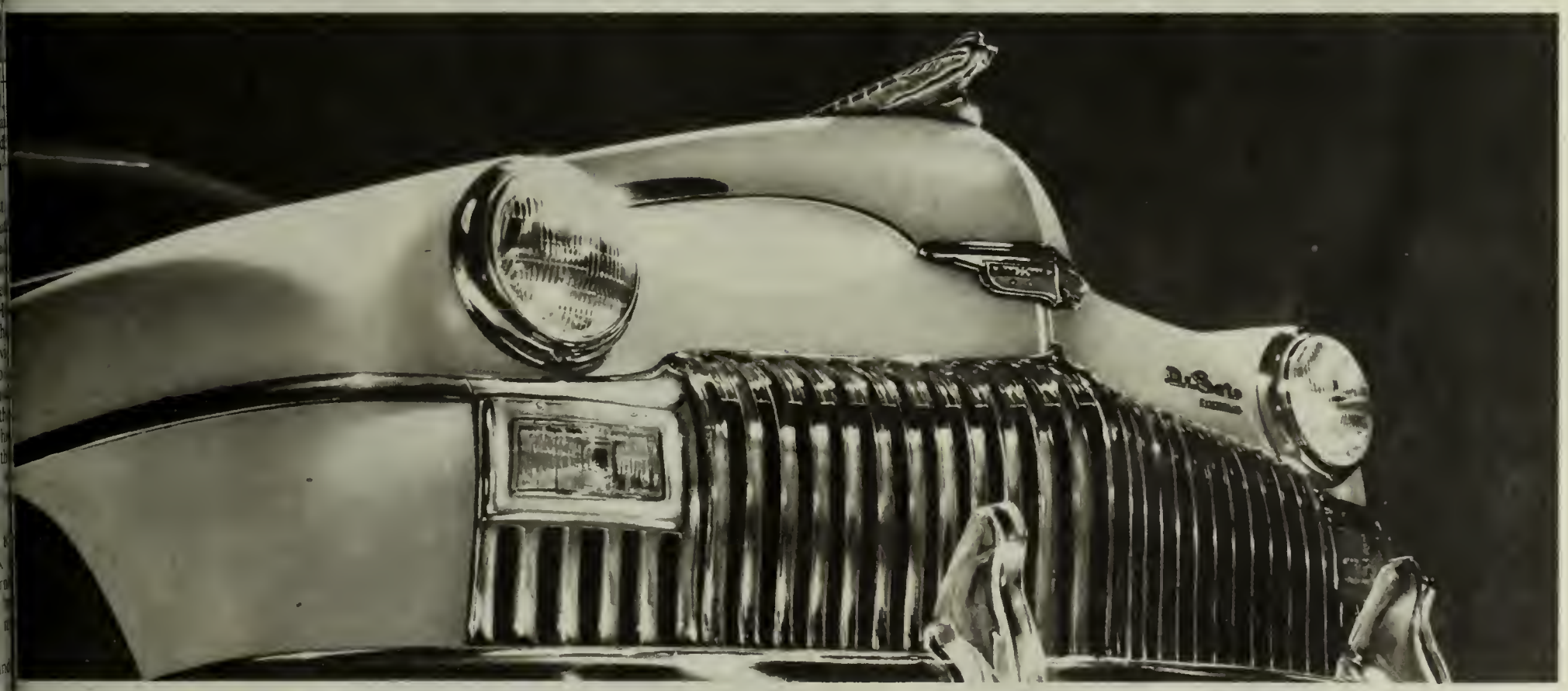
She combed the county for the biggest, ugliest billy goat she could find, and put him in a dog-tight yard. She anchored some barrels on their sides in the yard so a dog could take refuge in them. Then she put Buster in with the big goat. He took one look, and headed across the yard toward the advancing billy, evidently aiming to meet him head on. Just before they met, Buster crouched low, jumped, and hit the goat on the shoulder. His teeth flashed, he shook his head once, there was a snap, and the goat turned over. Buster grinned at us as if to say, "Got any more goats? This is fun."

"I had a letter from Dave Storrie today," I said casually. "He'll be back in a few months." Nancy was stubbornly silent; the muscles at the corner of her jaw tightened. I went home to do my chores.

The first break came by accident, and I was there when it happened. Nancy had tied a gauze muzzle around Buster's mouth so she could treat him for threatening ear canker. She left him chained at the corner of the house while she went in for the medicine. A game hen with a clutch of tiny chicks ran past, and Buster lunged at them, pinning one chick under a front paw. The old hen went into action. She flew in Buster's face, spurred him, rode him and beat him with her wings. For the first time in his

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PROOF

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION . . . AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCI

fe Buster's all-conquering teeth and ws were useless to him. He gave in and ung his head to take his punishment. ancy nodded, her eyes narrowed.

The late goat pen became the home rounds of a succession of fighting hens ith their chicks. Buster, wearing a out muzzle, shared the pen with them. e learned respect and tolerance. Regnedly he would hie to a barrel and ay, his head inside and only his tail nd rear legs sticking out. The chicks ved him. They pecked at him, hopped n his back, finished feed he left in his sh. Soon he could be left with them ithout his muzzle.

Next, a new goat came to try where e first had failed. This time Buster had s muzzle on. When the goat advanced allengingly Buster showed discretion: e ran to the nearest barrel and ouched inside it while the goat beat a attering tattoo on it with his sledgeammer head. Nancy beamed. I wonered. He might forget these lessons hen he was rambling free over ten thound acres of open country.

Nancy had thought of that, too. I met r one day driving to the abandoned illips plantation. There was a half-ile-square deer pen on the plantation, nced with eight-foot link wire. She ured it would be Buster-proof, and ere were some quail in the enclosure.

When she turned Buster loose in the n he took a half-dozen jumps, stopped, d looked unbelievingly at Nancy. It d been so long since he had run without having to drag a heavy plowline it ok him a minute to get used to freem. Nancy hit the whistle twice; Bus- came to life. I saw then what Nancy d been daydreaming about: the big g floated through the broomstraw with high-headed style of a spirited range llion. He had class, the kind of class t makes a dog man hold his breath.

He raced straightaway down the edge the lot. While he was still ten rods m the end Nancy called and blew a g trill on the whistle to turn him. ster started to turn automatically, then ightened and deliberately raced away. didn't see the fence, camouflaged by dweed and trumpet vine; he hit it h the full force of his seventy pounds. looked around guiltily when he reapred, but went on hunting full tilt. lfway across the lot he jammed into a utiful point.

held her horse while Nancy walked to try to get her hands on him. There s no hurry; he was frozen and had no ntion of breaking. Nancy stroked , and pushed against his rear to help make him stanch. After she had snapped a rope on his collar she tossed her whip into the bushes ahead of him, at the same time sputtering through her pouted lips to imitate the whir of quail wings. It worked. A covey of twenty-odd birds flipped over the fence to a tangle of bamboo briar and myrtle.

"A hundred more lessons like that," Nancy said, "and maybe he'll be a bird dog."

"They don't hold field trials in pens," I objected.

Nancy smiled. She said that if she wasn't smarter than Buster she deserved to lose. But she had a scheme, she said, that she thought might make Buster forget all about his killing tours. I said I'd have to be shown; bolting and killing were well-developed passions in Buster.

AS SOON as Buster would hold the deer-pen birds for a quarter-hour, Nancy tried a trick with him that was new to me. She let him go in the pen and purposely stayed back. When she felt sure he had birds she talked in a loud voice to let him know she was near, but she didn't go to him for several minutes. Then, without saying a word to him, she snapped a lead on his collar and pulled him off his point. She took him back the way he had come for about a hundred yards, turned him loose and urged him to go back to his birds. Buster acted as if he didn't understand such doings, but he did stand the covey again halfheartedly. On his next covey find Nancy repeated the performance. This time Buster raced back to his birds and pointed stylishly. Nancy was jubilant.

"You've trained him to report the birds?" I said.

"Sort of," Nancy replied, "and the main hope is that he'll learn to like going back to his birds more than going off on a tour of sin. I have a hunch he learned his bad habits as the result of being lost on point."

The trick took hold. Within two weeks Buster would leave a point to find Nancy and lead her to the birds. Actually, he seemed to be more excited about going back to birds than he did about finding them in the first place. Nancy decided it was time to try him out in open country.

We cast him off in the pine woods; if he bolted there we would have a fair chance of running him down. We held the horses back, letting Buster get way ahead. Then we stopped and waited. Fifteen minutes went by, then half an hour. No Buster. Nancy looked worried. We had a smoke and moved ahead a little. I guessed it was about time to



OLLIER'S "Your mother is an awfully nice old lady!" HANK KETCHAM



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GREYHOUND



start a dog hunt, and I was just beginning to say so when we saw him coming. Nancy was positive he was reporting. I wish I had a picture of her face right then. Buster waited for us, then turned and dashed to a lespedeza patch at the far end of the woods. He had birds, all right. Nancy stroked him some before she flushed the covey. Buster never moved. Nancy went back to him, got down on one knee and talked to him and hugged him. And I heard her mention Dave's name.

NANCY kept working Buster all that summer, and her hopes were high the day we drove to the Rocky Point members' trials. I noticed she had on new whipcord breeches and a well-tailored jacket that looked as if it had been designed more for smooth looks than for rough wear. Buster was big time, she knew; she'd spent nearly six months working him to a fine edge. If he didn't blow up and revert to his old ways there wasn't likely to be another dog there to top him.

The first person we saw as we arrived at the trial grounds was Dave Storrie. Nancy did a quick retouching job on her hair and face while he was walking over to our car.

"Hello, Miss Nancy," he said. "I hope your health is as good as your looks are. I've been needing to see you." I had never seen Dave so happy.

"Good morning, Mr. Storrie," Nancy replied. "I'm well, thank you."

This polite reserve didn't fit in with the anxious care she had just taken to have every hair in place.

"I expect I'd better see about getting my dog entered," she said to me, and got out of the car.

Dave was eager. "I was hoping to have a chance for a good long talk," he urged.

Nancy looked at her watch. "First brace is scheduled for eight," she said.

"Would you be free to have dinner with me at the inn tonight, Miss Nancy?" Dave asked.

"We have such a busy day ahead of us . . ." Nancy explained. "But thank you, just the same."

Dave watched her walk to the field stewards' tent. There was new confidence and pride in her bearing. "Miss Nancy doesn't forgive easily," Dave said. Then he noticed Buster in the back of the car. "Great gosh," he gasped, "is she running that animal today?"

"That's why we're here," I said. It was Nancy's party; I felt it would be more fun to hear Dave find out details from her. "How's your Scooter dog shaping up?" I asked.

It was the right question. Dave was so enthused about Scooter and how he had developed, how he ranged and looked on point and how well he handled, that he didn't notice Nancy come back. She stood, listening, until Dave stopped for air.

"It sounds as if a beginner wouldn't have a chance," she said. "Especially with a dog that couldn't be trained."

"I remember you said it depended on the girl," Dave admitted.

Nancy went to the car, opened the door and came back to us. Quietly she said, "All right." Buster jumped down and came to her and sat. He turned his head once to sniff Dave and then acted as if he had never seen him before.

"A steady dog," Dave said. "But will he stand birds?"

"It took quite a while to get him to like hunting again," Nancy goaded. "Somebody must have tried to train him not to hunt."

"Okay," Dave grinned. "Give me both barrels. I know I asked for it. But I'm still willing to buy him back and give you a profit."

"Money couldn't buy him," Nancy said simply. . . .

The stewards got the drawings of the braces done quickly, and called for the first pair. Dave was lucky; Scooter was in the first brace. He would have all the advantage of the early morning cool and damp, and he would be well rested if he were called back to run in Second Series. In our members' trials we try to have the winning dog actually run against the dog that's placed below him. It seems fairer, if the decision is close, and it avoids a lot of squawks.

I had rented a horse so I watched that first brace. Dave hadn't exaggerated; Scooter was on fire. He wasn't as big as Buster, and he didn't have the same magnificence when he was pointing. But he judged his cover well, handled birds confidently, and had wings on his heels. When the judges ordered the brace up Scooter looked as if he could have run at the same crazy pace all day.

Buster didn't go until midafternoon. It was too hot for running dogs, but Buster never paid any attention to weather when he was down with another dog. I heard Dave whistle appreciatively as he watched Buster break away, and he called, "Good luck," to Nancy. It was a good race; Nancy's dog found four coveys to his bracemate's two, and outclassed him completely in handling singles.

The judges asked to see Buster and Scooter run together. They had scored them all-even; they would let the dogs settle it themselves. "You can uncross your fingers, Nancy," I said. "It is working out the way you wanted."

The judges were ready; we headed the dogs and let them go. They started out like whippets. The way they raced each other for a couple of hundred yards I wondered if brotherly jealousy had raised its ugly head; they would race right out from under judgment if they didn't start hunting soon. Then they reached birdy cover, split and hunted independently. I saw Buster slow just a speck at the edge of a gum thicket, and his tail circled faster. Nancy called, "Point!" almost before he stopped skidding when he put on the brakes.

She dismounted and walked ahead of the dog as the judges came over the rise. She flailed the bushes, and fired a blank from her revolver when the birds burst out. Buster was steady to shot and wing. As she waved him on I heard Dave's voice from down the hill: "POINT!"

The country got rougher as we proceeded; the cover was so heavy handlers and scouts spent most of the time looking for the dogs. Each dog had five productive finds, and if there was any difference in their scores I couldn't tell it. But time was running out. One more covey find by either dog would certainly decide it. And that was when it happened.

BOTH Buster and Scooter had been out of sight for several minutes; they were getting dangerously close to being called lost. Dave started up one ridge, Nancy and I scoured the opposite hillside. With only a few minutes to go, we heard Buster crashing through the canes in a branch bottom below us. When he came in sight he seemed to be running aimlessly.

"He's looking for us," Nancy yelled frantically. "He has birds somewhere."

We ran our horses toward him; he spun and raced back through the swale and up the ridge Dave was on. Once he looked back to make sure we followed. We were still following when we heard Dave shout, "Point!"

Nancy and I got there at the same time the judges did. Scooter had birds locked up tight in a picture-book point. "Well," Nancy said to me, "that's that." She was fighting hard to hold back the tears.

Dave had ridden close to the judges. I heard him say, "Miss Nancy's dog had these birds . . ."

Nancy and I moved nearer.

". . . my dog located them after Buster backed off and went looking for her," Dave was saying.

I looked at Nancy. The tears were past controlling now, but there was a big smile on her face, too. I turned away. For the first time I noticed Buster. He stood down the hill a few rods, backing Scooter as stanchly as if he hadn't known before that birds were there. Giving credit when competition is keen isn't easy—even for an honest bird dog. What I was witnessing, I knew, was out of the ordinary. My voice sounded louder than I meant it to when I turned and said, "There's a gentleman." Nancy nodded in agreement. But she wasn't looking at Buster; she was looking straight at Dave.

When I saw Dave after he got home from the Southern circuit I kidded him about having to marry Nancy to get Buster back. Dave grinned. "Best deal I ever made," he said proudly.

THE END

Is Your Child Safe at School?



Collier's spotlight reveals that half of our schools, including quite a few of the newest, are firetraps. Read Amy Porter's grim report, Death in the Classroom, one of next week's many informing articles



Guide to Happy Hunting!

All who find zest in the outdoors will enjoy this same issue's double-spread hunting map, in color. Another of many lively features designed for your reading pleasure. Don't miss them



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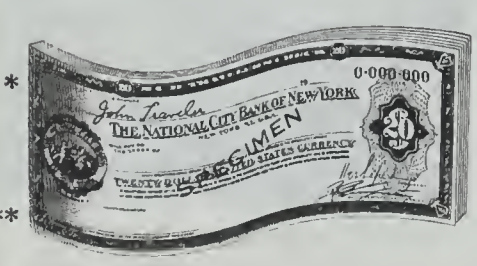
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CONFESSIONS OF A RAILROAD COP

Continued from page 49

"This is it," I phoned police headquarters. Within three minutes a police superintendent and I had set up emergency headquarters in the station's Long Island Plaza and posted men to barricade all entrances.

Reinforcements fought their way in as pressure of the crowds increased, and 500 of New York's finest soon had the throng under control. The crisis then shifted to the subway platforms, where every train left people nearer to the platform edge. I saw several fall between cars or pitch onto the track within inches of the third rail before our frantic calls got through and trains ceased stopping at Penn Station. But no one was killed and few were seriously injured. Most of our casualties in the Big Snow came, ironically, from heat exhaustion.

Dinner with President Taft

People, singly or in crowds, have been my lifework. Looking back over the great and near great I've met, it's the homely human traits that stick in my mind. President Taft once invited me to dine with him on the Presidential car. The thing I remember most vividly about this kindly man was the speed with which he devoured the most enormous steak I ever saw.

After Harding died, I rode on the train that took Calvin Coolidge to Washington. It was a solemn occasion, and for the first hour of the trip the new President was silent. Finally I heard him announce to no one in particular but in a voice that could be heard throughout the car: "Don't feed any of those railroad people if I have to pay for it."

My favorite of them all was Franklin D. Roosevelt. One night, to win over a die-hard Republican friend of mine, I took him down on the platform where the Presidential car stood waiting for an engine change. We could see the President playing solitaire, alone except for Fala, his devoted Scotch terrier. We watched the pleasant scene while F.D.R. made a couple of quick moves and paused. Then the President took a quick peep at the top card of the deck.

"I told you," hissed my Republican friend. "He even cheats on Fala."

It was no use pointing out that my friend and I were peeking too.

No matter how dignified or aloof they are, most people will unbend with a friendly cop. The austere Princess Martha of Norway once sent me a new hat (mine is usually pretty battered) and invited me to Norway. "You'll own the place in a month, Jim," she said.

But Penn Station kept me too busy and too interested for me to want to leave it. As lieutenant, I was head of a private police force organized in three 12-man shifts.

The huge arcaded city-within-a-city I patrolled covers 28 acres of mid-Manhattan. Half a million people go through it every day. It's connected with the outside world by tunnels—four under the East River, two under the Hudson. Part of my job during the war was guarding the floodgates installed against the threat of air raids or sabotage. The tunnel entrances are all below sea level and, without the gates, a break in any of them would send river waters crashing through the station and most of Manhattan's subways, conduits and subbasements.

A red light flashing just over the main information booth means trouble somewhere in the station. Whenever I was on the prowl, it meant getting in touch with my office fast. I still find myself reaching for a phone whenever I see a light blink.

"Jim, an accident on track 17 . . ." It might be a drunk—or a perfect lady who tripped in her high-heeled shoes. We have them every day, and there's a hospital and staff doctors and nurses to take care of them.

"Number 8 reports a death, Jim . . ." The station has its own morgue, too, and since most state laws require stopping the train for an inquest, porters generally "discover" deaths after the train has reached New York, where station police are permitted to remove the bodies. There was generally some evidence of a pitiful solitary struggle against death in the night.

In one berth I examined, a woman had used lipstick to scrawl a quick farewell on the window. The single word she wrote was "Love."

"Two men and a couple of dogs to see you, Jim," my sergeant said over the phone one day. It wasn't a gag. It was the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, acting on a tip that dope was coming in on the Mexico City through car. I joined them.

As the passengers filed out, there was a low growl, followed by cries for help. The dogs were snarling over a man they'd downed just as he was about to go up the escalator. We removed $300,000 of narcotics from the bags he carried.

These dogs—"dope hounds"—are used regularly. I have never known them to make a mistake. To test them, one of our men sealed marijuana in Cellophane, hid it in his wallet and walked by the dogs. He was promptly mauled.

Railroads are plagued by every known variety of theft. At various times I've tracked down everything from an engagement ring to a tank car full of bonded whisky which mysteriously had turned to water somewhere en route between Peoria and New York. The problem was to find out where the switch took place.

One swallow was answer enough. Nobody who has ever tasted Schuylkill River water could mistake that savor of hydrogen, chlorine and old sandals that gushes from every tap in Philadelphia.

Then there's the man who boards the swankier expresses with an empty suitcase, and stuffs it full of fur coats just before a stop. It's the passenger's responsibility, not the railroad's, which stands ready to check your valuables en route at no extra charge. But, movies to the contrary, there is surprisingly little crime aboard either day coach or Pullman. It's the station itself you have to watch.

You may not be aware of it but you can't spend much time in Penn Station without being watched. We suspect you, not of being a thief, but a sucker. As soon as you catch your train we lose interest—provided you haven't left your baggage or your babies. We collect an average of 700 lost items a day, and you'd be surprised at what we find—artificial limbs, for instance. It's hard to imagine how the owner could forget them. But we pick up an arm or a leg from Pullman berths every week or so.

How do we spot the crooks in a crowded station? A man's face will tell you something. The crooks' voices and smiles, the way they walk, are ever so slightly false. If their gaze isn't shifty, it's likely to be too hard, too steady. A crook who's served time is easiest to spot; even six months of prison mark a man for life, just as a beating makes a cur of a dog. The way people react to arrest tells something, too. The innocent man usually loses his head. The professional thief whines, "Aw, gimme a break."

Unattended luggage draws thieves as honey draws grizzly bears. We try to keep an eye on it for half an hour, then check it in the parcel room. When the breathless passenger rushes in the story is always the same: "I just stepped away for a minute and it was gone."

Those metal baggage lockers you find in every station have been a godsend to the bag thief. Placing his loot in the nearest locker, he strolls to the station bar, orders a drink and summons a redcap. He hands the key with a dollar bill to the porter and directs him to carry the luggage to a cabstand, where he will be waiting for an easy getaway.

The lockers are opened every 24 hours and the contents removed to the parcel room. Every collection yields its pile of stolen goods, knives, guns and narcotics, a running diary of city crime.

The only locker crook you passengers have to look out for is the fellow who hangs around ready to give you change when you don't happen to have a dime. Always helpful, he inserts the dime himself, palms the key and hands you a phony. The moment you're gone he removes your bags and ducks into the nearest subway—unless we nab him first.

The vulture among thieves is the confidence man. "Helpful Harry" was typical: He always picked frail old ladies.

"Did you drop this?" he'd ask a victim he'd followed to a quiet corner.

As she would open her bag to make sure, this guy would grab it, knock her unconscious and saunter away. We got our first clear description of Harry last year from Mrs. Minnie Mills, eighty-seven, of Los Angeles, after finding her unconscious under a stairway in Penn Station. Later she died, but not before identifying her assailant. We spotted him ducking into the subway and immediately phoned Inspector Peter Hogan, my opposite number at Grand Central Terminal. Within the hour, Helpful Harry was on his way to jail and today he's serving a 20-year homicide charge.

Crook's Ignorance Betrays Him

Once in a while, a cop is lucky enough to catch a con man in the act—like the time I noticed a man bending over an elderly invalid in a wheel chair. He was taking the old man's pulse—with his thumb! Anyone who's had experience with doctors knows they take the pulse with the index and middle fingers. I caught this impostor with the goods, some $500 removed from the invalid's wallet while "checking" his ticker in the guise of a railroad physician.

I think pickpockets take their graduate courses around the Penn Station ticket windows.

The "dips," as we call them, generally work in threes. "A" lifts your wallet, often after slitting your coat with a razor to make it easier. The wallet passes quickly to "B," who hands it to "C," who gets lost fast. "A," the virtuoso of the team, is the one you grab in the unlikely event you feel his touch. His "Go ahead and search me" is a masterpiece of outraged but patient dignity.

As a cop I've spent most of my life looking for trouble. So if I've painted a lurid picture of travel pitfalls, please remember I've dug up more skulduggery in an average day's work than you're likely to experience in a lifetime of travel. The railroads are freer of crime today than ever before. But for all that, here are a few pointers for your next trip:

1. Remove your ticket money from your wallet before entering the station. Don't keep your ticket with your money.

2. Rely only on redcaps to carry your bags. They're all investigated, and I've never known a wrong one. Many are doctors, ministers and students.

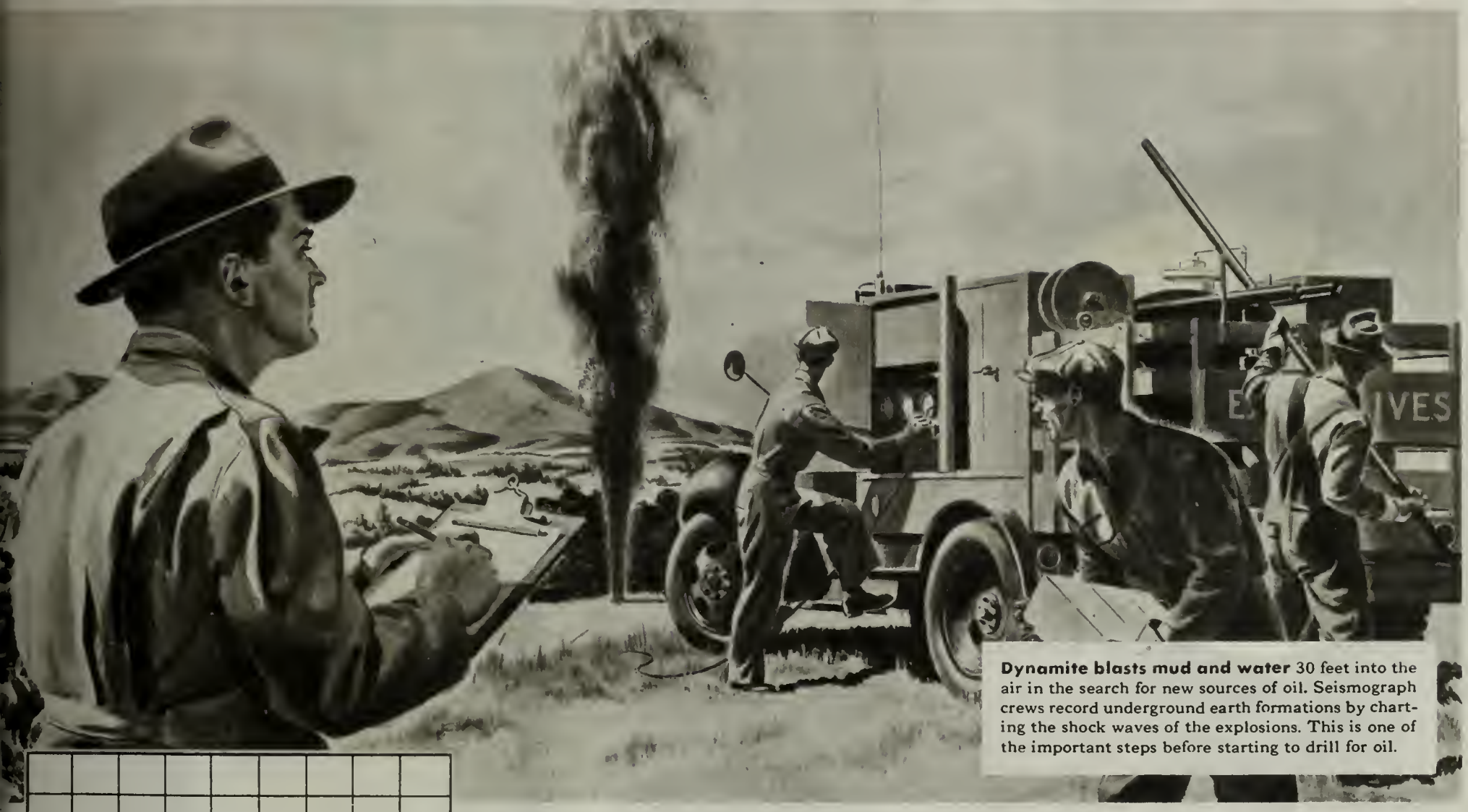
3. Carry a minimum of cash. Use travelers checks instead.

4. Ship your valuables in baggage checked through on your ticket.

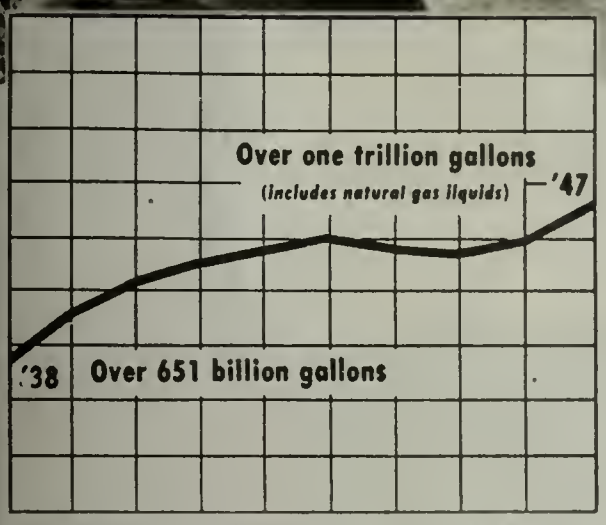
5. Avoid "Helpful Harrys." Mother's rule about never speaking to strange men goes double in stations.

THE END

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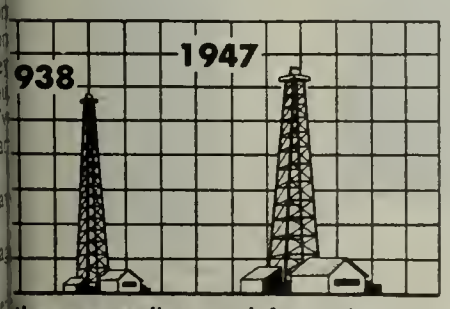
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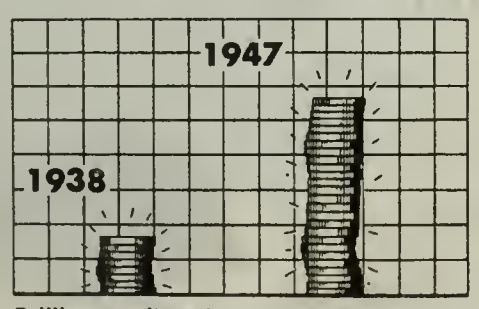
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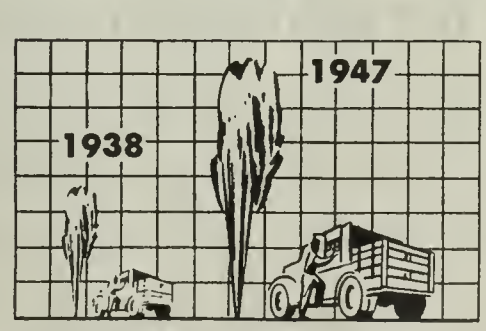
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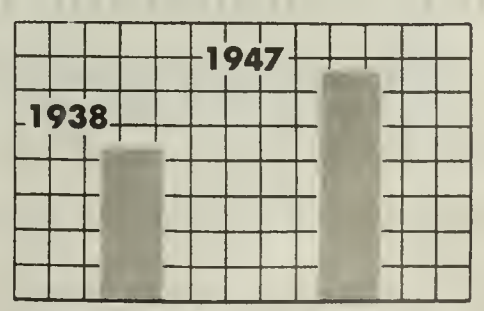
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BILLIE BURKE—HER STORY

Continued from page 18

baby." One of my earliest memories is of Mr. Bailey's catching me up in his arms, tickling my nose with his great red beard, and calling me "Little Billie."

Billy and Blanche Burke would have done well to accept Mr. Bailey's offer. A few years later Billy tried touring the country with his own circus, a small affair, but the crowds stayed away and the enterprise folded. I remember vaguely that we had frugal days in New York, that my father worked small-time engagements, but then, with incorrigible optimism, he organized a new troupe and headed for London. I was eight years old.

Billy's entertainment was called "Billy Burke's Barnum & Great London Circus Songsters." It was billed as "Containing a Collection of the Latest and Best Songs of the Day as Sung by America's Greatest Clown with a Vast Collection Set to Music Expressly for This Work." But that too was not successful. Billy was soon playing the music halls, singing his songs. I think he did pretty well, but he was never a star.

A Question of Christening

It was during this period, when we had diggings on Kennington Road in one of those dreary London flats in which the landlady fetches your mutton on a tray and your bath in a bucket, that I met with the Reverend Mr. Kishborn at St. Margaret's. What with traipsing around the United States and moving to London, my religious education had been neglected. I had not been baptized or even officially named. I told the handsome curate that I wanted to be named "Billie," for my famous father. "There are so many things I like about the British. Most of all, I think, I love their sense of humor. A Britisher will understate you always, deadpan as a stage butler, but laughing inside all the time. The Reverend Mr. Kishborn who must indeed have been astonished already by the improbable child that I was surely, with gilt-red hair swirling around my shoulders and my little piping voice, accepted me and my request blandly. I explained that I was afraid of going through life as "Ethelbert," or "Bertha," or "Thelbert," all of which I thought were absurd names for a redheaded child, and couldn't I please be called "Billie" after my father?

The Reverend Mr. Kishborn put his tongue in his cheek and asked me for all the names in my family. I told him. Then he said, "But won't you be named 'Mary,' just for me?" Why, I was delighted, of course. I would have been named Gorgonzola, just for him. And that is how the name of Mary William Ethelbert Appleton Burke is registered at St. Margaret's, solemnly attested by the Bishop of London. I wish John Drew had known all that.

London was cold and harsh in winter. Trying to make your way through the fog was like pawing through hanging damp blankets. But, ah! when June came, when the hedgerows were green in the suburbs, when boys and girls punted on the Thames, when Piccadilly and Kensington Gardens blossomed with flowers and nursemaids, and those pink-cheeked, clear-eyed British girls! There's something about fetching up a girl in a fog, scrubbing her in a tin tub and feeding her on mutton. It makes her beautiful.

We walked in Chelsea sometimes on Sundays, looking at the great houses. I remember that Billy Burke said this was the section of London where everybody lived and nobody was ever born. He said even the dogs barked with a British accent.

I snubbed my nose on the windows of the smart shops in Mayfair, followed the lamplighters around as London's dusk fell, listened nightly for the crashing peal of the great bells of St. Paul's where I was later confirmed. There were no planes overhead in those days to frighten a London child, not even an automobile to run her down.

In the evenings sometimes, or on holidays, Billy Burke would take me in his great swivel chair and we would gyrate wildly around, singing "Paddy Duffy's Cart" at the top of our voices. He told me endless stories, made little jokes, and mimicked all the great figures of the day. I know now that I owe him a great deal. It was all fun and clowning, but unconsciously I was learning how to make people laugh.

I went to Mrs. Bailie's school (where I was called "Ethelbert") and sometimes went backstage on Friday nights to see Father work with a comedy mule. It seems very curious to me now, but I was never stage-struck. I was not even interested as a child in going to the theater. I was a shy, wistful sort of moppet who never in this world would have got ahead if it had not been for my mother.

She decided that I was going to be an actress. Now, Mother had no theatrical background whatsoever. She paid little attention to the circus or to the stage. I showed absolutely no precocity or talent—except, perhaps for a trick of mimicry which I inherited from my father. But this determined woman decided that I was going to be a great actress. Or a great opera star. Or a famous dancer.

It distressed Billy Burke. I remember that I huddled on the sofa, frightened and whimpering while they quarreled about whether I should become a celebrated actress or not.

"She doesn't want to, she hates it, she is shy and retiring, you will ruin her," Billy Burke argued.

But my mother stuck out her firm, small chin and announced that I was going to become a star. She wasn't sure what kind. Apparently, it made small difference to her.

As for my father's objections, she treated him precisely as she always treated me—as a child.

Trying to inspire me, Mother dragged me to see Ellen Terry and Sir Henry Irving in a great production of "Robespierre." I was as apathetic as a cabbage. I dreaded the notion of getting up on a stage and speaking a piece.

Oh, some fantastic things have happened to me, some amusing things, glamorous things, happy things—mostly happy things—and some sad and tragic things, very tragic things—but I might as well face it. Even today I am the clinging-vine type. I'm not an enterprising woman. I *enjoy* clinging.

Operatic Career Is Abandoned

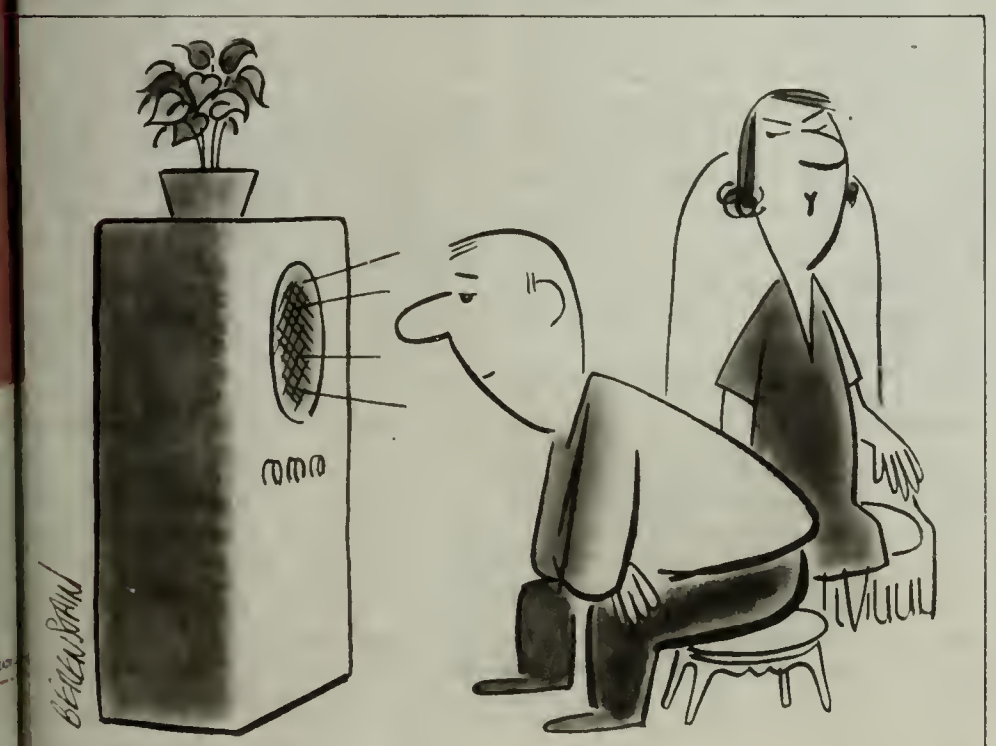
But to school I went, to learn how to act. I had a divine singing teacher, Madame Louise Dauste de Fortis, who called me "an enchanting little person" and offered to finance half the expense if Mother would send me to Italy to study for opera. But by this time Mother wanted quicker action, so my grand-opera career was tossed overboard. Possibly Mother had a definite goal. If she did, she never divulged it. I studied elocution from Rosina Phillippi, ballet dancing from Professor D'Aubin, who finally discarded me because I never could get up on my toes. He was very sweet and never made love to me.

Yes, I began to experience that kind of thing early. I suppose that is what my mother saw—that most men are impelled to reach for a redheaded girl if she is reasonably pretty, and shy, to boot. At my age now, I have no false modesty; a good many men have reached for me from time to time. Some didn't when I hoped they would.

At any rate, I crossed London by bus in those days to take my lessons, with wet straw up to my knees in the horse-drawn vehicles, bumping along sadly to learn how to be an actress. Sometimes I went by cab, when we were flush. The hansom cabs were wonderful, their drivers the comedians of the world. They had their lap robes, flowers in their buttonholes, and held their whips like scepters, condescending to the multitudes. I recall one old fellow who often drove me. One day he yelled an especially gay greeting to a confrere, looping his long whip into a noose and waving it at him.

"Do it to cheer 'im up," he chortled, leering at me. "You see th' noose? 'Is brother was 'anged the other dye. Cheers 'im up, y'know." And he would grin at his friend and waggle the noose.

My first opportunity to be an actress on the stage came when Mother wangled me a chance to sing some little songs—



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"coon songs," they were called then—at Berkhansted, across the river from London. I was fourteen. I did a few poor little imitations, sang my ditties in a dejected chirp, and tottered to the wings. My first audience hooted at me. It was so awful and scary.

I didn't cry. I was simply frightened and glad to get out of it. But my indomitable mother took me in hand, taught me the next afternoon to put my songs over with full voice (my voice was always small) and made me go on again.

I wish I could report that my first real taste of theatrical success, a full burst of applause, inspired me to reach for the heights. It didn't. I was merely a willing little girl, not so badly scared now, doing what her mother told her. I did *not* want to be an actress, even when the audiences applauded and called me back for bows and encores.

My next engagement was up in Sheffield at some forgotten theater where all I had to do was lie on a rock with my red hair carefully arranged to look careless. The act was billed as "The Sleeping Beauty and the Yellow Dwarf," and I was no contribution to the drama.

Then I worked at the London Pavillion for 10 pounds a week. I cannot imagine at what cost of beseeching, promising or threatening my astute mother got me this engagement, but this time I sang my small songs with confidence and had enough sense to smile at the audience. Indeed, I was getting a little saucy and mischievous, learning to flirt with the people, now that my terrors were gone. It was a lucky thing.

Five-Pound Role in a Musical

Leslie Stuart, who had done Floradora, was writing a new show, The School Girl, and he sent word that he had a small part for me. My mother accepted before he could catch his breath, although the salary this time was only five pounds. Stuart took me to see George Edwardes, the producer, and immediately these two began to mutter and to build up a mystery. It was something about a song I was to sing, called Mamie, I Have a Little Canoe.

Charles Frohman, the great American producer, had one of his most famous actresses in this show, the celebrated beauty Edna May. There was also Marie Studholme. The game was not to let either of these two jealous beauties hear my song, which was suppressed all during rehearsal.

I was not allowed to sing the canoe song until the dress rehearsal. It was a simple but catchy tune, done with pantomime, as if four of us younger girls were paddling a canoe. Inexperienced show girl that I was, I hadn't the slightest notion how it would affect the Misses May and Studholme.

These sophisticated ones instantly knew the song for what it was—the hit tune of the production. Both threatened to resign immediately, sulking in their dressing rooms like offended queens. What conniving went on backstage at the Prince of Wales Theater, what cables popped across the Atlantic between Frohman and his beloved star I never knew, but there was a bitter controversy. Still, Edwardes and Stuart won out and the show opened the next night.

Do not tell me that the English are cold, impassive people. They roared their applause, stamped, yelled, and whistled for the canoe song. It was like a tidal shock smashing across the footlights after my rather quiet number. I fled, forgetting to curtsy, bumping into guy ropes, and fell gasping into the arms of our stage manager, Mike Malone.

"They hate me!" I sobbed. "It's awful! What are they doing?"

Mike grabbed me by the wrists and jerked me to my feet like a doll.

"Get on stage. Sing it again," he ordered. I gasped that I couldn't.

"Stop it, you silly little redhead," Mike said. "Get out there before I slap you." He raised his big hand and was about to do it, too, when I ran back on stage. We discommoded that whole opening night with bows and encores.

The School Girl ran for more than two years and I was a celebrity. I remember my excitement when I discovered that Ellis & Walery's, the most fashionable photographers of the West End, had their windows full of my pictures—and that they were selling right along with those of Lady Randolph Churchill, Queen Alexandra, and the beautiful actress Gertrude Millar. I was eighteen years old, and the year was 1903.

Instead of being called "Copper knob," I was now dubbed "The American Flapper." I have not consulted Mr. H. L. Mencken, but I think this is the origin of the term "flapper." Certainly, my red hair flapped, not by theatrical design, but because I was too lazy to fasten it up. I rather liked it that way, too.

London was enchantment then, and I was deliciously aware too that it was full of interesting sin. This was not for



"I'd love to go to the movies with you, Gerald, but I can't get a baby sitter"

COLLIER'S — NED HILTON

me, for I was a pious child whose mother waited in the wings and escorted her home after every performance, but my little friends Polly and Percival, who sang the canoe song with me, used to whisper to me of some of the fancy goings-on I couldn't help but see.

All the beauties of the day were in The School Girl. I remember Clarita Vidal, famous and smick-smack, who posed as if she were made of wax, with just one expression of sheer beauty. The Maharaja of Cooch Behar came nightly in an elegant coach with his great white turban dripping with jewels and his hands full of gems to pay court to Edna May. The toffs of London stood at our stage door and escorted my friends to the Savoy, to Romano's, or to the Café Royale for a cold bird and a bottle and who knows what sophisticated revelry. But I never saw it. I went home with Mother, wondering.

By this time I was becoming aware of some of my possibilities and some of my limitations. I knew that I would never be an opera star, or even a musical-comedy star. My voice was too small. Leslie Stuart encouraged me, but he had no new play in which I might have a chance.

Meantime, while I fretted, my best friend, Polly, and I were enormously wicked in The School Girl. We used to take orange peels, slice them to represent teeth, and when our chance came to turn our backs to the audience, stick them in our mouths and grin at Edna May while she sang her song. Also, for sheer cussedness, we would step out of our shoes during a number and leave them on stage for other players to trip over. Miss May complained sweetly but ineffectively. Mike Malone would gri and threaten to suspend us. But w were the hit of the show and we knev it and we continued to make orange-pee faces at poor Edna, who endured u somehow and had long since generousl forgiven me for the canoe song.

I dreamed then of fashionable gentle men drinking champagne from my slip pers, but if this tribute was actually eve paid to an actress I never saw it. In onl a few years, however, my red slipper were being stolen. I was closer to sta dom than I knew.

A Contact with Charles Frohman

I had a queer little meeting wit Charles Frohman, who was to mean s much to me later in New York. He wa going to take The School Girl to Ame ica, and I wanted to go with it.

One day I was lunching with a bea at the Carleton Grill. He was my fir real beau, an Irish boy, with a commi sion in the British navy, a resoundir title and a castle in Devonshire, and loved him desperately, of course. W talked of getting married, but I put hi off, with an eye to becoming a star, a we were arguing fondly about that wh Mr. Frohman came in with a friend. S without stopping to think, I popped in my big hat, trotted over to his tal and stood humbly by until he notic me. I guess I quavered.

Frohman had the greatest stars of t day under contract—Maude Adar John Drew, E. H. Sothern, and Jan Hackett, great names like that. was a small, round little man with strong, protruding lower lip and co pelling eyes. He had virtually no s tem of communication. He spoke unpunctuated telegrams. Yet Somer Maugham, Sir Arthur Wing Pinero a Sir James M. Barrie adored him a wrote their best plays for him. It tc me years to understand why.

Mr. Frohman told me coldly tha could go to New York with the co pany. "But Edna sings the canoe son he added.

I went trembling away, for The Sch Girl without my song was no show all for me.

I suppose I owe everything to Fr man. I even owe him that chilly re tion, for I stayed in London and worl with the great star and producer Charles Hawtrey. Hawtrey put me i comedy called Mr. George, which tur out to be a wretched play for him bu delight for me. I had dreamy, expens clothes, the designing of which Hawt himself supervised: organdies with l set in; pastel-blue taffeta around shoulders, and a parasol, with a dashing hat.

Hawtrey mounted his productions v enormous distinction, selecting ev

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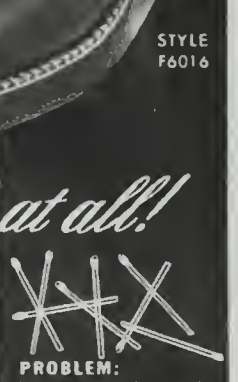


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piece of china, every piece of furniture himself. But he himself looked pretty awful, poor fellow. He was a large man, with big beautiful brown eyes. He was a rascal, very cavalier with the girls, attractive as a man could be. But his period costume didn't happen to be flattering to him.

Sir Charles frightened me, in a not unpleasant way. There was a big scene, which fetched down the curtain, in which he unwound my wide Greek scarf, leaving me in nothing but my chemise, backstage in darkness.

My maid was always stationed in the wings to rush to me with a dressing gown, which she did with a desperate lunge every night. I would stand there, shivering and curious, blushing all over, wondering what would happen if Sir Charles got there first. He never did. But I think he tried.

I owe him so much. He coached me (properly attired) for hours. He patiently taught me every nuance, how to walk and how to sit, and how to act as if I had not come from musical comedy, and the play was a hit. When Charles Frohman sent for me in 1907, to be John Drew's leading lady in My Wife, I had already arrived on the London stage and I came to America with Hawtrey's blessing, promising to return the next season. Billy Burke, my father, had died in 1906. He used to say, "I'll see my baby's name in lights on Broadway yet."

Definitely a Grand Entry

I arrived in New York rather grandly with a beautiful new Italian car, a Scotch maid, and an English chauffeur. I had begun to appreciate the glitter of show business, to take attentions for granted, as the young always do. It was some time before I knew frustration and sadness and what it was to be perishingly in love with a man who could have any beauty in New York for the beckoning.

I was surprised by the way an American play was put together. At the first rehearsal, I turned to Mr. Drew and asked him:

"Mr. Drew, is this the way you want me to enter? Where would you like me to cross?"

Mr. Drew was astonished. "Dear child, do it any way you like," he replied.

To my amazement, a small man named William Seymour, who seemed to know all about the theater, was actually telling the great John Drew how to speak and where to stand. In London, the great actor-managers like Hawtrey or Wyndham always supervised every meticulous detail, placed the cast, changed their lines, and supervised the sets. It seemed odd that a great artist like Mr. Drew should take direction from anybody, but I soon learned American ways.

This was the play that made me a star overnight, but to tell the truth I didn't know what had happened. The opening was no trial. Mother had coached me so thoroughly in my lines, as she always did, that I knew them upside down and sideways. Mr. Drew was as casual about a New York opening as if he were merely stepping over to the Players to shoot a game of pool. All through the play he murmured extraordinary asides to me, tomfoolery and ribaldry, and we waltzed gaily through our three acts, almost laughing.

There were twenty curtain calls—or thirty. We bowed and scraped and simpered at the audience. Mr. Drew was in a hurry to get off because the lovely Margaret Illington was waiting for him, that tall, dark, Indian-esque beauty who was married to Dan Frohman and then to Major Bowes. No one blamed her for loving John Drew. Everyone did.

And so, with all this nonsense, I honestly did not realize the big applause was for me and that I had been born in New York that night—a new star.

We went on tour with My Wife, and it was a series of parties from Chicago to San Francisco. In San Francisco, we entertained what seemed to be all the officers of the Pacific Fleet, which was anchored in the Bay during the trip around the world ordered by Teddy Roosevelt. Daily we went aboard ship for luncheon, and daily Uncle John became seasick.

The next year, Frohman took me away from Uncle John. I missed him. He was gallant and funny. (Although I had begun to have callouses in my cheeks from my biting to keep back laughs on stage.) Still, it was pretty wonderful to be starred in my own play, Love Watches.

Suppose I spare you a recital of all the plays. Still, for reminiscence's sake, there was W. Somerset Maugham's Mrs. Dot, Suzanne, The Runaway, Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's The Mind the Paint Girl, Pinero's The Amazons, Maugham's The Land of Promise, and Caesar's Wife, and Jerry. Remember? Jerry was the one I wore the pajamas in.. Mrs. Dot was the one I lost the slippers in.

I wonder still what became of all those slippers. I kicked one off every night, coast-to-coast, and they were collected in fierce scrambles by college boys. I wonder if some middle-aging family man remembers today what he ever did with Billie Burke's red slipper.

I was earning more than $50,000 a season, a fine fortune in those days, had an estate at Hastings-on-the-Hudson, a Rolls Royce, a nice Packard for my mummy, and went to Europe every summer for my clothes. I would take Mother to a spa, and visit Paris and London to select my clothes for the coming season.

Often on summer evenings I would meet Frohman and James M. Barrie in the *Bois* where we would dine, and then sit sipping ices at a little table, looking at the ladies' legs. It was a game this amazing pair would play, with me as referee.

They would pull their shabby black hats low over their eyes, these two short dry little men, and stare at the curbstone where the girls alighted from the *fiacres*. They could see only their ankles, and the object was to guess by the ankles only whether the girl was a lady, a cocotte, a blonde, a brunette, a show girl, or what. Charles Frohman seldom missed. Poor Barrie. He purred and mumbled and guessed, but when it came to judging women by their ankles, he never got things right.

There was a strange affinity between these paradoxical men. Frohman was not a formally educated person, and he had so little to say. He talked like this: "Barrie—write play—me—Maude Adams." It was the same with Pinero and with Maugham and Haddon Chambers and all the others. They did their best work for Frohman, though how they understood what he wanted is a mystery. It is an odd thing to say, but there was in the hard-crusted Frohman a kind of Peter Pan quality, a pixyish sort of thing, and sublime artistic integrity, which appealed to these literary geniuses. Barrie, I know, lost nearly a million dollars backing Frohman ventures in London.

But when David Belasco was putting on sensational productions merely to make money, Frohman was starring Maude Adams and E. H. Sothern, Pauline Frederick, Ethel Barrymore, John Drew, and presenting plays of great distinction, like Barrie's What Every Woman Knows. Frohman was a strange genius, of whom I shall have more to say.

A Touch of Barrie Whimsey

James Barrie was a Scot, but I recall no Scottish accent at all, only a little purr, and his shy sweetness. One afternoon he brought me home from a walk and as I took off a wrap there was Barrie suddenly behind me, very close.

"May I kiss you?" he whispered.

"Why, yes, of course," I said. I was amazed. I had never been asked before.

So Barrie kissed me, gently and quickly, about an inch from my left ear, a meager little Scotch kiss, then fled in terror. We were always good friends but he never asked me again.

New York shocked me, after London. I did not know that women actually drank whisky, and often too much of it. Besides, I preferred champagne or absinthe frappés. But Frohman was the inventor of the star system. He permitted me to be seen in public very little and wouldn't even let me go to other plays when I was not working for him. Still, you meet some very interesting people in the theater. One was a grand old gentleman—Dr. Samuel Clemens, better known as Mark Twain.

Mark Twain would come to my dressing room often when he was depressed and rub his great shaggy white mane against my red hair. "We redheads have to stick together, Billie," he would say. Another Twain line was, "Truth is the most valuable thing we have, Billie—let us economize it." I always expected him to say something funny, but he never did. He was sad in those years after "Livvy" and his beloved daughter died, after his financial collapse, and after his great artistic powers had gone.

It seems the Frohmans used to play billiards with him at the Players. One evening I overheard them talking about Mark Twain.

"He doesn't win enough, he's unhappy," said Dan Frohman.

"Let's let him take every third game," C. F. suggested. And they did, in spit



COLLIER'S "Madam, would you kindly remove your hat?" GERALD GREEN

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THE 1949 KAISER DE LUXE

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of the fact that Mark Twain was meeting them every day in court in a bitterly contested lawsuit.

My contract with Charles Frohman was verbal, never a scrap of paper. I had agreed to work for $500 a week and not to marry for five years. I was perfectly happy about this, though I was not forgetful of my Irish naval officer, and was tempted—a little—by Enrico Caruso. But one day Maxine Elliott came up to Hastings to see me.

Of all the beauties who were important in my life, including Marilyn Miller, Olive Thomas, Lilian Lorraine and all the Ziegfeld Follies choruses—and I mean all of them—Maxine was the loveliest. And she was the only one who did not threaten me. Indeed, she did me a financial favor. She asked me how about my contract with Frohman.

"Why," I said, embarrassed, "there isn't any contract. Frohman doesn't have a contract with Maude Adams, either, or with any of his stars. But he never misses paying me my five hundred a week," I added crisply, very business-like.

"My dear," said Maxine. "You know I work for Lee Shubert. Now, Shubert would be very happy, I know, to pay you fifteen hundred dollars a week, under a long-term contract."

There was a thundering scene when I reported that to C. F. "Spy," he spat out. "Trying to steal you. All right. Fifteen hundred. Plus 10 per cent of gross. Only five hundred cash. Rest in bonds. Investment for you."

Delightful Enrico Caruso

When we took Pinero's The Mind the Paint Girl to Boston I met an extraordinary person named Enrico Caruso. The great tenor was at the top of his form then, both vocally and romantically. He came to the theater every evening he was not singing, and every night there would come hurtling down from his box an enormous bouquet of American Beauty roses, vastly to the amusement of the audience. I finally met him at luncheon.

Immediately after that, he began to come to my suite at the Touraine to fall on his knees and beg me to marry him.

"Leesten, my leetle red mouse," he would plead, "I seeng you the most lovely aria in all music," and he would fill his great lungs and pour forth golden notes in such crescendo that the whole apartment trembled.

We walked often around the bay, where his first concern was to see if his "Mi-mi" was well. He would open his great throat and let the notes soar, then announce smugly, "Ah, my Mi-mi, she is well."

I am afraid I mistreated this wonderful man. I thought he was a great mischievous baby, to be teased. Usually when I had dates with him I brought along a half dozen Harvard boys who took turns being my fiancé. They ate all of Caruso's spaghetti and inhibited his rather overpowering brand of Latin love-making, though their presence hardly ever stopped him from proposing several times an evening. Who knows how it might have turned out!

It was that delightfully written play, Mrs. Dot, which introduced me to Somerset Maugham. Years later, I visited his handsome home in London. Over his mantelpiece was a small picture of me in a beautiful frame.

"Do you know that interesting young woman?" he asked. "I will tell you who she is. That is the woman who gave me this house. We really made quite an extraordinary pile of money out of that play, you know."

Somerset Maugham was a handsome man in 1910, as he is today, for that matter. He is known as an English novelist, but to me he was French, because he was born in Paris, and because of his elegance. He wore swallow tails and striped trousers, piping on his coat, smart gloves, a stick, and a gray top hat. And he had great, beautiful brown eyes. Ah, yes, Mr. Maugham, so you did, and I was a little in love with you, to, sir.

But I owe Somerset Maugham a great deal more than many delightful evenings and three good plays. Somerset Maugham took me to a New Year's party in New York in 1914 that touched off the most extraordinary series of events in my life. I should say, perhaps, that my life started from that evening.

I had given a rather lavish New Year's party for the Forbes-Robertsons, who were sailing for England, and when it was over, Maugham suggested that we look in at the Sixty Club costume ball at the Astor. We enjoyed dancing and it seemed like an idea full of fun.

The Man in Evening Clothes

We made quite an entrance. I came down a grand staircase at just the right moment. Anna Held, strange and dark, foreign-looking and utterly beautiful, turned and stared at me. She had just split with Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr. The eyes of the men in the party even turned away from Gertrude Elliott, who was the prettiest woman there. And at the foot of the steps, not in costume, but slim and tall in fresh evening clothes, stood a man.

He had a Mephistophelean look. His eyebrows curved up in the middle, whimsically. He was very dark and satyrical and proud-looking. Maugham and I swept by and began to dance.

I remember the orchestra. Freddie Zimmerman, a society figure, was marshaling the Paul Joneses. The dark man took me in his arms and began to dance, expertly, smoothly, while I chattered. Perhaps I should have put this in before. I always chatter. He never said a word, but he touched me with his knee, a little signal to turn. I thought this was a wicked thing to do, but I rather liked it.

There was another Paul Jones very soon, and there was my dark man again. And another Paul Jones, and my man again. Without a word.

Someone spoke to him. "Hello, Flo," a girl said. "I thought you went home."

You must believe me. I had never been to the Follies, though by this time Florenz Ziegfeld had such stars as Nora Bayes, Sophie Tucker, Mae Murray, Leon Errol, Ann Pennington, Fannie Brice, Bert Williams and George White all working for him.

I knew about Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., though. His reputation was most dangerous where women were concerned. I saw Anna Held's great puzzled eyes watching us as we danced. I knew, too, about the affair with Lilian Lorraine, whom Ziegfeld always loved.

Flo Ziegfeld was, shall I put it, *careless* about women. He was as famous for this in New York, I suppose, as he was for his Follies. I had never met him on Broadway, chiefly because Charles Frohman kept me away from him: Frohman despised Ziegfeld as much as Ziegfeld despised Frohman.

As Mark Twain advised me, I shall economize with the truth. I was confused. I was, and I knew it, desperately and foolishly falling in love with this strange man, with whom I felt a sudden strange oneness. It seemed that he had danced me into a new, glimmering world of swirling emotion. Yes, I knew Flo Ziegfeld was dangerous to women, but even if I had known precisely what tortures and frustrations this man would bring me in the next eighteen years—this man with eyes that alternately smoldered or turned to swords' points—I should still have gone right on falling in love.

If by now you've fallen in love with Billie Burke as we have, rejoice with us that the second installment, equally enchanting, follows next week.

They fit! They fit! They fit! They fit! They fit!

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COMMERCIAL SOLVENTS CORPORATION
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THE TREE OF HEAVEN

Continued from page 21

but Hugh seemed to understand: he looked at her deeply and shook his head once, as though he could not find words for answering. He did not believe much in words anyway, knowing other ways to convince, and now his arms came round her.

Barbara thought of her friends in Davenport with proud contempt. She had gone far beyond their stingy maxims: Keep a man guessing, never put all your eggs in one basket, never let a man be sure. It was as though—and perhaps they had their reasons—they considered men adversaries to be outwitted, wielding doubt as a weapon against superior strength, turning it like a mirror in the sun to daze and puzzle the opponents.

"God, I love you." He almost groaned the words against her ear and she, opening his jacket to put her arms around his waist, held him close and repeated his words to him. They made this declaration to each other often, always with a mingling of pride, helplessness and wonder at having discovered the power that lived within the hackneyed phrase.

How terrible, how parsimonious and pathetic *not* to put all your eggs in one basket, *not* to let a man be sure, Barbara thought. Instead of guarding equilibrium she had contributed everything she had to achieve this state of marvelous imbalance. She had often heard that no relationship can continue at such a blissful angle of distortion: It must adjust itself or be destroyed. Naturally it would never be destroyed, but Barbara found it equally difficult to believe that it would ever descend to the passive and habitual.

Sometime during this delirious period the tree beyond the window began to obey the season. It burst out suddenly in small stiff cockades at its twig ends which gave it a cramped festival look. Each warm day these cockades grew larger, becoming brushes, plumes, and finally big flat parasols of leaves. They were tender as cambric and when the wind blew, it was like many draperies rustling, as though some large and gentle deity were strolling past the window.

ALL through the summer when Barbara returned from the office and the hell-baked streets, the tree gave an illusion of latitude, of country, of release, all its fronded parasols turning in the hot evening breeze as she and Hugh sat in the window watching it.

"In China, where it comes from, they call that the tree of heaven," Barbara said. "You might guess that it would come from a land where life is poverty-stricken and tenacious."

"And from a philosophical land," Hugh agreed. "Where they know how to make marvels out of next to nothing."

"It doesn't take so much to make a marvel. Two people together, that's all it takes," said Barbara, who did not mind being sentimental.

All through that summer they went to the country on Sundays. They lay on many beaches and walked through many fields and woods, often turning to each other suddenly, kissing, pressed together, murmuring, all alive to each other, every sheltered or secluded spot that they came upon rousing in them simultaneously the need to demonstrate their love. Barbara would always remember everything about that summer of intense heat and intense love, with its shifting backgrounds of sea and meadows and shaded rooms and the green tree in the window.

In the autumn she went home for a week, begrudging every moment and resenting her parents' lien upon her time. She viewed them and her friends from a great distance, seeing them smaller than life-size and trivial in their interests and romances. She was vague yet haughty with them, engrossed in love, and often they found her irritating. It was a relief to everyone when she returned to the city.

In the autumn one remembered that the city was an island. The wind that crossed it smelled often of docks and rank water, the air seemed vigorous, still salted and stirred by its recent contact with the sea, and overhead, sometimes, one saw gulls flying. The season which in the country was a stately and elaborate withdrawal into silence and sleep was, in the city, a time of gathering excitement; a new page was turning, and promises, or at least hints, were in the air for everyone. Barbara and Hugh came into each other's arms as though they had been separated by years and by continents.

THE second winter was different from the first. Barbara got a promotion and had to work harder. Hugh, too, seemed to be busier than before. Sometimes two or three days went by without their seeing each other, but they talked often on the telephone and sometimes wrote notes. Yes, it was different—Christmas passed, the heart of winter was upon them again and spring far off. What had happened to all the hints and promises of fall?

Barbara hurried to work each morning as she had a year ago, and if she leaped the curbs less often, still she was happy. She supposed that her relationship was "settling" at last; and now it was possible to understand and even to accept the term— She knew him better now, far better than she had. She had learned the things that it was well to know about a future husband: that he was sometimes rather stuffy about being teased, that it pained him to lose an argument, that it was wiser not to call him too often at the office, and better when he called her not to let him know how anxious she had been to hear from him.

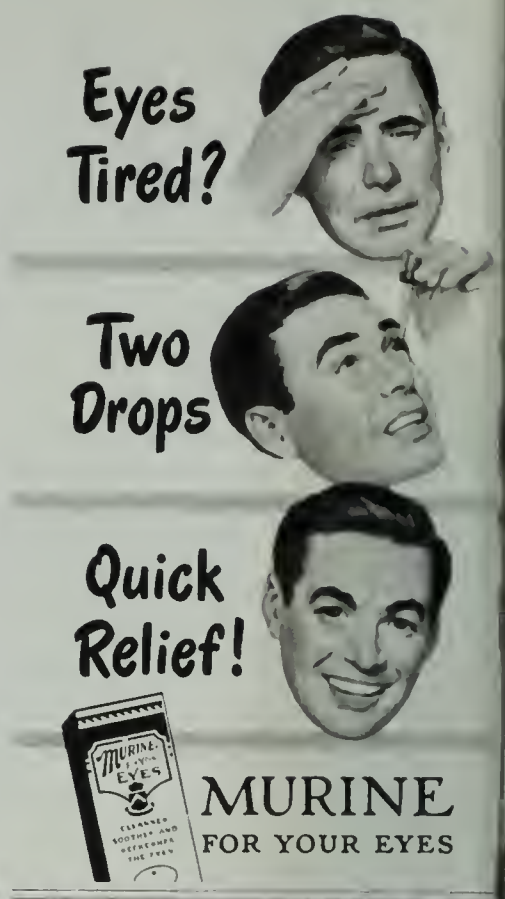
These characteristics, since they were Hugh's, seemed to her more endearing than not and she learned how to deal with them skillfully, and with tenderness. Little stratagems, like little strands of smoke, crept over a condition which had seemed, at least, to be clear of any reservation. What she did not realize, or would not admit, was that where strategy exists there must, somewhere, be fear—

That was a long harsh winter. February seemed as long as seven Februaries. The sky was dense and swollen, and great bitter winds poured through the streets. The ailanthus tree quaked and rattled beyond the window. Barbara could hear it out there at night when she was alone, working or trying to read. She was alone rather often, and when Hugh was with her he seemed—only now and then—remote, a little different in some subtle way. She struggled silently against asking the important question, and eventually asked it.

"You seem changed. Is anything the matter?"

He looked at her rather coldly for a moment. Then he laughed. "Nothing's the matter, silly girl. I'm tired, I guess. I've got a ton of work on my neck." He stroked her forehead with the warm palm of his hand, but she was only partly reassured. What had been an unconscious fear had now crept out of its hiding place to become a conscious nagging little doubt.

March carried not one hint of spring and April was mean. Oh, if the summer would come, Barbara used to think; oh, if the days would only be warm and soft again, all the hard knots of anxiety, the





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cold prodding knuckles, would be melted away— Certain years, certain periods of our lives that were intensely felt, are preserved, after a passage of time, as distilled essences in the memory. From the great amorphous litter of remembered words, visions and sensations, the pure essence of our responses is extracted and the flavor retained forever. By these flavors we know now that such a time was more bitter than we thought, and that another one was sweet or strange that seemed prosaic in the living.

Barbara thought of the summer that had ended months ago and found that it had been distilled: It emerged in her recollection glamorous, glittering, tender and exciting; sweeter, painfully the sweetest, of all things she remembered— Oh, let the summer come, she thought, let the warm days begin! It must, it must be lived again.

But when May came at last, mild and beautiful, she was unable to take pleasure in it. During a period of weeks the little doubt had grown immense, a bottle-genie shadowing the world, and she could not escape this shadow anywhere except in Hugh's presence, and often not there.

She was fatigued by the debate, the argument, that was taking place inside her all day long. She was herself the argument, being alternately now the negative and now the affirmative answer to the same unvarying question. When she was able to exist as the affirmative answer she was wild, reckless, feverish with joy; and when she became the negative answer she was a stooped and haunted creature: she could not stand up straight and her breastbone hurt her. What would happen to all this love of hers? she wondered. There was love in all her veins; she was full of the wine of love. If it could not be poured, if he no longer wanted it, it must ferment inside of her, it must spoil, turning to vinegar, until she was corroded and destroyed by its imprisoned action.

In the most utter submission of her life she turned her head and spoke against his cheek. "I love you. I would die without you."

He, after an instant, a tiny pause, pressed her shoulder and said, "Do you think I don't love you?"

That satisfied her for the moment, yet later when she considered it, she knew that a year ago, even three months ago, he never would have answered such a statement with a question. The genie's shadow fell across the day, and the painful tedious argument began again.

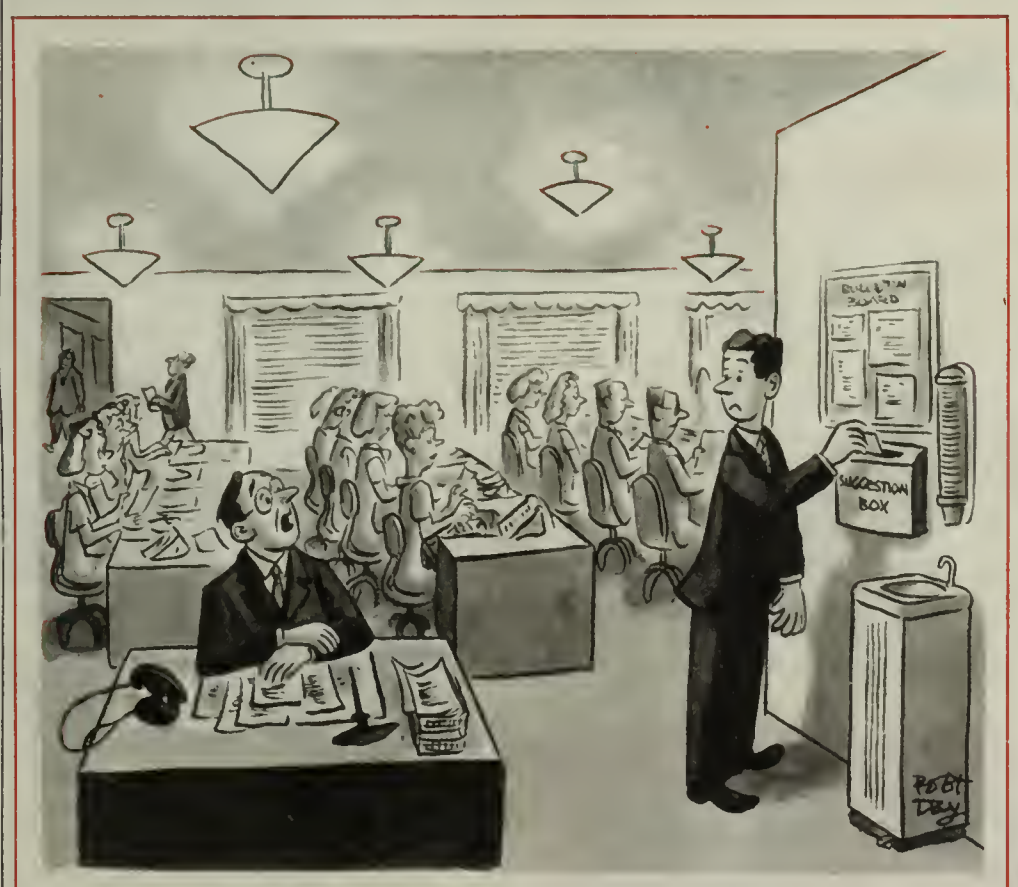
But it had never really been an argument after all: From the very first whisper of doubt the outcome had been assured. The incorruptible appraisal system at the heart of her perceptions—which was so often ignored—had pointed to this for many weeks. Yet still, though knowing, she could not accept it as the truth. Until he said the words, actually told her that he was finished, through with loving her, she must be harnessed to a persistent and ungainly hope that sprang up clumsily at the wrong moments, destroying things, irritating him and driving him into further silence.

The tree was now in full leaf. She noticed it one evening when she came home from work, leaning her forehead against the glass which was not as cool as she had expected. The new leaves brushed and rustled softly in the air. How dirty they were already! On their green surfaces there was a dust of glinting particles and she saw for the first time that on one branch, enclosing the terminal twigs, there was something that looked like a veil of soiled tulle. Inside of it, among the damaged leaves, a languid populace was moving.

Barbara drew back from the window half repelled, half gratified. Where formerly she had found rewards she now found maledictions, and these seemed to her to be well-earned and justified. If she was incapable of holding love, then it was right that ugliness should be ignited wherever her eye fell, breaking forth from all things with the sly vivacity of fire—

THE next time she looked at the tree, days later, its corruption was far advanced. The skeleton leaves were draped in musty shrouds, and new shrouds were in the weaving. Large and lusty, the ugly hairy denizens strolled and devoured. She was shocked into momentary action: it seemed outrageous to let the damage go on. But the landlady was away on a visit, the Park Department would not attend to a tree on private property, the florist had no one to send, and her zeal went down in apathy.

She had not heard from Hugh in two weeks. Each evening she and her telephone were involved in a silent battle of wills. Twice she lost, but when she dialed his number there was no answer—She hated the indomitable jetty instru-



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ment, and when she sprang to answer its ringing and heard only the voices of her friends she hated them as well. She had many enemies besides the telephone: all couples holding hands, all people kissing in the warm evenings, the postman who brought only the wrong letters, her own reflection in any mirror, and every caterpillar in the ailanthus tree.

Only of Hugh she could not make an enemy. In spite of his unexplained neglect and change of heart, in spite of the craven withdrawal into silence where there should have been explanation or honest admission, in spite of all this which she recognized perfectly well, she was unable to think of him as an enemy. Convinced that the failure was more than half her own, she did not think: What did I do that was wrong? She thought: What am I that is wrong? She was torn, committed, humbled past repair; her emotions were a howling wilderness of longing and self-reproach.

The third time she succumbed to the telephone's domination she found him at home.

"Why, hello, Barbara," he said. He sounded surprised. Why?

"I'd like to see you, Hugh."

"Why, sure. Of course. Tomorrow sometime?" How false and uncomfortable he sounded.

"All right, tomorrow. About five fifteen? Here?"

"Perfect. I'll be there."

"Goodby, Hugh."

"Goodby, darling."

SHE was trembling when she put down the receiver. Ah, what an arid little interchange, and yet in spite of everything the large awkward hope lumbered to its feet like a herd of cattle, trampling and lowing. It forced her off her course to such an extent that she bought a new dress for the occasion, bought roses for the apartment and tilted the blinds to hide from view the tattered tree beyond the window.

And all of it, of course, was done in vain. Their encounter was more miserable than she could have foreseen. Hugh was gay, bright, full of chat: Keep the whole thing light was his idea. Yet he looked troubled, almost scared, glanced often at his watch and seldom at her and there was nothing light about him. He was no one she had seen before. Barbara's voice sounded strained to her own ears. Now that he was here, acting like this, she could not speak to him as she had wished; she fell in with his idea, making conversation without value, and they were like two people in a play, amateurs, poorly organized and cruelly self-conscious.

"I've got to go, I'm sorry, Barbara. I have an appointment in twenty minutes at Ninety-second Street."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"I forgot all about it when I talked to you—"

"Oh, that's perfectly all right." His mouth felt like cardboard as she smiled. This was how things ended; even for her.

From habit she walked down the stairs with him and out to the front steps. Now that he was all but free, he could afford to linger for a moment. He looked up at the tree.

"My God! What's happened to it?"

"Webworms. They started days ago, weeks ago. Horrible, isn't it?"

"But can't something be done?"

"The landlady's still away. I tried everyone, everything—" His concern, his participation in her mood led her on an impulse. She put her arms around him, close, in the bright outdoor daylight. "I tried everything. Oh, Hugh. Hugh—"

Within her arms he stood motionless, polite, but with his own arms at his sides. In his stillness she could sense the urgency of flight, and his heartbeat was like the walking of a stranger, someone she could never know; who, if she confronted him, would fail even to see her. She dropped her arms.

"All right, you're released," she said bitterly. "You can go now. But why couldn't you say the words? You used to love me and now you don't. Why couldn't you say it? It would have been better."

A sudden compunction came over him: it was obvious that he wished to be remembered in the light of grace.

"Barbara, Barbara, I'm so sorry. Don't be hurt. Let me try to tell you—it's not in any way your fault, it's mine entirely, it's just that I—that things don't seem to be—" But it was no use. He would not bear the truth. His glance fell from her face. "What are we making a scene about? I'll be calling you when things loosen up, Barbara. It will be all right then, really it will."

"Never mind," said Barbara, and went into the house.

She turned once, looking back through the grillwork of the front door. If he should still be there, watching her—but he was not there. Of course not. Even now he would be halfway up the street, sweating, no doubt, mopping his brow, but free again, free as air.

She went back into the dusky liv



"Your speech sounds very good, dear, but couldn't you say 'Wallace' with more of a hiss?"

COLLIER'S MARY GIBSON

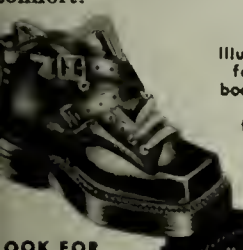
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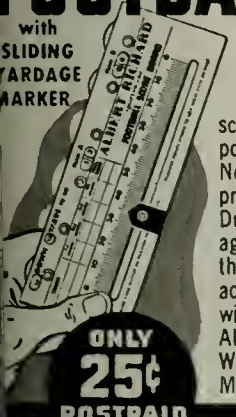
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room, seeing his glass and hers, the untouched dish of *canapés*, the unbearable roses in the vases.

When she went to open the blinds to the hot late-afternoon sunshine something tickled her neck. Abstractly she put her hand up, touching something tiny, furred, *alive!* Frantic, panic-stricken, she plucked it off and flung it to the floor. The caterpillar lay there writhing, adjusted itself, searching out directions with its weaving head, and started to riffle away along the floor.

"No, you will not," said Barbara, and with one fierce stamp of her foot all the components of a striving, demanding, goal-ridden life were crushed to a slimy stain of green, and she burst into tears.

SHE now found out what it was like to live from hour to hour. Carefully, with concentration and caution, she built each hour upon the one before it, like somebody constructing an edifice of matchsticks; but if she made a hasty move, looked away, even sighed, down would come the whole thing, and she would have to start all over again. At first it collapsed several times each day, and at night it was all over the place—she did not see how she would ever get it together again—and in the morning she was filled with pain and boredom at the task ahead of her. But as time went on it stayed together pretty well, though she did not dare subject it to the mildest test.

The summer was burning hot. She worked harder and longer than she had ever done before, staving off the bad time when she would have to go back to the apartment. As she came down her street those bright, brassy evenings, she could see the tree in front of her house leaning out over the iron fence, wrecked and corrupted. Hung with tattered snares, nearly destitute of leaves, it crackled, it stirred visibly with the movements of its despoilers.

At night when she lay in the living room—her bedroom was stifling—she could actually hear them feeding out there, a tiny crepitating sound of industrious and ceaseless greed. In the morning the pavement beneath the tree was filmed with pellets of greenish-black excrement— But when they had fed for several weeks the first caterpillars began to depart from the tree; small rippling dabs of fur that escaped death under heel or wheel climbed the stone walls, even invaded the houses. Barbara plucked them from the picture frames, from the curtains, and one hot night she found one strolling across her pillow—If I get through this summer I can get through anything, she thought.

Love died like the nerve of a tooth, outraged and haranguing in its prison. It did not wish to die but clung tenaciously to its life for a long time, and the pain was so intense that one felt that if one could get to the heart of it, concentrate on it, examine it unsparingly in the instant of its happening, one might possibly be able to understand it, and then it would change from pain to something else.

She was awakened one morning by a sound: curious, rural, staccato. A sound of finality, therefore melancholy. What does it remind me of? Barbara wondered, lying in her bed— ("Oh, my orchard!—my sweet, beautiful orchard!" Lyubov says. And then in a few moments, the stage is deserted and there is the dull sound of an ax)— Remembering, Barbara sprang from her bed and ran to the window.

The landlady in a long faded house coat was standing on the front stoop calling commands to a colored man. "Look out, don't let it fall this way!" she cried. "Don't let it break the windows. Now wait! You better wait a minute till that lady gets past."

"Oh, what are you doing?" cried Barbara, leaning out of the window. It was easy enough to see. Already there was a deep blanched bite in the tree trunk.

The landlady turned her pale-gray face up to Barbara. "Look at the thing! Just filthy. That's the first thing I said when I got home last night: I'm not going to put up with these *worms* ever again, I said. Go on, Harold, get it done and out of the way before people start going to work."

Clop. Clop. Clop. The tree trembled mortally and the caterpillars flew from it like heavy drops. Then it broke, hesitated in space, and fell with great despair and grace across the iron fence and pavement beyond.

"Chop it up now, Harold, chop it up," neighed the landlady eagerly. "If we store it in the cellar it'll dry out; make good firewood next winter. Hurry up, Harold, get it out of the way."

Barbara drew her head in.

Oh, how different her room was now! How queerly light! It showed up the soot that had clouded the ceiling corners, and altered the color of the walls. It looked so strange, not like the same place at all.

I'll have to get it painted, Barbara thought. I'll make it another color, yellow maybe, or maybe white. I'll change the furniture around too, and put up other pictures.

"It will be a different place," she said aloud. "All different, all new, completely changed."

She caught sight of her face in the mirror and it was the same tiresome melancholy face that it had been for months; nevertheless as she looked at it she repeated her words: "All different, all new, all changed."

Perhaps after a while there would be some truth in them. For the first time she was willing to believe so.

THE END

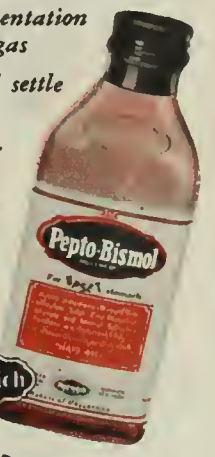
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For Evening Wear

Patent leather is the proper favorite for all occasions when evening clothes are worn. The dress Oxford (shown horizontally) is equally suitable with dinner jackets or tailcoats. There has been a slight but noticeable return to the patent-leather pump (shown vertically) and more than a few men prefer the subdued black kid, which blends well with the grosgrain lapels of many dinner coats. The correct and luxurious hose, for all types of evening wear, are the plain black all-nylon fine rib as illustrated







For Town Wear

At the left, above, the traditional and conventional black calf wing-tip shoe for dress-up or formal types of business wear. Next, the smart, leather-soled brown suède with medallion toecap, appropriate for town wear with casual clothing. And at the right, the durable wing-tip brogue in cordo-calf for all-occasion and all-weather wear. Proper hose for this group of shoes include, in the same order—nylon-ribbed hose with embroidered clock; a genuine 6-by-3 ribbed anklet, of wool and cotton; and a links-and-links English-style ribbed anklet, of wool and cotton

DRAWINGS BY ALVIN PIMSLER







For Sportswear

From the top down, the monk-front shoe which carried over its popularity from military to civilian wear. Next, a plain-toe blucher, liked equally for its comfort and neat appearance. At the bottom, the universally favored moccasin, or so-called "loafer." The one shown, with a strap, is dressy enough for town wear with informal clothes. The hose, left to right, include the all-wool, hand-framed Canadian Argyle, treated to resist shrinkage; a hand-knitted pure wool Argyle design; and an all-wool links-and-links bold basket effect, with nylon-reinforced toe and heel





For Country Wear

There is almost no limit to the wide variety of shoes now available for country or leisure wear. They provide the utmost in comfort and the ultimate in styles. They range all the way from the most casual zephyr weights, which have come out of California, to the sturdy knockabout brogues which will withstand the roughest treatment. One example is the crepe-soled brown reverse calf, with three-eyelet strap and buckle. It's smart, stalwart and comfortable as an old glove even on the first wearing. A fine choice of hose, for this type of shoe, is the all-wool, hand-framed, full-fashioned cable-stitch sock as shown. It is imported in a wide range of dark and pastel shades

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DEATH HAD STRANGE HANDS

Continued from page 15

official business. But he had a week's leave before the impending transfer to Paris."

"When was he last seen?"

"An arabana driver remembers taking him to the neighborhood of Dr. Fadan's house Monday evening. He had often driven him there." Chafik twisted his *sidarah*, the black forage cap worn by civilian Iraquis, then frowned at his hands. "The hotel switchboard operator remembers that a lady telephoned him earlier. She had a foreign accent and was distressed."

"It was probably Naomi Fadan's answer to his letter." Ellsworth picked up Lebrun's letters and looked at the attached translations. "... Do not choose death," he quoted. "That's the devil of a thing to write."

"There can be several interpretations, sir—"

"I can see only one." The Chief Inspector's voice was hard. "The woman's constant refusal unbalanced him. I'm surprised he didn't kill her Monday. Was there a quarrel? What does the servant say?"

"He is very loyal to Madame, sir. But after persuasion"— Chafik coughed discreetly— "he informed me his mistress sent him on an errand and told him not to hurry back. Therefore he did not see Lebrun."

Ellsworth said, "The husband was away, too. But obviously Lebrun went to the house in answer to the telephone call and received a final 'No.' He went off somewhere to brood. Came back last night—"

"Sir?"

"Damn these crimes of passion! I always feel sympathy for the poor, ruddy murderer." The Chief Inspector thumbed tobacco into a pipe with a large bowl. "Lebrun was hanging around when Fadan went to the hospital. Went in and strangled the woman, as he had threatened in his letter."

Smoke from the Chief Inspector's pipe drifted across the desk, and Chafik daintily moved his chair. "The letter, like the fingerprints, disturbs me," he said in his precise English. "I am not happy."

"It's a clear case. We know Lebrun's motive, and the fingerprints prove his guilt."

"Fingerprints confuse me—"

"Dammit, Chafik! Bertillon's system is infallible—"

"Only God is infallible." The little man's dignity silenced the Chief Inspector. "But I do not doubt Bertillon. The fingerprints were those of Lebrun. We have both the right and left thumbs. The small finger of the right hand, and two other fingers of the left. All were exceptionally clear. And yet—"

Chafik's voice became thin. He spoke now, as if thoughts were escaping on the wings of words.

"Why were both hands smeared by lipstick? Was not one hand enough to silence the lady's cries? And why the thumbprint?"

"You mean the one on the cheek?"

"It was as sharp as if rolled on. A signature of death. So the kings of Babylon put their triumphant seal to a warrant of execution. So does a flourish of drums conclude the arrogance of martial music." The little man heard himself and rose in confusion.

Ellsworth looked at him with amusement. "Don't weave a fowler's net and get yourself snared," he said. "The little mysteries will be cleared up when we catch Lebrun."

"I do not like mysteries, sir. There should be no doubt in one's mind when one touches the shoulder of the accused man."

CHAFIK put his hand to his mouth and sucked the blister raised by the cigarette burn in Dr. Fadan's study. It was on the point of bursting, and irritation made him forget his manners and his usual salaams when he left the Chief Inspector's office.

He stood for some time outside the door looking for a way out of the labyrinth of his mind.

At last he announced conversationally to the empty corridor, "I am very foolish. Lebrun strangled Naomi Fadan in an excess of passion. It is not an unusual murder—"

Suddenly he was aware of physical relief. The blister on his forefinger had burst. He examined it with satisfaction but was disturbed by the untidiness of the dangling fragment of skin. Carefully, he cut it away with the folding scissors in his pocket manicure.

And suddenly, a monstrous patter took shape. He looked at the injured finger, at the piece of skin, and ran down the corridor to his room.

He said breathlessly to Sergeant A



"The Navy was going to use it for launching purposes"

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dullah, "The fires of Hell have lighted the darkness!" Taking the telephone, he dialed Dr. Fadan's number and spoke with the servant, then cradled the instrument. "Only the dead wife is there," he said. "The doctor is at Hinadi. He rides horses."

The tall sergeant made a soothing gesture. "He seeks relaxation, sir—"

"I can never relax," Inspector Chafik said bitterly. He held out his hands. The fragment of skin from the blister lay in the right palm. There was a crimson patch on the left forefinger. "What do you see, Abdullah?" he asked.

"Sir, I observe you have injured your finger. If you will permit me to apply a bandage—"

"The hurt is within me, Abdullah. Let us go to Hinadi."

BELOW the military barracks at Hinadi, a suburb of Baghdad, was an agricultural district irrigated by a loop of the Tigris. There were no big houses; only the settlements of the *fellahin*, mud hovels roofed with flattened gasoline cans. Beyond, the land merged with the wilderness of gray sand surrounding the city.

At the edge of the desert, and shaded by a few ragged date palms, were Dr. Fadan's stables. The approach was a narrow road ending in a high wall. The gate was open, and Inspector Chafik left his car and picked a dainty path across the yard.

A hut adjoined the stable building. A middle-aged man, whose coarse gown was molded by the wind to his sturdy body, stood on the flat roof of the hut, intently watching something in the distance. He turned when Chafik climbed the ladder and joined him.

The man said, "The master rides. He is out there." He pointed with a brown finger at a cloud of dust which rose sluggishly on the horizon. "Satan rides Satan," added the groom, and spat.

"You speak without respect," Chafik said sharply. "Was that why your master discharged you?"

The man gave a sullen look. "There is no justice," he muttered. "He sent me away for nothing. I, Hassan, who served him faithfully for many years. The Bedouin dog he took in my place—"

"You saw the new groom?"

"As a shrouded corpse carried to the grave." Hassan flung out his arm in the direction of the dust cloud. "Look!" he shouted.

The rider had turned and was streaking across the flats to the stables. The horse, unusually large for an Arab, pulled viciously against the snaffle. The powerful legs had the drive of pistons as the brute came into the yard at full gallop.

Hassan said, "God the Merciful! God the loving-kind—"

The frail man in the saddle twisted the reins with a giant's strength, turned the maddened horse, forced it to its haunches in the middle of the yard. When he let it rise, shivering but quiet, he struck it between the ears with clenched fist, and shouted, "Know your master, you devil!"

Chafik followed the groom down the ladder and said quietly to Fadan, "The hashish eater who flies with the eagles today crawls with the worms tomorrow."

The doctor looked down and his flush of triumph slowly faded. He said, "What?" in a distant voice, and dismounted, throwing the reins to Hassan. For a moment he covered his eyes and then turned wearily to the Inspector. "What brings you here? Has Lebrun been found?" he asked.

"I have come for information."

Chafik gestured toward the hut. They entered the single room, furnished with a broken chair, a native bed, a few straw mats.

Dr. Fadan said, "I have already given you all possible information."

"I wish to know more about the groom who died."

"The groom? As I told you, he was an old man who had a heart ailment. His death was from natural causes and I issued the certificate accordingly. There is nothing to add."

Inspector Chafik broke the seal of a fresh packet of Ghazi cigarettes, selected one for the doctor, offered it with a bow. "Who were the corpse washers?" he asked.

"The corpse washers?"

"We of the Moslem faith bury our dead with minimum ritual. But the body is cleansed for the earth's embrace. Who washed and shrouded your groom?"

Fadan limped out of the light of the doorway before he answered, "I did it myself. I was obliged to stay here because of the horses, so I usefully employed my time preparing the poor old man. He had no relations or friends in Baghdad." His voice became shrill, complaining. "But you ask peculiar questions—"

"I ask you another. Where were you when Madame telephoned Lebrun at the Semiramis Hotel on Monday evening?"

"I told you I was here—"

Chafik said, "The groom was the witness and the groom is dead. It would have been possible to return secretly to the house and overhear the conversation. And I remember the seclusion of the driveway to your house. How well screened it is by trees."

Fadan put his back to the roughcast wall. His hands were in his pockets and his dark eyes were fixed, staring. He said, "Are you suggesting I waylaid my wife's lover when he called on her Monday night?"

"It is you who say he called on her," Chafik said in a soft voice.

"Do you think I killed him? Was it his ghost that came back last night and strangled Naomi? Have you forgotten the fingerprints?"

Chafik said, "It would disturb my excellent assistant, Corporal Yacoub, if I asked him to fingerprint a ghost. But he is very successful with corpses—"

Fadan whispered, "I hear you."

"Sometimes," continued the Inspector, "we take from the river a body so decomposed that there are technical reasons why identifying fingerprints cannot be taken in the usual way. Yacoub applies science." Chafik drew at his cigarette. "Yacoub removes the skin from the finger tips and fastens it to his own with a quick-drying cement. He then rolls not his own prints but those of the dead person."

Fadan whispered again, "I hear you."

"The subject is ghoulish. It did not enter my mind until a blister burst on my finger. Don't you think, Doctor, that your wife met death by very strange hands? Am I not justified in exhuming the remains of the poor old friendless Bedouin who died here of heart failure?"

The man against the wall moved suddenly. His hand, weighted with an automatic pistol, slipped from his pocket and swung upward.

"I confess to your ears because your tongue will soon be silent," Dr. Fadan said. There was no anger in his voice, only tiredness. "I struck down my wife's lover in the driveway Monday night and brought the body here in my car. You have correctly summarized what followed. The guilty were justly punished."

Chafik looked steadily at the muzzle of the gun, at the finger crooked on the trigger. He said, "Before I make my salaams to the Recording Angel permit me to say you do not know yourself. The man who rides a Satan on four legs and shouts with the joy of his victory, does so to conquer his own physical inferiority. Your mind, like your leg, is crippled, Dr. Fadan. It was this complex, not justice, which drove you to double murder."

He saw the trigger finger tighten, the staring eyes dilate. Involuntarily he raised the puny shield of his hand.

CHAFIK was talking rapidly now. "And it was so unnecessary," he said. "Naomi was always faithful to you. She refused Lebrun's attentions. She rejected him as lover—"

"You lie!" Dr. Fadan said violently.

"My soul may soon stand before God. Can I lie now?" The little man watched the sweat stream down the quivering face of the murderer. "I could pity you if you had not planned so devilishly. You discharged the groom so you could install the body of Lebrun as groom. You arranged the operation as an alibi reasoning correctly that a man who had just given life would not be suspected of death. My pity is for the sick who will be denied your healing hands which turned to murder."

"Faithful--" Fadan whispered.

"Lebrun's letters prove it," Chafik said.

He saw the gun waver. He saw the tortured eyes darken with horror. And the Inspector turned slowly and walked to the door. He could hear the horse neighing in the stables, and the clatter of Hassan's bucket.

"Do you remember Othello?" he said over his shoulder, and quoted quietly in English:

"'I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee: no way but this,
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.'"

Inspector Chafik went from the darkroom into the sunlit yard. He put his hands behind his back and stood watching a kite hawk which hovered on the wind with ragged wings. The immense silent desert, arched by cloudless sky, conjured eternity.

When the shot came he turned and looked with compassion at the body fallen in the doorway. "May I be forgiven but sometimes it is better this way," he said.

THE END



"Yes, it is marvelous; but of course I don't understand it at all. . . . I've never even understood the telephone" JOHN RUGE

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OF MICE AND MOLLY

Continued from page 11

one would have guessed that he was a naturalist.

He had already published three books —somewhat the same sort of thing that Audubon turned out—and was slowly working his way through the animal kingdom.

So far he had written Our Little Brothers in the Air; Our Little Furry Friends; and Our Friends, the Wasps. All good, solid stuff.

During his stay at the Inn he hoped to complete the fourth book in this series, Making Friends with the Mollusks.

At the same moment that Bill stepped into the lobby of the Sea View Inn, Gwendolyn Marsh raised her hand to swat a mosquito. Few girls were better equipped to do so. A practiced athlete, Gwendolyn had a keen eye and a smooth forehand that had so far kept her remarkably free from mosquito bites.

Using a modification of her cannonball service, pivoting at the hips and keeping her eye on the mosquito, Gwendolyn started the down stroke.

AT THAT moment Bill dropped two suitcases, two tennis rackets and a bag of golf clubs, stepped forward and gently grasped her wrist.

"Now, now," said Bill. "Now, now, now, now."

Gwendolyn stared at him, transfixed. "What the devil do you mean, 'Now, now, now, now, now'?" she demanded, outraged.

"As a naturalist," said Bill, quietly, "I cannot stand by and see this tiny life destroyed."

"Oh, you can't, can't you?" said Gwendolyn.

"No," said Bill, "I can't. A mosquito is one of God's creatures. Has as much right to live as you or I."

Gwendolyn was about to remark that this was certainly true in Bill's case, when Bill smiled. He has a nice smile and it softened Gwendolyn.

"But he's biting me," Gwendolyn pointed out meekly.

"She," corrected Bill. "The males don't bite."

"This one," said Gwendolyn coldly, "thinks he's a female and is biting me anyhow."

"You can prevent her from doing so," Bill said hastily, drawing on his extensive lore of nature lore, "by holding your breath. This causes your pores to close tightly around her schnozzle, or proboscis, rendering her helpless. In addition, she is held prisoner, unable to escape until you permit it by breathing again."

Fascinated by this scientific information, Gwendolyn drew a long breath and held it. Just as she was turning blue in the face the mosquito staggered off heavily, barely able to fly, with the biggest load a mosquito ever took aboard.

"And I hope it chokes him," said Gwendolyn. . . .

From this simple beginning, romance burgeoned and blossomed. Both Gwendolyn and Bill were excellent athletes. Though of slighter build, Gwendolyn had almost as many muscles as Bill. At golf, tennis or swimming they were evenly matched.

There is a strong spiritual bond between a man and a girl whose backhands consistently nick the base line. Prior to Bill's arrival, Gwendolyn had been playing tennis with one of the boarders, an elderly gentleman who played very poorly but overcame this handicap by killing Gwendolyn's good shots out, and there was an unquestioned improvement.

When he was not with Gwendolyn, Bill devoted himself to his work, taking long walks along the shore, and either pur-

chasing live bait and giving it its freedom or hanging from a rowboat with his head under water while he made observations of marine life.

Meanwhile, life at Sea View Inn underwent a remarkable change. Such was the force of Bill's personality that old boarders were seen walking slowly, heads bent, to avoid stepping on ants. Plates of cream were set out for cats. And not a few of the more social-minded boarders found themselves nodding pleasantly to horses.

This dreamy state extended even to Molly, our landlady's beautiful daughter. A warmhearted girl, Molly was naturally kind to animals. But there were several odd incidents which I attributed directly to Bill's hypnotic influence.

She was, for instance, extremely proud of her kitchen garden. Vegetables, under Molly's capable hand, flourished until they well nigh resembled the pictures on the seed envelopes.

I happened to be present when, standing among her precious tomato plants, she called Bill out of the house.

"Bill," she fluted. "Come see the perfectly darling little cutworm."

Naturally, I was stunned. The relationship between Molly and cutworms had been, heretofore, strictly that of squasher and squashee.

As Bill came into the garden, he was, of course, concentrating on cutworms. Naturalists are trained observers, and when a trained observer is asked to look at a cutworm, he looks at a cutworm. He does not—as Bill did not—notice whether a girl has golden brown hair—as Molly had—or deep, sea-blue eyes. Like all scientists these days, Bill was a specialist. Good on bugs. Only fair on girls.

"Where?" he said, looking around for the cutworm.

"Right there," said Molly, pointing. "See? He's cutting through the stalk of this tomato plant, just like a tiny woodsman. Soon it will be lying on the ground, dead. Like those two other plants."

"And you don't mind?"

"Mind?" Molly smiled sweetly. "I only wish I could help him somehow. It must be very exhausting work for such a small cutworm."

ODDLY enough, I did not at once realize that Molly was in love with Bill. I suspected it the following morning, however, when I caught her in the kitchen mashing the lumps out of his oatmeal with the potato masher. Also, as I sat next to him at the breakfast table, I noticed that his toast had butter all the way out to the edges, while my own had the customary smear in the center.

As an old friend I confronted Molly with this evidence, and she gloomily admitted that Bill had captured her heart. However, according to Molly, Bill gave her about the same amount of attention that he would give a grubby little man selling insect repellent.

"Practically none," said Molly plaintively. "He doesn't even notice me."

"Nonsense," I said. "Of course he does."

"No, he doesn't either," said Molly sadly. "Then, of course, there's Gwendolyn."

"Prut," I said. "What about Gwendolyn?"

"Well, I'm not clever or sophisticated like Gwendolyn. And I'm no good at golf or swimming," she said in a low voice. "Or tennis."

"Mere accomplishments," I said cheerfully. "A man like Bill looks for something more than good passing shots in a wife. The Australian crawl," I said, "isn't in it with a sweet, lovely nature."

Privately, however, I was forced to admit that a love affair in which one party was unaware of the existence of the other

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party was bound to move slowly. I thought a moment.

"Tell you what," I said, struck by an idea, "you might gain his love by extending yourself to be even kinder to animals. Start a Sunday Breakfast Club for Centipedes, or something of that sort."

She shook her head hopelessly. "Gwendolyn is trying that angle. All put on, of course. At golf," she said tremulously, "she never putts until she has helped all bugs out of the cup with a blade of grass. And yesterday she wouldn't use her fast serve for fear of injuring some gnats."

"Telling blows," I admitted. "I wouldn't have believed her capable of such treachery."

There was a short silence.

"Speaking of treachery," I said thoughtfully, "what about framing her? A few spiders, dead of unknown causes on the sun porch. Her initialed handkerchief found near by—"

"Oh, no! We couldn't."

"Well then, look," I said. "Bill is a scientist. All great men owe everything to their wives. Well-known fact. Why not start early? Help him with his work, I mean."

"But how?" said Molly.

"Oh, lots of things," said I. "Put paperweights on his notes so they won't blow around—"

"But they don't blow around."

"Well, open the windows so they do blow around, *then* put paperweights on them. Keep his pencils sharpened. Wash his microscope. Get him some—what are those things he's studying?"

"Mollusks."

"All right. Get him some mollusks."

"Good idea," said Molly. "I'll do it."

THAT afternoon, about an hour after lunch, Bill was on his way out the front door, with his tennis racket tucked under his arm, when Molly staggered in the back door.

"Oh, Bill," she called. "I've brought you a bucket of clams."

He came back and helped her lift the bucket to the kitchen table.

"I happened to be out on the mud flats," gasped Molly, "and as I had this bucket with me I thought you might like some clams to study."

"Well, well," said Bill, peering into the bucket. "*Venus mercenaria.* Or," he explained to the laity, "young quahogs." He beamed. "Thanks, Molly. Only I wish you hadn't gone to all that trouble."

"It wasn't the least trouble," said Molly. "I'm really fascinated by mollusks and so forth. I've often thought I'd like to study them myself." . . .

Molly was shelling peas when I came into the kitchen and spotted the cherrystones.

"Nice-looking mess of eatin' clams," I observed hungrily, raising my voice to make myself heard over the clacking of my taste buds.

"Yes," said Molly. "Aren't they?"

I had my hand in the table drawer, fishing for the oyster knife, but the tone of this remark brought me up sharply. Its lack of enthusiasm, in the presence of a bucket of cherrystones, was unlike Molly, who is nearly as rabid about sea food, especially clams, as I am.

"Something wrong?" I asked.

"No," said Molly, glumly. "Nothing wrong. Except that those aren't eating clams. They're looking clams. We can't eat any."

"But why not?"

"Because," said Molly, "they're the ones I got for Bill. To study. Your idea. Remember?"

"Oh, is that all?" I said, relieved. "In that case I believe I'll eat one or two. Several. Half a bucket. The other half bucket is for you, of course. Bill's book will merely come out one day later."

"We can't. They have to go back to their folks," said Molly bitterly.

I started violently.

"Folks! Clams have no folks," I said.

"Hah!" said Molly. "Tell Bill that."

"How could clams recognize each other?" I said. "They're all clam-shaped."

"Explain that to Bill," said Molly.

There was a short pause.

"Has he seen the bucket?" I asked.

"He has."

"But not counted them?"

"No-o-o."

"Ah!" said I, triumphantly, pulling two chairs up to the table. "Then suppose we have a small one apiece."

"Oh, we mustn't," said Molly. "Oh, no. We can't. Can we?"

We had a small one apiece.

"Not bad," said Molly.

"Wonderful!"

"Nice and fresh."

"Lovely! Was the tide coming in or going out?"

"Coming in."

"The best time to get clams."

"Or it may have been going out."

"Equally good. My, such a lovely juice."

"Tang of the sea."

"Yes."

"Wouldn't want salt on these."

"No. Not salt. Pepper, perhaps."

Molly got the pepper.

"We've eaten quite a lot," Molly said



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ten minutes later, peering into the bucket.
"Do you think Bill will notice?"
"Highly unlikely."
"Well, then. One more apiece."
At this point I had an inspiration.
"Let's put some crumpled newspaper in the bottom of the bucket," I suggested. "It will lift the clams up higher and look like more."
We spent some moments in rearranging the bucket's contents.
"Why, it looks like a brand-new full bucket," said Molly, happily. "Just pass me that knife, will you?"
We settled down to eating clams. Several times we ate too many and had to add more crumpled newspaper.
"Let's have just one more each," said Molly, finally, "and that's all."
On putting my hand in the bucket, however, I found it to be filled mostly with crumpled newspaper. After some scrabbling around I found one clam.
"Only one clam left," I reported. "The bucket seems to be full of crumpled newspaper."
"One clam?" repeated Molly, horrified. "We've eaten all the clams?"
"Except this one," I nodded, plying the oyster knife. "Here, you might as well have it."
"Oh, no. I couldn't. You—"
At that moment there was a clatter on the front porch, and the front door opened.
"Oh, Lord," said Molly, wringing her hands, "it's Bill."
A chill came over me like a wet bathing suit. Trapped! At any moment Bill would appear to claim his little chums, his clams. I thought wildly of rushing out to the mud flats, gathering another bucket of clams, and rushing back. Not enough time.
"Tell him it was a mercy killing," I urged hoarsely. "Clams despondent—friends gone—their lives hopeless—"
Molly shook her head.
"I've got it," I whispered. "The clams died in their sleep—happy, peaceful—"
"Do you smell clams?" asked Molly suddenly. "Here, let me smell your breath."
I haaahed at her.
"Heavens!"

MOLLY darted into the pantry and reappeared almost at once. I noticed that her breath smelled quite strongly of cloves.
"Here," she said. "Chew these up." And she gave me a handful of cloves. I stuffed them into my mouth as Bill drove up.
His manner as he greeted us seemed a trifle reserved. I had shifted my position to block him at the doorway, hoping to obstruct his view. But I got the impression that he was squinting over my head at the kitchen table, where lay a scene reminiscent of the worst orgies of ancient Rome.
Fortunately, I had had time to concoct a fairly plausible little story involving a rival naturalist. (This rival naturalist, envious of Bill's success with clams, had been hanging around the place in old clothes, watching his chance. Work of a moment for this rival naturalist to slip in, study the clams, eat them, and make good his escape.)
"Hawo," I said, speaking with difficulty on account of the cloves. "Hab a good tennis gabe?"
"Satisfactory," said Bill, shortly, "except for the rain."
"Raib? Wha' raib?"
"The same rain you see just beyond the window."
"Is it raibing?"
"It is."
I swallowed some cloves.
"Ah," said I. "That accounts for your coming home early."
"Yes," said Bill. "But what accounts for that pile of clamshells on the kitchen table?"
"Clamshells?"
"A rather large pile, or mound."
"Are you sure they're clamshells?" asked Molly, uneasily.
"Quite sure," said Bill, frostily. "I have devoted some time to the study of shellfish, and I have advanced to the point where I can tell a clamshell when I see one." He walked over to the table and sat down. I sat down too, and inspected the shells narrowly.
"Looks like the work of a rival naturalist," I hazarded. "Come to think of it, I saw a ruffian-looking character skulking around the outside of the house, carrying a microscope—"
I broke off as a piercing, undulating scream came from the front part of the house. It was the kind of scream ordinarily heard only in horror films, when the heroine happens to run across one of the doctor's experiments that got loose.
"Gwendolyn!" cried Bill, springing up. "Something has her!"

THE workings of Fate (continued the captain) are inscrutable. It is a curious coincidence that the same storm that chased Bill and Gwendolyn home early from the tennis courts should also have been the instrument that brought Jennie to Sea View Inn.
Jennie was a field mouse, and she was trotting home through the sand and tough sea grass, hoping to reach her nice warm burrow ahead of the oncoming storm. This was a matter of some urgency because Jennie was pregnant, and had been for three weeks; which is about par for field mice. Moreover, full responsibility for the forthcoming family would be hers as her no-good husband (a mouse whom her mother had warned her about) had taken up with a low hussy-mouse and was now living in the broom closet of one of New York's most expensive hotels.
The first big raindrops spattered down as Jennie came opposite the Sea View Inn. The front door was open. Many field mice, confronted by such a dilemma, would have wasted valuable time squeaking and running about. Not Jennie. Without any hesitation she scuttled up the front steps, through the door, and into the big hall.
On her left was a small writing room with a large desk against the wall. Jennie trotted under the desk, clambered up in back of the drawers, and settled herself amongst the post cards in the second drawer.
Very cozy—
An hour later, Gwendolyn, having decided to send post cards to several people who were rather hoping for salt-water taffy, pulled open the second drawer. Out hopped Jennie.
It was at this point that Gwendolyn screamed, and Bill bounded into the writing room, closely followed by Molly. Gwendolyn was perched on a chair. Jennie, sensing a lack of cordiality in Gwendolyn's attitude, left by way of the double wicket formed by Bill's and Molly's legs.
"Kill it," bellowed Gwendolyn. "Kill it!" Then, apparently feeling that these directions were not explicit enough, she dredged up from somewhere deep in her consciousness the ancient war cry in the battle between anything small that moves, and man.
"Hit it with a shovel!"
I remember thinking that, one way or another, Gwendolyn had apparently developed some sort of aversion to mice. And, glancing at Bill, I could see that he thought so too. He stared dazedly at Gwendolyn. Romeo might have stared in about the same way if Juliet had suddenly pushed him off the balcony.
"But, Gwendolyn," cried Bill, figuratively picking himself up, "you love mice!"
"Not me," said Gwendolyn, breathing heavily, "I hate mice."
"But you told me you loved mice,"

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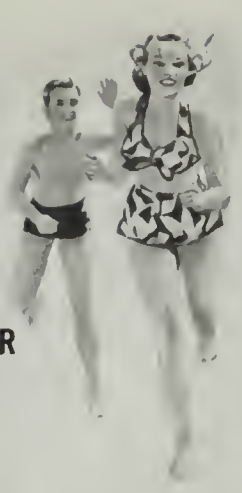
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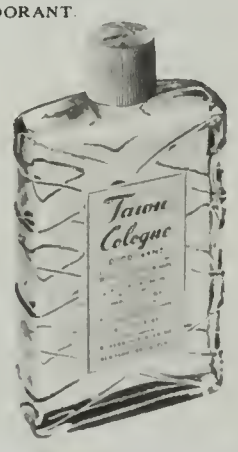
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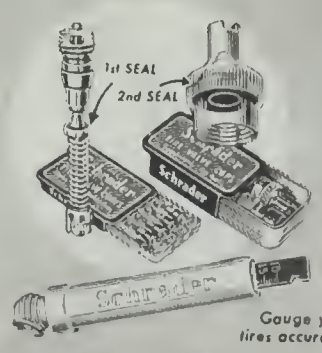
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argued Bill, puzzled. "Their bright, beady eyes—"

"For that matter," said Gwendolyn, "I told you I loved wasps."

"Don't you?"

"Not so you could notice it," said Gwendolyn, descending from the chair and moving warily toward the front door. "Furthermore, since my two-week vacation is up tomorrow, I might as well tell you that from now on I'm swatting mosquitoes again. I only stopped swatting them because there wasn't another decent tennis player around."

"Is that so?" said Bill, warmly. "Well, in that case our engagement is off."

"What engagement?"

"Our engagement to be married."

"But we're not engaged."

"I was thinking of asking you," said Bill, with dignity.

"Had you done so," said Gwendolyn, "I would have told you that while I deeply appreciated the honor, you could go soak your head. Besides," added Gwendolyn, pulling open the front door, "I am already pledged to another. I am engaged to Harold L. Proctor."

"Harold L. Proctor?"

"Of Proctor Exterminating, Inc."

The door closed.

IT WOULD be natural to assume that, having been spurned by Gwendolyn, Bill would be heartbroken. During the past two weeks, her many lovable qualities—her cannon-ball serve, her crisp fairway shots, her powerful, flat backhand—had twined their way around his heart. Yet, even as the door closed, he was conscious of a certain relief. What one wanted in a wife, Bill reflected, was not the Australian crawl, or a good backhand, but a sweet, gentle nature.

He turned away from the door with a now-where-was-I-oh-yes-those-clamshells look on his face, and I thought it wise to call attention to the mouse, which seemed to me to be acting with considerable *sang-froid*, in view of the fact that we outnumbered it three to one. Instead of hurrying to the coal cellar, and there shivering thankfully for a narrow escape, it was boldly peering at us from the dining-room doorway. Obviously a mouse which would brook no nonsense. I am not ordinarily nervous around animals but I received the distinct impression that it was about to charge.

"Don't worry," said Bill. "I am accustomed to handling all kinds of animals. If necessary, I will get the thumb hold on it."

"The thumb hold?" I inquired. "What's that?"

"A technical hold, much used by veterinarians," explained Bill. "You stick your thumb in the animal's mouth and it can't bite you anywhere else."

"Ingenious," I said, impressed.

"Hold still," whispered Molly, suddenly. "Here he comes!"

Sure enough, the mouse trotted briskly down the hall, passed between us with a preoccupied air, entered the writing room and disappeared under the desk.

This extraordinary behavior was immediately explained by the reappearance of the mouse over the front of the drawer, holding in its mouth what I at first took to be a piece of strawberry, or possibly raspberry, salt-water taffy.

"Babies!" said Molly

"A mother," said Bill, reverently.

"Good Lord!" said I.

Jennie, obviously following a carefully worked-out plan, hopped down and trotted off, carrying the baby by the scruff of the neck.

On inspection, two more babies were found, sleeping on a pile of brightly colored post cards depicting a bathing beauty of rather extreme development and bearing the legend, "I LOVE MY WIFE BUT OH, YOU KID!" The baby mice were greeted warmly by Bill and Molly.

"Aren't they cute!" cried Molly.

"Aren't they!" said Bill.

"So pink!"

"Yes!"

"So tiny!"

"Yes!"

"Such little feet!"

"Yes!"

"Did you ever see anything so cute?"

It developed that neither of them ever had.

"What next?" I asked cautiously. It had occurred to me that standard procedure as regards mice found in desk drawers probably would not be followed. Molly's attitude was definitely pro-mouse, and of course Bill drew no class distinctions whatever between himself and mice. All kinfolk, so far as he was concerned.

"We'll build them a house," Molly decided promptly. "The poor little things."

I felt slightly at sea.

"A house?"

"A small house," Molly explained. "Out of a box."

I saw a new light dawn in Bill's eyes. A sort of pleased, surprised look, as if he had just been stung by one of his favorite wasps.

"We'll put the mother and everybody in it," Molly prattled on happily. "And some cotton, so it will be nice and soft. Or a blanket. No—my old quilted robe will be just the thing. I can buy another one for myself. Now let's see. What else? Oh, yes. Food, of course. Lettuce, toast, oatmeal, corn—"

"Water," suggested Bill, softly, turning his head toward Molly. As they were standing side by side he spoke practically into her hair, and in the process of breathing in to replace the air expelled in saying "water," he caught a whiff of her perfume. He breathed deeply. It was an elusive, haunting scent, subtly suggesting soap, plus, Bill decided, a hint of cloves.

He was drinking in this odor, with his nose as close to her hair as he considered polite, when suddenly he got goose pimples. His breathing became asthmatic and his heart, which a moment before had been ticking off the seconds as regularly as anybody's, moved into high gear. Love, like a five-pound sandbag, had come to William.

"Molly," he choked, "will you go swimming with me tomorrow?"

"I would like to," said Molly, regretfully, "but I don't know how to swim."

"I will teach you," said Bill.

"AND that," concluded the captain, "is the story of the mouse you just saw go in that doorway—one of Jennie's babies, now grown to a sturdy, useful mousehood. In gratitude for having brought the two young lovers together (for Bill and Molly are now married) they were given the run of the house."

"Bill and Molly?"

"No. The mice. As you are an animal lover yourself, you will enjoy meeting them."

"The mice?"

"No. Bill and Molly. Though, of course, you will meet *them*, too. When you do, notice how glossy their hair is. It's really surprising how clean they keep themselves."

"Bill and Molly?"

"No. The mice."

The young man stirred uneasily in his rocker.

"Altogether," summed up the captain, "your stay at Sea View Inn should be a most enjoyable one. The climate is salubrious in the extreme. At home, for instance, I am troubled with my throat which becomes husky from too much talking. Down here at the seashore, on the other hand, I can talk all I want with no ill effects."

"On yourself, you mean," muttered the young man.

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THIS MUST BE STOPPED

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S Amy Porter begins the story of the firetrap schools to which we send our children.

The record is not reassuring. In the United States and Canada we have seven school fires every day. Seven is, of course, the daily average. Every day the menace continues.

Few communities have done what common sense and the National Board of Fire Underwriters tell us is essential if our children are to be protected. We are negligent because no spectacular sacrifices of children have recently been made. Those communities that have seen children burned to death in combustible schools are more alert.

A dreadful catastrophe is one way of arousing public opinion to take the necessary steps for self-protection. Forty-five years ago Chicago suffered the worst theater fire on record, so far as the killing of children in peacetime is a measure.

When a stage curtain of the Iroquois Theater burned, hundreds of children died. The building was intact but six hundred and two women and children were trampled to death.

The consequence is that Chicago is now and has been during the past 45 years a pioneer in the protection of theaters against fire hazards. Surely we do not require that kind of stimulation to persuade us to insist that our school buildings be made safe for our children.

We suggest that you read Amy Porter's two articles and then find out what is the situation in your own schools. Go to your parent-teacher association.

Talk to your child's teacher or the principal of his school. Ask some fire-insurance agent to give you the facts if he has them or can get them from the Underwriters Laboratories. Talk to your firemen.

Possibly you will learn that your community is the exception and that all possible is already being done to avoid the hazard of fire. Maybe too you will learn that your school and your child are exposed to the common danger. If so you can do something about it.

Ask your board of education to mend the school building in the interest of safety from fire.

Possibly your board of education is willing to make these improvements if it is convinced that public-opinion will support the expenditure.

In case your board of education is hesitant, go again to your parent-teacher association, to the service clubs in your community, to your newspaper and to all others willing to co-operate in a good cause.

With such backing you will find it easy to persuade school trustees who are properly sensitive about not spending public money recklessly.

But whether it is easy or hard to stimulate local authorities to action, we must insist that whatever is necessary be done to render safe the buildings into which the law requires us to send our children for schooling. . . . W. L. C.

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